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GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY HARRY LORRFQUER

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "DROP"

THE morning was already far advanced, and the sun high, when Gerald awoke. The heavy dews had penetrated his frail clothing and chilled him, while the hot gleam of the sun glowed fiercely on his face and temples. He was so confused besides, by his dream, and by the objects about him, that he sat vainly endeavouring to remember how and why he had come there.

One by one, like stragglers, falling into line, his wandering faculties came back, and he bethought him of the Poet's house, Alfieri himself, the Duchess, and lastly of his quarrel with Marietta—an incident which, to what he might, seemed utterly unaccountable to him. If he felt persuaded that he was in the right throughout, the persuasion gave him nature—far from it. It had been

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crier for him now, if he had to seek forgiveness, himself for having of him so devoted to him! Taken such pains to the excellences of the Poet; who had stored his mind with Ariosto; who taught him to recognize his own feelings, and whose hopes akin to those of the Poet, and thus elevated his own esteem. And what was hers; how easily she herself to each passing mood, gay or sorrowful, volatile or

passionate, as fancy inclined her. How instinctively her beautiful features caught up the expression of each passion; how wild the transports of her joy; how terrible the agonies of her hatred!

With what fine subtlety, too, she interpreted all she read, discovering hidden meanings, and eliciting springs of action from words apparently insignificant, and then her memory, was it not inexhaustible! An image, a passing simile from a poet she loved, was enough to bring up before her whole cantos; and thus, stored with rich gems of thought, her conversation acquired a grace and a charm that were actual fascination. And was he now to tear himself away from charms like these, and for ever, too? But why was she displeased with him? how had he offended her? Surely it was not the notice of the great poet had awakened her jealousy; and yet, when she thought over her own great gifts, the many attractions she, herself, possessed—claims to notice far greater than his could ever be, Gerald felt that she might well have resented this neglect.

"And how much of this is my own fault," cried he, aloud. "Why did I not tell the poet of her great genius? Why not stimulate his curiosity to see and hear her. How soon could he have recognized the noble nature of her nature."

Angry with him

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repair the injustice he had done, he arose and set out for the city, resolved to see Alfieri, and proclaim all Marietta's accomplishments and talents.

"He praised *me* last night," muttered he, as he went along; "but what will he say of *her*? She shall recite for him the 'Didone,' the lines beginning,

'No! sdegnata non sono!'

If his heart does not thrill as he listens, he is more or less than man! He shall hear, too, his own Cleopatra uttered in accents that he never dreamed of. And then she shall vary her mood, and sing him one of her Sicilian barcaroles, or dance the Tiramanna. Ah, Signor Poeta," said he, aloud, "Even thy lofty imagination shall gain by gazing upon one gifted and beautiful as she is."

Scarcely had Gerald reached the Roman gate, when a large cavalcade was making its exit through the deep archway, and the crowd falling back made way for the mounted party. Upwards of twenty cavaliers and ladies rode past, each mounted and followed by a numerous suite, whose equipment proclaimed the party to be of rank and consideration. As Gerald stood aside, to make place for them to pass, a pair of dark eyes darted keenly towards him, and a deep voice called out—

"There's my Cerretano, that I was telling you about, Eccolo! Gherardi, boy, what brings thee here?"

Gerald looked up and saw it was the Poet who addressed him; but before he could summon courage to answer, the other said—

"Thou promised to be with me this morning early, and hast forgotten it all, not to say that thou wert to equip thyself in something more suitable than this motley. Never mind, come along with us. Cesare, give him your pony, he is quiet and easy to ride. Fair ladies all," added he, addressing the party, "this youth declaims the verse of Alfieri, as such a great Poet merits! Gherardi mio, this is a public worthy of thy best efforts to please! Get into the saddle, it's the surest, not to say the pleasantest way to jog towards Parnassus!"

Gerald was not exactly in the mood to like this bantering, he was ill at ease with himself, and not over-well with the world at large, and

he had half turned to decline the Poet's invitation, when a gentle voice addressed him, saying—

"Pray be my cavalier, Signorino: you see I have none."

"Not ours the fault, Madame La Marquise," quickly retorted Alfieri; "you rejected us each in turn. Felice was too dull; Adriano, too lively; Giorgio was vain; and I—I forget what I was."

"Worst of all, a great genius in the full blaze of his glory. No; I'll take Signor Gherardi—that is, if he will permit me."

Gerald took off his cap and bowed deeply in reply, as he lifted his head he, for the first time, beheld the features of her who addressed him. She was a lady no longer young, past even the prime of life, but retaining still something more than the traces of what had once been great beauty: fair brown hair, and blue eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, preserved to her face a semblance of youthfulness; and there was a coquetry in her riding dress—the hat looped up with a rich jewelled band, and the front of her habit embroidered in gold—she showed that she maintained pretensions to be noticed and honoured.

As Gerald rode along at her side she drew him gradually and easily into conversation, with the consummate art of one who had brought the gift to high perfection. She knew how to lead a timid talker on, to induce him to venture on opinions, and even try and sustain them. She understood well, besides, when and how, and how far, to offer a dissent, and at what moments to appear to yield convictions to another. She possessed all that graceful tact which supplies to mere wit that much of epigram that elevates, without pedantry; a degree of point, that stimulates, yet never wounds.

"The resemblance is marvellous," whispered she to Alfieri, as he came to ride up beside her; "and not in look, but actually in voice, as many a trick of gesture."

"I knew you'd see it!" cried the Poet, triumphantly.

"And can nothing be known about his history? Surely, we could trace him."

"I like the episode better as it is," said he, carelessly. "Some vulgar fact might, like a rude blow, demolish

ish the whole edifice one's fancy had nigh completed. There he stands now, handsome, gifted, and a mystery. What could add to the combination?

"The secret of an illustrious birth," whispered the Marquise.

"I lean to the other view. I'd rather fancy nature had some subtle design of her own, some deep-wrought scheme to work out by this strange counterfeit."

"Yes, Gherardi," as the youth looked suddenly around; "yes, Gherardi," said she, "we were talking of you, and of your great likeness to one we both were acquainted with."

"If it be to that prince whose picture I saw last night," replied he, "I suspect the resemblance goes no further than externals. There can be, indeed, little less like a princely station than mine."

"Ah, boy," broke in the poet, "there will never be in all your history as sad a fate as has befallen mine."

"I envy one whose fortune admits reverses!" said Gerald, peevishly. "Better be storm-tossed than never reached."

"I declare," whispered the Marquise, "as he spoke there, I could have believed it was Monsieur de Saint George himself I was listening to. Those little wayward bursts of temper—"

"Summer lightnings," broke in Alfieri.

"Just so: they mean nothing—they herald nothing—"

"They flash like anger o'er the sky,
And then dissolve in tears."

"True," said the poet. "But harmless as these elemental changes seem, we forget how they affect others—what blights they often leave in their track."

"The sport the gods delight in
Makes mortals grieve below."

It was Fabri wrote that line," Gerald, catching at the quota-

"Yes, Madame la Marquise," said Alfieri, answering the quickly-darted glances of the lady's eyes, "this youth has read all sorts of authors. A certain Signor Gabriel, with whom he sojourned months long in the Maremma, introduced him to Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau: his own dis-

cursive tastes added others to the list."

"Gabriel! Gabriel! It could not be that it was —," and here she bent over, and whispered a word in Alfieri's ear.

A sudden start, and an exclamation of surprise, burst from the poet.

"Tell us what was your friend Gabriel like?"

"I can tell you how he described himself," said Gerald. "He said he was—"

"Un sanglier marqué de petite verole."

"Oh, then, it was he," exclaimed the Marquise. "Tell us, I pray you, how fortune came to play you so heartless a trick as to be this man's friend?"

Half reluctantly, almost resentfully, Gerald replied to this question by relating the incidents that had befallen him in the Maremma, and how he had subsequently lived for months the companion of this strange associate.

"What marvellous lessons of evil, boy, has he not instilled into you! Tell me, frankly, has he not made you suspicious of every one—distrusting all friendship—disowning all obligations—making affection seem a mockery, and woman a cheat?"

"I have heard good and bad from his lips. If he spoke hastily of the world at times, mayhap it had not treated him with too much kindness. Indeed he said as much to me, and that it was not his fault that he thought so meanly of mankind."

"What poison this to pour into a young heart!" broke in Alfieri. "The cattle upon the thousand hills eat not of noxious herbage; their better instincts protect them, even where seductive fruits and flowers woo their tastes. It is man alone is beguiled by false appearances, and this out of the very subtlety of his own nature. The plague-spot of the heart is distrust!"

"These are better teachings, boy, than Signor Gabriel's," said the lady.

"You know him, then?" asked Gerald.

"I have little doubt that we are speaking of the same person; and if so, not I alone, but all Europe knows him."

Gerald burned to inquire further, to know who and what this mysterious

man was—how he had earned the terrible reputation that attended him, and what charges were alleged against him. He could not dare, however, to put questions in such a presence, and he sat moodily thinking over the issue.

Diverging from the high road, they now entered a pathway which led through the vineyards and the olive groves; and, being narrow, Gerald found himself side by side with the Marquise, without any other near. Here, at length, his curiosity mastered all reserve, and plucking up courage for the effort, he said—

"If my presumption were not too bold, Madame, I would deem it a great favour to be permitted to ask you something of this Signor Gabriel. I know and feel that, do what I will, reason how I may, reject what I can, yet still his words have eaten down deep into my heart; and if I cannot put some antidote there against their influence, that they will sway me even against myself."

"First, let me hear how he represented himself to you. Was he as a good man grossly tricked and cheated by the world, his candour imposed on, his generosity betrayed. Did he picture a noble nature basely trifled with."

"No, no," broke in Gerald: "he said, indeed, at first he felt disposed to like his fellow-men, but that the impulse was unprofitable; that the true philosophy was unbelief. Still he avowed that he devoted himself to every indulgence; that happiness meant pleasure, pleasure excess; that out of the convulsive throes of the wildest debauchery, great and glorious sensations, ennobling thoughts spring—just as the volcano in full eruption throws up gold amidst the lava: and he bade me, if I would know myself, to taste of this same existence."

"Poor boy, these were trying temptations."

"Not so," broke in Gerald, proudly; "I wanted to be something better and greater than this."

"And what would you be?" asked the Marquise, as she turned a look of interest on him.

"Oh, if a heart's yearning could do it," cried Gerald, warmly, "I would be like him who rides yonder; I would be one whose words would give voice to many an unspoken emotion

—who could make sad men hopeful, and throw over the dreariest waste of existence the soft mild light of ideal happiness."

She shook her head, half sorrowfully, and said—"Genius is the gift of one, or two, or three, in a whole century!"

"Then I would be a soldier," cried the boy; "I would shed my blood for a good cause. A stout heart and a strong arm are not rare gifts, but they often win rare honours."

"Count Alfieri has been thinking about you," said she, in a tone half confidential. "He told me that if you showed a disposition for it, he'd place you at the University of Sienna, where you could follow your studies till such time as a career should present itself."

"To what do I owe this gracious interest in my fate, lady?" asked he eagerly. "Is it my casual resemblance to the prince he was so fond of?"

"So fond!" exclaimed she; then, as quickly correcting herself, she added, "No, not altogether that—though, perhaps, the likeness may have served you."

"How kind and good of him to think of one so friendless," muttered Gerald, half aloud.

"Is the proposal one you would like to close with; tell me, frankly, Gherardi, for we are speaking now in all frankness."

"Mayhap I may only lose another friend if I said no!" said he, timidly; and then, with bolder accents, added, "Let me own it, Madame, I have no taste for study, at least such studies as these; my heart is set upon the world of action—I would like to win a name, no matter how brief the time left me to enjoy it."

"Shall I tell you *my* plan——"

"*Yours!*" broke he in. "Surely you, too, have not deigned to remember me."

"Yes; the Count interested me strongly in you; this morning we talked of little else at breakfast, and up to the moment we overtook you at the gate. His generous ardour in your behalf filled me with a like zeal; and we discussed together many a plan for your future; and mine was, that you should enter the service of the King——"

"What King?"

"What other than the King of France, boy; the heir of St. Louis."

"He befriended the cause of Charles Edward, did he not?" asked Gerald, eagerly.

"Yes," said she, smiling at the ardour with which he asked the question. "Do you feel deep interest in the fortunes of that Prince?"

The youth clasped his hands together and pressed them to his heart, without a word.

"Your family, perhaps, supported that cause?"

"They did, lady. When I was an infant, I prayed for its success; as I grew older, I learned to sorrow for its failure."

There was something so true and so natural in the youth's expression as he spoke, that the Marquise was touched by it, and turned away her head to conceal her emotion.

"The game is not played out yet, boy," said she, at last, "there are great men, and wise ones too, who say that the condition of Europe—the peace of the world—requires the recognition of rights so just as those of the Stuarts. They see, too, that in the denial of these claims the Church is wounded, and the triumph of a dangerous heresy proclaimed. Who can say at what moment it may be the policy of the Continent to renew the struggle."

"Oh, speak on, lady: tell me more of what fills my heart with highest hope," exclaimed he, rapturously. "Do not, I beseech you, look on me as the poor stroller, the thing of tinsel and spangles, but as one in whose veins generous blood is running. I am a Geraldine, and the Geraldines are all noble."

The sudden change in the youth's aspect, the rich full tones of his voice, as gaining courage with each word, he asserted his claim to consideration, seemed to have produced the effect upon the Marquise, who pondered for some time without speaking.

"Mayhap, lady, I have offended you by this rash presumption," said Gerald, as he watched her downcast eyes and steadfast expression; "but forgive me, as one so little skilled in life, that he mistakes gentle forbearance for an interest in his fortunes."

"But I *am* interested in you, Gherardi, I *do* wish to befriend you; let me hear about your kith. Who are these Geraldines you speak of?"

"I know not, lady," said he,

abashed; "but from my childhood I was ever taught to believe that, wherever my name was spoken, men would acknowledge me as noble."

"And from whom can we learn these things more accurately; have you friends or relations to whom we could write?"

Just as she spoke, the head of the cavalcade passed beneath a deep gateway into the court of an ancient palace, and the echoing sounds of the horses' feet soon drowned the voices of the speakers. "This is 'Cammerotto,' an old villa of the Medici," whispered the Marquise. "We have come to see the frescoes: they are by Perugino, and of great repute."

The party descended, and, entering the villa, wandered away in groups through the rooms. It was one of those spacious edifices which were types of mediæval life, lofty, splendid, but comfortless. Dropping behind the well-dressed train as they passed on, Gerald strayed alone and at will through the palace, and at last found himself in a small chamber, whose one window looked out on a deep and lonely valley. The hills, which formed the boundaries, were arid, stony, and treeless, but tinted with those gorgeous colours, which, in Italian landscape, compensate in some sort for the hues of verdure; and every angle and eminence on them were marked out with that peculiar distinctness which objects assume in this pure atmosphere. The full blaze of a noon-day sun lit up the scene, where not a trace of human habitation, nor a track of man's culture, could be seen for miles.

"My own road in life should lie along that glen," said Gerald, dreamily, as he leaned out of the window and gazed on the silent landscape, and soon dropped into a deep reverie, when past, present, and future were all blended together. The unbroken stillness of the spot, the calm tranquillity of the scene steeped his spirit in a sort of dreamy lethargy, scarcely beyond the verge of sleep itself. To his half-waking state, his restless night contributed; and hour by hour went over unconsciously, now, muttering verses of his old convent hymns—now, snatches of wild peasant legends, his mind lost itself in close woven fancies.

Whether the solitary tract of country before him was a reality or a mere

dream-land he knew not. It needed an effort to resume consciousness, and that effort he could not make; long fasting, too, lent its influence to increase this state, and his brain balanced between fact and imagination weariedly and hopelessly. At moments he fancied himself in some palace of his ancestors, dwelling in a high but solitary state; then would he suddenly imagine that he was a prisoner, confined for some great treason—he had taken arms against his country—he had adhered to a cause, he knew not what or whose, but it was adjudged treasonable. Then, again, it was a monastery, and he was a novice, waiting and studying to assume his vows; and his heart struggled between a vague craving for active life and a strange longing for the death-like quiet of the cloister.

From these warring fancies he started suddenly, and passing his hand across his forehead, tried to recall himself to reason. "Where am I?" exclaimed he; and the very sound of his own voice, echoed by the deep vaulted room, almost affrighted him. "How came I here?" muttered he, hoping to extricate himself from the realm of fancy by the utterance of the words. He hastened to the door, but the handle was broken and would not turn; he tried to burst it open, but it was strong and firm as the deep wall at either side of it; he shouted aloud; he beat loudly on the oaken panels, but, though the deep-arched ceiling made the noise seem like thunder, no answer was returned to his call. He next turned to the window, and saw, to his dismay, that it was at a great height from the ground, which was a flagged terrace beneath. He yelled and cried from the very top of his voice; he waved his cap, hoping that some one at a distance might catch the signal; but all in vain. Wearied at last by all his attempts to attract notice, he sat moodily down to think over his position and devise what was to be done. Wild thoughts flashed at times across him—that this was some deep-laid scheme to entrap him—that he had been enticed here, that he might meet his death without marks of violence; that somehow, his was a life of consequence enough to provoke a crime. The Prince that he resembled had some share in it—or Marietta had vowed a

vengeance—or the Jesuit Fathers had sent an emissary to despatch him. What were not the wild and terrible fancies that filled his mind—all that he had read of cruel torturings—years' long suffering—lives passed in dreary dungeons, floated mistily before him, till reason at last gave way, and he lost himself in these sad imaginings.

The ringing of a church-bell, faint and far away as it sounded, recalled him from his dreamings, and he remembered it was "the Angelus," when long ago he used to fall into line, and walk along to the chapel of the college. "That, too, was imprisonment," thought he, but how gladly would he have welcomed it now! He leaned from the window to try and make out whence the sounds came, but he could not find the spot. He fancied he could detect something moving up the hill-side; but a low olive scrub shaded the path, and it was only as the branches stirred that he conjectured some one was passing underneath. The copse, however, extended but a short way, and Gerald gazed wistfully to see if any thing should emerge from where it finished. His anxiety was intense as he waited; a feverish impatience thrilled through him, and he strained his eyes till they ached with stretching. At last, a long shadow was projected on the road; it was broken, irregular, and straggling. It must be more than one—several—a procession perhaps; and yet not that, there was no uniformity in it. He leaned out as far as he could venture. It was coming. Yes, there it was! A donkey, with heavy panniers at his side, driven by an old man; a woman followed, and after her a girl's figure. Yes, he knew them and her now! It was the Babbo! and there was Marietta herself, with bent-down head, creeping sadly along, her arms crossed upon her breast; her whole air unspeakably sad and melancholy. With a wild scream Gerald called to them to turn back, that he, their companion, their comrade, was a captive. He shouted till his hoarse throat grew raw with straining, but they heard him not.

A deep narrow gorge lay between them, with a brawling rivulet far below, and though the boy shouted with all his might, the voice never reached them. There they walked

along up the steep path, whither to, he knew not! That they meant to desert him was, however, clear enough. Already in that far-away land to which they journeyed no part was assigned him. And Marietta! she to whom he had given his heart; she whom he bound up with all his future fortunes; she to leave him thus without a word of farewell, without one wish to meet again, without one prayer for his welfare! Half maddened with grief and rage, for in his heart now each sentiment had a share, he sprung wildly to the window, and gazed downwards at the terrace. Heaven knows what terrible thoughts ebbed and flowed within him as he looked. Life had little to attract him to it; his heart was well-nigh broken; a reckless indifference was momentarily gaining on him; and he crept farther and farther out upon the window-sill till he seemed almost to hang over the depth beneath him. He wanted to remember a prayer, to recall some words of a litany he had often recited; but in his troubled brain, where confusion reigned supreme, no memory could prevail; thoughts came and went, clashing, mingling, conflicting, like the storm-tossed sea in a dark night; and already a stupid and fatalist indifference dulled his senses, and one only desire struggled with him—a wish for rest! Once more, and with an effort, he raised his eyes towards the mountain side. The little procession was still ascending, and nigh the top. At a short distance behind, however, he could see Marietta standing and looking apparently towards Florence. Was it that she was thus taking a last farewell of him, muttering, among some broken words of affection, some blessing upon him! A sudden thrill of joy—it was hope—darted through him as he gazed; and now bending over he perceived that the steep wall beneath the window was broken by many a projection and architrave, the massive pediment of a large window, projecting far, about six feet, from where he sat. Could he gain this he might descend by the column which supported it, and reach a great belt of stonework that ran about fifteen feet from the ground, and whence he might safely venture to drop. If there was peril to life in every step of this dangerous exploit, there was, in

the event of success, a meeting once more with Marietta; a meeting never to part again. Whatever the reasons for having deserted him he was determined to overbear. Some one must have calumniated him; he would meet the slander. Marietta herself would do him justice; he would soon show her that the passing vision of ambition had no hold upon his heart; that he only cared for her, wished for nothing beyond their own wayward life. As he thus reasoned, he tore his mantle into long strips, which he twisted and knotted together, testing its strength, till assured that it would bear his weight. He then fastened one end to the window-bars, and grasping the cord in both hands he prepared to descend. Could he but gain the pediment in this wise, the rest of the descent would not be difficult.

With one fervent prayer to her whose protection he had learned to implore from very infancy, he glided softly from the window-sill and began the descent. For a second or two did he grasp the stone ledge with both hands; as if fearing to lose his hold; but at length, freeing one hand and then the other, he gave himself up to the cord. Scarcely had his full weight straightened the rope than the frail texture began to give way; a low sound, as of the fibres tearing, met his ear; and just as his feet touched the pediment, the rope snapped in two, and the shock, throwing him off his balance, he swayed forward. One inch more and his fate was certain; but his body recovered its equipoise and he came back to the wall, where he stood still, motionless, and paralyzed with terror. The ledge on which he stood, something less than two feet in width, was slightly sloped from the wall, and about forty feet from the ground. To crouch down upon this now and reach the column which supported it, was his next task, nor was it till after a long struggle with himself that he could once again peril life by such an attempt.

By immense caution he succeeded in so bending down that he at last gained a sitting position on the ledge, and then, with his face to the wall, he glided over the pediment and grasped one of the columns. Slipping along this, he arrived at the window-sill, from which the drop to the ground

was all that now remained. Strange was it, that this latter and easier part of all the danger affrighted him more than all he had gone through. It was as if his overtaken courage was exhausted; as though the daring energy had no more supplies to draw upon; for there he sat, hopelessly gazing at the ground beneath, unable to summon resolution to attempt it.

The brief season between day and dark, the flickering moments of half-light passed away, and a night, calm and starlit, spread over the scene. Except the wild and plaintive cry of an owl, from an ivy-clad turret above him, not a sound broke the stillness, and there Gerald sat, stunned and scarce conscious. As darkness closed about him, and he could no longer measure the distance to the ground beneath, the peril of his position became more appalling, and he felt like one who must await the moment of an inevitable and dreadful fate. Already a sense of weariness warned him that at the slightest stir he might lose his balance, and then what a

fate—mutilation perhaps, worse than any death. If he could maintain his present position till day broke, it was certain he must be rescued. Solitary as was the spot, some one would surely pass and see him; but, then, if overcome by fatigue, sleep should seize him—even now a dreary lassitude swept over him; oftentimes his eyes would close, and fancies flit across him, that boded the approach of slumber. Tortured beyond endurance by this long conflict with his fears, he resolved, come what might, to try his fate, and, with a shrill cry for mercy upon his soul, he dropped from the ledge.

When the day broke he was there beneath the window, his forehead bleeding and his ankle broken. He had tried to move, but could not, and he waited calmly what fate might befall him. Yes, he was now calm and self-confident. The season of struggle was over; the period for sound thought, and reflection had begun.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PLAN.

WHEN one looks back upon the story of his life, he is sure to be struck by the reflection, that its uneventful periods, its seasons of seeming repose, were precisely those which tended most to confirm his character. It is in solitude—in the long watches of a voyage at sea—in those watches, more painful still, of a sick bed, that we make up our account with ourselves, own to our short-comings, and sorrow over our faults. The mental culture that at such seasons we pursue, is equally certain to exercise a powerful influence on us. Out of the busy contest of life—removed, for the moment, from its struggles and ambitions—the soil of our hearts is, as it were, fresh turned, and rapidly matures the new-sown seed we throw upon it. How many date the habits of concentration, by which they have won success in after-life, to the thoughtful hours of a convalescence. It is not merely that isolation and quiet have aided their minds; there is much more in the fact, that at such times the heart and the brain work together. Every appeal to reason

must be confirmed by a judgment in the higher court of the affections; and out of our emotions as much as out of our convictions do we bend ourselves to believe.

How fresh and invigorated do we come forth from these intervals of peace; less confident, it may be, of ourselves, but far more trustful of others—better pleased with life, and more sanguine of our fellow-men. And, oh, no matter how often we may be deceived or disappointed, no matter how frequently our warmest affections have met no requital, let us cherish this hopeful spirit to the last—let us guard ourselves against doubting. There is no such bankruptcy of the heart as distrust!

We have been led to these reflections by thinking of Gerald, as he lay, weeks long, a sufferer on a sick bed. In a small room of the villa, kindly cared for, all his wants supplied, by the directions of his wealthy friends, there he lay, pondering over the wayward accident of his life, and insensibly feeding his heart with the conviction, that Fate, which had

never failed to befriend him in difficulty, had yet some worthy destiny in store for him. He read unceasingly, and of every thing. The Marquise constantly sent him her books, and what now interested him no less, the newspapers and pamphlets of the time. It was the first real glimpse he had obtained of the actual world about him; and with avidity he read of the ambitions and rivalries which disturbed Europe—the pretensions of this State, the fears and jealousies of that. Stored as his mind was with poetic images, imbued with a rapturous love for the glowing pictures thus presented, he yet balanced to decide whether the life of action was not a higher and nobler ambition than the wondrous dream-land of imagination.

In the convent Gerald's mind had received its first lessons of religion and morality. His sojourn at the Tana had imparted his earliest advances into the world of knowledge through books, and now his captivity at the "Cammerotto" opened to him a glance of the real world, its stirring scenes, its deep intrigues, and all the incidents of that stormy sea on which men charter the vessels of their hope. Was it that he forgot Marietta? Had pain and suffering effaced her image; had ambition obliterated it? No; she was ever in his thoughts—the most beautiful and most gifted creature he had ever seen. If he read, it was always with the thought, what would she have said of it. If he sunk into a reverie, she was the centre round which his dreams revolved. Her large, mild eyes, her glowing cheek, her full lips, tremulous with feeling, were ever before him; and what had he not given to be her companion again, wandering the world; again blending all that was fascinating in poetic description with scenes wayward enough to have been conjured up by fancy! Why had they deserted him? he asked himself over and over. Had the passing dispute with Marietta determined her to meet him no more? And if so, what influence could she have exercised over the others to induce them to take this step? There was but one of whom he could hope to gain this knowledge, Alfieri himself, whose generosity had succoured them, and in the few and brief mo-

ments of the poet's visit to the villa, he had not courage to venture on the question. The Marquise came frequently to see him, and seemed pleased to talk with him, and lighten the hours of his solitude by engaging him in conversation. Dare he ask her? Could he presume to inquire, from one so high-born and so great, what had befallen his humble comrades of the road? How entreat of her to trace their steps, or learn their plans. Had she, indeed, seen Marietta, there would have been no difficulty in the inquiry. Who could have beheld her without feeling an interest in her fate? Brief, however, as had been his intercourse with great people, he had already marked the tone of indolent condescension with which they treated the lives of the very poor. The pity they gave them cost no emotion; if they sorrowed, it was with a grief that had no pang. Their very generosity had more reference to their own sensations than to the feelings of those they befriended. Already, young as he was, did he catch a glimpse of that deep gulf that divides affluence from misery, and in the bitterness of his grief for her who had left him, did he exaggerate the callousness of the rich and the sufferings of the poor.

There he lay, every comfort supplied him, all that care could bestow, or kindness remember, around him; and yet, why was it his gratitude flowed not in a pure, unsullied stream, but came with uncertain gushes, fitfully, unequally; now sluggish, now turbid; clogged with many a foul weed, eddying with many an uncertain current. Let us own it at once. The poison Gabriel had instilled into his heart, if insufficient to kill its nobler influences, was yet enough to render them unsound. The great lesson of that tempter was to "distrust;" never to accept a benefit in life without inquiring what subtle design had prompted it, what deep-laid scheme it might denote. "None but a fool bestows without an object," was a maxim he had often heard from his lips. Not all the generosity of the boy's nature—and it was a noble one—could lessen the foul venom of this teaching! To reject it seemed like decrying the wisdom of one who knew life in all its aspects. How could he, a mere boy, ignorant,

untravelled, unlettered, place his knowledge of mankind in competition with that of one so universally accomplished as Gabriel? His precepts, too, were uttered so calmly, so dispassionately—a tone of regret even softened them at times, as though he had far rather have spoken well and kindly of the world, if truth would have suffered him. And then he would insidiously add—"Don't accept these opinions, but go out and test them for yourself. The laboratory is before you, experiment at your will." As if he had not already put corruption in the crucible, and defiled the vessel wherein the ore should be assayed.

For some days Gerald had neither seen the Count nor the Marquise. A brief note, a few lines from the latter, once came to say that they continued to take an interest in his welfare, and hoped soon to see him able to move about and leave his room; but that the arrival of a young relative from Rome, would probably prevent her being able to visit to the Cammerotto for some time.

"They have grown weary of the pleasure of benevolence," said Gerald, peevishly, "they want some other and more rewarding excitement. The season of the Carnival is drawing nigh, and doubtless fêtes and theatres will be more gratifying resources than the patronage of such as I am."

It was in a spirit resentful and rebellious that he arose and dressed himself. The very clothes he had to wear were given him—the stick he leaned on was an alms; and his indignation scoffed at his mendicancy, as though it were a wrong against himself.

"After all," said he, mockingly, "if it were not that I chanced to resemble some dear Prince or other, they had left me to starve. I wonder who my prototype may be; what would he say if I proposed to change coats with him. Should I have more difficulty in performing the part of Prince, or he that of vagabond?"

In resentful reflections like this, he showed how the seeds of Gabriel's teaching matured and ripened in his heart, darkening hope, stifling even gratitude. To impute to mere caprice, a passing whim, the benevolence of the rich was a favourite theory of Gabriel; and if, when Gerald listened first to such maxims, they

made little or no impression upon him, now in the long silent hours of his solitude, they came up to agitate and excite him. One startling illustration Gabriel had employed, that would recur again and again to the boy's mind, in spite of him.

"These benefactors," said he, "are like men who help a drowning swimmer to sustain himself a little longer, they never carry him to the shore. Their mission is not rescue, it is only to prolong a struggle, to protract a fate."

Dark and dismal were such views of life; gloomy and sad they made the heart that embraced them.

The snow lay on the Apennines, and even on the lower hills around Florence, ere Gerald was sufficiently recovered to move about his room. The great dreary house, silent and tenantless, was a dominion over which he wandered at will, sitting hours long in contemplation of frescoed walls and ceilings, richly carved architectural, and finely-chiselled traceries over door and window. Had they who reared such glorious edifices left no heirs nor successors behind them. Why were such splendours left to rot and decay? Why were patches of damp and mildew suffered to injure these marvellous designs? Why were the floors littered with carved and golden fretwork? What new civilization had usurped the place of the old one; that men preferred lowly dwellings—tasteless, vulgar, and inconvenient—to those noble abodes of elegance and amplitude? Could it possibly be that the change in men's minds, the growing assertion of equality, had tended to suppress whatever too boldly indicated superiority of station. Already distinctions of dress were fading away. The embroidered "jabot," the rich falling ruffle, the ample peruke, and the slashed and braided coat, were less and less often seen abroad. A simpler and more uniform taste in costume began to prevail; the insignia of rank were seldom paraded in public; and even the liveries of the rich displayed less of costliness and show than in times past. Over and over had Gabriel directed the youth's attention to these signs, saying, with his own stern significance—

"You will see, boy, that men will not any longer wait for equality, till the churchyard."

Was the struggle, then, really approaching?—were the real armies, indeed, marshalling their forces for the fight? And if so, with which should he claim brotherhood. His birth and blood inclined him to the noble, but his want and destitution gave him common cause with the miserable.

I have to crave my reader's forgiveness if I dwell somewhat tediously over the traits which, partly from temperament, partly from circumstances stamped themselves on Gerald's character. His was no perfect nature, though one in which the generous and the good outbalanced the less worthy. At all events, the features which most blemished his character, were less native, than impressed upon him by evil association and intimacy with Gabriel. The very poisons he believed he had rejected— influences he was convinced that he had spurned and trampled on, had generated and borne fruit in his heart; and there they were, noxious weeds, shedding their deadly odour amongst the richest flowers of his nature.

It was a dreary day of December, a low leaden sky, heavily charged with rain or snow, stretched over a landscape inexpressibly sad and wretched looking. The very character of Italian husbandry is one to add greatly to the rueful aspect of a day in winter—dreary fields of maze left to rot on the tall stalks; scrubby olive trees, in all the deformity of their leafless existence; straggling vine branches, stretching from tree to tree, or hanging carelessly about, all these, damp and dripping, in a scene, desolate as a desert, no inhabitants, no cattle to be seen.

Such was the landscape that Gerald gazed on from a window; and weary with reading now, stood long to contemplate.

There are moments in life when the sad aspect of nature so harmonizes with the melancholy of our hearts, that desolation is less painful to look upon than smiling fields and happy homesteads. Gerald was now in such a humour. A sunny sky and a bright landscape had jarred discordantly upon his spirit.

"How little great folk care for those seasons of gloom," thought he. "Their indoor life has its thousand resources of luxury and enjoyment:

their palaces stored with every appliance of comfort for them—pictures, books, music—all that can charm in converse, all that can elevate by taste about them. What do they know of the trials of those who plod wearily along through mire and rain, weary, footsore, and famishing." And Marietta rose to his mind, and he pictured her toiling drearily along, her dress draggled, her garments dripping. He thought he could mark how her proud look seemed to fire with indignation at an unworthy fate, and that a feverish spot on her cheek glowed passionately at the slavery she suffered. "And why am I not there to share with her these hardships?" cried he, aloud. "Is not this a coward's part in me to sit here in indolence, and worse again, in mere dependence? I am able to travel; I can, at least, crawl along a few miles a day; strength will come by the effort to regain it. I will after her through the wide world till I find her. In her companionship alone has my heart ever met response, and my nature been understood."

A low, soft laugh interrupted these words. He turned, and it was the Abbé Girardon, a friend of the Marquis de Bauffremont's, who always accompanied her, and acted as a sort of secretary in her household. There was a certain half-mocking subtlety, a sort of fine raillery, in the manner of the polished Abbé which Gerald always hated; and never was he less in the humour to enjoy the society of one whom even friends called "malin."

"I believed I was alone, sir," said Gerald, half haughtily, as the other continued to show his whole teeth in ridicule of the youth's speech.

"It was chance gave me the honour of overhearing you," replied the Abbé, smiling. "I opened this door by mere accident, and without expecting to find you here."

Gerald's cheek grew crimson. The exceeding courtesy of the other's manner seemed to him a studied impertinence; and he stared steadfastly at him, without knowing how to reply.

"And yet," resumed the Abbé, "it was in search of you I came out from Florence this dreary day. I had no other object, I assure you."

"Too much honour, monsieur," said Gerald, with a haughty bend of

the head; for the railery, as he deemed it, was becoming insupportable.

"Not but the tidings I bear would reward me for even a rougher journey," said the Abbé, courteously. "You are aware of the kind interest the Marquise de Bauffremont has ever taken in your fortunes. To her care and kindness you owe, indeed, all the attentions your long illness stood in need of. Well, her only difficulty in obtaining a career for you was her inability to learn to what rank in life to ascribe you. You believed yourself noble, and she was most willing to accept the belief. Now, a mere accident has tended to confirm this assumption."

"Let me hear what you call this accident, Monsieur l'Abbé," broke in Gerald, anxiously.

"It was an observation made yesterday at dinner by Sir Horace Mann. In speaking of the Geraldines, and addressing Count Gherardini for confirmation, he said, 'The earldom of Desmond, which is held by a branch of the family, is yet the youngest title of the house.' And the Count answered quickly, 'Your Excellency is right; we date from a long time back. There's an insolent proverb in our house that says, *Meglio un Gherardini bastardo che un Corsini ben nato*.'" Madame de Bauffremont caught at the phrase, and made him repeat it. In a word, Monsieur, she was but too happy to avail herself of what aided a foregone conclusion. She wished you to be noble, and you were so."

"But I am noble," cried Gerald, boldly. "I want no hazards like these to establish my station. Let them inquire how I am enrolled in the college."

"Of what college do you speak?" asked the Abbé, quickly.

"It matters not," stammered out Gerald, in confusion at thus having betrayed himself into a reference to his past. "None have the right to question me on these things."

"A student enrolled with his due title," suggested the wily Abbé, "would at once stand independent of all generous interpretation."

"You will learn no more from me, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the youth, disdainfully. "I shall not seek to prove a rank from which I ask to derive no advantage. They called me t'other day, at the tribunal, 'a

vagabond;' that is the only title the law of Tuscany gives me."

The Abbé, with a tact skilled to overcome far greater difficulties, strove to allay the youth's irritation, and smooth down the asperity which recent illness, as well as temperament, excited, and at last succeeded so far that Gerald seated himself at his side, and listened calmly to the plan which the Marquise had formed for his future life. At some length, and with a degree of address that deprived the subject of anything that could alarm the jealous susceptibility of the boy's nature, the Abbé related that a custom prevailed in certain great houses—whose alliances with royalty favoured the privilege—of attaching to their household young cadets of noble families, who served in a capacity similar to that of courtier to the person of the king. They were "gentlemen of the presence," pages or *équerries*, as their age or pretensions decided; and, in fact, from the followers of such houses as the de Rohan, the Noailles, the Tavannes, and the Bauffremont, did royalty itself recruit its personal attendants. Monsieur de Girardon was too shrewd a reader of character not to perceive that any description of the splendours and fascinations of a life of voluptuous ease would be less captivating to such a youth than a picture of a career full of incident and adventure, and so he dwelt almost exclusively on all that such a career could offer of high ambition, the army being chiefly officered by the private influence of the great families of France.

"You will thus," said he, at the close of a clever description. "You will thus, at the very threshold of life, enjoy what the luckiest rarely attain, till later on—the choice of what road you'll take. If the splendour of a court life attract you, you can be a courtier; if the ambitions of statesmanship engross your mind, you are sure of office; if you aspire to military glory, here is your shortest road to it; or if," said he, with a graceful melancholy, "you can submit yourself to be a mere guest at the banquet of life, and never a host—one whose place at the table is assigned him, not taken by right—such, in a word, as I am—why, then, the Abbé's frock is an easy dress, and a safe passport besides."

With a sort of unintentional carelessness, that seemed frankness itself, the Abbé glided into a little narrative of his own early life, and how, with a wide choice of a career before him, he had, half in indolence, half in self-indulgence, adopted the gown.

"Stern thinkers call men like me, mere idlers in the vineyard, drones in the great human hive: but we are not; we have our uses just as every other luxury; we are to society what the bouquet is to the desert; our influence on mankind is not the less real, that its exercise attracts little notice."

"And what am I to be; what to do?" asked Gerald, proudly.

"Imagine the Marquise de Baufremont to be Royalty, and you are a courtier; you are of her household; in attendance on her great receptions; you accompany her on visits of ceremony—your rank securing you all the deference that is accorded to birth, and admission to the first circles in Paris."

"Is not this service menial?" asked he quickly.

"It is not thus the world regards it. The Melcours, the Frontignards, the Montrouilles are to be found at this moment in these ranks."

"But they are recognised by these

very names," cried Gerald; "but who knows me, or what title do I bear?"

"You will be the Chevalier de Fitzgerald; the Marquise has influence enough at Court to have the title confirmed. Believe me," added he, smiling blandly, "every thing has been provided for—all forethought taken already."

"But shall I be free to abandon this—servitude" (the word would out, though he hesitated to utter it)—"if I find it onerous or unpleasant? Am I under no obligation or pledge?"

"None; you are the arbiter of your own fortune at any moment you wish."

"You smile, sir, and naturally enough, that one poor and friendless as I am should make such conditions; but remember, my liberty is all my wealth, so long as I have that, so long am I master of myself—I am free to come and go—I am not lost to self-esteem. I accept," and so saying he gave his hand to the Abbé, who pressed it cordially, in ratification of the compact.

"You will return with me to Florence, Monsieur De Chevalier," said the Abbé, rising, and assuming a degree of courteous respect, which Gerald at once saw was to be his right for the future.

END OF FIRST BOOK.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

THE Renaissance was the parent of the Reformation: the Reformation was the Renaissance consecrated. Each of the three royal writers of Italy was the devoted admirer of the antients. Each member of that glorious trio lashed the vices of the clergy with merciless rigour. Dante has placed a holy father in the depths of the Inferno. Petrarca was well nigh as bold. Monks, who were no monks, writhed beneath the knotted scourge of Boccaccio.

It would be a difficult task to waken a sleeper only so far as that

he should be conscious merely of what we wished him to know, while to all else he should remain insensible as before. The attempt was made three hundred years ago: it signally failed. It was thought that the student newly alive to the treasures of old Greece and Rome, would not trouble himself with the sins of the modern seven-hilled city. The searcher for the lost books of Livy would not be concerned with the barbarous ignorance of an illiterate monk, even though he should be infamously impudent as pardon-broker

Vie d'Olympia Morata. Episode de la Renaissance et de la Réforme en Italie. Par Jules Bonnet, 3me Ed. Paris, 1856. *Olympia Morata. Ein Christliches Lebensbild,* bearbeitet von Ottilie Wildermuth. Stuttgart, 1854.

Tetzel himself. It seemed a cunning policy to let these eager, restless minds busy themselves with commenting on the treatises of Cicero; for there were other things that could not bear a commentary so well as the *De Officiis*.

Vain hope that the sun will not shine when once it has risen above the horizon. Fatal delusion that men will stay in voluntary bondage when once their chains are broken. Too late the error was manifest. The ecclesiastic learned to curse the scholar, when the most learned men of the day became the most vigorous and uncompromising denouncers of sanctified wickedness.

Fresh from communion with the glorious heroes of the Augustan age, the companion of Horace and Virgil felt tortured through every nerve as he listened to the miserable lingo of unlettered priests. To him the dialectics of the schools seemed densest darkness when compared with the luminous beauty of the *Phædo*. In anger he asked, "Shall the men who have been disputing for centuries on the number of angels that can stand upon a needle-point—who lately came to blows when contending whether Jonah's gourd was a castor oil plant*—shall these men be acknowledged as *doctors, teachers, of the age?*"

And then for the morals of these moralists. Solomon had fewer loves than these chaste celibates. Helio-gabalus kept but Lenten fare compared with these gluttonous wine bibbers. The heathen might have taught them reverence. Blind Homer,

"Lone sitting on the shores of old Romance,"

worshipped the omnipotent Zeu-pater with heartfelt devotion, while these ordained priests of the Most High anticipated in their lives the words of the modern poet—

"Gestorben ist der Gott oben
Und unten ist der Teufel todt."

The transition was natural, necessary. The scholar must perforce ripen

into the accuser. The reformer was the inseparable consequent of the student. With the De Medici, the revival of learning was but an affair of ancient manuscripts purchased of fugitives from Turk-beleagured Constantinople. But Erasmus, on whose studies the fate of the world depends,† was something more than a litterato. The "*Encomium Morie*" was more pungent than a disquisition on the "*De Amicitia*." In him behold the scholar and the satirist.

But there is yet another student, pale and thoughtful, most deeply in earnest where the Dutch bastard finds only matter for laughter. In Philip Melancthon behold the scholar and the reformer.

Others there are, zealous as Melancthon, scarcely less learned than Erasmus. Beza, Calvin, and Sturm, are men of mark, who will do their share of work.

The great battle between the Humanists and the *Parti Prêtre*, at first only a dispute between Reuchlin, or Capnion, as he loved to be called, and a miserable converted Jew, soon became a life and death struggle for that which is dearer than life—for freedom of thought. Into this history it is not now our purpose to embark. We can but allude to the elaborate biography of Ulric Von Hutten—one of the bravest warriors in this campaign—lately put forth by Strauss. At some future time we may hope to do justice to this remarkable book.

We must return to Italy.

This country was the first to cast off the cere-clothes of a dead language. Dante and Petrarca, forgotten awhile for Livy and Cicero, had not written in vain. While the scholars of Germany still saw in bright vision their fatherland become "more Latin than Latium itself," Bembo and Ariosto were making the revival of ancient literature serve for the fuller establishment of their own tongue. Theirs was an easy task compared with Luther's. With them originality was but a wise and discriminating imitation.

* See Periera's *Materia Medica*.

† The statue of Erasmus at Rotterdam holds a book in its hand. From time to time a page is turned over. The book finished, the world will end; at least so say the matter of fact and very unromantic Dutch, who, one would think, should be believed.

The study of the old Roman served for the perfection of the modern Tuscan, which was thereby rendered "more flexible, more elegant, and more pure." "But," adds M. Bonnet, "by the side of these free spirits, whose thoughts were fixed upon the future, a school of erudition is seen continued, born of the past, and which produced three great Latin poets—Sannazaro, Vida, Fracasto—to whom approaches at a distance Olympia Morata" (pp. 185, 186).

Olympia Morata was unquestionably the most learned woman of her age; and yet Ginguéné has altogether omitted her name from his account of the illustrious women of Italy in the sixteenth century. M. Bonnet has repaired the omission. It was due from him as a Frenchman. In England, Germany, and America, the lady of whom we are about to speak had already formed the subject of several biographies.

We wish to gain the sympathy of our readers for the genius whose name heads this paper. But if an apology were needed for Vittoria Colonna, who seldom wrote in any other than her native language, much more must we plead in behalf of Olympia Morata. In speaking of the former lady, we said* that it was not right to graft our modern ideas of female education upon the sixteenth century. The gentlest lady who ever bore greatest disaster with meekest submission, must be deemed to have unsexed herself, if a thorough acquaintance with classic lore is incompatible with perfect womanhood. Yet the most rigid interpreter of the whole duty of woman will scarcely exclude Jane Grey from the fellowship of right-minded females, even though she had learnt from the disciple of Socrates to meet a violent death with steadfast countenance.

We have purposely made mention of the ten days' queen and Olympia Morata together. Josias Simler, the biographer of Peter Martyr, has joined their names in the same eulogium—in the same elegy, we might also term it. "In our own days," he writes, "two women, equally celebrated, have shown—the one in England, the other in Italy—what the

genius of their sex, applied to the study of eloquence, will accomplish." "What," continues M. Bonnet, "can we add to this eulogy, or rather to this melancholy parallel of destiny, between two names which recall a similar glory, a similar fate?" (p. 174.)

Morals can by no means be included in the "exact sciences." Philosophers there are, nevertheless, who classify human beings with the precision of a botanist arranging his flowers. They even outdo him in simplicity, and attempt to include in a very few divisions all the manifold forms of human character, all the multitudinous developments of human thought. The result is somewhat startling: an amazon, a murderess, an angel—a Semiramis, a Lucrezia Borgia, and a Florence Nightingale, stand side by side. Do we express our astonishment, we are told that we have no more cause for surprise than at the coupling of the nettle and the elm in the same natural order. If we examine a little closer, we shall find that our philosopher is by no means an adherent of the "inductive method:" he prefers the "high *a priori* road:" and starting from the principle that all men possess certain qualities in common which are not shared by women, and that these possess certain characteristics which are not shared by those, he arrives at a very unexpected termination. This philosopher of ours is a dealer in laconics. He solves great problems by the briefest of aphorisms. And thus, to the much-vexed question, "What is woman's mission?" he tersely answers:

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

With such epigrammatists we have nothing to do. It is sufficient for us to know that a wiser man than they, one who had long reigned over an empire on which the sun never set, discovered in the stillness of cloister life the uselessness and the falsehood of all such philosophical simplicity. Once for all, we may answer the philosopher in his own fashion, and with words that he may have learnt in school days, "Quot homines, tot sententiae."

The sun of the sixteenth century,

* *Dublin University Magazine*, February, 1858.

which rose with such brightness over Italy, shone with peculiar splendour on the little state of Ferrara. Its university ranked with the foremost of the Peninsula. Students flocked thither from all parts of Europe; and Englishmen, forsaking the time-honoured halls of Oxford and Cambridge, resorted in such numbers to this far-off city of the south, that they formed there a separate nation.* The court vied with the university. The house of Este was scarcely less illustrious than that of the De Medici. Ercole II. had married the daughter of Louis XII., wisest among the kings of France. Renée, whom men loved to call the "Good Duchess,"† was learned as she was good. Her palace was the resort of scholars who prized her approbation; poets who sang her praises; divines who looked up to her for protection in those troublous times.

"Among the distinguished persons who adorned the court of Ferrara, at this time, might have been remarked the Professor Fulvio Peregrino Morato. Born at Mantua, the country of Virgil, towards the close of the fifteenth century, drawn by an irresistible attraction to the study of antient literature, whose revival everywhere announced the advent of a new civilization, he taught with éclat in the most celebrated universities of Italy. The fame of his knowledge and virtues gained the notice of Alphonso d'Este, who appointed him preceptor of his two sons, Ippolito and Alphonso, brothers of Ercole, who succeeded him. From that time Morato appeared at court and in the public schools, where his talents acquired the esteem of the learned, and of the poets, who eagerly sought the honour of his favourable opinion."—Bonnet, p. 23. For some now unknown cause Morato some time after removed from Ferrara and retired to Vicenza, apparently in disgrace or exile. He taught in this town with his usual success, as also afterwards at Venice, where he remained several years. His friends, after much eager solicitation, at length obtained for him a recall to

Ferrara, where he sustained his old reputation by brilliant lectures. His house was the frequent rendezvous of literary celebrities, who were entranced by his eloquence, and not less charmed by the devotion of his wife, Lucrezia, and the wonderful precocity of his children, but especially of his eldest daughter.

Olympia Fulvia Morata was born at Ferrara, in 1526. From her birth she was surrounded by the teachers of the Renaissance. From the tenderest years she heard the names of the great writers of Greece and Rome. "She lisped their language, was nourished by their thoughts, inspired by their sentiments and their imagination."—Bonnet, p. 27. Fulvio was proud of his daughter. He watched her growth with hope and anxiety. She received her first lessons in Greek from a foreign teacher, Chilian Sinapi, whom she soon loved as a second father. Her progress was so rapid that in a few months she learned to speak the languages of Virgil and Homer with equal ease. Olympia soon drew around her a troop of admirers; not, indeed, of gay gallants, whispering the musical flatteries of a Petrarca, but grey-haired sires, more apt at discussing the genuineness of a newly-discovered MS., more desirous of hearing the maiden discourse on the wisdom of the antients, than of setting themselves forth to advantage by finished accomplishments and elaborate concerti. The most devoted of these kind-hearted old sages was Celio Caligniui, at the same time mathematician, archæologist, and poet, and Morato's most intimate friend. He loved to listen to his young mistress—daughter—for she was both to him. He would ask her learned questions—would follow her progress with joyful eyes. "In her he saw a new Diotima—an Aspasia more pure than she whose image the Athenians had worshipped and destroyed."—Bonnet, p. 27. Morato was bound by the vow of poverty, to which men of learning would seem to be almost invariably subject. The *res angusta domi* compelled him and his Olympia to devote precious hours

* Tiraboschi Storia della Letteratura Italiana.

† We are looking forward with eagerness to M. Bonnet's promised life of the "Good Duchess."

to the details of a sordid but necessary economy. Sorely against her inclination, the daughter often had to take up the needle, and lose many an irrevocable morning in patching up old dresses which *would* wear out. Ah ! how she envied the Israelites in their march through the wilderness ; not for the manna which rained upon them from heaven, but for the garments which waxed not old during forty years of pilgrimage. As she passed from childhood to girlhood household tasks devolved upon her more and more. Silently, uncomplainingly, she did her duty ; and sighed, but scarcely hoped for a release. But brighter days were in store for her.

The Good Duchess had a daughter in whose education she felt the deepest solicitude. She knew the disadvantage to which the children of princes are subject : that while they have the best of teachers they are without school-mates. Emulation is the right hand of instruction. Without emulation instruction is but a poor cripple. In this perplexity, the fame of the daughter of Morato reached her ears. A happy thought suggested itself. She at once proposed that Olympia should come and reside at the palace, not as "humble companion" to her Anna, but as teacher, friend, and guide. The proposal was gladly accepted. Olympia now saw with joy a close to her long apprenticeship of drudgery ; the commencement of a bright career of knowledge. Many and hearty were the congratulations of her friends ; not for what the world would deem her brilliant prospects in thus being singled out by court favour, but for the opportunity which would now offer of devoting herself entirely to her favourite studies.

It is a pleasant insight which is afforded us into the life of a sixteenth century court, illustrious for its learning and taste. We there see the young princess and her much-loved teacher declaiming before a brilliant audience in the language of Quintilian, vying with Sappho and Pindar in musical Greek numbers.

Among the few fragments that remain of Olympia's compositions, we find an apology for neglecting the ordinary avocations of her sex. It is written in Greek, when its author was but sixteen years of age.

Οὐποτε μὲν ξυμπᾶσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἦνδαν
ταῦτόν,
Κ' οὐποτε πᾶσιν ἴσον Ζεὺς παρέδοκε
νόον,
Ἵππόδαμος Κάστωρ, πύξ δ' ἦν ἀγαθός
Πολυδεύκης.
Ἐκγονοὺς ἐξ αὐτῆς ὄρνιθος ἀμφοτέρως·
Κάγώ μὲν Θῆλης γεγαυῖα τὰ θηλυκά
λείπον,
Νῆματα, κερκίδιον, στήμονα καὶ
καλάθους.
Μουσᾶων δ' ἄγαμαι λειμῶνα τὸν ἀνθεμό-
εντα,
Παρινάσσου θ' ἱλαροὺς τοῦ διλόφοιο
χοροὺς
Ἄλλαι τέρονται μὲν ἴσως ἄλλοισι
γυναικεῖς
Ταῦτα ἐέ μοι κῦδος, ταῦτα δὲ χαρ-
μοσύνη.

Olympiæ Carmina, Lib. II., p. 242.

Truly the maiden who could compose such graceful elegiacs as these might well be absolved from "the linen, the spindle, the thread, and the basket." And although we may think the allusion to Castor and Pollux pedantic and stilted, it enhanced the value of the lines to such devout worshippers of the ancients as the courtiers of Ferrara in the age of the Renaissance. The audience was enraptured at the recital of such verses. Men of note in the world of letters expressed their admiration of this "Tenth Muse." Thus Lilio Gregorio Gyraldi, in a Latin poem published for the first time by M. Bonnet, addresses Olympia in the most flattering terms, doing enthusiastic homage not only to her wit and learning, but also to her beauty. He writes :—

"Felix cui famulatur hæc Puella !
Felicis gennere qui parentes
Et te nomine Olympiæ vocarunt !
Felicissimus ille, si modi ulli
Uxor contigeris viro fruenda !
Hinc et nonnihil ipse sum beatus,
Inter articulares dolores,
Cui talis faveat seni puella !" —Bonnet, p. 40.

Such were the classic compliments which an old gentleman afflicted with rheumatism paid to a young maiden who had reached the mature age of sixteen.

But a brilliant assembly was about to meet. In 1544, Pope Paul III. made a royal progress through Italy. He was received with great splendour of hospitality by the princes of the different peninsular states. Ercole

had his own good reasons for at least equalling the courtesy of the other sovereigns of Italy. His father had not been on good terms with Julius II. or Leo X. He himself had been involved in a dispute with the reigning Pontiff. Moreover, it had been recently reported that the court of Ferrara was tainted with heresy, and that no less a person than the wife of the Duke was a favourer of the detested doctrines of the Reformation. These reasons determined Ercole to offer his Highness a magnificent welcome. He would not wait for him to arrive at the capital, but set out with his family to his country seat at Belvedere, where Tasso, walking with Leonora, was afterwards to paint from nature the Gardens of Armida.

Muratori, a learned antiquarian, has left us a full account of this Paradise. He has abandoned the customary inventorial arrangement, and involuntarily has become a poet. We read of meadows enamelled with flowers, and watered by fountains which broke with their plash the silence of the sleepy air; of shady alleys and woods, where the breezes sighed for very happiness; of gardens adorned with the fairest of Flora's gifts; of statues and marble basins; of balconies whose broad steps descended to the river, where delicious baths awaited weary limbs; of temples embellished by the pencils of the most renowned artists; of rare and costly birds and beasts, that take their pastime in fields that slope down to the clear-flowing Po; of a gorgeous palace in whose lofty halls and long colonnades the arts seemed to have taken their abode. Truly says Agostino Stenco, "a terrestrial paradise."

Thither came Paul, with a long retinue. Ercole received him with the affectionate deference of a dutiful son. No moment was left without its proper recreation. Amongst others, we read that the young princes and princesses, accompanied probably by Olympia, acted the *Adelphi* of Terence before their distinguished guest.

A strange sight, truly: the children of a noble family performing a Latin comedy before the octogenarian successor of Leo X. "What image could better characterise this epoch of imitation and enterprise, of erudition

and enthusiasm, so well called the 'Renaissance?'" (Bonnet, p. 44.)

But before this time the Renaissance had developed into the Reformation. At Ferrara, more than any other city of Italy, was this movement felt:—

"Liberty of opinion, rigorously proscribed elsewhere, there found an asylum, and there displayed its last brightness. Celio Caligiagini was no more; but that learned man, buried in the library where he had always lived, bequeathed his spirit of research to his disciples. There was Bartolomeo Riccio, meditating his book upon '*Glory*;' Lilio Gyraldi, preparing the materials of his '*History of the Gods and of Poets*,' and his Dialogue upon '*Contemporary Poets*,' which should draw down the displeasure of Rome. There, too, was Angelo Manzolli, physician of the Duke Ercole, whose satirical poems abounded with biting passages against the Papacy. There, lastly, was Marco Antonio Flaminio, who recovered by the side of the Duchess Renée, the free intimacy which he had enjoyed at Naples in the chosen circle of Peter Martyr, Juan Valdez, and Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara. Without openly separating from the Church, these distinguished persons professed the boldest opinions in matters of faith. . . . The Reformation counted also zealous disciples amongst the professors who composed the academy of the Ducal Court. Jean Sinapi, and his brother, early imbued with Lutheran doctrines, had been strengthened by means of Calvin himself in the belief which they had brought from their own country." (Bonnet, pp. 51, 53.)

This Jean Sinapi afterwards married a beautiful and accomplished maid of honour, Francisca Bucyronia. To them Calvin sent many letters of advice and exhortation; and it is pleasant to find the ecclesiastical despot of Geneva so far unbending as to indite epistles to his old friends, which, though always grave, were often kind.

Sinapi and his wife became among the most cherished friends of Olympia. But the name which is most intimately associated with hers is that of Celio Secondo Curione. He was born at Turin, in 1503. Left an orphan at nine years of age, he was elected to the university of his native city. Endowed with a lively imagination, and a decided taste for

literature, "he appeared to be called rather to the peaceful life of a student than the stormy destiny of a reformer." His history strikingly illustrates the close connexion that existed three hundred years ago between the men of thought and the men of action. As a student, he became acquainted with the writings of Melancthon. Another book, the best of all books, had been left him by his dying father. The Bible and the German Reformer soon made him a devoted adherent of the new theology. His zeal was not content with a silent allegiance. Imprisoned by the Bishop of Yvrée, he was liberated only on condition of his entering a monastery. Even here he attempted to convert his fellow monks. But this was not all. He dared to remove the relics from the altar, and place thereon a Bible in their stead. He escaped punishment only by timely flight. He broke the last tie which united him to the church by marrying a lady of the noble family of the Isaaci. The desire to revisit his native country now rose strong within him. He travelled thither by way of Piedmont; and after divers perils found refuge in the house of a gentleman residing near Turin. Here he brought new trouble upon himself, and was seized by order of the Inquisitor. He was thrown into prison, and for many months awaited the issue of a process which could have but one issue. He contrived to escape from his dungeon and certain death, and shortly after we find him filling a chair at the University of Pavia. The enthusiasm of the students made him a body-guard, and for three years he baffled the Inquisition. At length, compelled to quit Pavia, he retired to Venice and Ferrara. He was not unknown at the latter city. He had formerly befriended Morata in his exile, and the father of Olympia was now able to repay this ancient kindness. Cello now became the most constant visitor at the house of his old friend. The subject of their conversations we learn from their letters. Morata soon became a devoted reformer.

Olympia, though brought into contact with the reformed doctrines, both at home and at the court, was by

no means disposed to accept them. She keenly relished the satire which a Boccaccio poured upon the church. But from the vices of a corrupt hierarchy she turned to the lofty virtues of the teachers of the Porch, rather than to the humble goodness of the Galilean fishermen. To her, the philosophy of Plato was far more alluring than the truer wisdom of Paul. Wandering amid the groves of the Academy, she found no pleasure in kneeling at the foot of Mount Calvary. Each day her allegiance to the church was weakened. Each day she gave herself up more entirely to the teachers of Athens. At length she became as thorough a heathen as Hypatia of Alexandria, or Diotima the teacher of Socrates.

At this time died the illustrious Pietro Bembo. The Court of Ferrara had always signally favoured him. Olympia was called upon to express the universal sorrow, which she did in Greek elegiacs.

The first lesson which Olympia received in the stern school of experience was connected with the severe illness of her father. On hearing of this event she at once left the court and tarried by his bedside, devotedly ministering to his every want. But filial tenderness could not stay the inevitable hand of death. Morato after a short period sunk to rest, his soul supported by the glorious promises in which he had learned to trust. He left as legacy to his daughter an invalid mother, three sisters, and a young brother scarcely beyond the first years of infancy.

She had to endure another parting though joy mingled with the sorrow of this separation. Her pupil and fellow-student, Anne d'Este, was, on the 29th September of this year (1548), married to François of Lorraine, afterwards celebrated as the Duke of Guise. The young bride, then only seventeen years of age, left her native country for her husband's home amid universal regret.

The homage which vice renders to virtue is a mark of respect with which the virtuous could well afford to dispense. The hypocrite, though often appearing in the shape of the mocking-bird, and then compa-

ratively harmless, only imitates our speech, is sometimes seen in the form of the basest of the brute creation, and, trampling on the pearls which you have cast before him, turns again and rends you.

Jerome Bolsec was a man of violent passions and an evil spirit. Wearing by the strict discipline of the Carmelites, of which order he was a member, he escaped from his convent, and made his way to the court of Ferrara, where the "Good Duchess" received him with the kindness which she always showed to those who were in any danger from their religious opinions. He returned this generosity with the malignity of a devil. He spread calumnious reports through the ducal household. The Duchess was sorely troubled thereby. At this time, to add to her distress, her husband, who throughout his reign had striven to curry favour with the Pope, interfered with the hospitality for which Renée had been so well known. He forbade any further intimacy with the reformers who resorted to her court. But his anger fell with peculiar severity on Olympia, whom he accused of perverting the minds of his children by the pernicious heresies of Luther and Valdez. Olympia appeared to answer her accuser. Injured innocence is not always triumphant, as the poets feign. Olympia's chief friend and most powerful advocate, Anne D'Este, was in a foreign land, and alone she was not able to bear up against the storm. Even the Duchess remained silent, and Olympia's disgrace was complete.

At this time she writes to Curiac:—

"After the death, or rather the departure of my father, I remained alone; abandoned, betrayed by those who ought to have supported me when exposed to such unjust treatment. My sisters shared my fate, and received only ingratitude in return for so many years of devotion and honest service. You cannot imagine how great was then my despair. None of those whom we once called friends dared to manifest any interest in us, and we were plunged into an abyss so deep

that it seemed impossible for us ever to be drawn out of it."

It is very easy for those who are not mourners to prate about the "sweet uses of adversity."

The spectators of the sufferings of Prometheus found it easy to offer counsel and consolation:—

Ἐλδοφες, ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα
ἔχει, παραινέειν νοουθετεῖν τε τὸν κακῶς
ἠπάσσοντα.

To Olympia this cup of sorrow was overflowing and bitter indeed. She did not mourn merely for loss of station, for sudden banishment from a refined and brilliant court. She had to grieve over her favourite studies, now necessarily abandoned, and had to endure instead the sordid cares of poverty. In this time of her trial none of those whom she had counted as friends would offer one consoling word, much less a helping hand. Desertion and want followed hard upon disgrace. No light evils these if borne singly, and her troubles came in troops. But the tears which the world's unkindness has caused to flow, at length blind the eyes to all things earthly. When the fountains of the great deep have been broken up, light gleams forth once more, and the bow set in the cloud is sure token of the watchful care that saves even out of the water-floods. Such words of balm as came to the Christian Philosopher* in his dreams, sounded in the ears of Olympia through many a weary night of wakefulness—

"Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him
with feeble denial,
Sure of his love, and oh, sure of his mercy
at last;
Bitter and deep tho' the draught, yet drain
thou the cup of thy trial,
And in its healing effect smile at the bitterness past.
Pray for that holier cup while sweet with
bitter lies blending—
Tears in the cheerful eye, smiles on the sorrowing cheek,
Death expiring in life when the long-drawn
struggle is ending,
Triumph and joy to the strong, strength to
the weary and weak."

Now at last Olympia confessed

* Sir John Herschell. The first four lines were composed in a dream; the latter were added during the succeeding day.

that David was a truer comforter than Seneca; Paul a truer philosopher than Plato; Christ a surer refuge and defence than the whole Olympic host. This period terminates the pagan epoch of her life.

Amongst the many students who were attracted to Ferrara by the fame of its university was a young German medical student, Andreas Grunthler by name, and descended from a good family at Schweinfurt, in Bavaria. He pursued his studies under the brothers Johann and Chilian Sinapi already mentioned. Admitted to their house as a frequent guest, he constantly heard them expatiate on the rare endowments of an Italian lady, who, a prodigy of learning, was fair of face withal, and not less good than wise. This lady he some time after saw, and the respect which her praises had excited became changed into a deeper feeling. He knew that he was a fool for his pains, and he manfully strove to banish from his memory the image of this favourite of courts. At rare intervals she crossed his path, and made sad havoc with his studies. He was even introduced to this renowned Olympia, and held converse with her; but all this availed nothing—

"She was surrounded by the glory of her wide-spread fame of prosperity and court favour. How could he then think to offer her his obscure name, his far-off country, in exchange for her bright and glowing fatherland? Then came the death of her father, the departure of the princess, the displeasure of the court; and with all this arose that deep, earnest spirit in the maiden which remained till death the foundation of her existence. The German stranger was admitted to the much loved house, and there he saw her domestic and womanly virtues first unfolded."—Wildermuth, p. 101.

He offered his sympathies with the most delicate respect—

"Olympia could not remain insensible to the proofs of an affection which was clothed in the form of devotion the most humble, the most perfect. She loved this stranger who dared for her sake to expose himself to the hatred of the court, and even to affront the prejudices of the Duke himself."—Bonnet, p. 78.

The sequel can be guessed. Grunthler made bold to ask the hand of the penniless orphan. Olympia's

love and gratitude were most deep and sincere. There could be but one answer. The marriage took place early in the year 1550. The guests were few—only those friends who had remained steadfast to Olympia during her misfortunes. "The nuptials were celebrated with touching simplicity, which, under the splendours of an Italian sky, recalled the graver customs of Germany." (Bonnet, p. 79). The prayers of the Reformed Church of Ferrara were offered to Heaven for the bride and bridegroom. Olympia wrote her own epithalamium in her beloved Greek.

ΕΥΧΑΙ ΓΑΜΙΚΑΙ.

Εὐνκρεῖτον ἀναξ, πάντων ὑπατε κρείοντων.

Ἀρσεν' ὅς, ἐπλάσας θηλύτερόν τε γένος,
"Ὅς κ' ἀνέρι πρωτίστῳ ἔην παράκωιν
ἔωκας,

"Ὅφρα τὰ γ' ἀνθρώπων μὴ ποτ' ὀλοῖτο
γυνή
καὶ θιγῶν ψυχὰς νυμφὴν τεψέ ἔμμεναι
νύμφῃ

Τόν δ' ἐθελες θανέειν ἰνέχ' ἔης ἀλόχου,
"Ὀλβον ὁμοφροσυνήν τε εἶδον πόσει ἡδέ
δάμαρτι.

Θεσμός γὰρ πέλεται λέκτρα γάμοι τε
τεύς.

The state of religion at Ferrara was at this time daily becoming more unsatisfactory. The Duke now openly avowed his hostility to the reformed doctrines; and its professors felt that they could no longer remain safely on his territory. Johann and Chilian Sinapi returned to their native Germany, and Grunthler, having passed with *élit* his examination for his doctor's degree, determined also to seek employment in his own country. He would not have his wife exposed to the rigours of a northern winter journey. He set out for Bavaria alone, trusting to return in the spring. During his absence, Olympia sent him many letters, remarkable for the purity of their Latinity, but still more for the depth of devotion to her husband which they display.

Grunthler returned after several months. He had travelled far and wide, and seen many learned men, and visited many a famous city. He found Germany in too unsettled a state for him to secure any permanent employment; nevertheless, he would try his fortune there,

where, at least, he might worship God as he pleased. The pair, accompanied by Olympia's young brother, Emilio, left Ferrara in the early spring of 1551. Many were the tears that were shed, for a mother and three sisters, and a few much-loved friends had to be parted from; but when sad thoughts would arise the true wife bravely resisted them. "God has given me a husband who is dearer to me than life. I would follow him with confidence to the inhospitable solitudes of the Caucasus, or the frozen regions of the West, as soon as through the passes of the Alps. 'Omne solum forti patria est.'"

They journeyed through the Tyrol, passing by Trent, now agitated by the disputes of the world-famous council. At length they arrived at Augsburg. Augsburg was not only the central scene of the Reformation, but also the "Metropolis of the Renaissance in Germany." One family inhabiting that city is deserving of special notice.

The Fuggers were wealthy merchants who vied not only in opulence and magnificence with the De Medici of the south, but also in the munificent patronage which they bestowed on the arts, sciences, and literature. A contemporary writer has left us a most interesting description of the Fugger palace. There might have been seen the choicest specimens of Greek and Roman sculpture, brought by the energy of Raymond Fugger from the countries where they had during so many years lain buried and neglected. There, too, was collected, a most valuable gallery of portraits from the pencil of Lucas de Cranach. Old books and manuscripts were not wanting to swell this assemblage of all that was beautiful for art, or venerable for age.

The name of Olympia was not unknown to this family. She and her husband were received with the most flattering attentions. They took up their abode with George Hermann, an aged and honourable councillor. With him they remained several months. At Augsburg, Olympia renewed her acquaintance with her honoured friend and second father, Curione.

Learned as Erasmus, with the simple faith of Ecolampadius, and the

gentleness of Melancthon, this veteran reformer resisted all the alluring offers which were made to him by princes and pontiffs, if he would accept a professor's chair in Italy. He was now situated at Bâle, where he filled the office of teacher of Latin literature. Olympia hearing after a long silence in what land he had taken up his abode, wrote to him, and shortly afterwards received a reply. The correspondence between these two illustrious persons is one of the most interesting episodes in Olympia's history. We must refer our readers to M. Bonnet's book for the letters which passed between them.

From Augsburg Grunthler and his wife proceeded to Würtzburg. In this town resided Johann Sinapi and his adored wife, Francisca Bucyronia. Olympia and Andreas were gladly welcomed as old acquaintances. With this family the autumn passed serenely away; Olympia spending her mornings in studies, or in teaching her little brother; while, in the evenings the whole party would assemble together, and partake of that enjoyment which when truly found, is the highest of earthly happiness.

At this time Grunthler received an appointment as surgeon to the Imperial troops which were about to winter at Schweinfurt. Thither he and his wife removed at the end of October, 1551. With very differing emotions must each have entered the little city. The one saw his native place, which amid all his wanderings ever remained dear to him. The other as she first trod the streets of this obscure town, could not but travel back in thought to the gay capitals, the brilliant skies, and the glorious climate of her Italian home. Its sunny terraces she had exchanged for frost-bound fields. No longer could she listen to the soft musical Tuscan; she heard nothing now but harsh guttural sounds, which she never thoroughly learned to comprehend.

They had scarcely settled down at Schweinfurt, when they were called upon to prove their steadfastness of faith. By the kindness of his friend Hermann, Grunthler received the offer of the chair of medicine at Lintz. Gladly would they accept it. But there is one thing which they must know for certain: Will they be allowed to worship God as they please? The

answer was not favourable, and sadly, but firmly, the proposal was rejected. Other trials awaited Olympia. For fourteen months she received no intelligence from home. The much prayed-for letters when they did arrive, afforded but few topics for rejoicing. The ducal wrath had visited the remainder of the family. With these tidings came the intelligence that Fazio Faenza, who long had languished in prison, had at length received the fiery crown of martyrdom. Olympia had used her utmost endeavours to avert this fate. But all was in vain, and her heart bled for Italy's protomartyr.

Her letters at this period are full of interest. At one time she combats the difficulties by which her sister had been sorely beset as to the compatibility of the divine election and the human will. Prayer and obedience, she says, are the true answer to all these doubts,—doubts which come from the father of lies. At another time she mourns the divisions which had arisen among the reformers on the doctrine of the Eucharist. To her friend, Lavinia de Rovère, she sends some of the writings of Luther, or a dialogue written by herself with all the purity of a Plato. Sometimes her letters are accompanied by her own poetry, or by a translation of the Psalms into Greek verse. Now she writes to her old pupil, Anne d'Este, and narrates the history of her life since last they met; and exhorts her to be constant in the faith, even though she should have to incur the displeasure of earthly friends, or even a husband. Of Vergerio, a Swiss reformer, she earnestly begs that he will undertake the translation into Italian of Luther's catechism, that so her dear country may receive some ray of the light which shone so brightly over Germany. The student of the Italian Reformation can scarcely be said to have mastered his subject, should he leave these letters unread. They were collected after the death of the writer by the piety of her friends, and published with her works. They are forty-eight in number. One being written in Greek, two in Italian, and the remainder in Latin.

One of the dreariest episodes in modern history is marked by the civil wars which desolated Germany

during the middle of the sixteenth century:—

“The Reformation, false to its origin, its mission, its spirit, descended from the arena of consciences, where by self-denial and sacrifice its peaceful triumphs should be won, to the field of battle, where victory or defeat must prove equally fatal, either by subjecting itself to the yoke of its adversaries or its protectors.”
—Bonnet, p. 129.

Into the details of these gloomy campaigns we have neither space nor inclination to enter. Suffice it to say, that the Markgraf Albrecht, who had a positive lust for tumult and bloodshed, refused to sheathe his sword when peace was in a fair way of being re-established. Placed under the ban of the empire, he looked about for some place where he might keep his foes at bay. Unfortunately for its inhabitants, he fixed on Schweinfurt, and thither descended like a bird of prey, and spread devastation and ruin everywhere around him. The neighbouring princes, justly irritated, determined to besiege him. The Bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg, the Elector, Maurice, and the Duke of Brunswick united their forces, and with the inhabitants of Nürnberg, gathered together against the devoted city. The siege commenced in April, 1553, and dragged on its slow length for fourteen weary months. The walls were incessantly battered by a powerful artillery. The noise of the cannon resounded night and day. The miserable inhabitants had nothing to hope, everything to fear from either event of the belcaguerment; and in the meanwhile they had to endure the rapacious insolence of savage bands who spared no house. To add to this distress the plague broke out, and famine followed hard upon pestilence. Grunthier, after unremitting attention to the sick, was himself struck down. In an underground cellar which was the only safe retreat, lay the exhausted patient tenderly watched by his grief-worn wife. Many and fervent were the prayers put up by the whole church at Schweinfurt for their beloved physician. The prayers were heard—Olympia was not destined for a widow.

At length the resources of the desperate Markgraf were spent. He determined to abandon the city, and

with all his forces left it under cover of the night, to the no small joy of the townsmen, who hoped to find mercy from the besieging army.

Vain hope! As battalion by battalion came pouring in the inhabitants soon saw that their fate was sealed. Leave to fly was sternly denied; and the applicants were murdered where they knelt. The survivors seeing their parents and children massacred, destroyed themselves, or fled to the church, whose sanctity they deemed would protect them. A soldier warned Grunthler that unless he escaped forthwith he would perish amid the ashes of the city. There was no time to be lost. As the darkness spread around, he and his wife, and Emilio, eluded the vigilance of the sentries and passed out of the gates. Their road was lighted by the lurid glare of an immense conflagration. Whole streets were falling before the fierce flames, the church itself was not spared, and its unhappy inmates perished miserably.

The fugitives deemed themselves safe; too soon they were stopped by a band of the enemy who plundered them of everything, and kept Grunthler prisoner. Separated from her husband, Olympia was animated by superhuman energy.

"In my anguish," she afterwards wrote, "I uttered the most despairing groans. I cried to the Lord in my distress, 'Help me! help me! for the love of Thy Name!' and I ceased not to cry until he had restored me my husband. Had you, but seen to what a pitiable condition I was reduced; my hair all loose, my clothes in rags, my feet cut, and my body scarcely covered by a chemise. In flying I lost my shoes, and in following the course of the stream, we were often compelled to run over stones and rocks. At each step I cried, 'I can go no further. I am dying. Lord, if thou wilt save me, command thine angels to bear me on their wings, else I must sink.'"

In this sore plight, Olympia travelled ten miles. Her countenance became wan and pale; and a fever attacked her from which she never recovered. At length the fugitives reached Hamelbourg, and hoped to rest awhile. But the inhabitants had received strict orders to render no assistance to fugitives from Schweinfurt, and the three weary wanderers were allowed to make but a short halt. Passing on to another town

they were thrown into prison, and there for many days remained in hourly expectation of death. This peril escaped, and receiving aid from an unknown friend, they again continued their pilgrimage, and at length arrived at the castle of Erbach. The Counts of Erbach were of the world's true nobility. Brave, honest, charitable, and pitiful; ever befriending the weak, never turning away from the suppliant; these three noble brothers hailed the dawn of the Reformation with the delight of men wearied with asking "Watchman what of the night?" Olympia was well known to them by report. Most gladly they opened wide their gates to receive her, who now sought not for the homage paid to the learned, but for the charity due to the destitute. A long time the poor fugitive lay between life and death, nursed with the most loving tenderness by the Countess, who for nineteen years the subject of a painful disease, might well say:—

"Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

The sketch of the daily life of this noble family, as drawn by Olympia and her biographer, forms a pleasing picture of a sixteenth century interior:

"Count Eberard strengthened by the exhortations of Calvin himself in his profession of the Gospel truths, offered to all an example of respect for the word of God, on which he unceasingly meditated. A preacher of the town of Michelstadt affirmed that he learned more from him on religious matters in a few days, than in six years passed at Wittenberg. The count holds frequent intercourse with the preachers in the town, and is the first to attend their exhortations." "Every day before breakfast, he gathers round him," writes Olympia, "the members of his family and the servants of the house. He reads a portion from one of St Paul's Epistles. All kneel down, and he prays. He then visits each one of his dependants at their houses, talks familiarly with them, and encourages them to piety, 'For I am,' says he, 'responsible before God for their salvation.'"—Bonnet, pp. 141, 142.

Happy were the hours which Olympia spent in this well-ordered abode. After so many months of suspense and suffering, repose was the first necessity. The kindness of the count did not end with his hospitality. He obtained the chair of medicine at Heidelberg for Grunthler,

and the post of lady of honour was offered to Olympia, but which she declined, not wishing to mingle again in the life of courts. The grateful pair now took their leave, and set out for Heidelberg.

It would be pleasant to tarry awhile and witness the happiness of those who, so long tost on a sea of troubles, at length have found a haven of rest. It only remains to say that Grunthler having obtained his heart's desire, and Olympia once more able to devote herself to the cares of a home, the education of her brother, the study of literature, and those numberless little charities and acts of mercy which are too minute and hidden to be seen by any but an omnipotent eye, could look back with some satisfaction and gratitude on the trials through which they had passed, and by which they had become both sadder and wiser. Retrospection, indeed, was better for them than looking forward.

It is a mournful scene that passes before us ere the curtain falls on the sad drama. Olympia daily grows weaker. She has to endure the twofold misery of pain and utter exhaustion. The fatal night at Schweinfurt had left ineradicable seeds of disease. "I can see you no longer, my best beloved," she said, as her eyes began to darken in death; "but all around me seems adorned with the fairest flowers." It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th October, 1555, when these last words were spoken, and she who uttered them was only in her twenty-ninth year.

The widower, writing to his old friend Curione, says that he "had suffered shipwreck, and was plunged in a fathomless abyss of trouble. My soul is crushed by the weight of so many misfortunes, and has no longer any consciousness to feel new blows."

The plague was now spreading its ravages through Heidelberg. This opened the gate of hope to the mourner, and at the same time, by making constant demand on his professional skill, offered some diversion to his grief. Death might be merciful and join those whom it had so cruelly sundered.

The fervent wish, the all but offered prayer was granted. Grunthler was smitten by the pestilence, and died within two months from the day

of his bereavement, murmuring the words of a hymn which he had composed on the death of his wife. The poor child, Emilio, did not long survive this double loss, but soon followed in the steps of those who had "gone to join the great majority."

A French gentleman defrayed the cost of the triple funeral. The tomb that covers their last remains may still be seen in a chapel of the Church of St. Peter at Heidelberg. The traveller who may chance to go through Schweinfurt should stroll to the Bruckengasse, where, near the Rathaus, he will see the dwelling in which Olympia had formerly lived, and which was rebuilt at the public expense in honour of her memory. It bears the following inscription:

"Vilis et exilis domus hæc quamvis, habitatrix
Clara tamen claram reddidit et celebrem."

To the sorrowing Curione was left the duty of telling the mournful news to Olympia's mother. This he did in a letter which we deem a model of its kind. He likewise wrote an elegy on his departed friend:

"She whom you deem to sleep in this tomb is the tenth of the Muses, the fourth of the Graces. Daughter of heaven by poetry, she received the name of Olympia. Fulvia was the second of her names, because tried through the course of a stormy destiny in the furnace of affliction, she was found more pure than gold; or because, like the eagle dwelling in the regions of light, she so soon fled away from us. While the nobleness of her talents, together with the integrity of her life and the purity of her manners obtained for her the surname of Morata."

The public sorrow was deep and wide-spread. Men of all countries did honour to so much worth, so much wisdom. To us, as to them, "her countenance has two aspects as her destiny: it is that of a Greek virgin at Ferrara; it is that of a Christian matron, a Paula and a Eustochia, in exile. Her cradle seems placed on the shores of the Ionian sea, and her tomb in a sacred cave of Horeb. There wants not to her memory either the splendour of talent, the prestige of misfortune, nor the crown of a holy death" (Bonnet, p. 190).

Of her we may repeat the eloquent words of a modern writer: "There is

seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the worn and spotted inscriptions of the other, get the least half of the lesson that earth has to give."

The writings of Olympia—at least such as remained, for the best were burnt at Schweinfurt—were published at Bâle, in 1558, under the careful editorship of Curione. The second edition appeared in England in 1562, and was followed by a third in 1570, and a fourth ten years later.

To the edition of 1562 was prefixed a dedication to our Queen Elizabeth, a passage from which will aptly conclude these remarks:

"To whom but to you, most mighty Princess, could I offer the works of a lady not less illustrious for knowledge than for piety; and under what more brilliant auspices could I present them to the public? Deign to receive this present; small, indeed, compared with the glorious rank which you occupy, but to which, at least, your Majesty will give an infinite value by raising it to your own greatness."

THE LADY AGNES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REDWITZ.

I.

THE WAGER.

The Emir on a couch of down
Within his tent reclines;
His caftan is a blaze of pearls,
His robe the stars outshines.
Upon the crimson carpet gleams
The brightness of his blade;
And bubbles near an amber fount,
Out of the roseate shade.

Before him, mute, Sir Wolfram stands,
Calm in his wordless pride;
He looks not right, he looks not left,
No sword is at his side:
The trusty steel all shattered lies,
Snapped at his foe's behest;
And every fragment seems to pierce
With separate stab his breast.

Yet there he stands in knightly garb,
As if a king were he;
A scion true of Teuton race,
And flower of chivalry.
His calmness moves the Emir's wrath;
His pulse begins to beat;
And, stung as by an adder's sting,
He rocks upon his seat.

"Ho, Christian! ere beneath the knife
Thou yieldest up the ghost,
Look round with envy and behold
The wealth that I can boast.
Then own how rash it was with me
In rivalry to dare;
For, caitiff! how can all that's thine
With this my state compare?"

"Thy arm is weak, thy sword is dull ;
 I made thee bite the dust ;
 Thy steed is worthless matched with mine,
 Thy armour foul with rust.
 I see not on thy cap or belt
 One single precious stone ;—
 How beggarly must be the home
 That thou canst call thine own !"

"Yet, Christian !" . . Here he flashed a glance
 Of haughty pleasantry,—

"If thou canst name a single thing
 Wherein thou rival'st me,
 By Allah ! thou and thine are free !
 If not, thou'st done with life."
 Cried Wolfram, with a kindling eye,
 "Agreed ! I name . . . my wife !"

"Thy wife !" the Emir laughed aloud.

"Ho, Christian ! thou dost rave !
 Why, she would look a hag beside
 My very meanest slave !

The fairest fair of half the world
 Within my harem shine ——"

"And yet," Sir Wolfram, calm, replied,
 "Thou hast no wife like mine !"

II.

THE MESSAGE.

In her bower the Lady Agnes kneels,
 Her long locks all unbound,
 Before the holy Virgin's shrine—
 Her arms a boy surround.
 The eve's descending o'er the vale,
 Earth's daily toil is o'er ;
 Above the rustling linden-trees
 The moon is seen to soar.

"Oh ! Holy Virgin !"—thus she prays,—

"Bless thou our troubled rest ;
 And, oh ! forsake not him I love,
 Mother of Mercy blest !"

She lays her infant down to sleep,
 And turns the door to close ;—

When, lo ! a hurried messenger
 Bursts in on her repose.

"Is't thou, my page ? What news dost bring ?

"Oh ! speak !" she, trembling, cried :—

Say, doth my lord no longer live ?
 Would God with him I'd died !"

'Ah ! dearest lady, weep not thus !

Thy lord is living still ;

But, captive in a foreign land—

Sends me to speak !

"Go to my castle," thus he spake,
 "And tell my lady there,
 That she must deck herself forthwith
 With all she deems most rare ;
 Then take the swiftest-sailing bark,
 And hie across the sea ;
 Bearing a ransom in her hand,
 To set her husband free."

"Oh ! didst thou hear aright, my page ?
 And was this all he said ?"

"No other word was his, and so
 I on my mission sped.
 He durst not further speak his mind,
 For we were not alone ;
 But in his face I well could mark
 More grief than he would own."

"My trusty page, within my breast
 Thy words have raised a storm ;
 Oh ! how can I in woman's gauds
 Deck this poor trembling form ?
 My casket boasts no precious stone,
 My robes no brodered gold :
 Where, then, can I a ransom seek ?
 Oh, God ! our woes behold !"

"Ah ! dearest lady ! this poor life
 I'd give to dry thy tears !"

"Be still, my page, and leave me now,—
 Bury in sleep thy fears.
 If on my loved lord's message I
 But ponder through the night,
 Its meaning will be manifest
 Before the morning's light."

Then bids she to her page farewell,
 Drops down upon her knee ;
 And all the long night-watches through,
 Unwearied, there kneels she.

"Oh ! Holy Virgin ! well thou know'st
 To me no wealth was given ;
 Then help me in my sorest strait,—
 Oh, help me, Queen of Heaven !

"With woman's richest charms must I
 My well-beloved set free ?
 What mystery lies beneath his words ?
 He knows how poor I be ;—
 And yet, their meaning to fulfil
 There surely lies a way.
 Oh, gracious Mother ! teach me how
 His mandate to obey !"

There kneels she, pale and overspent,
 Till the grey dawn appears ;
 Then falls asleep upon her knees,
 Her cheek still wet with tears.
 But when her drooping eyelids close,
 Her mother's heart awakes,
 And o'er her upturned face a smile
 Of rapturous beauty breaks.

She sees how, clothed in robes of grace,
 The Virgin meek stands there :
 Her vesture gold nor jewel decks,—
 No pearl adorns her hair.
 Yet, brighter than the starry host,
 A glory round her plays,
 As humbly to her breast she clasps
 The Holy Child—and prays.

The sun is high : she, too, hath risen
 From the cold pavement-stone ;
 With kisses she hath waked her babe,
 And to her page hath flown.
 “ Arise, sir page ! we seek my lord ;
 Come, come, my baby dear !
 I knew, e’er shone the morning star,
 My course would be made clear ! ”

III.

THE CHARM.

Once more the Emir in his tent
 Sits by the yellow strand—
 His guards, with glittering spears, around
 The fettered captive stand ;
 The eyes of all impatient strain
 Towards the setting sun,
 Whence, bird-like, o’er the heaving wave,
 A sail is gliding on.

And all around bright forms of grace
 Recline on couches there ;
 Their robes with gems besprinkled o’er,
 With pearls their braided hair ;
 The ruby pales beside their lips,
 Their bosoms shame the snow ;—
 But yet they thrill not with that joy
 Which slaves can never know.

The Emir looks on them with pride,—
 But downcast is each eye ;
 No beaming look responds to his,
 In love’s sweet liberty.
 E’en Wolfram in his fetters there
 Can feel some pity rise :—
 But now, from his soft couch of down,
 The Emir roughly cries—

“ Ho, Christian ! dost thou feel as brave
 Before this brilliant band ?
 How think’st thou, by Circassian blood,
 Will thy fair German stand ?
 Yet the proud venture was thine own ;
 And ’twill be pastime rare
 When severed falls thy gory head
 Before thy vanquished fair ! ”

Replied the knight :—"So she but come,
 I quail not 'neath thine arm ;
 Thou'st sworn by Him we both adore
 She should be safe from harm."
 "Yes, yes," the Emir cried, "'Twas so ;—
 But see ! the ship's in port :—
 Away, my Moors ! and lead her in ;—
 It will be glorious sport !"

Then back he flings the curtain fold—
 Deep crimson glows the sea—
 And, leaning on his sabre hilt,
 Stands in expectancy,
 Muttering all grimly in his beard,
 "I never could have thought
 A woman all this weary way
 Her captive lord had sought.

"Yet well I guess, ere she appears,
 She is some Amazon ;
 Some savage Frankish girl,—and still
 My wager shall be won,"—
 Meanwhile, her babe within her arms,
 Across the tottering plank
 He sees her gliding to the shore,
 And moving up the bank.

Her robe is like the lilies, white,
 A single cross hangs there :
 In rippling waves of burnished gold
 Descends her showering hair ;
 Her downcast eye and lowly mien
 With dignity are graced ;
 And like a rose-bud smiles her boy,
 Clasped to his mother's breast.

The Emir on that vision strange
 Hath riveted his eye,
 While to the broad white marble steps
 It moveth silently.
 But, as with calm and queenly tread,
 The form hath reached the hall,
 By strange emotions seized, he starts,
 And lets the hanging fall.

And when once more 'tis raised, and in
 She glides with solemn grace,
 Dazzled by supernatural light
 He covers up his face ;—
 While, artless as her babe, she cries
 In accents sweet and clear,
 "Oh ! tell me where to seek my lord ;—
 At his command I'm here ?"

A chain has clanked . . . with lightning speed
 Their eyes have met . . . and heart
 To heart has bounded with a spring,
 While they are yet apart.
 With a glad cry, and beaming glance
 Of fond maternal pride,
 She holds her boy towards his sire . . .
 In twain the guards divide.—

He opes his arms—she fondly clings
 Around his neck—she lays
 His child upon his fettered knee ;—
 The warm tears blind his gaze.
 “My wife !” “My Wolfram !” “Father mine !”
 Treasures of priceless dole !
 He folds his arms about them both,—
 One body and one soul !

The harem beauties gaze entranced
 At union such as this :
 Their long-chilled hearts melt at the sight
 Of never-tasted bliss.
 The Emir does not bid them part,
 But stands absorbed in thought ;
 Murm’ring by fits, with folded arms,—
 “What wonders love hath wrought !”

Then from her husband’s circling clasp
 She draws herself once more ;
 Towards the Emir holds her child,
 And kneels upon the floor.
 “Pity this guileless babe, which prays
 His father may be free :—
 In soul and body we are one—
 Thou would’st not kill all three ?”

And ah ! so touching is her look,
 It holds his own in thrall,
 Till a tear rises, and in haste
 He turns to hide its fall.
 Sinks weepingly her weary head
 On her child’s locks so bright,
 And round them both a halo plays
 Out of the dying light.

But lo ! with holy pity moved
 At sight of her distress,
 The slaves kneel round, and touch with awe
 The border of her dress.
 The Emir struggles long . . . then cries,
 “Stand up ! thy lord is free !
 Nobly hast thou redeemed his pledge,—
 I have no wife like thee !”

With warmth he grasps Sir Wolfram’s hand,—
 “So, Knight, thy wager’s won !
 To-day thou’lt be my honoured guest :—
 Yet this one truth thou’lt own ;—
 Confess it was some magic spell—
 That she’d a charmed life ?”
 “Yes, yes, a magic spell, indeed !—
 She is my Christian wife !”

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

HIS CAREER, HIS GENIUS, AND HIS WRITINGS.

STATESMAN, Orator, Poet, Novelist—these are a few among Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's securities for the remembrance of posterity, as they are unquestionably foremost among his manifold claims upon the attention and, in a great measure, also, upon the unstinted admiration of his contemporaries. But the catalogue is very far, indeed, from embracing within it all the motley rôles assumed by this Protean actor. It by no means comprises, within such comparatively restricted limits, the various intellectual fields into which this daring and indefatigable ambition has adventured. As a dramatist, as an historian, as an essayist, as a critic, as a biographer, as a publicist, or political pamphleteer, Bulwer Lytton has won for himself no ordinary distinction. In one or two of these capacities he has created for himself a separate and, we believe, enduring reputation.

It can scarcely fail, we conceive, to be profoundly interesting, if not curiously instructive, at this particular moment, to cast one glance, however cursory or superficial, at the records of this industrious and energetic existence—at the phases of this conspicuous and comprehensive ability—striving, at least, to catch some glimpses of the accurate self-analysis of our author's character, discoverable, in the instance of every writer, through his more remarkable productions; but, in this instance, yet more readily discernible through the sheer force of the diversity and variety of Sir Bulwer Lytton's actual achievements.

There are several facts in regard to the life of the new Colonial Secretary that certainly do not demand any formal enumeration—facts familiar to every one acquainted with his name (and who is not?)—facts that by continual repetition in standard works of reference, such as Burke's *Baronetage*

and *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*, have long ago become, in a manner, stereotyped. Besides which, the outlines of this notable career have been already traced so frequently in those biographical dictionaries of living celebrities which have latterly multiplied so strangely upon our bookshelves, that we could almost fancy the original wincing from the certain apparition of the unavoidable date and the inexorable locality, with a qualm as whimsical as that of poor M. de Pène, when, at every petit souper, or thé dausant, he anticipated the advent of the "inevitable sub-lieutenant." Remembering, however, the loose particulars that have already appeared in one sketchy memoir after another, illustrative of the career, the genius, and the writings of Sir Edward Lytton—the happiest among these purely complimentary effusions being the brief biographic essay prefixed to the cheap edition of the collected novels and tales published, in 1854, by the Messrs. Routledge—we would here endeavour to compact together, with the strictest regard at once to accuracy and condensation, all the more interesting details requisite for the complete narrative, rendering it, at the same time, as authentic as possible, and as anecdotal.

The Right Honourable Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, third and youngest son of the late General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall and Wooddalling, in the county of Norfolk, by his wife Elizabeth, née Lytton, sole heiress and last descendant of the Lyttons of Knebworth, in the county of Hertford, was born some fifty years ago or thereabouts—in 1805, according to the unanimous testimony of his biographers. His birth-day appears to have dawned in what the old poets called the "sweet o' the year"—if we may

The Romances, Novels, and Tales of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.
Standard edition, 20 vols. crown 8vo. Routledge and Company.

The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.
Library edition. 5 vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

rely upon the accuracy of his own exquisite commemoration—

"It was the May when I was born,
Soft moonlight thro' the casement
streamed;
And still, as it were yester morn,
I dream the dream I dreamed."

A dream of love and fame—an infant vision of (literally) new-born ambition. Yet a metrical fantasy, this, not one jot less of an anachronism in its way than one of his own later heroes, *Pisistratus*. For it was not until some seventeen summers afterwards, when, in the midst of one of his vacation rambles as a pedestrian in the north of England, he lay musing one day upon the reedy banks of Lake Windermere, that he there distinctly conceived, for the first time, the delightful and virginal idea of authorship. The germs of that pleasant fancy, however, had long before been tenderly planted and sedulously nurtured by his revered and beloved mother, a woman eminently gifted, and, in many respects, very rarely accomplished. His intellectual obligations to her he has, indeed, himself emphatically avowed, where, in his charming dedication to his mother (in 1840) of the first uniform edition of his collected writings, he has observed, in words of courtly gratitude and pathetic tenderness—"From your graceful and accomplished taste I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you who were my first guide were my earliest critic:" adding—"Do you remember the summer days which seemed to me so short, when you repeated to me those old ballads with which Percy revived the decaying spirit of our national muse; or the smooth couplets of Pope; or those gentle and polished verses with the composition of which you had beguiled your own earlier leisure?" And remarking at last, in reference to those same alluring, maternal lessons, that in them he recognized the seeds of "the flowers, however perishable, now laid upon a shrine, hallowed by a thousand memories of unspeakable affection." Upon that amiable mother exclusively had devolved the tuition of her three sons in their tenderest childhood. For it was during the infancy of the youngest that the gallant father expired—a father of whom it is, among other particulars, certainly

very noteworthy, that, as Brigadier-General, he was selected, in 1804, as one of the four commanding officers to whom the Government entrusted the internal defence of England, at the period of the anticipated descent upon its shores of the grand army under the Great Napoleon. The offspring of General Bulwer's union with the heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth consisted exclusively of the three sons already implied as the issue rather than distinctly specified. William Earle Lytton Bulwer, the eldest of these brothers, who, as head of the house, succeeded in due course to the paternal estates in Norfolk, has maintained throughout life, in his capacity as a wealthy country squire and large landed proprietor, the enviable repute of an honoured landlord and a private gentleman of considerable accomplishments. The second brother, who has secured for himself a wider reputation, and who inherited, in his turn, an ample fortune in the estates of his paternal grandmother, is more generally known as the Right Honourable Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B., a diplomatist of very rare ability, perfected by nearly thirty years' experience in that high intellectual profession; one who, after having held successively the post of ambassador at Madrid, at Washington, and at Florence, besides conducting, with consummate skill, the recent negotiations in regard to the Danubian Principalities, has but just now, as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's immediate successor, been appointed Her Britannic Majesty's Representative and Minister Plenipotentiary at Constantinople. It may be incidentally remarked that, like his younger and more famous brother, Sir Henry has employed the pen otherwise than as guided at his dictation by the hands of his own *precis*-writers. His Excellency's juvenile volume of travels, entitled "An Autumn in Greece," having been succeeded in his maturer years by a "Life of Byron," prefixed to the Paris edition of that poet's writings; by a political treatise, entitled "The Monarchy of the Middle Classes;" and by a work of yet larger pretensions, called "France, Social and Literary." Turning our attention, however, from the immediate relatives of Sir Bulwer Lytton, it cannot but be obviously worth while, in his instance, with a

view to the better estimate of his career and character, of the bent of his genius, and of the tendency of his writings, to scan rapidly, for a while, the long and stately perspective of his ancestral predecessors. The momentary examination of his genealogy, indeed, cannot be less rational or less reasonable a proceeding in its way than the scrutiny of a soil from which has grown up, and burgeoned, and blossomed, some rare exotic ; of a shell indurated and honeycombed by age, from which has been culled a pearl of price ; of some monarch of the woods, from the topmost bough of which there has been raining down to us now, during one whole quarter of a century, varied fruit, in such ripe and affluent abundance. The influence of a patrician race upon a mind like Bulwer Lytton's cannot but, upon the instant, come within the scope of the most ordinary comprehension. Whose nature would be more probably or more sensibly affected by the nobler instincts and aspirings, springing, as by inevitable necessity, from mere hereditary associations ? Essentially, naturally, instinctively, in this way, out of those associations, have sprung into existence, have coloured his prose and his poetry—the love of the past, the sympathy with a chivalric age, the yearning preference for the heroic character. It were an egregious oversight, in the consideration of the personal history and of the intellectual advancement of Sir Bulwer Lytton, not to have some special regard, however fleeting or sidelong, to the lofty records of his illustrious and lordly lineage.

According to the ancient orthography of the patronymic Bulwer, it expressed, as Bulver or Bölver, one of the war titles of Odin, and sufficiently attests, incidentally, by a variety of corroborative and, indeed, conclusive circumstances, the direct origin of this antique race from among the heroic Vikings of the North—those renowned sea-warriors from the shores of the Baltic who, either as Danish or as Norman adventurers, moulded the fortunes and influenced the genius of their Anglo-Saxon predecessors. Bölver, it is also curious to remember, was the name appertaining to one of the most notable among the warrior-bards, or scalds, of Scandinavia. And yonder, upon the north-east coast of England, there is still discoverable the spot

upon which the first valiant bearer of the name planted his conquering foot upon the soil of Britain, the place being still known to this day, in commemoration of the incident, as Bulver-hithe. Finally, it is distinctly recorded in Bloomfield's "History of Norfolk," that the earliest lands ever held by the family in that county, the lands of Wooddalling—still, as we have seen, in possession of Sir Edward's eldest brother—were originally assigned upon the morrow of the battle of Hastings, by Aymer de Valence, to Turolf Bulver, one of the victorious knights who came over in the train, and fought under the banners, of William the Conqueror.

As to the maternal family of the Lyttons, the history of that particular house illustrates, in a really remarkable manner, the history of the whole country, with the fluctuation of whose fortunes its chief representatives have been more or less conspicuously associated, generation after generation. Contemporaneously with the Bulvers of Wooddalling, the Lyttons were originally settled, at the period of the Conquest, in Congleton, Cheshire, and at Lytton of the Peak, in Derbyshire. It is related, in regard to the descendants of the founders of this most energetic race that, one after another, the more daring chieftains took part in the leading events in the historical annals of England. It is thus that we find successive leaders of the house participating in the Crusades, in the Wars of the Roses, in the great civil conflicts, and so on further downwards from the days of the Commonwealth. One—it was Sir Giles de Lytton—fought under Richard Cœur-de-Lion at Acre and at Askalon. Another espoused the cause of Henry IV. of Lancaster, and in recompense for his loyal adhesion was created Governor of Bolsover Castle and Grand Agister of the Forests on the Peak. A third—this was Sir Robert de Lytton—in consideration of his having valorously wielded his sword for Henry VII. upon the foughten field of Bosworth, became, under that monarch, successively Knight of the Bath, Privy Counsellor, Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, and Treasurer of the Household. It was by Sir Robert de Lytton, now more than three centuries and a half ago, that the ancestral home of Sir Edward—by antique and heroic asso-

ciations, no less than by picturesque architectural beauty, far more than the Abbotsford of the English Sir Walter—that the ancient hall of Knebworth passed into the immediate possession of the family in whose safe keeping it has remained ever since then uninterruptedly. Knebworth, originally a royal fort and appanage of the crown, having belonged for a time to a maternal ancestor, Sir John Hotoft, Treasurer of Henry IV., became in effect, by purchase, the property of Henry VII.'s Keeper of the Wardrobe and Treasurer of the Household. Another, a fourth of these more notable Lyttons, was one of the Knights on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and was appointed by Henry VIII. Governor of Boulogne Castle. A fifth, by name Sir Rowland de Lytton, besides in his capacity as Lord Lieutenant of the shires of Essex and Hertford, commanding the forces of those two counties at Tilbury Camp, was captain of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated body-guard of gentlemen pensioners—a band of valiant knights, according to Lord Clare, comprising within it the very flower of the English nobility, no member of the corps possessing a fortune less than £4,000 a-year, an income equivalent to some £20,000 per annum now-a-days. Another Lytton of note, the sixth upon our catalogue, was M.P. for Herts in the Long Parliament; he was, beyond this, one of the Commissioners selected by that Parliament to treat with Charles I. at Oxford; and subsequently obtained the yet greater distinction of being one among the patriot members confined in Hell Hole by the Lord Protector, in consequence of his having had the temerity to participate in the resistance of Cromwell's usurpation. For the authentication of all which genealogical particulars, see, among other established authorities, Peter le Neve's *Pedigree of the Lyttons*, and Chauncey's *folio History of Hertfordshire*. Beyond which, the curious in such matters may readily trace out for themselves—by turning simply to the "Baronetage" of Sir Bernard Burke, *Ulster King-at-Arms*, to his "Royal Descents," and to his "Hereditary Landed Proprietors of England," besides glancing more particularly, if they so please, down the pedigree of Robinson Lytton, still

preserved at the College-at-Arms—how Elizabeth Bulwer Lytton, the mother of the novelist-poet and statesman, as sole heiress of the family, and last blood representative of that of Norreys-Robinson-Lytton, of Monacdh, in the island of Anglesea, and of Guersylt, in Denbighshire, claimed direct descent, through the alliances of her ancestors from the first Plantaganet king, Henry II., from Anne, sister of Owen Tudor, grand-aunt of King Henry VII.; from the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, as well as from the Norman houses of Grosvenor of Eaton, and Stanley of Hooton, and Warburton of Arley, and from the princes of ancient Wales, Caradoc Vreichvras and Roderic Mawr. It was in recognition of the splendour of this stately pedigree that, when, in 1837, at the period of the coronation of Queen Victoria, the then Prime Minister (the late Viscount Melbourne) acquainted Bulwer Lytton with the royal intention to include him in a new creation of baronets, the noble Premier gracefully intimated that, if regarded as given to one of so ancient a family, the title could not be esteemed a distinction; yet that, as given exclusively to the man of letters, in conjunction with the simultaneous nomination to the same dignity of Herschell, as a man of science, it might probably be a welcome honour, namely, as a tribute to literature. As such it was proffered, as such it was accepted—as a tribute to literature.

Precisely, moreover, as it is in a genealogical sense with the house of Lytton, so it is also undeniably in an architectural sense with the house of Knebworth. Centuries, epochs, reigns, have each left upon it, as they passed, some distinctive impress by way of appropriate commemoration. The castellated walls of the edifice, accurately portrayed among the "Baronial Halls of England," testify this indeed, within and without, abundantly and resplendently. The original fortress, erected as far back as the days of Edward III., having been removed as altogether too ruinous for habitation as recently as the life time of the late occupant, there still remains the exquisite structure built in the reign of Henry VII., and constructed throughout in what is known as the purest Tudor architecture. An ornate stone

pile, richly decorated with heraldic carvings, flanked by profusely-ornamented turrets, surmounted with delicately-traceried cupolas and numerous pinnacles, each with its broad gilded vane twinkling in the sunlight, the antique and picturesque residence seems, in truth, the fitting abode for the descendants of that race of Norman knights and crusaders. Viewed externally, the impression produced is in no way incongruous, whether the accessories noticed at the moment chance to be the "pleached allies" or "smooth shaven lawn," the quaint green maze, or the blooming rosary, the terraced walks, or the Italian gardens—or, stretching far away to the verdant horizon of the surrounding landscape, the undulating sweep of the wooded park, with the deer tripping among the fern, or trooping together in clusters under the cool shadow of the umbrageous oak branches. Examined within, the effect produced by the interior is not one jot less harmonious with its various, and some of them remote and remarkable, historical associations. Yonder, the apartment in which (Sir Archibald Alison erroneously puts it—"Continuation of his History of Europe," I., page 480, note—"the oak table at which") Cromwell, Rym, and Vane, concerted the Great Rebellion! Here, the tapestried bed-chamber in which Queen Elizabeth slept in the year of the Spanish Armada, when on a visit to Sir Rowland Lytton already mentioned! There, the noble banquet-hall, with its ceiling dating from the first Tudor king, and its screenwork from the last Tudor queen. The double sweep of the grand staircase, with its moresque figures, and its other quaint and most artistic decorations. Hither and thither, everywhere, above and below, the evidences of tastes the most refined, blending one with the other through successive generations.

The escutcheon of the ancient family, with all its elaborate quarterings emblazoned in stained glass in the old mullioned windows, and repeated in a hundred forms in the stone carvings, carries above it, now-a-days, according to the grotesque symbolical devices of the days of chivalry, the twin crests of the Bulwers and the Lyttons. Here, the horned wolf, gnashing its tusks—there, the solitary bittern, booming among

the sedges. Emblematic though they are, doubtless, of capacities and aspirations, long ago may be forgotten, they remain, nevertheless, still fantastically, and not in any way incongruously, typical of the race whose fortunes they have followed variously to the council-board and the battle-field.

Nurtured in the midst of the heroic recollections of his ancestral home at Knebworth—listening at the knees of his lady mother to the old war-balloads recalled to light and life by the appreciative love of Bishop Percy; dreaming even then of poetry (as he himself tells us in his own brief and charming autobiographic paper—the chapter upon Knebworth—in one of the volumes of his "Student") as he lay upon the grass by the fish-ponds watching the flitting blue and scarlet wings of the dragon-flies; keenly observant even then of human life, as he there also permits us to remark him to have been precociously when visiting his favourite gossips, two old cottagers, in the adjacent village, Edward Bulwer Lytton passed gaily, thrice-happily, through the dear home-life of childhood.

On closing the halcyon epoch of his tender tuition by his mother, a woman—as already intimated—of very rare capacities, Bulwer Lytton began early enough in boyhood to experience the bracing influence upon the intellect resulting from a systematic, though strictly private scholastic education. Having visited one or two preparatory academies for the rudiments, he first began the study of the classics in earnest near Brighton, under Dr. Hooker, in the pretty little rose-porch, honeysuckle-trellised village of Rottendean. Subsequently, however, he was removed to Ealing, where his education was continued by the Reverend Charles Wallington. For the purpose of studying the physical sciences, and especially the mathematics, he was later on confided to the care of the Reverend H. Thompson, of St. Lawrence, near Ramsgate. Throughout the whole of this period, moreover, it should be recorded that the young student derived no inconsiderable assistance from the counsels of the learned and venerable Dr. Parr, with whom he had continued, even from the days of his childhood, in familiar correspondence. Conspicuous among the pupils of Dr. Parr had

been Bulwer Lytton's maternal grandfather, Richard Warburton Lytton, who, besides being a favourite pupil of Parr, and an intimate friend of Sir William Jones, was himself a profound Oriental scholar, being reckoned indeed by Dr. Parr as second only to himself and to Professor Porson in classical erudition. Consequently, there must have been in the old doctor's mind and heart an almost hereditary interest in another Lytton aspiring to climb the forkéd hill, and to drink deeply of the Pierian spring of knowledge.

Entering Cambridge at an earlier age than usual, and without those customary advantages which naturally accrue from a public training in any one of the great academical arenas—such as Harrow, Eton, Rugby, or Westminster—Edward, following in the track previously traversed by his two brothers, had his name enrolled on the books of Trinity College. For a single term only, however, seeing that immediately before the commencement of its successor he had removed to Trinity Hall. There was then flourishing, it should be observed, at the University on the banks of the Cam, the once-famous debating society, known as the Union. It had about this period, indeed, attained the height of its influence and celebrity. Macaulay, the future baron and historian, together with Charles Austin, afterwards the eminent Queen's Counsel, had but very recently taken their departure, leaving behind them, among their fellows at the Union, a high repute for eloquence and scholarship. Contemporaneously with Bulwer Lytton, as among the principal speakers of the society, were—Winthrop Præd, editor of the *Etonian*, and at that time also a brilliant university prizeman; the Right Honourable Charles Villiers, recently Judge-Advocate-General under Lord Palmerston's government; another Right Honourable, the late lamented Charles Buller; Sir Alexander Cockburn, now Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; together with John Sterling, the Thunderer of the *Times*, and the hero of Mr. Carlyle's biography; not forgetting, either, another of the *alumni*—Hawkins—who, a few years later, on the introduction of the Reform Bill, acquired for himself a momentary distinction by delivering the

most remarkable first speech in the whole of those renowned discussions. Principally passing his time among these congenial associates, who then constituted indeed the most gifted *coterie* in the University, Bulwer Lytton acquired his first taste for public life, his earliest relish for politics. Although speaking but rarely at the Union, he nevertheless soon won for himself there no inconsiderable reputation. Distinguishing himself chiefly for the soundness and the amplitude of his historical information, and rendering himself especially noticeable among such youthful debaters by views remarkable for their practical character, rather perhaps, it should be said, for their precocious moderation, he was unanimously chosen by that debating society as its President. It is peculiarly interesting, moreover, to remark, at this early stage in his career, that the political opinions then professed by the Cabinet Minister of the Hereafter appear to have been maintained consistently, with but very trifling modifications, throughout the whole of his life—opinions generally sympathizing with, or rather directly espousing the more liberal policy, yet maintaining that constitutions, while they can rarely depart with safety from the principles embalmed in and sanctified by the customs and habits of a people, can no more be imported wholesale than an acorn can in a single day be expanded into an oak tree. Conspicuous among the more remarkable speeches delivered about this time by the young President of the Union was one arising out of a discussion upon the comparative merits of English and American institutions—a logical, and yet impassioned harangue in vindication of monarchy and aristocracy. It attracted considerable notice, even beyond the precincts of the University, and obtained for the stripling orator the tempting offer (as soon as he should have attained his majority) of a seat in Parliament—an offer at once declined, however, by him from a characteristic unwillingness to enter, first of all, as a mere nominee within the walls of the Imperial Legislature.

Associating himself in a very different enterprise with the present Earl of Lovelace, Bulwer Lytton was one of the founders of a bibliographical asso-

ciation, called the Old Book Club, designed for the encouragement among the collegians of early English literature. After taking his degree of B.A., in 1822, he quitted the University betimes, but was recalled thither for one brief interval to read publicly in the Senate House an English poem of his own composition, to which, after his departure, had been awarded the Chancellor's prize of the gold medal : a poem upon "Sculpture,"* deservedly admired by every one who heard or read it for the originality of its style and the affluence of its illustration.

It was during his long vacations, while a student of Cambridge, that Bulwer Lytton chiefly occupied the leisure of his summer and autumnal holidays, by travelling on foot and alone through considerable portions of England and Scotland. Armed only with a stout walking-staff, and with a favourite dog perhaps at his heels, he traversed the green country side, passing through scenes, and sometimes encountering adventures, many of which were commemorated in one or other of the popular fictions produced by him not long afterwards. It was during one of these romantic excursions that he became involved for a while in the nomadic wanderings of a crew of gipsies, influenced by the poet's yearning for nature and the artist's love of the picturesque. At Windermere, as already specified, he first of all, in truth, dreamt the dreams of authorship, and applied himself resolutely thereupon to the study of English composition.

Anything like an analysis of the writings of Bulwer Lytton would be altogether beside our present purpose, our intention being simply that of taking one general survey of the career of a very remarkable public man, at a moment when that survey cannot fail to be universally interesting; striving, while doing so, to render it as rapid as possible and as comprehensive. As to the numerous and diversified works of the author-statesman, the design here will be to string their titles as swiftly and securely as may be in any way practicable upon the sinuous and elastic thread of the narrative. A single one of these literary productions would

afford ample theme for analytical criticism. All of them could hardly be examined superficially, even in a volume of ordinary dimensions. Wherefore let our view be understood at once as that less of searching scrutiny than of mere consecutive enumeration.

Having taken leave of Cambridge, Bulwer Lytton went abroad very soon afterwards. It was then that he for the second time enjoyed the maiden pleasure, experienced by every young writer when he sees his blurred and blotted manuscript printed, hot-pressed, clear, and with a very bloom upon it, come forth from the magical workshop of the typographer. He had then, in fact, privately printed in Paris a handful of fugitive poems, (never published), called "*Weeds and Wildflowers*,"† a little volume to which was appended a collection of aphorisms, in imitation of the sententious and caustic maxims of Boufflers and Rochefoucauld. The book is still, in one particular, deserving of remembrance; for, among its contents, appeared the first rough sketch of the poem on "Milton," afterwards so delicately retouched, and in the end so exquisitely elaborated.

Travelling homewards on horseback through Normandy, our young adventurer upon public life—future man of letters, novelist, dramatist, poet, orator, statesman, administrator—all-unconscious of the future before him, has scarcely recrossed the Channel when we find him suddenly entering the army as a cornet in the dragoons. Recollecting the fact that he had always cherished a passionate preference for a military life, it is not surprising to observe him now beginning in real earnest to study the art of war, with a view to active service. It cannot be matter of amazement to any one who remembers his avowal long after that curious little episode in his career, namely, that he has always since then been bent upon fighting the battles of literature and life with the same bull-dog determination with which he fought his battles at school, that is to say, as one resolved "never to give in as long as he had a leg to stand upon!" And so, as a mere thing of course, he "went in" at Vauban and Von Bulow.

But during that same year, 1827,

* *Sculpture: a Prize Poem.* 368 verses. Cambridge, 1825.

† *Weeds and Wildflowers* 1 vol. Paris, 1826.

in which his name was entered at the Horse Guards, his first novel was published anonymously. The sword was sheathed and laid aside for ever, within a twelvemonth afterwards, as in no way befitting a hand for which the keener weapon of the wizard-pen had such instant and superior fascination. This maiden fiction of the futuroromancist was "Falkland,"*—a story abounding with lofty but almost despairing aspirations. It is understood to have been written with infinite care and labour—perhaps the less fluently because of the writer's muse not being propitiated (as ever afterwards during the hallowed rites of composition) with the fumes of the magic weed, what old Burton, with a horrid love, apostrophizes in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," as "rare, devillish, and damned tobacco !" In style the book is brilliant and rhetorical. Otherwise it is unworthy of its author ; and, as confessedly such, has been included by him in his own *Index Expurgatorius*. He had not yet learnt the humblest, yet the sublimest wisdom, born of philosophy—the veiled and kneeling credence in the presence of the inscrutable mysteries of the universe. The reverence out of which came the utterance of the Christian *Metastasio* :—

"Rovini il cielo ;
Non dubitar, non partiro :"

eliciting the more familiar thought from the heart even of the Pagan *Horace* : *si fractus illabatur orbis im-pavidum ferient ruinae*. But nobly has the genius of Bulwer Lytton in its maturity compensated for the scepticism of his thoughtful boyhood.

Scarcely had "Falkland" appeared when, in 1828, Bulwer Lytton, still in the early dawn of manhood, was united in marriage to Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Connell, in Ireland. It may be here incidentally remarked moreover that the fruits of this marriage were a son and a daughter ; the latter prematurely deceased, in 1846, among the fated victims of consumption—one upon whose gentle memory may be dropped, sorrowfully, like a votive-

flower, that tender couplet of Sir Edward's own favourite poet, the contemplative bard of Welwyn :—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning
dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and flew to
heaven."

As to the heir of this fame, of this title, of these fortunes, enough, if by one well merited though merely casual glance of commendation we may be permitted to recognize in him under the pseudonyme of Owen Meredith, the author in his extreme youth of a scholarly tribute to the shade of the old classic unities in the tragedy of "Clytemnestra."

Withdrawing from the army about the period of his nuptials, Bulwer Lytton took a secluded house at Woodcote, a tenement surrounded by lovely beechwoods, hid away in a sequestered part of Oxfordshire. Here he abandoned himself unreservedly to study and contemplation, became an author by vocation, a man of letters, professedly and professionally. At the close of that, to him, eventful year, appeared his first three-volume novel, "Pelham; or, The Adventures of a Gentleman."† It was his first success. It was radiant and running over with wit, humour, and comicality. It created for him at once a reputation. The publisher, it is true, had been warned against its acceptance by an over-cautious and certainly not very discriminating or sagacious reader. But the publisher read the taboo'd manuscript himself ; was delighted with it, doubtless laughed over it very heartily ; and, what was better still, immediately upon issuing the work through the press, sold it far and wide at the customary guinea and a half a copy, fluttering down a little cheque for £500 among the sere leaves rained upon the young novelist from the beechen boughs of Woodcote.

Another year, 1829, brought from the author's musings, "The Disowned,"‡ with its ennobling and elevating type, in the character of Algernon Mordaunt, of the heroism of Christian philosophy. Immediately after-

* *Falkland*. 1 vol. pp. 264, 8vo. Colburn, 1827.

† *Pelham* ; or *The Adventures of a Gentleman*. 3 vols. Colburn, 1828.

‡ *The Disowned*. 3 vols. Colburn, 1829.

wards, in 1830, appeared "*Devereux*,"* with its more intricate plot, its more romantic incidents, and its more subtle analysis of the hidden motives and secret passions of humanity. It affords conclusive evidence, this last production, of its writer's intense devotion about this period to the study of the abstract science of metaphysics, studies conducted by him with a serious view to the deduction from conflicting or jarring theories of some original system, at once novel, reliable, and comprehensive. Disheartened, however, by the unsatisfactory results of this process of reasoning, he ultimately abandoned the study, not, howbeit, even then, without grievous and lingering reluctance. The effects produced upon his own mind by these researches were for a long while afterwards manifested in his writings; though perhaps never more strongly (as indeed was but natural enough) than in the delicate and refined laybrinths of motive, thriddled with masterly adroitness in the complex mazes of "*Devereux*."

Another event, of some importance, occurred to Bulwer Lytton in 1830, besides the publication of his third romance. He removed, from his provincial seclusion down in Oxfordshire, up to London, and bought a house in Hertford-street, Mayfair. There he was scarcely established, when he produced simultaneously another prose and another poetic production. The prose was his vivacious and in a great measure inimitable political satire of "*Paul Clifford*,"† bristling with an irony worthy of La Bruyère, riant with a gay humour not unworthy of Fielding. Here, however, as in Robson's acting, there were tragic thrills through the roar and babble of the burlesque. How rapidly the hand was becoming the master-hand was revealed plainly enough in the consummate skill with which the character of Brandon was delineated. The metrical effusion, referred to as published simultaneously with the romantic history of the educated highwayman was a very crude, jejune, and fantastic extravagance, entitled "*The Siamese Twins*,"‡ a semi-

satirical poem, heartily regretted, we have not the slightest doubt of it, by its author, certainly carefully suppressed by him as worthless in every subsequent collective re-issue of his poetical productions: precisely as "*Falkland*" has been eliminated from every comprehensive reprint of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels and romances—not as valueless, but far worse than that, as eminently and undeniably deleterious. Yet abortive and still-born though the poor "*Twins*" were, they ushered into existence with them, as a little appended trifle, that first graceful and luminous outline sketch of "*Milton*," already spoken of as printed five years earlier in the French capital for private circulation—a fragment, now on its first public appearance, cordially commended by a reviewer in the *Edinburgh*, and regarded elsewhere, by the more discerning, as radiant with happy auguries of future success in poetical composition. Sprightly touches, it should also be acknowledged, are here and there distinguishable in the four serio-comic books of this rhymed satire, about Chang and Ching, the Siamese; as might be readily conceived of an author who could thus humourously and sarcastically retaliate upon the more sardonic class of critics in the periodicals of the day—of whom, quoth he, in his preface to the second edition of the "*Twins*"—

"No sooner do they see the announcement of your work than they prepare for its destruction; with an intuitive penetration they decide upon its guilt, while yet in the womb; and before it is born they have settled exactly the method in which it shall be damned."

It will easily be credited, with this in the preface, that there are occasionally discernable in the text itself freaks and whimsies sufficiently sparkling in their way to have been fathered either upon Mr. Luttrell or Lord Alvanley.

If, in 1831, Sir Bulwer Lytton advanced his repute, as a poet, not one iota, not by the length of a barley-corn; if he then added but slightly, though still appreciably, to his fame as a novelist, he certainly began in

* *Devereux*. 3 vols. Colburn, 1830.

† *Paul Clifford*. 3 vols. Colburn & Bentley. 1831.

‡ *The Siamese Twins*. 1 vol. Colburn & Bentley. 1831.

that same year, under auspices more propitious, his career as a politician. It was on the introduction of the second Reform Bill that he was first elected to a seat in Parliament, being chosen, in 1831, upon the Reform interest M.P. for St. Ives, by a cordial if not unanimous decision on the part of that comparatively small but ardent and energetic constituency. His maiden speech was in favour of Reform principles. His earliest success in the House, of any importance, was the appointment of the Committee, for which he moved and which he at once obtained, to inquire into the State of the Drama, with a view to the improvement of the dramatic interests. It is a notable circumstance, moreover, and one fraught with peculiar significance at this particular juncture, that the present Colonial Secretary was one of the Committee then entrusted with the responsible and laborious duty of investigating the East India Company's monopoly; affording him thus, seven-and-twenty years ago, the opportunity of fathoming the mysteries and, yet more, of participating in the re-organization of the complicated and still (to say the very least of it) incomplete system of our Anglo-Indian government.

Foremost among all his parliamentary labours, however, were those ardently and generously undertaken by him, as vindicator of the rights and champion of the prerogatives of literature. It is but an act of gratitude, absolutely and undeniably his due, to remember, now-a-days, that Bulwer Lytton was the first who, by a specific motion, brought before the House of Commons the question of the Taxes upon Knowledge. His admirable and effective "Speeches"* upon this question, indeed, were carefully collected and published at the time by an association, then formed, for the furtherance of the abolition movement in regard to those obnoxious imposts, a movement thus formally inaugurated by the member for St. Ives. Chiefly in consequence of the popularity he acquired through these last mentioned efforts, Bulwer Lytton, on the advent of the next general election, was offered a choice of seats by three several

constituencies. This was immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, or in other words upon the return of the first Reform Parliament. Lincoln was the place selected among these rival claimants for him as a representative; the choice being attributable in a great measure, of course, to the fact of Lincoln being the capital of an important agricultural district, with the concurrent circumstance of the liberal party there coinciding with him in his resolute and certainly persevering opposition to the then generally unwelcome project for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Consequent upon his preference for this particular constituency, he was freely chosen by the electors of Lincoln in 1832 as one of their representatives, and, as such, retained his seat in the House of Commons during nine years following (namely, until 1841), through that and the two succeeding Parliaments.

Together with his successful appearance upon the Lincoln hustings as a candidate, must be noted his triumphantly successful re-appearance before the novel readers of the empire in his very different character as a Romancist. The publication of "Eugene Aram"† not only confirmed but materially and signally advanced his already high literary reputation. It was inscribed in words of affectionate and grateful reverence to Sir Walter Scott, then upon the eve of his dissolution; and it was generally felt that here upon the shoulders of the youthful novelist were fluttering down the robes of the Great Necromancer of Song and Fable; that the Wizard's wand was not to be broken but to pass onward into the grasp, of a new Magician. Perhaps nowhere else among all his manifold and multi-form writings, has Sir Bulwer Lytton penned more glowing or more truthful descriptions of nature than in "Eugene Aram"—it is with the quill of Thomson that he has depicted those sylvan haunts of the Lynn schoolmaster; the wild woods and thickets, the weird cavern, the eltrich midnights, the grimly thunderstorms. The colours from his palette are laid upon the mimic trees and underwood as delicately as from the brush of Hobbima; the sunshine is that of

* *Speeches upon the Taxes on Knowledge.* An 8vo. pamphlet. 1832.

† *Eugene Aram.* 3 vols. Bentley. 1832.

Lorraine; with Salvator's perception he has caught the wondrous art of defining with a vividness all but actual the roar of the wind and the glare of the lightning. Here, first of all, he feels his power; he writes as the instinct of his genius dictates—art beside him as his guide, nature before him as his copy—he warms to his work—

"Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella."

Subsequently appeared his exquisite and charming "Pilgrims of the Rhine,"* full of the daintiest elfin fancies—laughing out joyously at rare intervals, quaintly and irresistibly humorous, as in the instance of that delectable apologue of the "Cat and Dog;" wise as Æsop, droll as Gresset; but brimming over, suffused, saturated throughout with the tears of tenderest sensibility—tears here gathered up as in a lachrymatory—for the young, and the pure, and the beautiful, dying prematurely of consumption. Gertrude, the heroine of the tale, is the very type and symbol of the ideal of her sex, ever cherished in the mind of Bulwer Lytton in all his various writings, alike in play, in poem, in romance. Her's is the typical and symbolical sleeve tied to his helmet in the tourney of literature—a tourney in which he himself has so often entered the lists with his vizor closed, to win fresh triumphs at the point of his lance (the pen), unaided by the repute of his former prowess,—effecting this, again and again, every time indeed he has issued a new work from the press (a feat accomplished by him of late years so very often) anonymously. In his portraiture of women, Sir Bulwer Lytton has ever written with a grace at once tender, gallant, and chivalric. His estimation of the sex is as refined as that of the great German Lyrist with whose name his own has become inextricably associated. His genius ever speaks, in truth, through the knightly words of Schiller—

"Ehret die Frauen, sie flechten und weben
Himmliche Rosen in's irdische Leben,
Flechten der Liebe beglückendes Band,
Und, in der Grazie züchtigem Schleier,
Nähren sie wachsam das ewige Feuer
Schöner Gefühle mit heiliger Hand."

Written simultaneously with "Eugene Aram," but published simultaneously with the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and published then first of all anonymously, "Godolphin"† illustrated, not as in the former instance the deadening glamour exercised by the memory of one great crime upon a profound and masculine intelligence—not as in the latter, the chastening and sanctifying effects upon a purely virginal nature of anguish nobly endured until death; but—in brilliant contrast to either—the enervating influence of an absolute abandonment to mere fashionable frivolity upon a heart and mind originally brilliant and unsophisticated.

It was now that our indefatigable politician and man-of-letters undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He aspired to render it at once effective as a critical and a political organ; strenuously labouring to this end, during a period of eighteen months, consecutively—himself, beyond all manner of doubt, the most industrious of his contributors. In this editorial chair it is interesting to remember that he was preceded, successively, by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and by Theodore Hook, the wit, in respect to whose conversational effervescence he has, elsewhere, himself wittily remarked, "to read Hook is to wrong him"—succeeded, in due course, by one who was both wit and poet, large-hearted Thomas Hood, with a genius at once graceful and grotesque. In his capacity as a critic, Sir Bulwer Lytton here abundantly proved himself to be at once genial and sagacious. He it was who, while earnestly "deprecating the application of poetic genius to disputable party politics," first directed public attention to the extraordinary merits of Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymist, even though the magnanimous reviewer remained to the last a resolute antagonist of the very principles the corn-law rhymist inculcated. It was Mr. Bulwer likewise who first recognized and eulogized the lyrical powers revealed by Monckton Milnes, in his "Palm Leaves." Besides which he generously and cordially maintained the dramatic excellence of Sheridan Knowles,

* *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*. 1 vol. Saunders & Ottley. 1833.

† *Godolphin*. 3 vols. Bentley, 1833.

and contributed not a little to establish the popularity, as a maritime novelist, of Captain Maryatt, the most delightful of marine humorists. His remarkable dexterity in analytical criticism, however, is, to our thinking, most conspicuously demonstrated in those exquisitely discriminative and appreciative papers of his upon Young's "Night Thoughts," which, for their eloquent mastery of a sublime theme, may take rank with the admirable series of papers upon Milton's "Paradise Lost," penned by Addison, in the "Spectator." A selection from the miscellaneous contributions of Sir Edward were ultimately republished in two volumes, familiar enough to the majority of his readers, volumes entitled "The Student,"* abounding with fancies often wild and fantastic, but oftener still bewitching and magnificent.

Exhausted by labours that were, indeed, absolutely extravagant, super-added as they were to his other literary and political avocations, Bulwer Lytton, finding his health failing under the unnatural toil, resigned, at the end of a year and a-half, the post of editor-ship, and, for the first time, extended his continental travels into the Roman peninsula. Prior to his departure, however, he passed through the press the two volumes of his well-known political treatise entitled "England and the English,"† a microscopic scrutiny of the national character, and of our complicated but symmetrical constitution. It is a repertory of sound and valuable knowledge, and may be still designated, emphatically, the *vade mecum* of a member of parliament. The purport of the work is significantly expressed in the dedication of it to Prince Tallyrand, the book being proffered to that wily diplomatist, according to its author, for the same reasons which prompted the Scythian gift to Darius, of a mouse, a bird, a fish, and a bundle of arrows, namely, as symbols of the donor's nation, tendered as instructions to his enemy. In consequence of several incidents in Mr. Bulwer's career in the legislature, particularly

his persevering opposition to the government measures for the coercion of Ireland, coupled with his systematic estrangement from the Whigs, his notions were somehow generally confounded in the popular estimation with those of the extreme radicals. From the daringly subversive views of that party, however, the political opinions professed in "England and the English"—opinions at once enlightened and constitutional—proved to be in every respect essentially different. The matured publicist here maintained anew the thesis of the stripling collegian, contending still determinedly for the superiority of monarchical over republican institutions. Furthermore, he argued boldly now, in his manhood, against the pernicious theory of degrading to a mere sordid calculation of cost the abstract value of governments; and, defending the principle of an established church, supported the doctrine, that "the State should exercise a direct influence in the encouragement bestowed upon all religious and social culture, upon art, science, and literature." Beyond which it is particularly worthy of note, that Bulwer, while here persistently defending the general principle of aristocracy and the maintenance of the House of Lords, resolutely satirized, as debasing to the national spirit, the favourite dogma of the hour, that in favour of recruiting the patrician class exclusively from partizans and millionaires; implying by this argument, that as aristocracy ought, in reason, to be the collective representation or accumulated incarnation of the principle of honour, so assuredly whatever most reflected honour upon a country it was the bounden duty of the State to honour—by ennobling. As evidence of the grasp taken of his subject, it is especially observable, that in his chapter upon the poor laws, in "England and the English," the author distinctly suggested the outline of the very reforms afterwards introduced and embodied in enactments. Meanwhile, though thus readily outspoken in his writings, Mr. Bulwer had but seldom raised his voice within the walls of Parliament—faithful in this

* *The Student*. 2 vols. Saunders and Ottley, 1835.

† *England and the English*. 2 vols. Bentley, 1833.

to his own pithy axiom elsewhere articulated, viz., "that all life is a drama, in which it is the business of men only to speak in order to do." And certainly, what he had undertaken to do, he had here, in the House of Commons, most effectively accomplished. He had obtained the act conferring a copyright on dramatic authors; he had constrained ministers to inaugurate measures for securing an international law of copyright; he had so efficiently enforced the agitation in regard to the taxes upon knowledge, that he had actually brought the Chancellor of the Exchequer to a compromise, effecting two important ameliorations in what were afterwards to be wholly abolished—the reduction of a 4*d.* to a 1*d.* stamp upon newspapers, and the diminution of one-half of the grinding duty upon advertisements. Besides, incidentally, in the course of his speeches upon those fiscal changes, throwing out suggestive remarks in reference to the post-office management, distinctly premonitory of what came at last, Rowland Hill's beneficial scheme for its reorganization. As to Mr. Bulwer's determined opposition to the Irish Coercion Bill, already mentioned, that opposition he manfully maintained throughout, both by speeches in the House of Commons, and by articles in the *New Monthly Magazine**—speeches and articles which, being opportunely reprinted in a separate form, and scattered broadcast over the country, tended, in a great measure, towards the mitigation of the harsher provisions of that iniquitous and ill-considered enactment. Here assuredly is no insignificant catalogue of estimable—some of them inestimable—legislative boons, won for his fellow-citizens a quarter of a century ago by Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his twofold capacity as a reformer and as a statesman.

But we have left him on his first Italian excursion. Travelling through the northern provinces, he proceeded in succession to Milan, to Venice, to Florence; pausing, at last, in the Eternal City, where he took up his residence for a while, and began his famous romance, having, as its hero,

the last of the Roman Tribunes. Fascinated though he evidently was by the mediæval records of the wonderful fortunes of Rienzi, the alluring labour of love springing out of their examination had hardly commenced when it was abruptly suspended. Another day-dream grew up in the reveries of the novelist, exercising a yet superior spell over his enraptured imagination! It arose, simply, out of the circumstance of his wandering on to Naples, and visiting the recently disinterred cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The middle ages were abandoned for the classic days when the house of Sallust was peopled by its revellers, when the triclinium was crowded with guests, and the peristyle with loiterers, and when the early Christians were grouped at intervals in the arena awaiting what Lord Macaulay has picturesquely epitomized as the camelopards and tigers bounding in the Flavian amphitheatre. Immediately upon Bulwer's return homewards, "The Last Days of Pompeii"† appeared, and was welcomed with universal admiration. Scarcely had he watched his classic romance through the press, when he was "off" once more, this time, however, not southwards, but westwards, crossing St. George's Channel on his first visit to Ireland; traversing alone and on foot the whole of the disturbed districts, less, we doubt not, as a novelist in search of adventure, than as a true-hearted legislator, bent upon learning the whole terrible reality from personal observation. It was during this pedestrian ramble that, while tarrying amid the beautiful scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, Bulwer there commenced writing the earlier chapters of "Ernest Maltravers."

At this juncture, occurred the ever-memorable ministerial transformation, when, upon Earl Spencer's death, a casualty necessitating the removal to the House of Peers of Lord Althorp, the leader of the Commons, the king abruptly dismissed the Whig government. Sir Robert Peel, then upon his vacation travels, was sent for, post-haste, to the Eternal City, recalled by his majesty to form a new administration. It was, as Mr. Disraeli force-

* *Papers on the Irish Coercion Bill.* A Pamphlet, 1834.

† *The Last Days of Pompeii.* 3 vols. Bentley, 1834.

fully expresses it in one of his novels, "the great man in a great position, summoned from Rome to govern England." At this transition moment, when many were in trepidation, every one in expectation, Mr. Lytton Bulwer announced his pamphlet on "The Crisis."* Interest and curiosity in its regard piqued all parties alike—Whigs, Tories, and Radicals. It was a matter of general uncertainty what might be the drift, what the tendency of the *brochure*. In a single day the first edition, a large one, was exhausted. Fourteen other large editions of this celebrated pamphlet (each copy selling at the unusual pamphlet price of 3s. 6d.) were sold off within little more than a fortnight after the date of its earliest publication. It rapidly exceeded a score of editions, and was ultimately reprinted in a cheap popular form for more general circulation. It is not exaggerating its effect to say, that it materially and very considerably influenced the general election, following almost immediately upon Sir Robert's arrival in London, and leading to the reinstallation of the Liberal government. Positive testimony, that much of this was directly owing to that masterly pamphlet, was voluntarily given to the author in a very remarkable way soon afterwards by the new Premier, Viscount Melbourne. The revived ministry was still in process of re-formation, when Lord Melbourne sent for the daring and witty pamphleteer; and, while frankly complimenting him upon the good service rendered to the government, offered him, in recognition of it, one of the Lordships of the Admiralty: the noble viscount adding the assurance of his own personal regret, that the principle on which the cabinet was being reconstituted (that of restoring to their former offices the different members of the previous administration), precluded him from proposing at the moment any more elevated appointment. Notwithstanding the additional assurance from the Prime Minister of early promotion,

thrown in gracefully at the close of the foregoing, as a supplementary temptation, Mr. Bulwer, as is well known, declined the offer made, even under such flattering circumstances. Influenced partially in his decision, probably, by a dread lest it might, perchance, necessitate his abandonment of his favourite pursuits as a man-of-letters, but principally, there can be little question, through a still greater dread lest his acceptance of office, at that particular moment, might be regarded by the public as a recompense for services which had, in truth, been rendered by him to the country at large from motives, beyond all shadow of doubt, the most lofty and disinterested.

Besides the two volumes of "The Student," which were published in the following year, there appeared, in 1835, the noble historical romance which had, in the meanwhile, been resumed and completed, "Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes."† From that moment the seal was set to his reputation as a romancist. Side by side with this more stately masterpiece of fiction there came forth from the same hand another narrative of more delicate, but hardly less symmetrical proportions, "Leila; or, the Siege of Granada,"‡ together with a minor tale, called "Calderon the Courtier," a twin work, published by the Messrs. Longman, and embellished by Mr. Charles Heath with a profusion of costly engravings.

Somewhere about this period, moreover, our author began to direct his regard to a new field of literary enterprise, that of dramatic composition. His maiden play, "The Duchess de la Valliere,"§ was written and produced. Although when viewed simply in regard to its rhetorical excellence, it may, with perfect truth, be declared to contain as admirable passages as any of its author's subsequent contributions to the stage, the poor "Duchess" was prepared for her appearance, we suppose, with so little reference to theatrical effect, that, after

* *A Letter to a late Cabinet Minister on the Crisis*. 8vo., pp. 108. Saunders and Ottley, 1834.

† *Rienzi; or, the Last of the Roman Tribunes*. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley, 1835.

‡ *Leila; and Calderon the Courtier*. 1 vol. Longman and Co., 1835.

§ *The Duchess de la Valliere*. 5 Acts. Saunders and Ottley, 1836.

continuing before the footlights as "a nine-day's (or rather night's) wonder," she was withdrawn from the boards by the author as—not certainly a failure, but—a success decidedly equivocal. True, that Macready acted the part of the Marquis de Bragelone excellently, but Macready was but indifferently supported. Bulwer's first five-act play did not "take," and in less than a fortnight disappeared. As he himself observed, as frankly as whimsically, twenty years afterwards, in a famous harangue at Edinburgh—"My first poetry was thought detestable, and my first play very nearly escaped being damned." There has, happily, however, throughout the whole of his career, been such an elastic rebound in his genius from every fall, that it has always attained afterwards a far greater and more successful height of adventure.

Dissatisfied with his own first efforts as a dramatist, he next appeared before the world as an historian, and with a success so unmistakable and considerable that it is sincerely to be regretted that the two large volumes of his "*Athens: its Rise and Fall*,"* remain to this day but as the fragment or torso of a colossal Hercules. Already, however, its merit can be estimated more than merely *ex pede Herculem*. That merit is not simply one of promise alone; but, so far as it goes, of conspicuous and remarkable achievement. It is generally understood, that the author was originally deterred from the continuation of this ambitious work by the appearance of Bishop Thirlwall's "*History of Greece*," and, finally, by the giant apparition of the more profound and laborious annals by Banker Grote. Yet, standing though we are now-a-days in the presence of those two grand and luminous productions, we may still venture to hope that the completion of Sir Bulwer Lytton's *History of "Athens and the Athenians"* has all this while been merely suspended, not irrevocably abandoned.

Subsequently appeared "*The Eleusinia*," begun at the Lakes of Killarney, the impassioned biography of that type of the Man of Genius, "Ernest

Maltravers."† It was followed the year afterwards by its sequel, "*Alice; or, the Mysteries*."‡ In the collective reissue of these novels, the two works are comprised under the one name, "*Maltravers*," viz., as part one and part two of "*The Eleusinia*." Fascinating and exquisitely beautiful though these narratives are, they are, nevertheless, for that very reason, because of their exceeding witcheries, of all Sir Bulwer Lytton's writings the most to be regretted. The colour, the bloom, the glow upon them is that of the purple mists of the miasma strown over the lovely but perilous surface of the fair Campania. Contrast with their enervating and relaxing influence, the pure, and sweet, and wholesome, and exhilarating atmosphere enveloping all the later fictions from the same master hand, the noble family picture of "*The Caxtons*," and its two superb and ornate successors! Never has a genius more conspicuously ripened, and mellowed, and purified itself in proportion to the gradations of its stately, onward, upward advancement.

Having resided for some time previously in chambers at the Albany, Mr. Bulwer now removed to Charles-street, Berkeley-square, where he was still laboriously occupied among his books and manuscripts, between the intervals of his attendance at the House, and of his saunterings through society; when, under the circumstances already particularized—circumstances to himself in every way so eminently gratifying—he received the announcement of his investiture with a baronetcy, upon the occasion of her present gracious Majesty's coronation.

It was now that, in a happier vein, he resumed the temporarily abandoned idea of dramatic composition. The great London theatre was reviving its ancient glories anew, under Macready's management. "Oh that I could get a play like the '*Honeymoon*,'" exclaimed Mr. Manager to Sir Author, one evening, while talking over the prospects of the enterprise upon which the former had but just adventured. Bulwer Lytton took note of those words of Macready. His incentive was that incidental and almost de-

* *Athens; its Rise and Fall*. 2 vols. Saunders and Ottley, 1836.

† *Ernest Maltravers; or, the Eleusinia*. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley, 1837.

‡ *Alice; or, the Mysteries*. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley, 1838.

spairing ejaculation. In less than a fortnight from its utterance, "The Lady of Lyons"* was written and in the hands of the delighted manager. It was placed in his hands, too, not as a purchaseable manuscript, but as a gift. It won the hearts, the tears, the laughter, the applause, of all who saw it. It became at once, what it has remained ever since—a stock-piece, holding permanent possession of the stage—a drama that never palls upon repetition, either with audience or performers. Where is there a first-class actress who would not rejoice any night to appear as Pauline Deschappelles; or a star of the greatest magnitude, who would not delight to tread the boards as Claude Melnotte, whether clad as prince or gardener? Afterwards appeared the historical drama of "Richelieu,"† in which the duplex character of the great cardinal is portrayed in the language of truest poetry, heightened to tragic power by the pathos of its incidents, and the fervour of its impassioned rhetoric. Next followed the fourth of these notable five-act plays—"The Sea Captain"?‡ a drama, if by nothing else, winning our love, extorting our admiration for the hero Norman, by those thrilling words uttered by him when he takes his stand upon the ancestral hearthstone. Perhaps, the most brilliant, however, in the whole series is the fifth, the most sparkling in wit, the most piquant in repartee, the most ludicrously irresistible in equivocal—the comedy of "Money:"§ as performed so delightfully once upon a time on the boards of the little theatre in the Haymarket. As to the sixth, it scarcely comes within the category of an ordinary histrionic production: "Not so bad as we seem"|| having been written essentially as a part-piece, as a play in which the particular aptitudes and capacities of a company of amateur actors had to be especially borne in mind, and carefully consulted. Yet, considered as such, what an exquisite specimen of dramatic ingenuity it was, every one will

remember who witnessed those charming performances in aid of the propitiously inaugurated, but prematurely abandoned Guild of Art and Literature—a benevolent scheme, first thought of in the winter of 1849–1850, when that most inimitable of actors, and rarest of all English humorists—Charles Dickens, with his merry company of players, artists and men-of-letters, were disporting themselves upon an impromptu stage, erected in the banquetting-hall of Sir Edward's seat at Knebworth—delighting with the sparkle and vivacity of their "private theatricals," a gay throng of the nobles and gentles and the jovial squirearchy of Hertfordshire. Some one chanced to mention, after the close of that entertainment, the miserable plight of a once popular and flourishing votary of literature. Out of this casual remark suddenly grew up amongst that congenial cluster of brothers-of-the-pen and sympathising adepts-of-the-pencil, the genial project of an association for the benefit, in their direst need, of unsuccessful toilers at the desk or at the casel. "Undertake to act a play yourselves," said Bulwer Lytton to his guests, "and I engage to write it." It was written—it was acted: the first performance taking place in the presence of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, in a temporary theatre constructed in the late Duke of Devonshire's town-house in Piccadilly. The comedy was this same five-act drama lengthily entitled "Not so bad as we seem; or, Many sides to a character." Three thousand pounds poured into the coffers of the new association, and there the benevolent enterprise appears to have terminated. It has left us, at least, some pleasant souvenirs—the unrealized day-dream of a halcyon haunt for the repose of decaying and decrepit artists, whether of the brush or of the goose-quill: together with one literary masterpiece, almost perfect in its way, as a medium for the display of the humorous and pathetic powers of a

* *The Lady of Lyons*; or, *Love and Pride*. 5 Acts. Saunders and Ottery. 1838.

† *Richelieu*: or, *the Conspiracy*. 5 Acts. Saunders and Ottery. 1839.

‡ *The Sea Captain*; or, *the Birthright*. 5 Acts. Saunders and Ottery. 1839.

§ *Money*. A Comedy. 5 Acts. Saunders and Ottery. 1840.

|| *Not so bad as we seem*; or, *Many sides to a character*. 5 Acts. Chapman and Hall. 1851.

really remarkable company of comedians, as all will readily acknowledge who can call to their recollection Mark Lemon's bluff Sir Geoffrey Thorpside, or John Forster's shrewd Mr. Hardman, the rising Member of Parliament—above all, Charles Dickens' radiant illustration, in the person of my Lord Wilmot, of a Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a century ago ; not forgetting, likewise, Augustus Egg's most artistic impersonation of David Fallen, the Grubstreet author and pamphleteer. Gratefully, then, do we still linger over the pages of this graceful and delightful comedy, as something constituting in truth "the be all and the end all" of the benignly meditated, but now almost forgotten Guild of Art and Literature.

We have been purposely anticipating, however, so that we might complete at once our hurried glance at Sir Bulwer Lytton's labours as a dramatist. Reverting to that earlier epoch in his career when he was first winning the plaudits of the crowded theatres of London by the vivacious charms of the "Lady of Lyons," by the caustic wit of "Money," and by the poetical and oratorical splendours of "Richelieu," we find him all at once entering heart and soul upon a very different, certainly a very novel, and altogether a sufficiently alluring enterprise. Having conceived to himself the notion of a journal which should combine scientific information with politics and general literature, forming altogether a register of the intellectual progress of the age, and more particularly of the community, he associated himself with Sir David Brewster and Dr. Dionysius Lardner, and together with them commenced a periodical founded upon this ingenious design. It was entitled *The Monthly Chronicle*, and was published in the Row by the Messrs. Longmans. The undertaking proved to be only partially successful. Excellent though the general idea undoubtedly was, that original idea was not altogether happily realized. The publication was too scientific. It failed to acquire for itself a sufficiently popular character. After it had con-

tinued some months in existence, its projector retired from it dissatisfied : not, however, until he had contributed to the columns of the journal the first outline of "Zanoni," under the less euphonious designation of "Zicci," besides adorning the political pages of the organ with a very remarkable and comprehensive "Historical Review" of the "State of England and Europe at the Accession of Queen Victoria:" a series of papers which extorted from M. Guizot the highest commendation : the English portion of this Review, by the way, being written by Sir Edward, and the foreign portion by his brother, Sir Henry, the ambassador.

Next on the list of the grander prose fictions of our author appeared his enthralling story of modern life, and, for the most part, middle-class society—"Night and Morning."* It was succeeded in the year following by the most gorgeous, and in many particulars, the most highly imaginative of all his romances—among them all, perhaps, if we could possibly bring ourselves to any such definitive decision—our own especial and cherished favourite—the tale of marvel and mystery, now expanded from the seed-germ of "Zicci," into flowering and fruitful maturity—the splendid and visionary narrative of the life and death of "Zanoni,"† the Rosicrucian. How enshrined the book is in its author's own innermost affections he himself has eloquently intimated in his dedication of it to John Gibson, the great Roman sculptor and English Royal Academician. "I, artist in words," says he, towards the close of that impressive epistle, "dedicate to you, artist whose ideas speak in marble, this well-loved work of my matured manhood:" adding that to himself this apparition, as he terms it, of his secret and hidden fancies, would have been as dear, yea, he cries, "If I had graven it on the rocks of a desert." It would be difficult to feel surprise at this resolute preference, remembering the charm, the spell, the glamour, of "Zanoni," from its commencement to its conclusion—from its first thrilling tones, heard among the weird and ra-

* *Night and Morning*. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1841.

† *Zanoni*. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1842.

vishing melodies of the darling violin of old Gaetano Pisani; that marvellous fiddle! that wonderful barbiton!—to the last wild, agonizing shriek of Viola, amidst the hellish din and clangour of that grand and awful Revolution! Whilst the bloody rag is but just wrenched from the shattered jaw of the master-murderer; whilst to the scream of agony yet ringing from his lips “the crowd laughs”—Who does not remember the words—“And the axe descends amidst the shouts of the countless thousands: and blackness rushes upon thy soul, Maximilian Robespierre!”

Our novelist about this period, it may be interesting to remark, *en passant*, resided principally in a villa at Fulham, on the banks of the Thames, a pretty little suburban retreat called Craven Cottage. About this time, moreover—in consequence of his then recent recommendation to the agriculturists, that they should accept the compromise of an eight-shilling fixed duty upon corn, proposed by Lord John Russell—Sir Edward, after a brilliant career of one whole *decade* in the House of Commons, lost his seat in Parliament. This occurred during the course of the general election consequent upon the defeat of the Whig cabinet by Sir Robert Peel’s determined and uncompromising opposition. “Between the two stools”—we all know the rest of the proverb. And so midway between the total Corn-law Repealers and the staunch Protectionists, Bulwer-Lytton lost his majority among the Lincoln constituency. It resulted in his absence during the ten succeeding years from among the ranks of the national representatives. In reference to his first parliamentary epoch, it may be here observed, that his most effective speeches were those in favour of municipal reforms; those in defence of the ministerial measures for the suppression of the revolt in Canada; those (it is interesting to remember this at the present moment in regard to our new Colonial Secretary) in vindication of the maintenance of a Colonial Empire: and—most effective of all—his speeches in favour of the immediate emancipation of the West Indian slaves, instead of persisting in the irritating and really frivolous policy

of delaying for two years longer the act of grace already decided upon by the legislature. At the termination of Bulwer’s speech at what thereupon proved to be the close of that memorable discussion—(hardly need we prefix) the anecdote here subjoined to the most remarkable speech, certainly the most effective speech, ever delivered by our orator-statesman—Mr. O’Connell, who, it was well understood at the time, had previously been prepared to speak at some considerable length, suddenly tore up his notes, and cried aloud, “The case is made out—there is nothing to add—Divide!” Whereupon the division instantly took place, the question being carried, by a majority of two, in favour of immediate emancipation. Remember “by a majority of two”—and three members who had fully intended to vote on the other side, as they themselves frankly acknowledged in the lobby, had been converted by the irrefragable statements, and the incontrovertible reasoning contained in this speech of Sir Bulwer Lytton’s. No wonder he received the formal thanks of the deputies of the Anti-Slavery Society, and that his “Speech upon Slavery”* was forthwith published and widely circulated by that association.

Released, by the adverse decision of the Lincoln electors from his accustomed attendance at the deliberations of parliament, Sir Edward now celebrated his own emancipation by travelling into Germany. There it was he first began to study the grand old Teutonic language, to delve into the literary history of the great German people, and soon, not very surprisingly, almost, it might be said, by an inevitable consequence, began also to acquire, in Schiller’s regard, an all-mastering admiration. Schiller, indeed, appears to have impressed his mind, not simply in his high capacity as a poet, but, likewise and especially, as a moral influence of an order the most pure and elevated. Hereupon, the indefatigable student took heart to himself at once for the translation of Schiller’s Poems, and for the composition of Schiller’s Biography. The decision involved, as an inevitable consequence, a careful examination of the

* *Speech upon Slavery.* A Pamphlet.

whole wide world of German philosophy, above all, a searching scrutiny of the *Æsthetic*; but that laborious consequence was immediately accepted with an ardour eminently characteristic. Out of these fresh studies came new views of metrical art and poetic diction; and, as an obvious sequel to this, came the renewed cultivation, by Bulwer Lytton, of the long neglected fields of poetry upon which he had previously more than once, but never very successfully, adventured. His latest volume of verse had been the one comprising within it, "*Eva*; and the *Ill-Omened Marriage*."* It was scarcely in any respect a much happier venture than its predecessors. Hitherto, indeed, he had but timorously coquetted with the idea of the muse—he had but caught glimpses of the goddess, as it were, at the moment of her receding. It was like the tantalizing recognition by the hero of *Virgil*, of the divine form of the maternal protectress—

"— et avertens rosâ cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiaque comâ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

But there was to come relenting at last to the long wooing of the faithful worshipper. The novelist dedicated himself more sedulously than ever to the perfecting, if possible, of whatever aptitude he might possess for poetic composition. So resolute, indeed, was his resolve in this respect that, upon the publication of his next romance, the noble historical narrative of "*The Last of the Barons*,"† he intimated, through the Preface, if not the permanent close of his labours in regard to prose fiction, at any rate their indefinite suspension. The meaning of which was, that he meditated, in lieu of further prose-fictions, the production of more elaborated compositions in verse, a design eventually and remarkably realized.

Returned homewards from Germany, earnestly engaged, at the time, in the translation of the *Poems* and

Ballads of Schiller—translations, for the most part, pencilled as he rolled to and fro in his carriage upon the highroad between the capital and Knebworth—he lost his mother, in the December of 1843, and, succeeding to her property, changed his name, taking the additional surname of Lytton after the patronymic Bulwer, by royal permission, under the sign manual of the sovereign.

It is now that we come to that episode in his life, when the inexorable toil of years having broken down, at last, the delicately organized, but vigorous constitution, he found himself restored to health at the Hygeian springs of Malvern, by the benign and magical system of Preissnitz, as there practised in Dr. Wilson's celebrated hydropathic establishment. In grateful recognition of this priceless boon of health restored to him when, seemingly, the irrecoverable victim of dyspepsia and hypochondria, Sir Edward Lytton, in his sparkling letter to Harrison Ainsworth, gave to the world at large his "*Confessions of a Water Patient*."‡ Shortly afterwards, having completed the issue of his "*Translations of Schiller*,"§ through *Blackwood's Magazine*, he published them in a collective form, prefixing to the *Poems* and *Ballads* the life of Schiller, a biography obliterated, by a curious and incomprehensible elision, from the last revised republication. A "*Biographic Sketch of Laman Blanchard*"|| was, moreover, about this time, generously contributed to a selection, in three volumes, of the miscellaneous essays of that unfortunate writer, then recently deceased under very lamentable circumstances,

Actuated in the decision solely by his persevering antagonism to anything like an unconditional repeal of the *Corn Laws*, Sir Edward now declined an alluring invitation, namely, that he should offer himself as a candidate for Westminster. A similar invitation from another constituency, was declined for the same reason, the

* *Eva*; and the *Ill-Omened Marriage*. 1 vol. Saunders and Ottley. 1842.

† *The Last of the Barons*. 3 vols. Saunders and Ottley. 1843.

‡ *Confessions of a Water Patient*. pp. 93. Colburn. 1845.

§ *The Poems and Ballads of Schiller*, Translated, with Life. 1 vol. Blackwood and Sons. 1845.

|| *Biographic Sketch of Laman Blanchard*, prefixed to his *Essays* in 3 vols. 1846.

politician, in each instance, sacrificing his ambition to his consistency. Convinced that his opinions would now, in all probability, long exclude him from the legislature, he resumed his efforts at the culture of the poetic art with the serenity of one who is wholly abstracted from subjects of public and practical consideration. He published his first really remarkable poem, a Satire of Modern London, anonymously. It appeared originally piecemeal, but was ultimately republished in a single volume; and, though highly commended, remained still, for some considerable time, unacknowledged. It was entitled, "The New Timon;"* was penned throughout in the heroic measure, abounded with passages of exquisite beauty, and comprised, among other inimitable portraiture of the great political chiefs of our generation, a masterly and courtly limning of Geoffry, Earl of Derby, now Prime Minister of England, but then, as Lord Stanley, one of the most feared and formidable leaders of the Opposition—

"One after one the lords of time advance;
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns—
the glance!"

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate!

Yet who not listens, with delighted smile
To the pure Saxon of that silver style;
In the clear style, a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean."

It is assuredly interesting now to recall that cordial tribute to remembrance—now, when (what few might then have anticipated) the study for that terse and life-like delineation is the chief of the existing cabinet, conspicuous among the members of which stands the graceful eulogist.

During the fragmentary issue of the "The New Timon" through the press, Sir Edward revisited Italy; and there conceived the plan of two novels, designed to illustrate the conflicting influence on life—the one good, the other evil. Holding this double object before him steadily in view, he thereupon began the composi-

tion of the most startling contrasts surely that romance writer ever yet dreamt of—the grizzly and abhorrent nightmare of "Lucretia; or, The Children of Night,"† (published immediately upon his return to England), and—what did not appear until some time afterwards, and then slowly, instalment by instalment—the lovely and exquisite family portrait of the "The Caxtons." "Lucretia" had scarcely been given to the public, however, when—its really admirable, ethical intention being altogether misapprehended—its author suddenly found himself the object of loud and stormy vituperation. He thereupon had printed, in the form of a little pamphlet, a comprehensive vindication of his writings generally, but more particularly, of course, of "Lucretia," expatiating, while doing so, with logical lucidity upon the themes and subjects best suited for the purposes of art and fiction, namely, as objects for vivid and picturesque illustration. This was the *brochure* called "A Word to the Public,"‡ since then judiciously supplemented to every reprint of "The Children of Night," as a sort of explanatory appendix. Resuming his unfinished family picture of "The Caxtons," as he travelled, Bulwer Lytton proceeded by way of Vienna into the Tyrol; and there, at Gastein, seriously took in hand a poem often meditated by him long years previously—one of which, indeed, he had been revolving in his mind the general outline ever since 1844. This was—the only great national epic of our age—"King Arthur." The novelist-poet's imagination was certainly at this epoch in his career busily enough occupied.

Returning to England, he was still labouring (labours of love, both) at "The Caxtons," and at "King Arthur," when, as by a side-blow, he struck off "at a heat," "Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings,"§ a magnificent historical romance, not inaptly designated a prose epic, by an appreciative reviewer of it in the *Edinburgh*. Forth then in succession came the

* *The New Timon*, a Poem. Colburn. 4 parts, 1846. 1 vol., 1847.

† *Lucretia; or, The Children of Night*. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, 1847.

‡ *A Word to the Public*. By the Author of "Lucretia," pp. 60. Saunders and Otley, 1847.

§ *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*. 3 vols. Bentley, 1848.

two other works recently mentioned, each in turn rapidly brought to a state of completion; each in turn a masterpiece. "Harold," it is true, though it had actually gone through the press, was yet for a while delayed in its publication by a generous impulse on the part of the publisher, namely, in respect for the deep affliction of its author, bereaved at that moment of his only daughter. This occurred in the spring time of 1848, the first instalment of "*King Arthur*"* appearing in March, and the first instalment of "*The Caxtons*"† in the April following, both anonymously. In each instance, however, the authorship was speedily enough detected. There was no mistaking the mobile voice of "Crichton," or his limber gait, however cunningly adroit the masquerade. Immediately upon the completion of "*King Arthur*," the authorship was avowed in a new edition upon the title-page. When "*The Caxtons*," closing its career as a serial publication, appeared separately as a substantial work, (the mask here, too, thrown aside as superfluous), the author was still endeavouring by travel to distract his mind from the anguish of his late domestic bereavement. Spending the whole of 1849 abroad, he wandered successively through considerable portions of Germany and Switzerland, wiling away the autumn on the Italian lakes, and the winter months at Nice. At the last-mentioned locality he began that very masterly and comprehensive delineation of the "*Varieties of English Life*," which he has emphatically designated "*My Novel*,"‡ an imaginative work of such unwonted dimensions that notwithstanding the earliest instalment of it adorned the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1850, it was only completed in time for collective re-issue in four volumes upon the second new-year's day following. It at once assumed to itself the prerogative of crowning the protracted and diversified labours of Sir Bulwer

Lytton as a romance writer in its character as his undoubted masterpiece.

Meanwhile, in consequence of a memorable statement made in the House of Peers by Lord Derby in respect to the principles which would have guided his administration in the event of his having proved more successful in his then recent efforts at the formation of a cabinet, Bulwer Lytton conceived that the time had at length arrived when he might judiciously vindicate the views he himself had sustained now during seventeen years consecutively with unwavering perseverance—opinions which had come at last to be not only intimately associated, but absolutely identified with party, and which had now been signally and decisively proclaimed by the noble Earl as part and parcel of the policy of his proposed government. Hence appeared the famous "*Letters to John Bull*,"§ which passed rapidly through ten editions, to be afterwards reprinted in a popular form for wider circulation. Hitherto Sir Edward had been repeatedly invited by both parties in his country to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of Hertfordshire. The "*Letters*," by clearly elucidating the scope and tendency of his political sentiments, enabled him, at length, to accept a requisition his answer to which had been until then necessarily delayed. He consented to allow his name to be put in nomination, and, at the ensuing general election, in the July of 1852, was triumphantly returned—re-entering the House of Commons as M.P. for Herts, after an absence of eleven years from the deliberations of Parliament. Since then his career in the Legislature has been, to say the least of it, sufficiently conspicuous. Both as an orator and as a statesman he has, within the last six years, materially advanced and elevated his reputation. Inasmuch that it is now merely by a sort of inevitable gradation that he assumes his place upon the Treasury Bench as a Cabinet Minister, accepting the seals of office as one of Her

* *King Arthur*: an Epic, in Twelve Books. Colburn. Three parts, 1848. 1 vol. (Avowed), 1849.

† *The Caxtons*: a Family Picture. 3 vols. Blackwood and Sons, 1849.

‡ *My Novel*: or, *Varieties of English Life*. 4 vols. Blackwood and Sons, 1851.

§ *Letters to John Bull, Esq.* 8vo., pp. 104. Chapman and Hall. 1851.

Majesty's three Secretaries of State, and taking up his allotted position at the Council Board of his Sovereign as among the ranks of the Privy Counsellors.

Nevertheless, even during his active parliamentary career, he has still been faithful to literature. Have we not delightful evidence of this, even now, from month to month, in the pages of our Edinburgh contemporary, wherein, during the year last past, the latest of Sir Bulwer Lytton's romances has been appearing—is still appearing—periodically? Already—though we are yet manifestly far removed from the date of its completion—it gives assurance of taking high rank, if not even the highest rank, among the most brilliant of his great prose fictions—among the most remarkable effusions of his poetic and romantic imagination. “What will he do with it?”—happily already completed in manuscript—may yet prove, indeed, beyond even “My Novel,” the *chef d'œuvre* of our northern Boccaccio.

The collective novels of Bulwer Lytton, it is here worth bearing in remembrance (having previously been published in a stereotyped edition at six shillings a volume, and subsequently in a serial form originally issued in weekly numbers, price three halfpence), ultimately appeared in a shape yet more popular, and at a cost yet more reasonable—the copyright of the cheap edition having been purchased for £20,000 by the Messrs. Routledge. Nevertheless, yet another edition of Sir Edward's writings still, we believe, remains to this day what every puff advertiser is in the habit of calling a *desideratum*—a handsome library edition, we mean, embracing within it not only his prose fictions, his novels, and romances—not even, with those also, his poetical and dramatic productions—but a comprehensive collection of the whole of his works indiscriminately. An accumulation of his labours, including, among other things, a selection of the most effective speeches he is known to have delivered either within or without the walls of the Legislature—foremost among the latter, his inimitable

“Address to the Associated Society of the University of Edinburgh;”† pre-eminent among the former, the oration by which he may be said to have inaugurated his return to Parliament, when, in a speech immediately afterwards, described by the right hon. member for Buckinghamshire as one of the most masterly ever given to the House, he demanded from all sides alike a fair trial for the newly-organized administration. Comprised, moreover, within the compass of this one comprehensive edition of his writings, should be his various contributions to the periodicals—not merely those (already collected) written by him as editor of the *New Monthly* and the *Monthly Chronicle*, but others of a very miscellaneous kind, still scattered through the different Quarterlies. His luminous papers in the *Edinburgh*, on the “Writings of Sir Thomas Browne,” on Forster's “Life of Oliver Goldsmith,” on “The History of English Poetry,” by Chateaubriand. His equally able reviews in the *Westminster* on the “Statesmen of the reign of Anne,” and on the “Poet Gray and his obligations to Classical Literature.” Moreover, beyond even the best of these, his remarkable historical treatise in the *Foreign Quarterly* on “The Reign of Terror and the French Revolution.”

Altogether, we have here been taking a rapid survey of a literary career the mere mechanical industry of which has evidenced itself—while the author is yet in the full vigour of his maturity—by the production of some eighty goodly volumes, to say nothing of a swarm of minor and uncollected compositions. As to the genius expressed by those writings, that has long since stamped itself in indelible characters upon the popular memory among the glories of the national literature.

And the author himself, in whose wizard right hand the pen has thus transformed itself into the wand of the magician! A saunter down to Westminster, any afternoon when the House is sitting, will enable you readily enough, even though you chance to be a novice in the scene—supposing you,

* *What will he do with it?* Parts i. to xiv. *Blackwood's Magazine*. 1857–1858.

† *Address to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh*. 8vo., pp. 28. Blackwood and Sons. 1854.

of course, to have prudentially armed yourself beforehand with the requisite *Open sesame*—to recognize Sir Bulwer Lytton seated there upon the front Treasury Bench among the leaders of Her Majesty's Government. Already, "stranger" though you are in the Commons, numerous published portraits, together with abundant political caricatures, have rendered you perfectly well acquainted, at a glance, with many a familiar countenance. There, lounging behind the green box of office, upon those coveted cushions—beds too often rather of thorns than roses—the Leader of the House—you know him upon the instant. The features of Vivian Grey saddened and matured, with the ringlets of Sidonia thinned but still clustering. And there, beside him—not less instant the recognition—his ministériel colleague, the new Colonial Secretary. Portraits he, too, has had abundantly; and thanks to Mr. Chalon, one memorable

caricature. Happiest among all those well-known portraits, the life-like sketch by Mr. Lane, the academy's associated engraver and draughtsman. Better than the profile outline by Count d'Orsay, than the other profile sketch by Mr. F. Say—better, by far, than the ambitious painting by Van Holst—better even (that inimitable pencilling of Lane's) than the noble, idealised portrait by Daniel Maclise, R.A., who has there, in truth, portrayed—in a picture constituting, nevertheless, a vivid likeness of Sir Bulwer Lytton—the head of Zanoni, upon the form of Godolphin, clad in the garb of Pelham. Our attention, however, is now no longer directed to the poet-novelist; but, rather than that, to the orator-statesman. In the latter two-fold capacity he has but just now assumed, for the first time, the responsibilities of an administrator. In that new character—frankly, heartily, we wish him God-speed!

GREYSON'S LETTERS.

MR. GREYSON's letters remind us of that useful household manual, "Inquire within for everything." Like a book of recipes, it touches on everything, from cookery to conscience, from the sensations of a convalescent at the smell of roast mutton, up to the problem of existence and the future state. In our grandmother's days, a book of recipes was a lady's *vade mecum*. It is the same still; but the recipes are wonderfully extended and varied. Mr. Greyson has a good deal to say about cookery, and his own strange experiences in the kitchen; he has a word by the way on homœopathy, and has a good many infallible cures for aching hearts and idle hands. He has, over and above, an infallible nostrum of his own, a snuff of the most pungent kind, the "titilating dust" of wit with which he powders his pages. Book clubs should order forthwith a book that has something for every palate—a

sort of Chow Chow of letters. Mr. Greyson is the king of court jesters: he says the wisest things in the archest way; his drollery is a disguise to his doctrine; in his droll way, and with ringing laugh, something slips out that makes his reader "laugh on t'other side." He is, take him all in all, and we hope he will not resent the compliment, "the wisest fool in Christendom."

Why is it—and we look to Aristotle in vain for a solution of the puzzle—why is it that there is no mean state of the habit of humour; wit in men's composition is always in excess or defect? You may take an average of one hundred men with another, and you will find that the whole sum of wit is made up by a few having too much, and the many too little. It is a cruel case that Dame Nature, to make one witty man, must produce nine dull men, as nine generations of the aphids are sterile, before one

Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of the Eclipse of Faith. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Eighth Edition, Vol. VI. Art., Bishop Butler, by Henry Rogers. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.

perfect insect is formed. But when it comes, its fecundity is monstrous—it lays eggs for itself and a progeny to the ninth generation. So with a witty man, he deals his jokes about as if the fun of the age fecundated only in him. His pen is an ovipositor, ever dripping with mots. He is always producing in season and out of season. He buzzes in church, about the dusty cushions of the pulpit, and drops into the white-up-turned eye below deposits like that which turned Tobit blind. He darts round the dinner-table, dips his wings into every wine glass, and the dullest company drink in wine and wit together. Once in a century, the ova of wit impregnate a parson's brain, and he writes pamphlets like Swift, or novels like Sterne. The unhappy possessor of this useless ornament, wears it as the toad is said to wear the precious jewel, in his head. Envied and hated by his more serious neighbours, he revenges himself by spilling venom on all things sacred and profane. The *lusus nature* in the church, thinks himself at liberty to sport at those who make sport of him, and generally ends unhappily to himself and others. Great wit to madness oftenest is allied in churchmen, because the thin partitions between the sublime and the ridiculous are broken down in their composition, and the thoughts that solemnize nine men out of ten, only sharpen their sense of the ludicrous.

On the other hand, the defect of wit is as marked as its excess. Bishop Butler is an instance, in one extreme, as Swift in the other. The mind that could discourse on the Analogy, must have been witless in the common sense of the word, for what is wit but the discovery of surface relations between things essentially unlike; while analogy discovers hidden resemblances between things externally unlike. The too qualities are in opposition, so that to excel in the one, seems to require a want of perception of the other. Wit is reason inchoate and unfinished. Every active mind blossoms out into wit. Some few minds ripen into the full fruit of analogy; but very few, indeed, as Sheridan says of the orange tree, bear both blossoms and fruit at once—retain the power of producing fancied and false analogies out of the differences of things, as well as real

analogies out of their resemblances. All true poetry partakes of this higher kind of analogy, of which wit is the specious blossom. The wit has all the *disjecta membra poetæ*, but misshapen and out of place. He is the hunchback Æsop among poets; and, therefore, every wit is a “minor” poet, and every poet a full grown wit.

The price, then, that genius pays for an excess of the power of analogy, is the defect of wit. It is almost ludicrous to remark the admirers of Butler attempting to detect in the Analogy scintillations of wit. Thus, Mr. Rogers, his latest biographer, says, “Butler is by no means without that dry sort of humour which often accompanies very vigorous logic, and, indeed, is in some sense inseparable from it; for the neat detection of a sophism, or the sudden and unexpected explosion of a fallacy, produces much the same effect as wit on those who are capable of enjoying close and cogent reasoning. There is also a kind of simple, grave, satirical pleasantry with which he sometimes states and refutes an objection, by no means without its piquancy.” We are told that those who have kept hedgehogs, have caught that bristly beast in a playful mood; but we would as soon think of tickling ourselves with the quills upon a fretful porcupine, as laughing over Bishop Butler's “satirical pleasantry.” No, in spite of Professor Rogers, we repeat, that the sublime and the ludicrous do not go together, and that excess of “analogy” is compensated for by defect of wit. Happily for us, in Greyson's letters, we have the balance righted between the two. The Bishop is in defect of wit, and his commentator in excess; and so we are cajoled with Butler's philosophy, as children are cajoled with the multiplication table, by slicing oranges and apples for the Arabic numerals.

Since minds, then, are so constituted that they must be either always witty, or always witless, we can no more blame Mr. Greyson for indulging in his joke, at the expense of all the proprieties, than we do Falstaff for getting fat, and loving capons and sherry sack. If it is some men's star, as Horace tells us, that Melpomene should preside at their birth, so that they are poets by destiny, others are jokers

by destiny. Some lisp in numbers for the numbers come, and others crack jokes at every step. Every word they drop is detonating powder, and life a series of explosions of mirth. Mr. Greyson is a case of incorrigible joking: it is no use to bid him be serious. Mr. Greyson (or Henry Rogers, for the anagram must out sooner or later,) has made sport of Deism over many a page of pleasant English. The Eclipse of Faith was a grand hunt, and bristles and tusks went down under the sharp spear of truth. No wonder that this mighty hunter stirred up many enemies. The "Nimrod" of Faith, and the Nemesis of Faith, met and closed in personal combat, as in heroic times some king of men would call off his dogs, to meet, spear in hand, some king of beasts. Deism and Theism sent out their doughtiest champions, Rogers and Newman, and men held their breath as if a religion of reason or a religion of faith depended upon the issue. There was this curious turn in the fight, that in the scuffle the combatants changed weapons: the champion of Deism got hold of the sword of "the Spirit," and turned it against the Bible champion. On the other hand, Mr. Rogers gleaned up the light arrows of ridicule, which fell blunted against his shield, and flung them back with such force and point, that infidelity fled howling, pierced with his own weapons. We have come to a strange pass, when rationalism boasts of its "unction," its "spiritual" insight, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." On the other hand, it is equally strange, we see the seat of the scornful occupied by the Christian advocate, ridicule taken up as the test of truth, and Mr. Newman's followers writing down the Eclipse of Faith in the *National Review*, under the title of "Unspiritual Religion."

Unspiritual Professor Rogers! We wonder that religious men do not put you out of their company. Truly, your ridicule must be the test of truth when spiritualism itself was not proof against it. If he is sure to be worsted who has lost his temper, then we must give it against Mr. Newman; and though you are a graceless fellow, without any "unction" or spiritual insight, acknowledge that you got the best of it.

In Greyson's letters we have the

controversy with Deism carried on in the same mock serious style. Voltaire had an absurd theory that the actors in a Greek tragedy wore a mask with a serious face painted on one side, and a comic on the other; and that to act the tragedy, they looked eyes right, and in comedy, faced round and acted eyes left. By some such expedient, clumsy though it be, must we explain the singular delusion of Mr. Greyson's style. There is such a violent contrast, at times, between matter and manner, that he borders on the profane; and if the spiritual are scandalized, we must only call in the *National Review* to lecture him on religious levity. In one sense, at least, Mr. Newman's writings are *sermoni propria* than Professor Rogers'—as Charles Lamb translated it, *properer for a sermon*.

We have had a comic History of England, and a comic Latin Grammar. Greyson's letters are in many respects the comic Bishop Butler. The "dry light" of the great moralist is taken out and hung in a paper lantern, stuck over with fancies droll as Chinese figures; and thus the grave Bishop is set to teach young ladies, by an amusing illustration—a great truth is set within the reach of the simplest understanding, and plain people find themselves deep in the principles of the Analogy, as Mr. Jourdain talking prose without knowing it.

Take, as an instance: writing to a young lady on the subject of novel reading, he reminds her of Bishop Butler's well-known distinction, "that from our very faculty of habits, passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker, and that practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts." Now, the frequent repetition of that species of emotion which fiction stimulates, tends to prevent benevolence, because it is out of proportion to corresponding action. It is like that frequent going over the theory of virtue in our own thoughts, which, as Butler says, so far from being auxiliary to it, may be obstructive to it.

As novel reading tends, then, to cultivate the emotions rather than the practical habits, Mr. Greyson suggests to his young friend to keep a sort of debtor and creditor account of sentimental indulgence, and practical benevolence.

"I do not care if your pocket-book contains some such memoranda as these: 'For the sweet tears I shed over the romantic sorrows of Charlotte Devereux, sent three basins of gruel and a flannel petticoat to poor old Molly Brown.' 'For sitting up three hours beyond the time over the "Bandit's Bride," gave half-a-crown to Billy Smith.' 'My sentimental agonies over the "Broken Heart" cost me three visits to the Orphan Asylum, and two extra hours of Dorcas Society work.' 'Two quarts of caudle to poor Jobson's wife, and some gabardines to his ragged children, on account of a good cry over the pathetic story of the "Forsaken One."'

It is seldom that wisdom takes wit into partnership with it. The modern preacher, unlike Solomon, seldom gives his heart to find out "witty inventions;" and a flash of humour, or one of those touches of nature that make the whole world one, have gone out of fashion in modern pulpits. It would be as hard to revive the "funeral bake-meats," or funeral games of another age, as the witty conceits of Donne, South, or Andrews; but it would certainly improve the style of many modern preachers if they would relieve their seriousness with some of Mr. Greyson's levity. The press is fast distancing the pulpit, and our lay preachers putting us out of conceit with our Sunday performances. So the clergy could not do better than take a few hints from letters like these.

Take another instance of these witty inventions of our lay preacher. Quoting the Greek epigram to the effect that it would be a good thing if the headache came before the drinking-bout, instead of after it. He proceeds:—

"Certainly, with even less than that, we should find the morals of mankind wonderfully improved; I mean, if retribution were but simultaneous with transgression; if, for example, that thing we call Conscience were attached to one of the vertebræ, and, at the same time that it warned us, began to tug away at some exquisitely sensitive nerve. What alderman would gloat on venison, if, after having taken as much as was good for him, Conscience, the moment he sent up for a superfluous slice, admonished him of his folly by a sudden fit of the colic, instead of a sleepy, dozy intimation, that ten or twenty years hence, if he lived so long, he would repent it; or if a liar, the moment his tongue began to wag,

found his face blushing with St. Anthony's fire, instead of the faint tints of shame; or if a thief detected the incipient feeling of covetousness by a desperate contemporaneous twinge of gout in his great toe; or if the hypocrite (as according to Swedenborg's notion of 'spiritual correspondences' he is, or ought to be,) were told of his fault by a swinging paroxysm of toothache!"

It is not easy to imagine a parody of Aristotle: the Nichomachean Ethics offer as few points for a lively fancy to let out on as the most serious discourse of the modern pulpit; but the following seems to be an amusing version of Aristotle's account of voluntary and non-voluntary virtue. Compare, for instance, what Aristotle says about pleasure and pain as attending virtuous actions—that virtue at first is irksome and attended with self-denial, but that afterwards the irksomeness ceases, and the self-denial disappears, so that perfect virtue almost ceases to be virtue, and it is difficult to say that the gods are virtuous. Compare Aristotle's well-known paradox with the following witty comment on it:—

"I have a friend, eminently virtuous, temperate, gentle, compassionate, with all his appetites singularly under controul. I was complimenting him a little the other day on his happy temperament, when I observed an expression of nausea, as if he had taken a dose of tartar emetic. 'My dear friend,' said he, 'know that the virtue on which you compliment me is, between ourselves, nothing but selfishness; so never compliment me again, for it makes me wretched. My conscience—a morbid one, if you will—has somehow got entangled with my nervous system, and I cannot think an evil thought without torture. If I see the hungry and feel disposed to pass them unrelieved, I seem immediately seized with pangs of hunger myself. I have no peace till I have satisfied my own stomach by filling those of other people, and may thus be said to feed myself by other people's mouths. In the same manner, if an emotion of covetousness obtrudes itself, I have an immediate sensation in my throat and chest, just like what we feel in company when we have bolted a hot morsel and sent it hissing down the throat; because we could neither pull it out, nor keep it in the mouth. If I have any feeling of disingenuousness, that moment my too physical conscience warns me by a film over my eyes; and if I were to tell a lie, I do believe she would strike me stone

blind at once. In short, between ourselves, my virtue, as you call it, is mere deception, disguised selfishness. I wonder whether any one has been similarly affected. Ah, how I sigh for the power to do one good thing unrestrained! What can be more wretched than involuntary virtue?"

The conclusion Mr. Greyson comes to from this very whimsical, but alas very imaginary case of a man good by constraint is, that our ordinary state of probation is good for us. As in Leibnitz Theodicee, the world we inhabit is shown to be the best possible of all conceivable kinds; and of all the Sexti—the Sextus Tarquinius, that monster of cruelty—was the best possible for Rome and the hereafter of mankind: so of all the conceivable dispositions of mind and matter, that is the best possible in which we exist now, "self-poised by active vital forces from within, not kept upright by painful bands and ligatures; by right motives, not by material springs and pulleys, which last would reduce us to a sort of Punch and Judy automata of virtue."

The secret of a good deal of Mr. Greyson's humour consists in playing fast and loose with mind and matter, body and soul. Body and soul are treated by him like *Dædalus* statues, and are shifted about and changed from one pedestal to the other. Mind is one thing and matter another; but to run the one into the other, and reason of the one by illustrations taken from the other, is to make a laughing-stock of philosophy. Phrenology, for instance, is a very good joke at mental science. To fit up the brain-box, like a tool-chest, with little compartments: to put the combativeness into one little corner, and time and tune into another; to furnish the top story with recreation and the brain-cellar with destruction, is a very funny description of human nature. We have seen a section of the brain allotted out into compartments, with coloured designs of what is going on in these different compartments. In one little bump in the back of the head Cupid is crouching away in philoprogenitiveness; and as many as the arrows in Cupid's hand, so many are the young children: happy is the man who has his quiver full of them in the posterior lobe of his brain! In another compartment the

combative man (an Irishman, we presume) is flourishing a sprig of shillelagh over the body of a prostrate Pat; while bounded off only by thin partitions, a young lady in the bump of tune is playing an accompaniment to the rattle of sticks and skulls in combativeness. Number, all the while, is performing silent feats of arithmetic, and looking puzzled to know what all that noise can mean; and veneration, sweet saint, looks up from all the turmoil, to intercede for this distracted globe, into which the passions have been crowded so close that they have not room to turn, and the soul's mansion has become a crazy tenement, let out to small lodgers—a set of fiddlers, tramps, journeymen cobblers, sweeps—who have turned it upside down, and make as much noise as if the whole house were their own. Make a clean sweep of these rascally squatters, and set up a strong will, as major-domo again, is the only remedy for such pitiable folly. There is nothing like a good coloured engraving to show the foolery of modern phrenology. It is hard to believe that its advocates could ever in sober earnest have believed in this mind-in-matter theory. To lodge a *mens sana* in the *corpore sano* can be no easy matter, if the brain is honey-combed out with separate cells for each separate desire or function. The theory confutes itself, and can only be met by a discharge of broad grins and guffaws from the bump of risibility.

But this phrenological talk, which cannot be endured when put forward *au grand sérieux* by polysyllabic professors, who keep colleges on the New Road, and open classes for ladies under a *Frau Professorinn*, becomes an exhaustless fund of wit when opened up by such writers as Mr. Greyson. We all know that mind thinks and acts through matter. There is evidently some connexion—no doubt a very close one—between the two. Exaggerate that ever so little—an inch to a man's nose—and you get a capital caricature. Mr. Dickens is a great caricaturist of this kind. Every physiognomy is a kind of jelly-bag, into which he pours the rich juice of humour. All his facestwinkle, and wriggle and jerk, as marionettes on a puppet-stage. Mr. Dickens' characters are all too expressive. His humble man is eating hum-

ble pie, and his mercantile man totting up imaginary figures. Mrs. Merdle's bosom heaves and swells from one end of her fat existence to the other. She could be described by a cab-man as a "stout party that belongs to the bosom." Unlike stage properties in general, it is Mrs. Merdle who is false, and the bosom only real. The rest of the character is only "stuffing" to fit on to this one funny thought. In all this we have the exaggeration of the connexion of mind and matter. The folly of phrenology is the fun of novelists. Mr. Greyson has a powerful vein of this humour. By a delicate stroke or two he dashes off such a pre-established harmony between mind and matter that the mind's oddities crop out in the body, as Gall supposed the hidden soul bumps out on the cranium.

Take as an instance of this amusing harmony between body and mind. Talking of a young knave, who looked the truth while his tongue told the lie, he says:—

"I account none lost so long as there is schism in the body corporate; so long as Conscience can get one organ fairly to contradict another: when ruddy shame sits on the cheeks, and lurking truth looks out from the eyes, however the tongue may bluster. The saddest of all spectacles is when Truth can get no organ to plead her cause; when the hardened brow and the unflinching eye, as well as the tongue, are in league against her, then, indeed, I give up all for lost. When truth looks no longer out from the eye; when the light is darkened and the curtains drawn in the window of the soul, I know she lies dead and is corrupting within. It is curious to see with how much more difficulty the eye can be corrupted than the tongue, and how when the latter is asseverating falsehood with oath upon oath (impudent knave!) the eye often still calmly does homage to truth and looks 'yes, yes, yes' as fast as the other says 'no, no, no.'

"'Betwixt nose and eyes a strange contest arose,' says Cowper, in his amusing little lawsuit respecting the spectacles. "It is a far more important and less humorous cause that is often pleading between the tongue and the eye. If they had a separate consciousness how mad would the tongue be that the eye is apt to be such a blab and tell-tale, and so inopportunist turns king's evidence! 'What need had you to put in your oar and spoil all?' one might

imagine it saying. 'Why could you not be quiet.'"

Another instance of wit arising from the confusion between mind and matter, is in a letter to C. Mason, Esq., on the discoveries of Dr. Halls's microscope:—

"Who will not wish," he says, "that he may go on and prosper in thus unearthing human iniquity from its subtle retreats in infinitesimal atoms, when it thought to lie *perdu* as securely as in its own invisible thought."

The idea of detecting adulteration is too good to be restricted to things eaten and drunk, so he proposes a moral solar microscope, that should lay bare, in a similar manner, all the foreign ingredients—the adulterate mixtures—which enter into the composition of spurious virtue:—

"How amusing the report of analysis into these would read! How we should find, on examination, a hundred pound donation to—Hospital by Alderman—, prompted by only two per cent. of charity, combined with ninety-eight per cent. of vanity and ostentation. A fine specimen, apparently, of devotion turning out, on being closely inspected, little else than chips of rites and ceremonies and the saw-dust of formality, and with scarcely one per cent. of genuine devotion in it. A parcel of zeal, of the true vermilion dye, to all appearance, plainly consisting, when subjected to a higher power, of the vulgar, blood-red counterfeit of hatred and intolerance. A huge mass of unctuous religious talk, utterly destitute of a single particle of sincerity, the article being entirely composed of rancid 'cant,' scented with the essence of hypocrisy. An eloquent discourse of the Rev. Mr. Blarney discerned to have but five per cent. of genuine emotion in it—the tears and pathos, warranted real, being nothing but old 'theatrical properties.' The decorous sorrows of an undertaker seen at a glance, and with scarcely higher power than that of common spectacles, to be nothing but downright hilarity painted black. The deep dejection of an heir to a large estate discerned to be similarly constituted. The tears of a whole party in a mourning-coach found to exhibit the merest tincture of genuine grief for the deceased, what other emotion there was being the result of disappointed expectations. Such are some of the analyses one might expect to see if we had but this wonder-working instrument, a moral solar microscope; but, perhaps, it is as well for us all that there is none."

Take another amusing example of the beard controversy pressed into the cause of theology. Mr. Greyson met a youngster who, though not old enough to have a beard, was old enough to be an Atheist, which he owned with that sweet complacency with which so many sucking philosophers of our day, after reading Compton on the Vestiges, do the like :—

“He professed to have a reverence for his beard as a gift of nature, and to think it a sort of profanity to shave it. He innocently asked me *why* we should shave away ‘what nature had given us?’ ‘Why,’ said I, ‘suppose nature has made a mistake in giving us such a thing, is it not wise to rectify it?’ ‘Made a mistake!’ said he. ‘Yes,’ said I; ‘nothing more easy according to *your* hypothesis, for you confess to Atheism. Why may not the beard be an error of nature? If unintelligent laws of development, or unconscious necessity, or blind chance has made the world and beards, I see no reason why you should suppose every thing for the best; and as you have intelligence, at least *think* so,’ I continued, smiling, ‘and the universe has *none*, you and all of us ought to be allowed to reform, alter, and amend at pleasure.’ It was not easy to see how to defend the orthodoxy of wearing beards as a gift of nature on such a theory.”

Curiously enough, the argument from final causes—from the existence of pilosity in man and beast—is pronounced by Bacon not as wanting, but as ill-placed :—

“For the cause that the hairs of the eyelids are to preserve the sight is no way contradictory to this—that pilosity is incident to the orifices of moisture.”

It is perfectly fair to catch a Positivist tripping; and if, after rejecting final causes altogether, he will insist on wearing a beard, because Nature herself “designed” man to be adorned with this bushy appendage to his visage, it is evident that he uses the idea of a Presiding Intelligence, as the heathens do their idols—to be invoked when the occasion calls for it, and then laid aside in a dark corner, out of sight, till wanted again.

To Mr. Greyson—or to drop at once the *alias* which is no longer a concealment—to Mr. Rogers’ admiration for Bishop Butler we may attribute the peculiar line of argument he has followed out in his controversy with modern Deism. Divines now-a-days

have very generally given up the pursuit of the old, slippery shade of non-belief; they have preferred to set forward—rightly, as we think—positive truth to hunting out and exposing negative error. There was a time in England when head-money for wolves was the only plan to exterminate them; but these days have long since gone by; we now keep down wild beasts by replenishing the earth and subduing it—as man increases the wild beast decreases. So it is with forms of unbelief or misbelief; they exist only on sufferance till a better truth comes to dislodge them. Plato’s maxim—“No man is willingly ignorant”—expresses, at least, one-half of a great spiritual truth—that the heart abhors a vacuum, and that a cold shadow of religion will occupy the uninhabited heart, as ghosts and rats infest the upper and under premises of uninhabited houses.

Mr. Rogers, following Bishop Butler’s example, has resolved to argue men out of their belief in ghosts, not by taking down the shutters and letting in day-light on the dust and mould within, but by showing us that it is absurd for those who believe in spirits within the house to scout all belief in spirits outside the house. Mr. Rogers, indeed, goes farther than the Bishop. He stretches the use of analogy, as demonstrative against Deism, farther than it has ever been stretched before.

We quote the following from a life of Bishop Butler contributed by Mr. Rogers to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* :—

“Further, we cannot but think that the conclusiveness of Butler’s work, as against its true object, the *Deist*, has often been underrated by many of its most genuine admirers. Thus, Dr. Chalmers, for instance, affirms that ‘those overrate the power of analogy who look to it for any very distinct or positive contribution to the Christian argument. To repel objections, in fact, is the great service which analogy has rendered to the cause of revelation, and it is the *only* service which we seek for at its hands.’ This, abstractedly, is true; but, in fact, considering the position of the bulk of the objectors, that they have been invincibly persuaded of the truth of Theism, and that their objections to Christianity have been exclusively or chiefly of the kind dealt with in the ‘Analogy,’ the work is much more than an *argumentum ad hominem*—it is not simply of negative

value. To such *objectors* it logically establishes the truth of Christianity, or it forces them to recede from Theism, which the bulk will not do. If a man says, 'I am invincibly persuaded of the truth of proposition A, but I cannot receive proposition B, because objections *a, b, c* are opposed to it; if these were removed, my objections would cease.' Then, if you can show that *a, b, c* equally apply to the proposition A, his reception of which, he says, is based on invincible evidence, you do really compel such a man to believe that not only B *may* be true, but that it *is* true, unless he is willing (which few in the parallel case are) to abandon proposition A as well as B. This is precisely the condition in which the majority of Deists have ever been, if we may judge from their writings."

Now, this criticism on Butler explains to us Mr. Rogers' short and easy method with the Deists of his day. He has declared war against the Bedouins of non-belief, and determined not only to drive them away from the frontier line of the faith, but even to exterminate them in their mountain fastnesses. Surrender or die is the last summons sent in to the Deist, shut in in his gloomy cavern, hemmed in by armed men, and all retreat cut off. The straw is piled up, the match is applied, and nothing remains for the poor Deist but to die the death of the Atheist or to surrender to this Christian Pelissier.

We fear Mr. Rogers makes too much of his Analogy. The method with the Deist is not quite so short and easy as many of those modern champions of Christendom think. Their error is, that they mistake their adversary's position—they judge of his tactics by their own. To the Christian mind there is nothing between "the truth as it is in Jesus" and blank, utter Atheism. St. Paul says, for instance, that, if driven from his settled faith in the resurrection of Christ, he should fall back into Epicurean indifference—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But the Deist is seldom driven to such a dilemma. On the one hand, he has less assurance; on the other hand, less doubt. We soar into the highest heaven of faith, over the dark abyss of non-belief; and those who have never soared, have never seen the yawning chasm into which others have fallen. Faith builds her nest with the eagle on the

brink of a precipice; she tries her young wings over that abyss, and her first flutter sunwards and heavenwards shows her the depths into which she may fall through presumption or unbelief. But generally, if not always, your Deist is a mind of a very different order. It believes in matter and general laws, and an over-soul, and feels no more bound to tell you the exact being of that over-soul, whether One or Many, whether immanent in matter, or transcending matter, than to tell you what matter itself consists in, or how many general laws there are in the universe. You cannot put to a mind of this sort the alternative between Theism and Atheism. He is not quite sure what kind of Theist he is, so that your threat of considering him an Atheist, is a *brutum fulmen* which terrifies him not. A cannon-shot will, it is said, break a water-spout, and ships have been saved by thus boldly facing the danger. So when Deism attacks Christianity, analogy will break and disperse that great sea-serpent of cloud and spray, that erects itself to overwhelm the truth. But we must be content with our victory. Analogy cannot coerce belief. Logic has done all it can do for us, when it shows that Christianity is highly reasonable, and a middle state of Deism highly unreasonable. But it is for every one to make up his mind for himself, whether the reasonableness on the one side, and unreasonableness on the other, are so great that he must give up his neutrality, and take a decided stand on the side of Christ.

Mr. Rogers complains that the argument from analogy is underrated, and proceeds accordingly, as we think, to overrate it. He admits that there are objections *a, b, c*, against revealed religion, but replies that the same objections tell against natural; and that if we accept natural religion *notwithstanding* these difficulties, that we are bound to do the same by revealed. But there is this essential difference between the two cases: revealed religion presupposes the existence of difficulties in natural religion. It is *on account* of these difficulties that a revelation is supposed to be given. It is a cruel way to clear up the difficulties of belief by telling us of the difficulties of unbelief. I know that already, and it is because I want to get

rid of objections *a, b, c*, that I fly to revelation, not because I want to see a kind of negative correspondence between the written and unwritten word. It is a mistake, then, to push Butler's argument too far. It is a good *argumentum ad hominem*, but nothing more; it confutes, but it can never convince.

When doubt is one-sided, and men begin to pick and choose what articles of faith they will accept, and what reject, according to an arbitrary standard of their own, it is perfectly fair to call upon them to show why they reject one article, for which there is as good evidence as for the other. We have no right, for instance, to pick out the supernatural parts out of the Gospel History, and to take the rest as a trustworthy historical narrative. The writers are worthy of our entire confidence, or none at all. Analogy is thus an invaluable weapon against that state of half scepticism which is so common in our day; but it tells against the dogmatic side of Deism, not its sceptical. The Paladin's sword that could cleave through a Paynim's cap and skull, was beating the air when it struck at Spirits. Reason can only cope with unreason—*similia similibus*—unbelief glides away from the broadsword of analogy. It sweeps and passes out into thin air. Analogy having delivered her testimony in the shape of the *argumentum ad hominem*, and rolled back upon Deism the absurdity supposed to lie against Christianity, has done all it can do. It is entering on a very perilous task indeed, in counting up the difficulties of the two creeds, Deist and Christian, to admit that the two stand even on a like footing. The fact is, that the same objections, *a, b, c*, do not apply to revealed religion as to natural. The difficulties of Theism are the existence of evil, physical and moral, and the blind action of general laws. These three objections (we will call them *a, b, c*) dim my conception of the divine power and goodness—in short, they interrupt the passage of thought from nature up to nature's God. Now, so far from these objections, *a, b, c*, being reproduced in the Bible, they are the three that the Bible seems given to set aside or account for. The Bible has difficulties of its own, we admit. Why all are not saved; why redemp-

tion in Christ was not sooner preached to men; and why still the Gospel makes such slow way in the world. But these (we will call them *x, y, z*) are of a different kind from the *a, b, c*, above enumerated. They may be inseparable from our finite view of things, and God may hereafter clear them up; but revelation seems to be not given to clear up these objections, *a, b, c*, of natural religion. The Bible does not tell us the origin of evil, but it tells us the origin of evil in men. It does not tell us why God acts through general laws, but it tells us that special providences are also part of his government—yea, that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Rightly interpreted, it is the key to the mystery of natural religion, not another lock with wards as intricate. Revealed religion comes to us as the angel to sleeping Peter, to cause the gates and bars of our prison of nature to fly open of themselves. It does not tell us, it is true, why it came to us rather than others, or why we fell into prison, or when the decree for our release went forth; but these objections are of quite a different kind from the solid chains and bars that lay on us in our state of nature; and would he not be in a waking dream who should stand in the street and rub his eyes over the new class of objections into which he was introduced—who should draw up an analogy between the bolts and bars inside the prison, and the doubts of a waking consciousness outside the prison? The contrast, not the correspondence between the two, is that which most strikes us on comparing natural and revealed religion. Our objections, then, to Mr. Rogers' statement of the use of analogy may be summed up as follows:—

1. A revelation should not repeat the difficulties found in natural religion, but rather explain them.

2. The objections to natural religion are less in degree, as well as different in kind, from these in revealed. For the one end in time, the other are carried forward into eternity.

3. Natural religion carries with it no corresponding obligation to duty: the Deist is not bound, therefore, to renounce his Deism because he cannot prove it.

In conclusion, we have to express our thanks to the proprietors of the

Encyclopædia Britannica for such additions to their stately quartos as this short life of Bishop Butler, by Henry Rogers. *De minimis non curat lex*, is a lax principle too often adopted by compilers of such Cyclopean books as the *Britannica*. The dissertations and most important treatises are all that call for special attention, and the rest is thrown in as dust and rubble is filled in by dishonest builders between the outer and inner walls of a house. This edition of the *Britannica* is distinguished in this, that some of the most distinguished names in English literature are found contributing a page here and there of mature and ripe criticisms, worthy of being detached and set by themselves.

"Hindoo architects," says Bishop

Heber, "build like giants and finish like goldsmiths." Such granite and marble, inlaid with precious stones, are the pages of this mausoleum of learning. In standing before the Taj Mahal, we do not say it is above praise, but we are put above fault-finding. So with a work like this new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, its omissions, if many, are more than out-balanced by its splendid additions. It is the standard work of reference of the age, and all we can wish for it is, that when left behind, as it must some years hence, in the march of science, a new edition will be called for and brought down to the time as completely as this eighth edition has been.

RIDES UPON MULES AND DONKEYS.—NO. I.

HOW WE RODE TO THE WADY NATROON.

STRANGE to say, Ali Mousa knows nothing of the way there; he to whom the Nile trip, the long desert and the short, are as familiar as is the drive from Sackville-street to the Phoenix to a Dublin carman: he positively knows nothing of the way there, but has a friend, a Copt, from whom he will gather that information, which tendered by ourselves, appears to him apocryphal, though he is too civil to say so.

Dear readers, such of you as have not "done your Egypt" yet, out with your note-books, and in spite of this shortcoming, down with the name of this same Ali Mousa. You shall do well, take our word for it—ours who, mind you, are at our "Egypt revisited"—for where shall you find readily, a smarter, handsomer, sturdier, handier fellow than he—a more "marvellously proper man of his inches?"—resolute, plucky, speaking such good, intelligible, and intelligent English as seldom proceeds from the lips of an Egyptian dragoman.

Yes! fail not to inquire from Herr Zech, mine host of the "Peninsular and Oriental" at Alexandria, whether Ali Mousa, the dragoman, be yet disengaged, when you, dear readers, are starting upon your Nile trip: and if, perchance, some freak of a tourist's

fancy should turn you aside to the salt and sandy district of Nitria, Ali Mousa well knows the way there now.

Prosaic enough is the beginning of the journey—and yet, perhaps, it is not quite fair to say so. There is something strange and almost bewildering, as the journals of tourists and Indian transit travellers in abundance have recorded, about the confused jumble of Europeanism and Orientalism which makes up Alexandrine existence. Commonplace enough is a rush to a railway station in the early morning; but, after all, there is something queer in rushing thither on a wriggling, shuffling, galloping donkey, yourself perched on a curiously-padded pack-saddle, and clutching convulsively at a bridle on which jingle, rattle, and clang nondescript ornaments of brass and tin. To run over a street-boy or two on the way may be commonplace enough, likewise; but it is rather queer to see that the prostrate Arab urchin sprawls in company with two blacking brushes and a bottle of liquid Japan, which roll from a box slung over his shoulder, and to find thus that the great shoeblack brigade movement has reached even so far as this, and has embraced, in its beneficent discipline, even these little, trowserless, blacka-

moor followers of Mahommed. Nay, if even one should make his way to the railway station aforesaid after true European fashion, as he may do in an omnibus, there is something new and strange to many in discovering that the stoppage which threatens the calamity of arriving too late for the train is occasioned by no jam of carts, carriages, trucks, or drays, but by the interminable defiling of a long string of ungainly camels, whose many sores and warty excrescences, and patient melancholy looks, almost convert into pity the stormy fierceness roused by the delay which their slow, limping, imperturbable gait has brought about.

But after all, on the platform, or in the first-class carriage, the European, and especially the British variety of the species, is at home. The engine-drivers have, indeed, tarbooshes, or red cloth caps, with long blue silk tassels, on their heads, but their jackets and trowsers are unmistakable British fustians, greased and oiled fantastically after the well-known ordinary British railway fashion. There is a profusion of beard and moustache on the grimy faces, surpassing perhaps that which the moustache movement has introduced of late years at home; but the faces are undoubtedly Newcastle and Gateshead faces which peer out from those hirsute adornments. The locomotive, or more correctly, its tender, has, it is true, a foreign look, by reason of that awning rigged up to protect its ministering stokers from the fierce rays of an Egyptian mid-day sun. But Bolton-le-Moors gleam upon your eyesight from some burnished brass plate upon the panting scarabæus-like body of the engine; and when the whistle and shriek burst upon the ear, that tortured organ seems to detect in shriek and whistle a broad Lancashire twang. You are whisking along by the margin of the Mareotic Lake, which of itself tells no tale of the whereabouts, and might be part of the Wash, or some other fenny district in eastern counties; but the company in which you find your old friends, gulls, snipes, ducks, and herons, will not allow continued indulgence in the delusion, for here flutter zikzaks, the famous friends of the crocodile; there stalk Numidian cranes intermingled with the white ibis; and, farther out, perhaps, the

spoonbills and the pelicans wing a heavy flight, whilst huge brown kites and grey vultures circle overhead.

We must not stay to talk of the stations, even when a town so completely Egyptian as Damanhour, with its mean houses of burnt bricks and mud, topped by white minarets here and there, is overlooked by the loiterer on the platform. No! we are in a hurry; we have, in a breath, refused to purchase roast pigeons, and to pick them as a *bonne bouche*, with our fingers, out of the dish of the dusky vendor, amazed at our want of taste. Hard-boiled eggs we have, in the same breath, declined to purchase from the "Bint," or girl in the long indigo-dyed garments, who scarcely succeeds in hiding in its folds, as she protrudes her tray, her kolil-stained eyes, her short, rounded nose, whence hangs a ring of brass set with a glass bead or two—and her chin, whose dimple is disfigured, if it exist, by the blue device tattooed in lines or dots upon it. But we have eagerly gulped down a tin of cool water, poured from the goatskin slung across that water-carrier's sturdy shoulders; we have hastily crammed our pockets with the oranges bought, after a hasty Oriental bargain conflict, at the rate of five for twopence; and we are once more whirling along, with that Lancashire shriek and whistle quivering through our luckless ear drums—with the rich, deep green, Egyptian fields on either hand, of which we shall have occasion to speak more particularly by-and-by.

And now we are at Kafr-el-Ais, between which and its opposite neighbour, Kafr-e-Zagat, rolls the strong, deep, muddy stream of ancient Father Nile.

Ah! what a clung of hammers, and what panting of steam-oppressed engine lungs! What piles, and planks, and coffer-dams are here! On either bank, what heterogeneous assemblage of mud huts, for Egyptian fellahs or labourers; of railway wooden cottages, for English foremen and mechanics; of canvass or dark hair-cloth tents, for all the swarming Arab population, drawn even from the desert borderland, to help in the great work of bridging over the world-renowned venerable flood with some wonderful, some tubular combination of iron-work and stone!

Ali has preceded us, and scarcely has the ruddy station-master, with his broad, honest, north-country countenance, stowed away for us our baggage within the safe stronghold of his own sitting-room, than he makes his appearance, lamenting the lateness of the hour, for the sun is well past the meridian; and foretelling, as it came to pass, sure enough, that it would be two o'clock, or more, ere the ferry be crossed, the mules saddled, and ourselves away across the fields, making for the point, some thirty miles distant, where we are to strike the Nile again, and cross it once more in the neighbourhood of Teraneh. It was somewhat delusive, that same expression, "the mules saddled," pending the operation, as we sat outside the dingy little coffee-hut, at Kafr-e-Zagat, and sipped scalding grouty coffee, of delicious flavour, out of those tiny China cups without handles, inserted ricketily in "fin-guans," or, as one is tempted to call them, brass egg-cups. As we thus sat and sipped, there would flit across the brain a comfortable vision of such saddles as Alexandrine and Cairene donkeys bear, well stuffed upon the seat, and in the swelling red leather pommel which rises so appropriately to guard the equestrian from that propulsion over the long ears of his steed which its active heels suggest, not seldom, on a sudden. But when the clean-limbed, active, handsome quadrupeds, with eye of vicious omen, were at last produced, that flattering vision was too speedily dispelled, for upon their backs a complicated disposition of stick and antique horse-cloth, fragmentary pads and remnants of old sack, had been compelled, with no small effort and skill, to produce a sort of platform, which reminded us, at once, of that flat hinder portion of a circus-horse's saddle on which his daring rider performs his tumbling feats. It had been argued, we presume, that long legs—we are so gifted by nature, craving pardon, gentle reader!—are capable of a wide stretch. The carpets, which constituted all our means and appliances for the way, were spread gaily and pompously over all. And on to that platform, thus decked out, we were invited to vault forthwith. It must be conceded, in all fairness, that we were not expected to maintain our-

selves in that proud position without the adventitious aid of stirrups; but it may be doubted whether the equilibrium of an inexperienced mule rider be much assisted by the insertion of his feet into brass stirrup-irons (no bull intended), dangling from either end of a rope, shifting with any pressure. Lean inadvertently and lazily to the right, the accommodating stirrup yields until the right foot almost touches mother earth, whilst the left ascends with a rapid, unexpected jerk, inexpressively discomfiting. And furthermore, it may not be doubted that the comfort of the rider can derive but little increase from the double circumstance of his legs being gaiterless, and of that shifting, scrubbing, see-saw stirrup-rope being made of twisted hair, whose bristles stick out with a stubborn prickliness, such as would not dishonour the back of the most ill-tempered hedgehog.

Well, we are off at last!—soon off in more senses than one, for, unhappily, there is no disciple of Mr. Rarey amongst us, neither is there bit or bridle, nor any means of restraint saving loose halters; and the look of vicious omen, descried specially in the eye of the iron-grey mule which Ali mounts has soon proved itself to be an "earnest reality." A snort, a screech, a back jump, a plunge forward, and the *melée*, begun by the iron-grey, is general; all three quadrupeds are biting and kicking. One or two of the bipeds roll in the brown sandy dust; a third battles manfully with his only weapon, a portentous umbrella; but Hassan the Buffalo and Hassan the Noisy rush in, with shouts, to the rescue, and having parted the combatants, explain that any account of the conflict is matter for the *Court Journal* rather than for the *United Service Gazette*, since the whole dispute is a mere quarrel for precedence.

We have taken the liberty of thus introducing the two mule drivers abruptly to our readers, who will have gathered already, that the mule riders were three—ourselves, a friend, and Ali Mousa, the dragoman. Hassans, Hamets, Mustaphas, Selims, and Alis are so numerous in any Mahomedan community, however small, that some distinguishing appendix must, of necessity, accompany the

name of each; and upon inquiring for some such, applicable to the brace of Hassans who had undertaken to drive us to the Wady, of whose whereabouts they also were profoundly ignorant, we were informed that the tall, ugly, lanky-legged, pock-marked Hassan rejoiced in the bucolic surname of the Buffalo, whereas his younger, shorter companion, with a more cheerful cut of ugliness on his brown physiognomy, was known amongst his intimates as Hassan the Noisy.

Thanks to these worthies, the great question of precedence being settled—vice in this case proving its own reward, and Ali's iron-grey being suffered to lead without dispute, on we went in single file, the procession headed by the Buffalo on foot and closed by the Noisy, mounted upon a rough whitey-brown donkey, destitute of saddle, destitute of bridle, but with an amulet, fastened by a gaudy string of yellow and red worsted round his neck. He had a downcast and melancholy look that whitey-brown donkey, with a decided limp in his gait. His coming was an after-thought, for the little black bag, which was all our baggage, did not seem to call for an extra beast of burden; nevertheless, as it has often proved in this lower world of ours, that after-thought turned out to have been the prompting of the deepest prudence—and that scrubby donkey, a supplement of strength, a stay, and a resource incalculable.

Those who have read (who has not?) Mr. Stanley's "Notes of Eastern Travel," will remember how he finds himself at a loss to describe, even as seen from a Nile boat, the intense verdurous green of the cultivated Egyptian land. The paint brush, not the pen, can give any adequate idea of it; and even the brush, to do so, must not be in the hand of an artist timid and anxious to "tone down." Riding along thus, in narrow paths or on the brink of the lesser canals—empty, but still moist in places, now it is the first of March—the eye plunges and bathes delightedly in the sea of green on either side. There are the wide patches of basseem, a sort of trefoil, in which sleek oxen, clumsy buffaloes, ungainly camels, and here and there, tethered apart, a well-bred Arab mare and her foal are revelling

and fattening almost visibly. There too browse and gambol flocks of sheep and goats, whose lambs and kids frolic together, and are with difficulty driven back, by little Arab-featured boys and girls, from the next wide expanse of a differently shaded verdure. That is a crop of beans, as your sense of smell would tell you, were you to ride past blindfold, so heavy is the air with the perfume of their flowers of almost overpowering sweetness. Then there are the lupins, their leaf is yet young, and their stem not far above ground—and then there are miles of that waving green corn, which in six weeks hence or so shall all be miles of waving gold.

It is indeed a sea of green not only for extent but for the level surface, stretching away and away without a rise or hillock to break it, save only where the rich brown earthy ridge of the embankments recalls to you the secret of all this verdurous wealth, and keeps alive in you the sense of your nearness to the harvest-giving Nile. The white minarets and less graceful telegraph towers, which rise up against the sky from time to time, keep up rather than destroy the maritime images; they are like beacons and light-houses, seen on low spits of land, far off; and even the palm trees, which in this part of the country run to great height and have not very thick-tufted heads, might almost pass for the masts of ships that have made for shelter and furled their sails. One by one the villages are passed through or passed by, which these minarets and towers overtop. The hoopoes, with their golden crests, the gift of the great Solomon, as Arab legend runs; the wild doves, with their breasts of purple satin shot with ruby red, flit from the mimosas or the sycamore fig trees round about the mud-walls—whilst hooded crows stalk gravely, and zikzaks run and bob up and down upon their slender-stilted legs among the tombs which lie close at hand. There is something striking, something touching about the good intelligence which seems to reign between the feathered and the unfeathered bipeds of these Egyptian villages. In the meadows those pretty white specimens of the heron tribe, which Anglo-Indians call paddy birds, poise themselves fearlessly on one leg, within a yard or two of the old men or the young

girls who are tending the cattle, twirling the while a sort of spindle to convert the cotton, on their short distaff, into a coarse thread. Nay, in the small pools outside the villages, long-legged little waders, first-cousins of snipes and water rails, paddle and patter, and peck for worms, and snails, and caddies, within a quarter stone throw of urchins who, strange to say, molest them not. And as for pigeons, who knows not that those fantastic towering cones, curiously built up of crockery-ware and mud, which give the chief characteristic to the outline of the fellah's dwelling-house, are the abodes provided by the Mussulman tiller of the soil for the favourite bird, whose nest, tenanted and undisturbed at the mouth of the cave of Tha, whilst the fugitive prophet lay concealed there, served, with the spider's web, to convince the eager searchers after his life, that the object of their sanguinary search could not have taken refuge within?

Presently, upon our right hand, as we ride along, the red disc of the sun touches the line of the horizon. It is no grand sunset, but it has a peculiar aspect; we have seen at home, sometimes, that dull glazed red, shooting forth no rays, but then it was through a veil of fog that we saw the sun go down so—whereas, this evening, the intervening dimness is caused by a curtain of fine sand hung up between it and us by the north wind, which has raised that sand-fog from the edge of the great Lybian Desert, out there in the west.

On we ride through the darkness, the prudent mules keeping their nostrils within an inch or two of the ground, finding their safe way over every broken rugged patch, as a dog following the scent of game; now and then, in solitary places, a gray jackal slouches by; now and then we know that we are near a thickly peopled village, by the baying and bark of a hundred watchful dogs, but we discern by that alone the presence of human habitations, for rarely does a cheerful gleam of light reveal it—a circumstance which has, for us, a very novel and a very chilling, dispiriting effect.

At Nadr, however, the little oil lamps hung up before the coffee-houses welcome us, with cheerful

gleam, to the spot at which we are to cross the Nile, or, rather, at which we should have done so, but for the untoward circumstance that the ferry-boat was moored upon the opposite bank, and that no shout or screech of ours could move the ferryman to come across. There was nothing for it, then, but resignation to fate, to fried eggs and onions, to coffee, to a serenade of flute and darabookah; and, finally, to countless flies and fleas on one of the baked mud divans inside. If any one shall inquire concerning the darabookah, let him understand that it is a combination of clay cylinder and stretched parchment, akin to tambourine, kettle-drum, and tom-tom, beaten by fingers alone; but capable, under the fingers of such an artist as he of the Nadr coffee-shop, of producing the strangest and most unexpected effects of sound.

One kind office the fleas rendered us (we would not be ungrateful): there was no objection to an early start next morning—a start, not across the river, but along its banks, in a dense steamy fog, ominous of coming heat. Hot enough it was, too, when, after a three-hours' ride, we reached Gez-aic, and then at once put over to the opposite side: so hot that we were truly thankful to be cut short in our march upon the minarets of Teraneh by intelligence, picked up from a peasant in a bean-field, concerning the presence of Gommos Raphaël in Kafr el Daoud, the smaller village a quarter of a mile in front of us. Now this Raphaël is the gommos, or in our university language, the rector, or rector and bursar amalgamated, of one of the very Coptic monasteries to visit which we were making our way to the Wâged to iron-grey is, therefore, ~~enough~~, all we, make straight for the village following, the other animals, ~~in~~ as in duty bound. ~~it turns out, is~~

Gommos Raphaël; had we gone to not here afterwards have fallen in with Teraneh we, Raphaël, his deacon, reprehim; but admirably, and after cordial salutations, suggests, that to spread a salpêtre outside the house, it being situate upon the shady side of the narrow street, to sit cross-legged thereupon, and sip the coffee, which his servant has already begun to boil, are matters

of the utmost urgency, and such as alone can tend to the effectual attainment of the object in view.

The population generally, Mussulman and Copt, are clearly of the same opinion, and having shaken hands with them all round, we squat upon the mats accordingly; and they begin, upon the slenderest information conceivable, to debate our affair with great apparent interest.

This jackdaw parliament resolves itself seemingly into a committee of the whole house, for all its members, from the white-bearded Sheik-el-Belled, or village elder, in turban and caftan, and slippers, with pipe in hand, down to the skull-capped, blue-shirted, barefooted donkey-boy, deliver their sentiments repeatedly, with no small warmth and vehemence. The condensation, however, of the report presented is admirable, for one word gives the result of the whole deliberation—and to any reader of the slightest Eastern experience, it is needless to say, that one word is "Bookra!"

"Bookra! to-morrow! yes!" It is proposed and seconded that the Hawajees, the Frank gentlemen, shall see about going to the Wady to-morrow. Carried without a division. We presume it is quite as needless to add, that the perverse great British Hawajees respectfully decline, in this one instance, to bow to the decision of the House. "Bookra ma fish!" There is no to-morrow, say these heady despisers of "Kef," or quiet. "Inshallah" please heaven, they will go, "yoom di" this day—they will go, "gawan," directly. This unexpected and unaccountable obstinacy of these sons of restless fathers causes the discussion to enter upon a new phase, as wise resumable in a single word, need that word—to name it is also word is for Eastern experience—that

Out of tsheesh!

far more earnest fiercer heat, and debate—after all, vehemence of this tion, amendment, discussion, motion, counter-amendment, counter-motions manifold—there is, and divide the definite ideas of one at length Habseh, of a camel to him being, of an indispensable water-skin, giving, some half-dozen dollars to be paid for the true guidance, service, and use of all three upon the expedition, which,

again, we are movingly entreated to put off until to-morrow or the next day.

Obdurate Ingleses! scarcely will they brook the delay of catching that camel out of the clover-field, cutting a bundle of that clover, and filling that water-skin; scarcely will they endure the affectionate leave-taking of their new Coptic friends. A small procession accompanies them to the bank of the canal, which flows, but with a thin stream at this season, at the back of the village; some enthusiasts of the small-boy interest even wade through it in company. Another field of rich brown sandy mould is passed, and then the cushiony footfall of Ali Abou Habseh's camel is on the burning gravelly sand of the sloping upland, and at once they are in the desolate Wady. A reddish, yellow gravel, sandy everywhere, and merging into pure sand-drifts here and there; an undulating expanse of it, with occasional deep depressions: such is the Wady. It might be the gravel-walk of some inconceivable giant's garden, who had neglected of late the use of his stupendous garden-roller; or, it might be (as our ungeological mind conceives it *was*), the gravelly bed of some vast ocean inlet, from which the water has gone away, and carried the seaweeds along with it. Indeed, there is something seaweedy still about the prickly shrubs and grasses growing here and there; and the lean, ugly, square-headed lizards, that creep about, look as if they wanted the sea-water back again, just to soften and puff out, and bloat their wrinkled skins, and make respectable efts and slimy saurians of them once more.

That heat-portending mist, this morning, was an honest promiser. Heat indeed! About three o'clock its promise was fulfilled in earnest in the Wady. A scorching desert, mirage and all, for one might have sworn that the long march had been shortened by enchantment, and that just below the ridge there one saw the salt lakes gleaming in the sun, with a ripple on their burnished surface. Why, beyond a doubt, there they are; one can discern the bushy growth of tamarisks along the brink, and see the reflection of them shimmering in the wavelets!

Well! we know that the lakes

are salt, and that our water-skin there is brimful of sweet water : so there is no cruelty in the illusion for us, though it be so vivid as to show us what those who are perishing of thirst may suffer from the deceitful vision.

On the great gravel walk we fall in with two men, at long intervals ; the first is from *Kafr el Daood*, looking for a stray cow. Liberty must be very sweet to the hearts of *some* cows, since it can tempt them from those unctuous fields of *basseem* into this pasture-ground of starveling lizards ! The second rencontre is that of what the Greeks might fairly call a well-girt man ; for he is a youth, who has been just fourteen hours on foot in the *Wady*, this burning day, and has had neither bite nor sup ; nevertheless he was carrying him bravely when he came across us ; and would not suffer himself to betray more than a seemly delight at the long pull he took at the water-skin, or at the goodly supply of fresh-baked Arab bannocks, which we sent him off munching thankfully.

As for us, we toiled on upon that parching sea-bottom, the pebbles of bright red, or of transparent white, which, from time to time, we stooped to pick up, helping to justify the expression.

In course of time, as it happens most days everywhere, down went the sun, in a cloudless sky of purple and gold, such as does not happen most days everywhere. In course of time also the power of our much enduring mules had begun to flag. Nor could the remonstrances of either *Hassan*, who had travelled ride and tie upon the whitey-brown donkey the live-long day, revive their drooping spirits. We grant it is a startling announcement in natural history to hear, "O mule, thou art a dog, and a father, moreover, of pigs ;" but such a missile hurled at the offender quickens not the drooping pace. Nay, the two-fold contradictory sting of the insult, "O mule, thou hast eaten pig's flesh, and art a Jew," fails in this instance at least, of a renovating effect. A halt is therefore determined upon, with food and rest for man and beast.

Ali Abou Habseh—or briefly, *Ali Gamalji*, the camel-driver, as we called him, in distinction from *Ali*, the dragoman—*Ali Gamalji*, spite of his possession of a fixed abode in a *Fellaheen*

village is, by vocation and habit, a thorough wandering Arab, *Bedawee* to the backbone ; for *Ali's* profession is that of cattle-dealer in a small way ; and in discharge of its duties, he and his camel go perpetually to and fro, not to fairs and markets only in the towns and villages of the rich *Delta*, but on the outskirts of all cultivated civilized peasant life, here and there, far away into deserts and wildernesses, where roving Arabs breed cows, buffaloes, or camels.

Ali Gamalji has a prudent and wholesome *Bedaween* objection to blazoning his whereabouts, at night in *Wadies*, and such like out-of-the-way places, by the ostentatious gleaming of blazing fires and lighted lanterns. The desert is a wide caravan-serai ; but as there are no locks worth mentioning upon the bed-room doors, he is of opinion that it is well not to inform other gentlemen, who may be putting up there, of the exact number of your sleeping apartment. Accordingly, no sooner has the fire of dried thorny scrub fulfilled its office of roasting a certain wild duck, shot last evening upon a canal-bank by one of our party, than he insists upon stamping it out at once ; and as no moon is risen yet, the convivial after-dinner hour is to be spent in staring at one another in the dark. But even his severe curfew regulations do not extend to the forbidding of a *chibouque* or a cigar, a specimen of which latter luxury he gratefully accepts, though ignorant, as it appears, of the exact method of its use—an ignorance soon dispelled by intelligent if hasty instructions. He is a pleasant conversable cattle-dealer, this *Ali* ; and something suggests to us, somehow, that he is the very man to relate an unsophisticated Arab tale of *genii* or *efreet* sprite or fairy ; and conversation being craftily brought round by us to topics such as these, he is induced to recite the following short story, which we can honestly give to our readers as genuine, such as we heard it, seated upon the sand still warm from the sun of the desert, the blue smoke from the reciter's lips curling and wreathing in the balmy desert air.

There was a certain old *Sheik*, whose wife was dead, and had left him, happy mother ! no less than seven fine sons. Now this old *Sheik* understood

that it would be wise, and right, and prosperous, not to take wives for these seven brothers, unless he should find for them seven sisters born, as themselves, of one father and one mother. But among all his kinsfolk and acquaintance; nay, among all his fellow-townsmen, and in all the neighbouring villages, was no single household to be found wherein were seven maiden daughters of one same father and mother. Wherefore, this old Sheik, upon a certain day, called his seven sons together, blessed them, and bade them live in peace and brotherhood till he should return from a distant journey; then took his beads and his staff in hand, mounted his camel, rode out of the gate of his town, and far away. Far as he went, however, in at the gates of many towns and villages, and presently out at them again, he found not the seven sister brides for whom he sought. So he went on yet farther and farther, through wadies, that is valleys, and over jebels, that is mountains; but under tents as well as under house-roofs he failed to find the maidens.

One day, as he journeyed, he fell in with a stranger, in answer to whose questions he told the object of his search. "O Sheik," said that stranger, "we are well met. In the harem of mine house live my seven daughters, whom one mother bare; turn aside with me and honour mine abode with thy presence this night; take food and rest, and we will talk at greater length of thy business."

So the Sheik hearkened to the stranger, and accepted his offers of hospitality, and turned aside his camel's head to go with him; for he knew not that his host was a King of malicious Jinns.

When they were entered into the palace, this King of the Jinns led the old Sheik into seven great rooms, one after the other: in all which seven rooms chains and ropes were stretched and hung, and from them dangled hapless men, suspended in agony, some by the fingers, some by the toes, some by the beard, and some by the lock of unshaven hair which tops a true believer's head. Cries and groans filled the air. Scarcely had they entered the seventh of these dismal rooms when fierce and cruel efreetts seized the terrified old Sheik, and strung him up in company with the rest.

Long and weary were the days and months, during which no tidings of their dear father came to the seven sons whom he had left at home. All loved him, and all regretted him; but none so truly, none so keenly, as the youngest brother of all, the seventh son, who, no longer able to endure suspense, baked a large batch of bread on the coals, filled a leather zem-zeemeh with Nile water, took leave of his brothers, and departed in search of their father. Now he was a clever lad; no less than an affectionate; and, moreover, knew a powerful spell or two of magic. How fate led him also to the palace of the King of the Jinns is not known; but it is certain that, once arrived there, he made good use of his magical lore; for jinns and efreetts fled from before him; and not his own dear father only, but all those miserable captives blessed him as their deliverer. One man there was among them—well born and wealthy—having six daughters by one wife, and they were fair as the day; but all their grace and beauty were as nothing beside those of a seventh maiden, their cousin, and not their sister. For the love of whom, the young man disregarded now his recovered father's will; whom also, upon return to his own city, laden with the spoils of the jinns' palace, he took home, as his bride, keeping a great marriage feast of thirty days, and marrying his six brothers to the lady's six fair cousins, giving magnificent marriage portions with them all.

No sooner were the thirty days of the bridal feast at an end, than the old Sheik charged his sons, one and all, upon their filial love and duty, to cut off, next night, each one his new wife's head.

Six obeyed; but the youngest found it not in his heart to do so; but packing up hastily a portion of his wealth—money, jewels, arms, and costly dresses—fled into the desert to enjoy, in solitude, the sweet company of his much loved bride.

Now, as they journeyed in the desert, they came to the ruins of a great ancient city, among which there stood, untouched in all its beauty, a grand palace, rich in carving, painting, gilding, and inlaid marble floors; there were flower gardens in open courts, and spouting fountains in marble tanks: there were also three tall hand-

some Nubian slaves, in rich dresses. One ghastly sight alone was there to mar the perfection of so much beauty—a pile of human heads in the great outer court; the lower rows were grinning skulls, bleached by the desert sun and wind; the topmost, not yet so much disfigured and dried as to have lost the look of pain or of defiance which had last lingered on the features of the murdered men. This one sight was enough to put the young man on his guard: and the treacherous twinkle, soon detected in the eyes of the Nubians, as they glanced upon each other, sufficed to warn him in what direction the danger lay. No sooner, therefore, did he find himself alone with one of them, than drawing his scimitar and striking a skilful blow, he had another head rolling upon the floor, and ready for the hideous heap: and then another yet; for a second stroke, as the second slave entered, did justice upon a second murderer. This time, however, the stroke was not unseen, and the third slave, who was following, turned and fled. His superior knowledge of all the intricacies of the palace saved him from his pursuer's wrath; and in a far distant chamber he took safe refuge in a great empty chest. Happily passed the time for the young man and his bride; but as on the next day their provisions failed, he, with his bow and arrows, set off to hunt among the mountains, and returned at night, in high glee, with a fat gazelle. When this supply was over he started off again, and again returned joyfully, bringing home his game. But on the third occasion of his absence, the Nubian came forth from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the terrified bride. Who can tell by what deceitful artifices he hushed her fears, and gained her favour, and stole away from her husband that fair lady's false heart, winning her over to plot with him her husband's destruction, and to promise him her hand when the plot should have succeeded? When he returned, later than usual, weary, for the chase had been long, but cheerful, for it had not been in vain; the Nubian was once more hidden in his chest, and the falsehearted wife lay propped upon the cushions of a divan, seemingly faint and ill. No! she could not touch the daintiest morsel of the most savoury venison;

a grievous sickness lay upon her, and she well knew that nought could cure her, save the virtues of a certain herb, which must be plucked at midnight, upon the top of the sandy mountain range out in the west.

At hearing this, the young man's heart had well nigh failed him, partly for grief at his darling's danger, partly for knowledge that the mountain range in question was haunted by the fiercest and most terrible of efreets. But he would not suffer her whom he loved to see upon his face what was moving in his heart, wherefore he bade her tenderly to be of good cheer, and hungry and weary as he was, set off for the mountains. Dark, lonesome, and rugged was the climb; but as he reached the top, a small rent in the clouds let out a ray of moonlight, and by it he could see close beside him the health-restoring herb. He stooped down and picked it; but as he raised himself again, he saw likewise standing over him an efreet, of huge and awful form. Instead of quailing, he confronted him boldly, and instead of trying any magic spell, he at once adjured it by the mighty name of Mahommed, the one prophet. And well for him, he did so, since the efreet confessed that such an adjuration took from him forthwith both power and will to hurt the intruder upon his haunted ground.

"Take with thee, young man," said he "this enchanted herb of wondrous virtue, which had well nigh caused thy destruction, and which was meant to have done so, by a cruel enemy and false friend." And thereupon he unfolded to the amazed and horror-stricken youth, the foul treachery of his wife, and the cunning malice of the Nubian, who had prompted her to send him to be torn in pieces by the efreets, because he himself had feared to encounter so brave a youth, hand to hand. Heart-broken, yet unwilling to be convinced of what thus broke his heart, the young man thanked the jinn, and with the talisman in hand, began his descent. But as he passed, by day-break, through a ravine upon the lower slope of the mountain, he perceived, what in the darkness he had not suspected, that his road lay under the walls of another stately palace; and when he came close under them, the lattice of a window was opened by a white hand, and a silvery voice called

upon him to stop, and to look up. This done, he beheld a lady more radiant and beautiful than even she was, concerning whose shameless treachery he was half doubting still. Invited into her presence, he enters, and is amazed to find that his whole former story is known to her; and is grieved to hear from her lips a confirmation of the jinn's assertion. Nay! so confident is she of its correctness, that she offers to accompany him to the ruined city, upon the understanding that when he should have done justice upon his faithless wife, she should be her successor, and his consoler.

Laughter and song, in which two voices blended, the one unknown and strange, the other familiar and known too well, extinguished all doubt in the young man's mind, as he crossed once more the threshold of the palace among ruins. The desire of revenge fired his whole breast, and rushing in upon the feasting guilty pair, with two strokes of the scimitar, that desire was fulfilled. Then turning backwards to seek the fair companion, whom in his hasty wrath he had left behind; in the sunshine of her marvellous smile all his sorrow, pain of heart, and anger floated as a dark mist away. . . . Far more splendid than his former marriage feast, of thirty days, were the magnificent nuptials, celebrated anew, by the seventh son, returned to his native city, and to his father's arms. Untold wealth, no less than untellable beauty, was the dower of his new mysterious bride, and the jinn's talisman, the wondrous herb, proved to them and theirs, a constant defence against all evil destiny—a constant bringer of unexpected good. Their possession of it even seemed to propitiate the good will of the ancient Sheik towards his new daughter-in-law; albeit she was not, any more than her forerunner, one of seven sisters; albeit, likewise, that venerable Sheik, when enlarging, in extreme old age, upon the due extent of parental authority, and the unconditional nature of due filial obedience, was wont to shake his head, and stroke his long white beard, and to charge the risks and dangers through which his darling seventh son had passed, upon his disregard of a father's sound advice.

Such was the contribution of the camel-driver to our "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," towards which he

requested, in return, that we should, by recital of some wondrous story, put in our share. To this challenge we responded by recounting, with an infusion of orientalism in minor circumstances, the time-honoured tale of Puss in Boots. Its success was stunning: both Alis, both Hassans, were in ecstasies. It has been hinted to us, that thanks to this charming acquisition to his stock of stories, the camel-driver, as a story-teller, stands upon an unapproached pinnacle of glory, in the more intellectual circles of Kafr-el-Dasood, and the surrounding villages.

There are harder beds than a sand drift, and less comfortable coverings than an old but ample plaid: yet the desert wind, which breathed stifling heat at three in the afternoon, can whistle searching cold towards three in the morning; but even this whistling might have failed to waken such weary sleepers, unless accompanied by the loud voice, which some one, on a sudden, lifted up, and wept.

Hassan, the Noisy, was thus justifying a name, which his silent, though grinning good humour, had, hitherto, caused us to consider a misnomer. Poor fellow! he had some cause to weep, for the iron-gray, his own brother's best mule, had broken the picket-rope, and was scampering wildly down the Wady. As for the Buffalo, who claimed no share in such beneficial ownership, his apathetic snoring seemed to the other Hassan an aggravation of this woe. But his inaction came, after all, to the same result as the energetic action of camel-driving Ali, whose manful chase of the runaway, ended in discomfiture—the iron-gray was lost and gone. Consider only, gentle reader, how the defection of that handsome cross-grained brute, changed and raised, in a moment, the social status of the lame, but unflinching wearer of the amulet, the indefatigable whitey-brown donkey. Give your eastern dragoman what beast you will to ride, horse or mule, donkey or dromedary, and no length of journey wearies him—but a dismounted dragoman! We had, in days gone by, known what it was to journey side by side with one—and oh! the relief to us, to know this night that the baggy-trowsered limbs of Ali had yet that consolatory donkey to bestride.

Forward we marched, under the moonlight now: and at the end of

some hour or two we descry, far off, red fires. "They are the watch-fires of the men who gather the saltpetre," saith the camel-driver. "We shall soon see the lakes, Hawajees!" And we saw them soon, stretching away northward and westward, like strips and plates of some burnished but not very brilliant metal, inlaid upon a surface, whose indentations are indistinctly seen under a soft uncertain light. We strike off to the left, to pass round the extreme pools at the southern end; and there is something strange and witching, an "eldritch" aspect over all the scene, as the moonlight wanes, and the red streak of coming day seems yet very faint and distant. Ancient ruins stand upon "tells" or heaps, where the gravelly waves begin to sink down into flatter, deeper, heavier sand. Spiky grasses and stray reeds are underfoot, and a sort of sumphire which the gamalji picks and munches; and patches of salt and nitre, now in the shape of a white efflorescence among the yellow sand: now crystallized and crackling under our tread like the tiny sheets of water when rain has fallen in a winter's night, and has become ice under the frosty breath of the morning. Our course is to the southward, leaving the salt lake head behind us, for we are bound to Dayr Abou Makar, the Monastery of St. Macarius, which lies in that direction: so at least say maps, and so says Ali Gamalji, under whose guidance we got entangled by sunrise in a sandy district, differing in character from that through which we have been passing heretofore. For the gravel here has disappeared, and so again has all vegetation, and the sand lies in fantastic drifts as the wind has piled it up against protruding masses and low-toothed ridges of dark ragged rock, the disposition both of rock and sand calling to mind forcibly that of the rocks and snowdrifts on some plateau in a desolate Alpine region. All about are strewn stones, of silicious aspect, pierced with innumerable holes, looking like coarse sponges petrified, or petrified specimens of a ship's timbers, honeycombed by the teredo's tooth. Strong and stern indeed must have been the ascetic spirit in the breast of Macarius, when he singled out in this "Mount of Nitria," a hermit's abode. Keen, and bitter,

and stormy the blasts of those Arian controversies and persecutions, from which, when he had first selected it, so many spirits gladly sought refuge in this howling wilderness.

Entangled in this district, as we have said, heat and hunger caused a vehement desire for disentanglement: and the gamalji's assurances that he well knew his way, began to be discredited. "Min hinneh!" (out this way) seemed a vague answer to the pressing inquiry, "Feen el Dagr?" (where is the monastery?) all the less satisfactory when the giver describes an indefinite sweep on the horizon with outstretched arm, and shuffles wearily up every more commanding sand hillock on either hand, to peer about with inquiring eyes. The murmurs of the hot and hungry grow loud as well as deep; until, at length, with look of dignified triumph, conveying calm rebuke to ignorant impatience, eyes and arm are fixed upon their stretch; and following in their direction, we discern, not without difficulty, among the sand ridges, a mass, not over-shapely, showing some lines more level and more perpendicular; and every hundred yards of our advance confirm the statement: "there, Hawajees! stands Abou Makar." On one side, and on two sides, nothing breaks the ponderous monotony of the huge white plastered walls; but on the third is a more broken outline; there is a clumsy buttress, and an arched recess like a big blind window, high up from the ground; and there is one face of a broad low tower, and a large plain cross in relief upon it, and two loophole windows; close by, another loftier rude arch; above it, a little overhanging turret, with a windlass and a pulley; a bell, and a long rope dangling; and low down in the centre of it, cased with iron, flanked by two heavy millstones of red granite, a receding doorway, half buried in the sand. Against this are thundering the heels of our boots, whilst our right hand jerks convulsively the dangling rope aforesaid.

Upon there descend from the turret Arabic gutturals, framing the not unreasonable inquiry: "Who, then, may you be down there?" "Christians and Englishmen!" the answer, words which send, under such circumstances, though uttered trivially, a thrill

through the heart of the utterer. After a moment's pause, there are heard grinding rumbling sounds from within : and the low door—it has a broken marble column for its threshold—opens slowly, and brown hands from under the brown sleeves of such a loose coarse frock as the Egyptian peasant wears, grasp our hands right brotherly, and we are drawn gently in.

A strange labyrinthine mass is this monastery of stone building, rough or plastered, and of round burnt brick domes topping them. The girdle of surrounding wall is large and lofty ; flights of steps lead up to a kind of rampart ledge which goes all round ; the great square tower has its entrance from one such flight, but that is across a palm plank bridge, which ropes and pulleys can raise, cutting off communication. This tower is a three-storied keep, and on each story is a chapel, where, spite of every danger, prayer may be made in safety. Round the courts are ranged the cells of the ascetic brotherhood, in greater number than is needed by the twenty men in all, monks and lay brethren who occupy the monastery now. In one such court the green boughs of a few palms and tamarisks refresh the eye, close between the chapel of Father Honnes, a sainted man of ancient times, and the principal church, called by the name of the great Father Macarius himself. A creaking water-wheel, with earthen pots, supplies these precious trees with water ; but for the greater toil and sorrow of the brotherhood, it is fitter drink for thirsty plants than thirsty men, and their sweeter water must be fetched from the well of a deserted ruin, at the distance of a mile.

Very grateful to us was the coolness and the shade of the vaulted room, where mats were unrolled for us, and where the busy hospitality of the kindly Copts soon spread out a repast on a low table like a magnified three-legged stool. There were little round brown loaves in abundance of hastily baked bread, a lordly wooden bowl, wherein some oily fluid floated ; beaten eggs occupied the centre, and it was flanked by lesser bowls of wood, wherein lay small golden-skinned lemons, pickled whole, and small round cheeses of saltiness and griminess inexpressible. No man ate with us ; for, though they pressed the food with

earnestness upon weary travellers out of the desert, they would keep strictly themselves, till sundown, the Lenten fast. None even, if we mistake not, drank of the coffee which was supplied abundantly to us ; but there was one aged brother whom we observed indulging in the solace of a pinch of snuff, shaken out from a little bag upon the back of his wrinkled hand, and thence, not transferred to his nostrils, but swallowed hastily. The dress of these good brethren did not differ in any appreciable degree from that of the poorer classes in Egyptian villages and towns : such as wore turbans, wore them of the black folds which now, less strictly than in former days, distinguish Copt from Moslem in the general population. Their manners with us were simple and friendly : quiet and reverential when they took us into their church and chapels. They had an evident pride, poor people, in the silk hangings which curtained the wooden partitions that separate the sanctuary from the body of the church ; though, sooth to say, there was but little gorgeousness about those thin silken curtains, adorned simply with the symbol of the cross. And we imagine that no feeling of religious indifference caused their yet evident indifference to dust, and cobwebs, and dilapidation. Few and rude are the paintings which represent the Blessed Virgin, the sainted founder, and the great Coptic patron saint, George, of Cappadocia. There was no great manuscript beauty, nor yet much antiquity, about the service books we found in use, and over which the chanters in the chapel of Abou Honnes were bending, with their yellow waxen tapers giving but a sorry light. One brother, at least, we found who spent much time in reproducing copies of such books, writing them in a clear, bold character.

The long-ignored neglected treasures of their ancient manuscripts have long since been transferred to European libraries. Noteven Mr. Curzon, should he again revisit Abou Makar, will bring thence, unless we err strangely, any more such spoil. We could not clearly ascertain if memory of his sojourn lingered amongst them, although their European visitors be very few. Indeed we were astonished, considering how plentiful in the towns and villages of Egypt are European tra-

vellers nowadays, by the simple, eager, childlike curiosity displayed by these men, who, certainly, had not spent all their lives within these massive isolating walls. The existence and application of a tooth-brush produced a novel and vivid sensation; and we overheard the wildest conjectures hazarded as to the rarity and value of the modest pewter box of camphorated chalk in which that tooth-brush plunged. No less excitement heralded the appearance and the poor attempt to use brushes of a very different kind; and the lamentable sketch we perpetrated of the court, where flourished the palms, was considered a miracle of pictorial skill. . . .

Dagr Sooriani, and Dagr Amba Bishoi, stand side by side. They have the same enclosing rampart of white wall as Abou Makar—they, too, have many-storied keeps, and lowly doorways, barred and bolted, and granite millstones ready to be rolled against them, and so to set at defiance all assault of foemen unprovided with artillery. They, too, date their foundations from the fourth century, and they, too, have built in among their walls fragments of an architectural beauty now unknown to them—a sculptured cornice, it may be, for a doorpost, and the shaft of a marble column for a lintel. But the sense of loneliness and of seclusion is mitigated here. For from their lofty walls the dwellers in either may behold the other, and feel that, at least, one more human habitation is at hand; and, though in one direction the sandy, gravelly desert is spread wide, out in the other you may see the shining lakes, their skirting of green rushes, the flocks of wild fowl—nay, you may discern the gatherers of saltpetre, and, in early spring, the wandering Arabs with their pasturing cattle. The garden space in these, moreover, is greater than at Abou Makar, and the vegetation more abundant. At Amba Bishoi the kind monks insisted on our tasting olives from their own trees, dates from their own palms. We saw the Nebk laden with its small round fruit, which we can only liken to sleepy crab apples filled with cherry stones; one or two of the flowering *Mimosas* had those golden blossoms of which the perfume makers of Nice and Mentone value and contrive to fix the delicate scent. Rows of flowering beans were

in the garden, thickly sown plots of onions and other edible plants besides. Here the *sakia* wheel brings up, from a deep well, cool water, clear and deliciously sweet. We were loth to leave it when the appointed time was come. Absence of manuscripts was here almost as complete as at Abou Makar, nevertheless we had more literary converse, such as it was; and though, at first, the brethren could not, or would not, remember that, besides their service books, they were possessed of at least one *Kittab-e-silleme*h, or Arabo-Coptic vocabulary, that volume was produced at last. Their own ancient Coptic, now almost a sacred tongue, since it is the language of all public prayer and praise, is a dead, and very dead, dialect to them; though the two monks with whom we sat poring at night over the *kittab* read Arabic fairly, there was a manifest difficulty in deciphering an unusual Coptic word; and not small was their ignorant marvel at some few successful attempts of ours to accomplish the feat, and at our comparison of terms with the Greek of the small New Testament we had in hand. Great, also, was their wonder at our mention of the writings attributed to Macarius, of which they had no copy, but informed us that some were promised them from Cairo; and we failed to elicit from them any precise historical details or interesting traditional accounts of their ancient foundations.

The Abyssinian community, with whom Mr. Curzon met with at Dagr Baramoos, are gone; but the fleas, or their descendants (for we know too little for science of the longevity of those lively creatures)—the fleas which attacked him so vigorously still flourish and abound in these distant monastic retreats.

The mosquitoes, likewise, of the same race as those whereby the legendary histories inform us that the great Macarius was tormented there 1,300 years ago, have not deserted the reeds and rushes which carpet the edges of the lakes. This fact we learned by personal experience, not at the monasteries, but after leaving them and crossing the water along shallows and spits of land left dry, piloted by a certain herdsman, whom we fell in with, and who saved us some hours riding round, by this opportune short cut.

Upon the side of the monasteries—that is, the desert side—the sand, as we neared the lakes, was thickly dotted with the tracks of game: there was the gracefully-pointed hoof-mark of the gazelle, the clumsier imprint of the wild boar, the marks of hares and rabbits, and of the tiny jerboa. Very salt and very nauseous is the water of the lakes themselves; but we fancy that the creatures find in this covert some fresh springs likewise, such as we were shown and drank of close by the little rising ground, upon which the herdsman's family and some others had built a cluster of reed huts to live in during the season when their cattle can find herbage in this neighbourhood. Here, fresh eggs and rich white curds of buffalo milk furnished our breakfast. As we gave a long, last look upon the lakes, clouds of waterfowl were hovering and clanging over them in the distance, whilst, some hundred yards from where we sat, teal and wild duck swam about among the rushes; but not a tree was in sight, save where the palms peeped over the white monastery walls. The twin buildings of Sooriani and Amba Bishoi lay in front of us; and far on the right, the long outline of Dagr Baramoos; but the tossed and fantastic sand ridges on the left shut out from the view, in completest solitude, the distant Abou Makar. It was a wide, open landscape, not wholly without pictorial beauty—few landscapes are—but it is, perhaps, seen to most advantage towards evening, when the blue atmosphere will lend itself to pleasant illusions, such as that which caused us to tint, in all honesty, with a slight wash of green, the hilly plateau beyond the monasteries, a background which the glaring sunlight of this morning shows in all the desolation of its verdureless gravel and sand.

Our backs are turned upon the lake, when, on our right, shrill cries are heard, and two men are seen running, with frantic gestures, to overtake us. A gleam of hope lights up the countenance of the luckless, Noisy Hassan, who has been tearful, silent, and sick—yes, literally sick with sorrow ever since that disastrous hour in which his lamentations burst upon the night air in the desert. And the bright anticipation happily proves true: the breathless runners bring tidings of

the iron-grey. Scarcely will poor Hassan leave them space to recover their lost breath; he hurries off with them, and disappears behind the sandhill, to appear again after a brief interval, galloping in triumph upon the bare back of the recovered mule. The honesty which could restore the creature to its owner thus must not be too severely blamed for the slight imperfection of consistency which left the saddle and stirrups in the finder's hands. Indeed, we were disposed, with our European notions, to absolve the honest fellows, who had, unbidden, put us in possession of the mule again, of all participation in a theft so paltry. But dragoman, and camel-driver, mule-drivers and all, declared that one damning circumstance must needs convict them: they had restored the mule, had gone their way, and had not breathed the word backsheesh! In the teeth of such an argument, our lips at once were sealed, of necessity.

Spite of the minor loss, it was no wonder that the glee of the noisier Hassan should burst forth as we trudged along, in snatches of queer Arab melodies, and in contented chuckles, which grew gradually into shouts of satisfaction. But that the callousness of the unsympathizing Buffalo should suddenly have given way—that he should chirp, and laugh, and sing, and grin from ear to ear, and hug his own shoulders now and then delightedly, seemed stranger—so strange, indeed, and unexpected, that all we, companions of the way, kept looking on him with inquiring eyes. At last, his ecstatic secret was too mighty to be contained, and to our shame and grief, we found that for the party which had lost the mule to reflect upon the pilfering propensities of that which had found it, would be a pot and kettle matter after all. The rascally Buffalo had actually stolen a pair of leather slippers from the poor herdsmen with whom we had breakfasted, and had filled the folds of his wide blue shirt with bread purloined from the basket of the hospitable monks! We were too far advanced into the Wādy to return and make compensation, and we regret to own that our unfeigned indignation, and information given on the nature of the British tread-mill and its fitness for such cases, failed

to damp the exuberant exultation in his misdeeds of that most blame-worthy Buffalo.

How we rattled over that scorching gravel on this our return! No need to shower epithets on mule or donkey; they knew as well as we that green fields of basseem and the great stream lay before us. Scarcely would they consent to pause, and let us drink the sweet Nile water from the earthen bottles tendered to us by the men we met, according to the rule which it were a foul disgrace to any man here to neglect—that he who is going up the Wâdy should offer out of his store, presumed to be replenished from home, refreshment to the traveller coming down.

On we went for nine long hours, and there suddenly uprose from the sandy sea the outstretched line of joyous green, interspersed with palm groves and tall minarets, and with a broken succession of trim white sails, like the necks and wings of swans descried above the grassy margin of an unseen rivulet. And now we are across the ferry by sun-down, chatting, in our broken Arabic, with the good folks of the little cluster of stalls and coffee-shops which face the broad, rolling flood. There is among them a lively little tobacconist, who contrives to spell out that El Masr, Cairo itself is our destination; and that yet we purpose, before that setting sun shall have risen in heaven again, to turn our backs upon the straight road which leads thither, and ride for Kafr-e-Zagat. Not without some small effort do we make him understand that, Inshallah! should we reach that station in good time, to-morrow's sunset will see us at the end of a journey which, on his own showing, will consume three days. "Hark ye," quoth he; "Hawajees! it seemeth strange that going backward should, any how, attain the end of going forward; and, after all"—this was his true, final, Parthian shot—"after all, these be mules and a donkey, intelligible vehicles of flesh and blood; but is it, then, so clear that this 'Baboor' (vapore, steam-engine) has not, as some true believers say, an efreet in its iron paunch?"

All through the Wâdy the pace had been too good for the much-enduring

beast whence Ali Gamalji took his name. It was not till late that, having left that quadruped at home, he crossed the river to deliver into our hands a tiny bag abandoned in his hands. Good, honest fellow, he seemed to fear lest the malpractices of his compatriots should have left upon our minds a cloud of general suspicion; and he entreated us before dismissing him to overhaul minutely its contents. And we will warrant him an honest fellow, not simply from the fact that, indeed, the little bag's contents proved, by-and-by, intact; but rather for the manly glow of satisfaction which suffused his dark-brown features when we answered that we would not think of insulting him by opening or searching into it.

Have you ever passed a sultry night, dear reader, in the storeroom of a thrifty village housewife in the Delta, where heaps of durra-grain and other dry wealth strew the floor; where oil-jars, butter-pots, and cheese-bowls are stowed in every corner?—where cocks and hens are chased by the house-cat upon the thin roofing of reed, and the cat herself charged gallantly upon the same by yelping curs?—where your bed-room door communicates with outer air only through the stable in which your mules of uncertain temper are, with the more saturnine donkey, huddled up in close companionship with the house-cow, her calf, and a sheep or two?

If so, you will understand how little it may cost a traveller, spite of a nine hours' amble down the Wâdy, and the coming forty miles between him and the railway station, to turn out in the clear, silvery moonlight, and push on.

We seem to have dreamed a dream of desert life and far off ascetic monasteries, for here is the Lancashire shriek and whistle again, and Newcastle engine-drivers, and a French restaurant in the refreshment-room, and obsequious "garçons." Here be scores of Englishmen come by the last Peninsular and Oriental boat. Here we are in a first-class carriage again; and, as the two Hassans grin adieu, we plunge into the columns of the *Times*, which give the startling news that Lord Palmerston is out.

THE IDENTIFICATION.—A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

NOVEMBER the 15th, 18—, I received a report from Constable Hanly, of Ballytoher station, to the effect, that the house of a respectable widow, named Murphy, had been attacked on the previous night, and broken into by a party, two of whom were armed with pistols. The house had been robbed of a considerable sum of money, and the widow and her daughter severely beaten. The old woman had been treated in a barbarous manner. I lost not a moment in hastening to "visit the scene."

Mrs. Murphy was the widow of a man named Michael Murphy, who had been for several years a tenant to Colonel N—, of ——. He held by lease about twenty acres of land at a fair rent. When he died he left behind him the widow, a son about twenty years of age, and a daughter, not then eighteen, together with a small amount which he had hoarded.

No person was within at the time when the outrage was committed, except the widow, her daughter, and a servant girl. Her son, James Murphy, had gone to a distant fair, to sell calves, and had not returned.

On my arrival at the house, about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, I found the state of the poor widow to be very alarming. I cleared the house, and examined the daughter, who, after hesitation and weeping, stated that she knew one of the men, and he the principal. This was a young man named Thomas Courtney, of Cloongoon, and she could not be mistaken, as she had known him for years. She had taxed him with it to his face when he was beating her mother, and told him she would hang him for the murder. The servant-girl corroborated this as to Thomas Courtney; but neither of them knew the other persons who had attacked the house. Courtney happened to be a young man of the most unexceptionable character in the neighbourhood.

I proceeded to the house of Courtney's father, accompanied by two policemen. It was a mile from the

widow's; and on going in we found Thomas Courtney at breakfast with his father and mother, and a younger brother. They all stood up, and although there was evident surprise in their manner, there was nothing to indicate guilt or even confusion in Tom's appearance. "Welcome, your honour, welcome," said father and son, almost in a breath. "Sit down, your honours, and take an air of the fire; you're out early, and the mornin' is damp."

"No, thank you, Courtney," said I. "The fact is, I have called upon business."

"Upon business, your honour; why, then, is there any thing the matter? Or is there any thing Tom or I can do for you?"

There was a freedom from any alarm in all this which it was painful to be obliged to dissipate. I asked Thomas where he had been all night? He said, at home; and father and mother, both getting uneasy, declared they could swear he had. His brother Billy, who slept in the bed with him, said the same. I then told Courtney that he was my prisoner, charged with a serious offence, and I requested him not to say any thing. He would be brought before the magistrate, and it was better for the present that he should be silent.

"Silent!" he cried, dashing the chair upon which he had been sitting against the ground; "silent! I care not who hears what I say. I stand at the world's defiance; there's no person so black as can injure me: and even if I had not my father and my mother, and my brother Billy there to clear me, I have enough within my breast to tell me that I can defy the world. I shall be ready in one minute, sir," he added, in a calmer tone; and, going to an inner room, he returned almost immediately, with his great coat and hat on.

It were needless to pursue the scene which took place when the actual fact of his being about to be marched off forced itself upon his father and mother. There was all that clapping

of hands and screaming upon the part of the mother, with silent and sullen preparation by the father to accompany him, interrupted with exclamations of "Whist, I tell you—will you hold your tongue, you fool!" addressed to his wife, which are usual on such occasions.

Before leaving the house, I made search for young Courtney's clothes and shoes, for the night had been very wet; but I found them dry and unsoiled.

I then brought Tom Courtney away with me. He made light of any thing which could be brought against him; said he was certain, when he was brought face to face with his accusers, he could defy them, and seemed confident of being permitted to return with his father; told his mother not to fret, that he'd be back in a couple of hours, and to keep up her heart; but as we started she threw herself, in a state of distraction, upon the stone bench in front of the house, rocking to-and-fro, with a sort of shivering moan, which it was piteous to hear, dying away in the wind, as we got farther from the door.

On my arrival at the police barrack with Courtney, I learned that the Widow Murphy was in a poor state. The doctor feared there was a fracture of the skull. She was also seriously injured by burning. Within the last half hour she had in some degree revived, and recognised her daughter. I then sent Catherine Murphy and Winifred Cox (the servant girl who had been in the house at the time of the attack) to my own head station, where I soon after brought the prisoner. I had sent a policeman across the fields to the magistrate, with a few lines in pencil to request he would come over as soon as possible, as I feared there had been murder done during the night; and I had not long to wait his arrival. He received the informations of the daughter and the servant girl, both of whom swore in the most distinct manner against Thomas Courtney as the principal, and he was fully committed for trial.

The same day, James Murphy, having returned from a fair, came to me, and detailed a conversation he had with Tom Courtney two days before the fair; of which more anon.

The third day the doctor told me

the widow could not long survive. I lost no time, therefore, in sending for the magistrate. In less than an hour we met at her bed-side.

On being interrogated, she said:—"I know that I'm going to die, and it's not of him I'm thinking, although he left my poor Jemmy an orphan, and my little girl without a mother; I'd rather say nothing at all about it; I forgive him; oh, let me die with the comfort of forgiveness upon my heart. He must have been mad, for he wasn't drunk; but I'll not swear against him. I'm on my death-bed, and I'll take no oath at all. Oh, Tom, Tom, I forgive you! and may the Lord forgive you as I do this day!" The magistrate told her she would be required merely to tell the truth before God. He considered she was bound in conscience to do so.

"Oh, I know that, sir," she replied; "and sure you can have the truth from enough without asking it from a dyin' woman; there is Kitty herself, and there's Winny Cox, didn't they both see him better than I did, and didn't they both tax him to his face? And sure he never spoke a word, for he couldn't deny it. Oh, Tom, Tom—Thomas Courtney, may the Lord forgive you this day! 'twas surely you and your party that murdered me. Oh, Tom, Tom, avic machree, wouldn't I give her to you an' welcome before any boy in the parish, if she was for you; and didn't I often tell you, ashore, to wait and that maybe she'd come round. Oh, Tom, Tom, if I wanted help isn't it to yourself I'd send; and to think that it was you, Tom, that came and murdered me and robbed me, and that it's on you I must lay my death at last. Oh, Tom, I wonder will the Lord forgive you, if I do this day." Here she lay back, exhausted.

The magistrate who had written all that was necessary of what she had said, and put it into proper form (I had written down every word precisely as she had uttered it: all through this narrative of actual occurrences I copy from my note-book), then read it over to her, and she continued steadfastly to affirm that Courtney had been the leader in the attack.

November 19th, Constable Hanly arrived at my station early, with an account that the Widow Murphy died during the night.

"Well, Hanly," said I, "what is this you have to tell me now?"

"Why, then, sir, I'll tell you that. The very night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked, the party called at the house of Phil Moran, who keeps a public-house at the cross-roads of Shroneen, and asked for whiskey. Moran, I hear, refused to open the door, and they smashed it in, and made him give them the whiskey. Now, sir, Phil Moran is an uncle of Tom Courtney's; and, I believe, recognized him and spoke to him. I think, sir, this clenches the business, if it be true. And what makes me believe it the more, he left home ere yesterday mornin', after the widow died, and has not returned; but he let it slip the morning after it happened as a good joke, and before he heard of the attack, and then he drew in his horns, and now he's gone off."

Old Ned Courtney, Tom's father, was one of the higher class of farmers. He was a most respectable man in every sense. He had realized a few hundred pounds, which lay to his credit in the Branch Bank of Ireland. He was a favourite with the gentry, who used to shake hands with him at the fairs, and ask his opinion about stock. Thomas was his eldest son. Tom was sent when a mere lad to a neighbouring school, where he soon exhibited great parts; and ere three years had been accomplished, was fit to "blind the master" in the classics. He would argue with him, and *discoorse* him for a whole hour with an ingenuity that baffled, and an eloquence that astonished poor M'Sweeney—such was the master's name—while the younger scholars sat, with their mouths open and their "*Universes*" on their knees, whispering and nudging in wonder and delight, to see the master scratching his head with his left hand, while every moment he drew the thumb of his right across the tip of his tongue, and with a rapidity that almost eluded the quickest eye (and Tom's eye was quick), turned the leaves over and over, backwards and forwards, quoting a line here and there, as much as to say, "Why, thin, you young jackanapes, you, there is'n't a line of it, from cover to cover (the book had none), that I had'n't at my fingers' ends before you were born. 'Tityre tu patule recubans'—och, bother—(another turn or two), 'O,

Formose puer nimium ne crede colori'—bah! can you translate *that*, Mither Courtney, eh?"

"You're out there, at all events, Mr. Mac, for I never had a bit."

"Well, you're as consated as if you had. Stan' up there, three syllables, will you?" and thus would half an hour's sparring take place between M'Sweeney and his pupil.

About this time, too—for Tommy was now past sixteen (and it is extraordinary how early the Irish youngsters *take a notion*)—Tom Courtney fell in love with Catherine Murphy, the daughter of the widow Murphy, of Cortheen; she was a beautiful girl, somewhat about his own age. But, if my remark about the youngsters falling in love thus early be applicable to the boys, believe me, it is no less true as regards the girls in Ireland—and, early as Tommy was in the field, he was not in time, for there was one before him; and Catherine refused to hear a word from him, point-blank, though without telling him why. But he soon found out; and as he shortly afterwards changed the scene and manner of his life, and perhaps many of the feelings with which his boyish days were associated, he thought but seldom of Catherine Murphy. Tom continued, however, to go to M'Sweeney's school for another year, at the end of which he had learned more than M'Sweeney could teach, and "was quite all out and entirely"—to use the pedagogue's own words, "be-yant his ingenuity or comprehension to resolve." Mr. M'Sweeney, therefore, called one morning on old Courtney, and told him "that he'd have to send Masther Courtney to some other school, for that he could get no good of him—that in place of larnin' his lessons and houldin' his tongue, as a clever boy ought, and takin' the larnin' from him that was able to give it, it's what he was always intherruptin' him, startin' him questions, and meanderin' about books that he was'n't within a year and a-half of."

It was decided that Tom should enter the church, and he spent three years at Maynooth.

It was before the end of the third year that Courtney unexpectedly appeared at home, having nothing whatever of a clerical appearance about him, and unhesitatingly declared "that he never would go back to Maynooth,

as he had given up all idea of ever going into the ministry—at least into——,” and here he stopped short, and would give no reason for any thing he either had done or intended to do.

After this interview it began to be pretty generally reported through the parish that young Courtney had turned Protestant—a circumstance which, as he had not been at mass since his return, was also pretty generally believed. On the other hand, however, he had not been at church; but this was an extreme step, which, perhaps, he was not prepared to brave, if his views were even so decided or confirmed as to have prompted it.

Tom Courtney was tall. His glossy, dark hair grew in rich curls backwards from a broad and manly forehead, and contrasted with the marble whiteness of a long neck, which Byron might have envied. His eyes shone with a dark, but soft brilliancy which prevented you from being able to ascertain their precise colour. His nose was straight and perfectly formed. His cheeks were pale—very pale—except at times when exercise or the excitement of debate or argument tinged them with a bloom which, for a moment, you thought rendered him handsomer than usual; but, when it was gone, you thought you were wrong, and that the pale cheek became him most. In disposition Tom Courtney had hitherto been considered a most amiable and benevolent young man; and his character for every thing that was correct and good had been proverbial.

Matters lay in abeyance for three months. It was now the middle of February; the assizes drew near, nothing new had turned up, and Philip Moran had not been heard of—a very damaging fact for poor Tom Courtney's case.

March 2nd.—Hanly had found Philip Moran, at Carrickfergus, where he had fled to a friend's house. I brought him before the magistrate, with the view of having his informations taken. He refused, however, to be sworn, maintaining an unbroken silence. The magistrate explained to him the position in which he was placed if his evidence was against his nephew; but that, at the same time, he had a duty to perform from which he should not

shrink; but Moran only compressed his lips the more closely, as if determined not to speak. The magistrate then told him if he continued to refuse, he had no course left but to commit him to gaol. His only reply was, “God's will be done, I do refuse.” A committal was then made out, and Philip Moran lay that night not four cells distant from his nephew in the county gaol.

March 7th.—It was now the evening before the assizes, at least the evening before the trials. The Crown Judge, Sir William Smith, had arrived, opened the commission, given his charge to the grand jury, and retired to his lodgings; the town was in a bustle; two sentries were measuring about duelling distance before the judge's door. The sheriff's carriage was rolling up the street; police, with their packs, were arriving in small parties from the distant stations; and lodging-houses and eating-houses were on the alert. Two of these police parties met from different directions at the head of the main street, when the following incident occurred:—Constable Collert, with two men, plumped up against Constable Ferriss, with one man, at the corner of the street.

“Hallo! boys,” said Ferriss, “where do you put up? let us stop together; Martin Kavanagh recommended us to stop at Frank Hinnegan's, a quiet, decent house, and no resort of any one but respectable people; come along with us, you'll not get cheaper or better lodgings in the town; come along.”

“Ay,” replied Collert, “so it is, but it's very far from the court and the parades; we're three to two against you, and come with us to Jenmy M'Coy's, it's just as cheap and respectable a house as Hinnegan's, and not half so far from the parades. Hinnegan's, I know, is a clean, comfortable house, but it's an out-of-the-way place.”

“Did you ever stop in it?” said Ferriss.

“I did, one quarter sessions,” said Collert; “and, indeed, a cheap, nice house it is; but, I tell you, 'tis out of the way, so come away with us to M'Coy's: the County Inspector is very sharp as to time—he's always on parade himself; I vote for M'Coy's, 'tis quite close to our work, boys.”

"Toss up for choice," said a young sub who had not yet spoken, "and let us all abide by the winner."

"Done!" said Ferriss, "though I am very unlucky."

"Agreed," said they all in a voice, and out came a halfpenny from Ferriss's pocket.

"I'll cry," said Collert.

"With all my heart," said Ferriss.

Up it went.

"Head," cried Collert.

"You lost," said Ferriss, "it's legs; I won, for once in my life, boys; maybe there's luck in that Manx halfpenny."

They all then adjourned to Hinnegan's lodging-house.

But why, you will say, drag in such nonsense as this into the story, and at such a time? It is trifling and unnecessary. I reply: pray, reader, be not too hasty in passing an opinion upon apparently small matters. The incident is trifling, but it is not unnecessary.

March 9th.—Tom Courtney stood erect in the front of the dock, and never took his eyes off the clerk of the crown while he was reading the indictment. When he had ended with the usual question of "How say you, are you guilty or not?" Courtney threw his eyes, as it would appear, through the vaulted roof up into the very heaven, and replied, in a voice which was not loud, but which, in its beauty and distinctness, was heard by the farthest individual in the court—"Not guilty, so help me, God, in this my great extremity," and he leaned forward, faintly.

Mr. B——, the famous counsel, was assigned to the prisoner.

The trial commenced with an able statement from the counsel for the crown. Catherine Murphy was the first witness. She stated, that on the 14th of November she was in her mother's house. Her brother, James, was absent at a fair; some time after midnight there was a loud knocking at the door; witness got up, and put on her clothes; was greatly frightened; her mother told her not to speak. Winny Cox slept on a loft over a small room that was off the far side of the kitchen; Winifred Cox got up also, while the knocking was going on, and just as she was coming down from the loft, the door was smashed in upon the floor, and two men entered. They lit a candle at the fire; knew the man

that blew the coal; knew him when the light of the coal was flaring on his face, as well as after the candle was lit; could not be mistaken, as she knew the prisoner from the time they were children, and her heart jumped up when she saw it was Tom Courtney. The men were armed with pistols; they came to the bedside where her mother lay; one of them seized her by the arm and made her sit up; on her oath, it was the prisoner, and "it's at his door I lay my mother's death."

There was here a sensation and murmur through the court; but, after a few moments, the examination was continued.

"Witness knew the prisoner for many years; he was son to a neighbour; is positive that he is the man; the prisoner demanded where the money was; her mother denied that she had any money in the house; the prisoner then struck her with the end of the pistol; knew that her mother had a small box with some money in it; thinks about fourteen or fifteen pounds besides some silver, but did not know where she kept it; if she knew she would have told the prisoner at once, to save her mother; told her mother, for God's sake, to tell him where it was, and let all their bad luck go with it; her mother replied, 'Never: Tom, you're the last man breathing I thought would do me an ill turn, and only for you struck me, I'd think it was joking you are, or through liquor, what I never saw on you yet.' They then dragged my mother out of the bed, and brought her into the kitchen, where they struck her again, but she would not tell; they drew out the rakings of the fire upon the hearth, and threw her down upon them; the prisoner held her under the arms, and the other man pulled her legs from under her; witness then roared murder, and seized the prisoner by the throat; called the prisoner by his name, and said, 'Tom Courtney, I'll hang you as high as the castle for this night's work;' he gave witness a blow which staggered her over against the wall, and said, 'Give up the money, before there's mischief done;' her mother was screaming very loud. When they first threw her mother down upon the coals, Winny Cox jumped down off the loft and

grappled with the second man ; with Winny's help, and what witness could do after she got the blow, her mother struggled into the middle of the kitchen floor, and said, 'Give them the box, Kitty, it's in the little press at the head of the bed,' and she fainted off. They then departed, leaving her mother, as she thought, dead ; saw the notes in the box when the prisoner opened it ; there was also a purse in the box with some silver in it, which belonged to witness herself ; would know it again if she saw it amongst a thousand—a good right she'd have, 'twas the prisoner himself gave it to her, about four years ago ; it was a leather purse, lined with silk, and there were letters upon it ; witness gave it to her mother to keep for safety ; did not know the second man that came into the house."

This witness was cross-examined at much length by Mr. B—, principally as to her former intimacy with the prisoner, but nothing was elicited.

Winefred Cox was next examined, and she corroborated every syllable that had been sworn to by the first witness in its most minute particulars : heard Catherine Murphy say, "Tom Courtney, I'll hang you for this night's work, its often my mother nursed you, to murder her at last ;" knew the prisoner for many years, and could not be mistaken.

Philip Moran was then sent for to the witness room, and put upon the table, and here there was a very painful scene indeed—not a being in court whose heart did not beat.

Moran never raised his eyes, never opened his lips ; he moved not ; he did not appear to breathe. The clerk of the crown held forth the book and told him to take it, but his arms seemed as though they were dead by his side. The counsel for the crown rose, and addressing his lordship, said, "My lord, this is a most material witness, and however painful the position in which he stands towards the prisoner, and in which we stand in being obliged to bring him forward—for I understand he is his uncle—the case is one of such magnitude in itself, and so peculiar as regards the unfortunate man in the dock, that we feel it imperative upon us to establish it by the mouths of many witnesses. The prisoner, I understand, has hitherto borne a most excellent character,

and I am aware that such will be attested here this day by many most respectable persons ; but this very fact, my lord, only makes it the more incumbent upon us to fortify our case by all the evidence we can fairly bring to bear upon it, in order to satisfy, not only the jury, but the public, beyond the shadow of a doubt, as to the guilt of the prisoner."

"I have no doubt he will give his evidence," said the judge. "Witness, listen to me." Not a move—not a stir.

"Witness, pray direct your eyes towards me, while I address a very few words to you," continued the judge.

Had he been made of marble he could not have been more immovable—death could not have been more still. I think the judge thought he must have been in a fit of some kind, for he seemed perplexed, and I heard him ask, in an undertone, if the medical gentleman who had charge of the gaol was in court, and directed him to be sent for. In the meantime he again addressed him by saying, "Witness, I am quite certain you must hear what I say, at least I shall take it for granted that you do : your present course cannot avail you, the law must be vindicated, and however painful it may be to you, you must give your evidence, or should you persist in refusing to do so, I shall have no course left but to commit you to prison, and that, let me add, indefinitely."

Still not a word—not a move. Here the prisoner started up from the position he had all this time maintained, and called out, "Uncle Philip—Uncle Philip, won't you speak to me? You will—you *must*."

This seemed to act like magic on the witness, for he turned quickly round and gazed his nephew in the face as he continued, "Uncle Philip, take the book and give your evidence like a man—what are you afraid of? Think you not that your unwillingness to tell the truth must be construed into an unwillingness to injure me ; may it not—nay, must it not—impress the jury and the public as clearly against me as any evidence which you can give. Uncle Philip, there is but one consideration which should tempt you to hold out in this manner, and that is a consciousness of having been induced through any influence, to be about to state that

which is not the fact: if that be the case, you do well to pause;—but no, it is an unworthy thought, and I ask your pardon; the love you have borne my mother and myself, and the whole course you have adopted in this melancholy business forbid the supposition.” Here the prisoner was completely overcome, and again covering his face with his hands, he writhed in the agony of distress—’twas the word *mother* that unmanned him.

I have been for upwards of thirty years in the habit of attending like places, and I never witnessed such a scene.

Presently the prisoner regained his self-possession, and “proudly he flung his clustering ringlets back,” and continued, “Rouse yourself, Uncle Philip, take the book and give your evidence; I know you will swear nothing but what you believe to be the truth.”

“Tis a difficult thing, Tom,” said his uncle, turning round, “and for all I have to say it isn’t much.”

As he took the book, I heard Tom Courtney say, “God help you, Uncle Philip; they might have spared you this, for they have enough.”

Philip Moran was then sworn and examined: kept a public house at Raheen; on the night the widow Murphy’s house was attacked, very late, or towards morning, some persons called at his house and asked for whiskey, refused to give it to them at that hour; they said they were travellers and were very wet, that they should get it; looked out through the window, saw three persons; it was a moonlight night, but very wet; thought he knew one of the men who stood a little to one side; told them to go home, that they could be no strangers; one of them swore they would smash in the door if it was not opened, but that they had plenty of money, and would pay well for the whiskey; thought the easiest way to get rid of them was to give them the whiskey; lit a candle, and drew half a pint; did not wish them to come in, and brought it to the door, which he opened; two of them stood inside, and said it was a shame to keep them so long in the rain, because they were strangers. Witness turned the light of the candle upon the man who stood outside, looked sharp at him, and said, “there’s one of you no stranger at all events, Tom,

what’s the matter? won’t you come in and dry yourself;” he made no reply, and witness said, “you had better go home, Tom, as fast as you can;” knew Tom Courtney since he was born; is his uncle by his mother; the prisoner came no nearer, at any time, than where he first stood, about four yards.

This witness was then called upon by the Crown to state positively whether the prisoner was one of those three men, or if he had any doubt. He was positive that the man who stood outside was the prisoner; he did not know either of the other men, they were strangers.

This witness was cross-examined with great ingenuity, principally as to the dress which the prisoner had on; whether it was that usually worn by him, and the opportunity he had of distinctly seeing his face. Upon the whole this cross-examination was not unsuccessful of a rather favourable impression towards the prisoner.

As the old man turned to go down his eyes met those of his nephew. They were within four feet of each other, and Moran having gazed at him for a moment, threw his arms and shoulders across the rails of the dock, and claspng him round the neck, he cried, “Oh, Tom, forgive me; but I could not wrong my soul.”

“Stand back, Uncle Philip,” said Courtney, “you’ll drown me with your tears. I know you have sworn what you believe to be the truth, and I would disown you if you would do anything else—even to save my life.”

He then staggered down, or rather was helped down, and you could have heard his sobs dying away in the distance as he was supported out of the court.

James Murphy was examined, and stated that Courtney casually had met him on the road, some days before the attack, and advised him to go to the fair to sell his calves, as it was an excellent market.

The Widow Murphy’s dying declaration was then read, when a murmur of surprise and indignation ran through the court. Persons who had hitherto felt inclined to sympathize with the prisoner began now to look upon him as a hardened and hypocritical ruffian.

The case for the prosecution closed.

The leading witness for the defence was Courtney’s brother, Billy, a hand-

some lad:—"Recollected the night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked; slept on that night in the bed with his brother. Witness and the prisoner went to bed about ten o'clock; locked the house-door, and hung the key behind the parlour-door; the prisoner got into bed first; he slept next the wall, and witness slept on the outside. Prisoner and witness both said their prayers before they got into bed. The prisoner was in the bed in the morning when witness awoke. Turned two or three times in the night, and, on his solemn oath, the prisoner was in the bed on all these occasions."

Cross-examined by Mr. F.—

"The prisoner had other clothes in a box in the same room; could have got them without touching those on the chair."

"Could he not have left the house, then, without your knowledge, sir?"

"'Tis just possible; but I am positive he never did."

"Do you mean to swear, sir, that he did not do that which it was possible he could have done without your knowledge?"

"I'll tell you—"

"No, sir, you'll tell me nothing until you give me a direct answer. I ask you, sir, again, and for the last time, will you take it upon yourself to swear that the prisoner did not leave the house that night after you and he went to bed?"

"I will not swear it positively."

"You may go down, sir."

"You were going to say something just now," said the judge.

"I was going to say, my lord, that I would not swear positively to any thing which I did not actually know to be a fact of my own knowledge; and in this case, although I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner did not leave the house on that night, yet as the possibility does exist that he could have done so, however safe I might believe myself to be in swearing it, I think it would be wrong to do so."

"It is a very honest answer, my good boy," broke in Mr. B—, "and stamps truth upon every tittle of your evidence."

The witness here became much affected; his eyes filled with tears, and the corners of his mouth worked and twitched with emotion. He put a

handkerchief to his eyes as he turned to go down—more, I think, to hide his brother as he passed than to check his tears; but the prisoner stretched out his arms, and grasped him by the shoulder as he passed, saying,

"God bless you, Billy, you're all right, man—you're all right. Forgive me if I was afraid of your love."

Billy then rushed through the crowd, carrying the sympathy and belief of every one who heard his evidence with him.

The only other evidence which was brought forward was as to character, and certainly if it could have availed in opposition to the flood of evidence which was against the prisoner, he would have been turned from the dock a free man; the highest and most noble in the county, one and all, bore cheerful and distinct testimony to the amiability and uniformly good character and conduct of Tom Courtney; the priests (for they still claimed him) thronged forward to the table, to bear witness to his benevolence and kind-heartedness, from a very child—and the case closed.

The judge slowly turned himself round towards the jury, and made a very long pause—so long that it became at last the subject of whispers from one to another, and I heard some one say that he was only waiting for the buzz (which always takes place at that moment in a crowded court) to subside—but I did not think it was.

He commenced, however, and it was the signal for death-like silence. I shall not follow him through his charge; he left no point of view in which he did not put the case. I shall never forget his voice, his views, his periods. He closed, and during the whole of his charge he never once used the words, "on the other hand, gentlemen"—(alas! there was no other hand to turn to); nor did he close with that general and hackneyed finale to all charges, "if they had a doubt, a reasonable doubt" (and it was a termination of which his humanity rendered that judge particularly fond); but in this case he seemed to feel—the whole court felt—that it would have been out of place; and his closing words were: "I leave, then, the case with you, gentlemen; and I do so with a firm persuasion,

that as upright, conscientious jurors, you will do your duty without respect to persons, and fearless of the result, founded on the evidence, and the evidence alone, which has been brought before you."

Oh! what a hum—what a buzz—what whispering, and wiping of faces, what altering of elbows on the ledges of the seats, what slight shaking of heads and compressing of lips, as people looked in each other's faces while the jury rose to retire; and "Poor young fellow;" "God help him;" "Unfortunate mother;" and such like remarks, passed in an undertone from one to another. I lifted up my heart in silent prayer to God that He would indeed help both him and his mother in that distracting, frightful hour. Not a man, not a woman, not a child—and there were children there—left the court, although there were numbers who had not tasted food for nearly twelve hours; such was the awful suspense, the dreadful anxiety to learn that which every person there knew to as great a certainty as that the sun which had been some time set would rise again in the morning.

Contrary to all expectation, the jury remained in for nearly half an hour—not that they doubted (as I learned afterwards), but from a sheer reluctance to hand in the fatal word. Indeed it was the good sense and humanity of one of the jurors which prevented them from giving further delay (such was their repugnance), by representing that every moment they remained in beyond what was reasonable, in so plain a case, was only calculated to nourish a vain and delusive hope in the prisoner's breast, and lead him to the belief, that it was possible to take a favourable view of the case. The justice, the humanity of this was at once acquiesced in; and the jury room door opened, and forth came a reluctant but conscientious jury. The issue paper was handed down. The clerk of the crown read over the names of the jurors, and read aloud, though his voice trembled as he uttered it, the awful word, "GUILTY," adding the useless, but usual words, "have you any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner, on hearing the word "Guilty," had brought his hands together, stretched his arms along the

front rail of the dock, and laid his head down upon the backs of his hands. In this position he remained evidently struggling with inward emotion. There was a death-like silence then, indeed, in the court, as there always is immediately previous to the sentence of death being passed. At length the judge—who had been gazing at some imaginary object in the air—said, "Prisoner."

At the word, the convict, for such, indeed, he now was, started up into an erect position, and pushing back his long dark hair, which had fallen down over his forehead and eyes, showed a face of marble whiteness, but an unstirring eye of surpassing beauty.

"Prisoner," said the judge, again.

"My lord," said the prisoner, "I have been asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon me. If the question be not altogether an insult or a mockery, may I be permitted to say a few words to the Court—not, I am aware, that they can have any influence upon my fate, but, my lord, that they may be remembered when I am no more;" and his lips quivered.

The judge made no answer, rather permitting him to proceed, than giving him permission.

"My lord, I have been found guilty of a crime of which I am as innocent before Heaven as any person who now hears me or looks upon me, standing here, in the eyes of the law, a convicted murderer, and about to receive sentence of death and execution—oh! terrible, terrible words! There may be eyes now looking at me, there may be ears now listening to me, of those who know and who could prove my innocence, even at this moment. If such there be in the court [and the prisoner turned round and surveyed the crowd in rere of the dock], let them behold me—let them listen to my words. Of course, my lord, I allude to the real perpetrators of this horrid crime, should any of them be here, and which is not impossible. Do I expect, then, that if they be, they or any of them will stand forth and avow it? Alas, no! I have no such hope; 'tis not in human nature; and the hearts which would perpetrate such a cruel deed will be but too glad to chuckle in the security of my conviction." [Here there was a great

bustle in the centre of the crowd behind the dock, and a strong-looking man, who had fainted from the heat, was removed into the street, where the fresh air soon revived him; but I do not believe he returned into the court, and I heard somebody say that he was a stranger.] "They may hear," continued the prisoner, when silence was restored, "from the lips of a dying man, that they are about to commit another murder, and that, sooner or later, justice will overtake them, and my character will be redeemed, and my memory rescued from disgrace and shame,—perhaps ere I be rotten in the grave."

Sir William knit his brow, and seemed as if he would have stopped him. He at once perceived it, and added—

"Pardon the expression, my lord—this is not a time for choice of words; but if I have used an undignified or improper expression while addressing your lordship, pardon me, I pray, and attribute it rather to the agony of the position in which I am placed, than to any want of respect."

The judge appeared satisfied, and the prisoner continued—

"My lord, I cannot, and I do not, while asserting my innocence, quarrel with either your lordship's charge, or with the verdict of the jury; I do not even know how to quarrel with the evidence. I never injured any one of the witnesses; on the contrary, I had far other feelings at one time—perhaps far other objects than injury towards one of them. I cannot, and I do not, believe that Catherine Murphy's poor old mother—her murdered mother—and my heart still bleeds at the contemplation of her sufferings and death—I cannot believe, I say, that she rushed for judgment to her God with a perjured lie upon her lips; I cannot believe that either she or Catherine has sworn what they knew to be false. I cannot believe that James has turned an innocent and casual conversation against me for a wicked purpose, knowing me to be innocent. He, at least, my lord, has sworn the truth. I freely admit the accuracy of the conversation detailed in his evidence; it was a casual matter, with no other object than to serve him, and founded upon the success of my own father upon similar occasions. Besides, were my object

that which has been attributed to it, might I not as well have said to James Murphy, 'James, I wish you would go away to the fair of G— on Thursday next, for I want to murder your mother on that night,' as have acted the subsequent part I did, had such been the object of the conversation which actually did take place. Who but a fool would have held such a conversation with him, had he not made arrangements to fly with his booty before he returned. Did I fly? You have heard where and how I was found. Intimately known, as I was, to the widow, to Catherine, and the servant girl, undisguised to have entered the house, and committed murder and robbery, and then returned to my own house, not more than a mile distant, sat down to my breakfast, and calmly waited the result; could I, I say, have courted an ignominious and shameful death more openly, more successfully, more promptly, than by such a course? But I have not alluded to my uncle. Can I believe that Philip Moran—the only brother of her whose heart I now see breaking almost beneath your lordship's bench, and which, I doubt not, in mercy, may be cold before my own—can I believe that he would join a foul conspiracy to take away the life of an innocent man, and that man his sister's son—a conspiracy, too, the success of which must be purchased by multiplied perjury of the deepest dye, and for which no depth of ingenuity can divine a motive? I cannot believe that he or they have done so. What shall I say, then?—that I am guilty? No, my lord; as I stand before the God of heaven, who knoweth my heart, I am not guilty."

The convict here paused for a moment, and turned his head towards one of the side boxes below him.

"I have just heard a remark, my lord," he continued, "expressing surprise that I did not address this statement to the jury before they retired, rather than to the Court after the verdict. I doubt that the law would have permitted me to do so; but I do not doubt the futility of such a course, neither does the gentleman who defended my case; else, had he not been silent, were it lawful; had I been permitted, I should have declined to do so. And why? Because I felt the impossibility of any thing

which I could say to contend against the evidence, and whatever I set forth must have been received by the jury and the public as false and hypocritical, coming at such a time, in the vain and delusive hope of swaying men's minds in my favour, and I should but too surely have added the brand of liar to that of murderer upon my name. It may not be so now: the die is cast—my doom is sealed. That short word, written in silence by your foreman, and spoken aloud by the officer of the Crown, has removed my case into a higher court. I stand now, not so much before your lordship as before the Lord of heaven. At His tribunal I must soon appear; and falsehood, which could never have availed to save me, would be worse than useless now. I may, therefore, hope there are some, at least—perhaps many—here, who will believe my words, when I again declare, in this awful moment, that I am wholly innocent of act, part, or knowledge of this dreadful crime. I believe, my lord, that an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are past finding out, has permitted—for some mysterious purpose, which neither you, my lord, nor I can scan—a fatal delusion to fall upon the minds of all those who have this day witnessed against me. He has the power even still to dispel it; and should He hasten His mercy in time to save me from a cruel and ignominious death, how shall I live to thank Him—to serve him; but if not?—[Here the unhappy man exhibited great emotion; his lips quivered, his voice trembled, and his whole frame shook.] “But if not,” he continued, recovering himself, “and that my doom in this world shall, indeed, be fixed, I trust I can say ‘His will be done;’ but, for the sake of my memory and my character, and for the sake of those who loved me here, I hope and trust He will reveal it when I am gone.”

He paused, and the judge, thinking he had finished, put his hand behind him, doubtless for the purpose of assuming the black cap.

“A very few words more, my lord, and I have done. I doubt not that your lordship will tell me that you perfectly coincide with the propriety of the verdict, and that no person who has heard the evidence can for a

moment have a doubt of my guilt. Perhaps your lordship may tell me that a solemn declaration of my innocence in opposition to such evidence is only a fearful aggravation of my guilt; and although I cannot, as I have already said, upon that evidence, quarrel with either the verdict or with that opinion, I once more, and for the last time—at least before your lordship—assert my innocence; and further most solemnly declare, that were an admission of my guilt to purchase the life which I must soon resign for a shameful, sudden, and, perhaps, a painful death, and to turn me, free and unshackled, from this dock, while my name and character were blasted with the crime, I would not, for I could not, truly make it. The Lord has laid His hand heavily upon me; it is a sore affliction which I cannot comprehend, but which must take its course. May the Lord lighten the load, or increase my strength to bear it; to Him I commit myself, soul and body. My lord and gentlemen, I have done, and I thank you for the patience and attention with which you have listened to me.”

The prisoner ceased, but not a word, not a whisper, not a stir in court. All eyes turned from the unhappy man to the judge, who, after an apparent consultation with his own mind, assumed the black cap with a trepidation very foreign to his usual mode. All persons present seemed to expect a long and, doubtless, a very feeling address to the unhappy convict, ere the final words of the sentence should close his earthly fate; but I never saw Sir William Smith so completely, so perfectly overcome. He made one effort to speak, in vain, and it was evident he would not make a second until he had mastered himself, and could command his voice. I had, too, a secret feeling that he believed in the innocence of the prisoner. After a prolonged and painful silence, he merely said—

“Thomas Courtney, I have listened, with all the attention which I considered your unhappy position demanded, to your statement. Every person in the court, as well as the jury, has heard the evidence upon which you have been convicted; and in the justice and propriety of that verdict there is not one solitary person who must not concur—nay, you yourself

have done so. They have also heard your statement; and whether that statement be an aggravation of the crime or not, I shall leave to be settled by the final and eternal Judge before whom you soon must appear. I shall only add, that if your statement be false—and I cannot reconcile its being otherwise, with the evidence, if *it* be true—you will find, perhaps when too late, that it will be a dreadful aggravation, indeed."

He then sentenced Tom Courtney to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, in the usual words, upon the next day but one following. The miserable man was then removed from the dock to the gaol, amidst all the customary clamour and screaming of relations and friends.

The court was adjourned, and in one hour the town was as quiet as if nothing beyond the conviction of a petty sessions had taken place.

The weather was very fine and dry for the time of year, and Sir William, to the surprise of every one who had witnessed all he had gone through that day, directed the sheriff to have an escort ready in one hour from the closing of the court; and having made arrangements with his brother judge (who had nothing to do in the record court), he left for the next town on the circuit, by a clear, fine moonlight.

It was by this time very late; and as I felt harassed and fatigued both in body and mind, I retired to my lodging alone and depressed. The evening wore on: in a state of distraction I retired to rest, and soon fell into a confused slumber. How long I slept, or half slept, I know not—at least I did not know until I was awakened by a thundering double-knock at the hall-door. I had an instinctive feeling that it was for me, and jumping up, I put my head out of the window, and asked "Who was there?"

"Oh, come down, sir; come down as fast as you can," said Ferriss, who, with another policeman, stood at the door.

"Why, what is the matter, now, Ferriss?" said I.

"Oh, come down, sir; dress yourself smart, and come down, sir, and I'll tell you."

Of course, I lost not another moment in dressing myself and going down. As I passed the clock on the

landing-place, I saw that it was not far from two o'clock. Something serious, I was certain, had happened, and I felt a dreadful presentiment that Ferriss's news was, that Tom Courtney had put an end to himself. Judge of my astonishment, when I opened the hall-door, and his first words were, that Tom Courtney had made his escape from the gaol, and that he had again arrested him in a public-house in the town.

"Quite and entirely impossible, Ferriss," said I: "on every account impossible, out of the question."

"Quite true, nevertheless, sir," he replied. "I have him in the police-barrack, not forty perch from where you stand: and, what's more, I have one of the fellows that was with him at the widow's house, and who, I am sure, assisted him to make his escape. You remember the red-haired thief that Kitty swore she'd know again."

"You're dreaming, Ferriss; 'tis, I say, quite impossible: I can't, and I don't believe it."

"And why not, sir? Why wouldn't he, if he could? And, faith, if it wasn't for Edmond Ferriss, he was a free bird before morning. Come down to the barrack, sir, yourself, and see him; maybe you'll believe your eyesight."

"Scarcely," said I. "What did he say, Ferriss, when you took him? How did you know he got out? Where did you find him? Does he now admit his guilt?"

"He never opened his lips since I took him; but I heard him and his companion talking the whole business over of the attack, and how well they escaped. There can be no doubt of his guilt now, at all events. Oh, then, what a sweet tongue he had, sir. Did you hear him to-day—faith, I believe I may say yesterday—why, he had me almost persuaded, at one time, in spite of every thing, that he was innocent."

We hastened to the barrack. As I entered the day-room, I there beheld Tom Courtney, sitting upon a form, handcuffed to another man, and a policeman on either end guarding them. He had changed his clothes, but did not appear to have had time to cut his hair, or otherwise disguise himself. There was a ferocity in his eye, and altogether in the expression of his countenance, I had never before

seen, and which I did not conceive it capable of assuming. I looked him full in the face, and said,

"God help you, Tom Courtney; what is this you have done?"

He did not return my gaze, and he replied not.

Looking upon him from that moment as a condemned and hardened hypocrite, I turned from the room, and gave directions that no person whatever should be permitted to speak to him, or he to any one. I then brought Ferriss with me to Mr. —, the magistrate, whom I routed up as unexpectedly as I myself had been. As we went along, and while we were waiting for the magistrate to dress, and reconcile himself to so untimely a visit, Ferriss gave me the following account of Tom Courtney's second arrest.

He and his companions had retired to their lodgings rather tired and harassed, after the duties of the day. Their room was off a long narrow one which was used as a tap-room. There was, however, another door leading into their room from an outside passage, up three little three-cornered steps, which door was generally used when there was company drinking in the taproom; but on this occasion it was very late, and as there were no persons in it, Ferriss and his comrades passed through it into their sleeping-room, and were retiring to bed. There was a chink of the door between the two rooms open. Ferriss's companions had got into bed, and he himself had taken off his clothes, and had just put out the candle, when he heard the door of the outside room open, and steps advance into it, and he saw a light. Now, Ferriss was a cautious, sensible man, where business or duty was concerned, although a smart, pleasant fellow, where it was not: he never did any thing in a hurry, and therefore seldom did it wrong; and, in this instance, he thought it was just as well to take a peep through the chink previous, as he thought, to stepping into bed. But Ferriss did not go to bed that night, near as he was to doing so; for, as he looked out, if ever he saw mortal man, he saw Tom Courtney sitting at the end of the table, directly opposite him: the candle shone right upon him—full on his face—he could not be mistaken. There was another man sit-

ting sideways to the table, but turned round towards Courtney, so that he could not see his face. But it was no matter; he saw Tom Courtney beyond a doubt; nay, if a doubt could have existed—which, under the circumstances, might have been natural—it was dispelled by the following conversation, every word of which Ferriss drank in *erectis auribus*, with more than ordinary surprise.

"Well, Tom, my boy—for I can't help calling you Tom, though you bid me not—I hope I may congratulate you now, at least, on your escape from the halter, eh? Don't you think you may say you are safe? Give us your hand, old boy."

The other looked at him with a contemptuous curl of the lip—Tom Courtney's curl all over—and letting him take his hand, rather than giving it to him, replied—

"Yes, I hope we are safe, perhaps, from that job; but recollect, Martin, there are other things to the full as bad, if not worse, than the widow's; and the sooner we can get clear out of the country the better. My heart misgives me that there may be some mischance yet."

"Your heart is quite right for once, my lad, at all events," thought Ferriss; but he would not stir for the world until he heard more. "He was," as he said himself, "in the receipt of a bagful of information of the right sort."

"Don't be downhearted, man," continued Martin; "here's the girl with the whiskey."

It was just then brought in and laid on the table, and the girl left the room.

"Martin, you have no right to call me downhearted. Recollect to-day, didn't I stand it like a man. It would be more like the thing if I called you a chicken-hearted coward; you were very near spoiling all."

"Well, well," interrupted the other, "you said enough about that already, and I told you I couldn't help it. The recollection of the poor Widow Murphy's screams, and the blood upon her gray hairs and face, and the way that you spoke, Tom, and wanted the people to stand back, that I might be seen, was too much for me, and the place was so hot, and altogether, I could not help it; but it's all over now, and you promised you would

not bring it up again ; so no more about it. But let us hear your plan, Tom, what is it ?

"Just to drink my share of this half-pint, smoke a pipe, and be the best half of the way to Galway before daylight—will that do ?"

"Right well ; here's to you and me ; there's not another man in Ireland would have escaped as you have."

They drank and helped themselves again.

All this time Ferriss was stealing into his jacket and trousers like a mouse, and listening and peeping at the same time. He was glad to see—what no man ever saw before—Tom Courtney charging a pipe, and preparing to smoke. This was nuts and apples to Ferriss : it was his time for business, and of all men in the force he was not likely to spoil a job by hurry. He therefore stole over, and very gingerly awakened his two comrades, and whispered to them—

"For their life not to open their lips or make a noise, but to dress themselves as smart and as quietly as possible. And," he added "our fortunes are made."

This having been accomplished—not the making of their fortunes, but the dressing themselves—he told them who was in the outside room, and sent them in their *stockin'*-feet, but with their bayonets, through the little door of which I spoke to the outer door of the drinking-room, to prevent the escape of the men, and with directions to stand fast until they heard him inside. All being arranged as he directed, he returned to his former position, and taking a final peep, he saw Tom Courtney and his companion puffing away. Need I say, what next ? Ferriss, throwing open the door, rushed like a tiger upon Tom Courtney, and gripped him by the throat ; the other two men sprang in with drawn bayonets. There was a fearful struggle—twas for life or death—and Courtney and his companion fought like persons who knew and felt what the result of defeat must be ; but Ferriss and his comrades were no light customers, and the odds being in their favour, both as to numbers and being armed (although they did not inflict any injury with their bayonets), Courtney and his accomplice were ultimately overpowered and hand-

cuffed, and in a very short time after were lodged in the police-barrack, where a strong guard was placed over them.

When Ferriss had finished the recital from which I have put the above into the form of detail, he pulled out an Isle of Man halfpenny out of his pocket.

"Do you see that, sir ?" said he, holding it on the palm of his hand in the moonlight.

I did ; it had three legs kicking every way upon it.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note for that halfpenny ; I never won a toss but the one I won with that, and it was the means of my taking Tom Courtney, for the Tubbercullen boys and us tossed up to see where we'd stop in town ; we were for Hinnegan's, and they were for M'Coy's ; if I lost the toss we'd have gone to M'Coy's, and Courtney was clean gone for ever."

We were standing at the hall-door all this time, waiting for the magistrate. The door was at length opened, and we went up stairs to the drawing-room. I told him that Courtney was, indeed, a villain, and a hypocrite ; that he had made his escape from the gaol, with the assistance of an accomplice ; that Ferriss had overheard him fully admit the crime, and boast of how he had escaped ; but most fortunately he had been enabled, with the assistance of his comrades, to apprehend them both in the lodging-house, and they were then under a strong guard in the police-barrack. I found it just as hard to persuade Mr. —

of the fact as Ferriss had found it to persuade me ; but he came up to the barrack, and was there perfectly satisfied of the whole thing. Like myself, he asked him one or two questions, and receiving no answer, turned away. We determined, then, to remain up all night till the gaol should be open in the morning, and we brought Ferriss back again to the magistrate's lodgings, where we took a very full statement from him, in writing, of the conversation and arrest of Courtney and the other man ; and if a person could enjoy any thing at such a time, we almost did enjoy the idea of the governor's distraction, when he first heard of Courtney's escape, and his face again, when we should inform him that he had been retaken. Musing and thinking on these things, we

turned our steps towards the gaol long before the usual hour for its being opened, or the officials ready for business. When we turned the corner, early as it was, we saw the governor standing at the outer gate, with his hands in his black velvet jacket pockets, and his head down.

"He does not look as if he had heard it yet," said I.

"Oh, he must," said Mr. ———, "look at him."

We approached him; there was nothing of excitement or hurry about him: rather a melancholy sadness, as he returned our "good morning, governor."

"This is a bad business," said Mr. ———; "but it might have been worse."

"Worse, sir! my God, sir, how could it be worse? The poor young fellow!"

"Poor young fellow! How so? He might have escaped altogether; he was within a snap of your fingers of being off."

"Escaped! being off!—what do you mean? Ah! no, no, poor fellow, I am quite certain he would not have moved a step, if the gates were open all night, and that it was to save his life."

Mr. ——— and I looked at each other; we did not suppose he had heard a word of what had happened.

"Was it late last night when you saw him? Or when did you see him last?" said I.

"Poor fellow! I have but just left him, and notwithstanding all the evidence, I declare to Heaven, gentlemen, my opinion is, that if ever a man was hanged in the wrong, that man will."

"What," cried Mr. ——— and myself, in a breath; "do you, indeed, say that he is here?—that he has not made his escape?"

"Oh, gentlemen, this is no time for joking; I am not able to bear it—indeed, I am not, and I did not expect it from either of you. Ah! poor fellow! I never saw so reconciled a creature. He says, but for his mother he could bear it all. Poor fellow! God help him."

"Indeed," said I, "we are not joking; it would be worse than cruel to do so at such a time; but you must be mistaken, for, beyond a doubt, Tom Courtney did make his escape last night, and has been retaken, with one

of his accomplices, by some of my men; they will be here in a few minutes. One of my men—Ferriss—even heard him confess the whole business, while talking to his accomplice."

The governor looked at me as if he thought I was mad, and then at Mr. ———, to see if he would confirm what I had said. Mr. ——— saw the state of excitement he was getting into, and said,

"When, indeed and in truth, did you see him last? This is most extraordinary!"

"Not ten minutes ago; why, I tell you, I had but just left him not five minutes when you turned the corner, and came towards me; but come, and you shall see him, yourselves, this moment, poor fellow. God, I say, help him; indeed, he has helped him wonderfully, for I never saw so reconciled a creature—he's like a lamb; come, gentlemen, and satisfy yourselves."

And, as he turned to lead the way, I saw, what I had never seen before, tears trembling in the eyes of the governor of a gaol. I confess I had my doubts, as I followed him, of the state of his mind at that moment, as I felt confident of impossibility of his showing us Tom Courtney. We arrived at the cell-door, and my heart beat violently—I knew not from what cause. The governor unlocked the door, and we entered; there sat the real, true Tom Courtney, as innocent before the Lord and his country of the murder for which he had been condemned as the new-born lamb. We had cautioned the governor on no account to make any allusion to the subject of our previous conversation; and having merely paid him a short visit of apparent sympathy, we left the cell.

On our return to the outer gate, the police were just coming in with the prisoners, and as they passed into the anteroom for examination, the governor actually started; he pinched my arm, and, turning aside, he said,

"My God, how perfectly alike—I see it all; it must be the case."

The truth had flashed upon us when we saw Tom Courtney in the cell; it now flashed upon the governor when he saw the prisoners pass him into the anteroom.

The room was then cleared, with the exception of the principal prisoner, the governor, and myself, and

Ferriss was directed to remain. Mr. — having then cautioned the prisoner in the usual manner, commenced to examine him. He stated that his name was Michael Lynch, that he was from the county Galway, that he knew nothing whatever of any crime he was taken up for, or charged with; he was on his way to the fair of Enniskillen to buy pigs, when he was taken up by that gentleman there (pointing to Ferriss), for what he could not tell. This is all that could be got out of him, as he positively declined saying one word more, or answering any questions whatever. He was then removed, and the other prisoner brought in; and as they passed in the lobby, I heard Lynch say to the other, "*a dark night, friend,*" at the same time giving him a significant look. Another dumb witness, thought I. This man was in like manner cautioned and examined. He said his name was Martin Cooney, that he "did not mind the caution he got one straw, he would tell the whole, if he was to be hanged for it the next moment; and its long-ing I am since yesterday, when I heard him speaking to tell it." He was cautioned again, and it was fully explained to him that any thing he said would be written down and proved against him.

"So best, so best, gentlemen. I'll tell every thing. I have enough upon me, and I'll have no more—least of all, the blood of that poor innocent young man, Tom Courtney. Gentlemen, my companion's name is Peter Hopkins, I don't know what he told you; he's from one village with me, in the county Mayo; 'twas he, and I, and another boy—no matter who, but I'll tell if I am obliged—that broke into the widow Murphy's house, and robbed and murdered her. Tom Courtney never set a foot near it, no more than you did; but he Hopkins is so like him, that he was taken for him by every one that saw him that night; even his own uncle, as Phil Moran turns out to be, swore to him. If you misdoubt me, gentlemen, you'll find an old purse in his smallclothes pocket this very moment, that belonged to the daughter; she swore to it yesterday, and she'll know it."

"Be gad you won't get it in *his* pocket," said Ferriss, "for I have it

in mine; but surely I got it in his pocket just now, when I searched him; here it is, gentlemen, and money enough in it too;" and he laid it on the table.

"The less I lie then, 'tis all the one thing," Cooney continued; "oh, gentlemen, I thank God I'm taken, for surely that young man is innocent, clean innocent. I had like to faint in the court-house, yesterday, when he was speaking about the real murderers—and Hopkins is the chief one, and I'm the other. Oh, Tom Courtney, a hair of your head shall never fall by me, now that I'm taken; and thank God, gentlemen, I am taken."

In this strain he went on, and the magistrate took down a full and detailed statement which he gave of the transaction at the Widow Murphy's, but which you are too well acquainted with already. He further stated, "that when they heard a young man named Tom Courtney was charged with the murder, and taken up, they knew that it must have been from a strong likeness between him and Hopkins, as Hopkins had been called Tom, even Tom Courtney, on that night, by both the widow and her daughter, and also by Philip Moran, at the public-house. They thought it a good chance, and were determined to let him suffer for it. He was quite sure he would have done so if he had not been taken up. There were two or three warrants out against him in the county of Mayo for different crimes, all bad enough, but no murder amongst them."

He then gave the name and residence of the third man, and repeated that he was willing and ready to abide by all he had stated; that his mind and conscience were easy since he was prevented from being accessory to the murder of Tom Courtney.

The prisoners were then committed for re-examination, and the governor was directed to keep them strictly separate.

The next step was to send for Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox, in order to see if they could identify Martin Cooney, and what they would say upon seeing Peter Hopkins. For this purpose the prisoners were placed in a yard with ten or twelve others, and they stood next each other in two.

to the door of the yard, and desired to look in through a small square hole, and say if she saw any person she knew, or had ever seen before; but she had been kept in perfect ignorance of what had taken place. She looked for some time, ranging her eyes from one end to the other of the row. As they reached Cooney on each occasion, they stopped, and she gazed, for some seconds, at him; they also paused, but not so long, as they fell upon Hopkins, and I thought she turned a little pale. At length, turning to the magistrate, she said,

"Yes, sir, I do; I see another of the men who attacked my mother's house."

"Point out where he stands," said the magistrate.

"He's standing there, sir, next but two to the poor fellow who was condemned yesterday, but whose dress is greatly changed since then. That's him with the red hair; he's the man that Winny Cox grappled with. I'd take my oath to him upon a hundred books."

The magistrate then assured her that Tom Courtney was not in the yard at all. She did not appear to believe him, and she scrutinized the man again very closely, and said,

"Is not that him next but two on the right of the man I have just pointed out, with the red hair?"

The magistrate and the governor both solemnly assured her that was not Tom Courtney, and that he was not there. She appeared greatly confused, and burst into a profuse perspiration.

"Bring me into the room, for God's sake," said she, "and give me a drink of water. These are the two identical men, beyond a doubt. I see them together now as I saw them that night. Oh, Tom Courtney, would I have murdered—"

But ere she could finish the sentence, or had reached the room-door, she had fainted. Hopkins was then removed (I cannot say why, but the magistrate would have it so), and Winfred Cox was brought to the door. She promptly and distinctly identified Cooney as the man with whom she had struggled on the night of the attack, and all she appeared to me to require to make her perfectly happy in this life was, then and there, to be at him, with her bare hands.

"Let me at him; that's all ever I'll ask. Oh, let me at the villain, that's all I'll ask," she repeated half a dozen times before she could be removed from the door.

Mr. — and I then requested the governor on no account whatever to permit any communication to be made to Courtney of what had transpired, for the present, as we intended to post off directly after the judge who had condemned him, to put him in possession of every thing that had occurred, and take his instructions.

Mr. —, who never forgot any thing which he ought to do, also arranged with the governor to wait upon the other judge at the earliest moment he could properly do so, and reveal to him the facts which had become known, and that we had gone after Sir William Smith to inform him. In the mean time the prisoners were to be kept separate, and all communication between them strictly prohibited.

I pass over our interview with the judge. I found that his lordship had, as I supposed, believed Tom innocent. His lordship sent me back to break the news to the poor fellow cautiously.

On our return I lost no time in speeding to the gaol upon my mission of life and light to the dark and troubled heart of poor Tom Courtney. I met the governor in the yard, who told me that no person had since seen Courtney except himself, and that he had not the most remote idea of what had happened. I told him, shortly, of our interview with Sir William Smith. He came with me himself, and, opening the cell-door, I entered, and he shut me in.

Tom Courtney was sitting on the side of his bed, but started up to meet me the moment I entered, and, stretching out both his hands to me, he said—

"Oh, sir, I am glad you are come; I thought you would have been to see me to-day before this hour. My time is short. Oh, sir, I have spent a miserably wretched night and day—death itself would be preferable to the night I spent. I wished to have told you this morning, but you hurried away, I knew not why. Oh, sir, I have been nearly mad—at times I think I am mad. Can you wonder? Oh, how could it be otherwise? I

wish it was all over. Oh, sir, if I could subdue my heart to the will of God—if I could *feel* that I had submitted to His mysterious will—with what pleasure I could behold the light of that fatal morning now so near at hand ; but I have had a fearful struggle, and, I hope—oh, yes, I do hope—that I have not lost the battle. At one time I feared I had been conquered, and that all was lost. Oh, sir," he continued, and a curious change came over him ; "oh, sir, I have spent a miserable night. Oh, how I wish I had not slept at all—the waking to a new certainty of consciousness was frightful ;—and I had an extraordinary and tormenting dream. Oh, sir, dreaming is a curious, a wonderful faculty of the brain. Have you ever been perplexed, during sleep, by one constant, unaccountable, irreconcilable idea—a confused, yet distinct idea—the certainty of an *impossible* fact—at one and the same moment knowing it to be *impossible*, yet believing it to be *true*—distinct, though confused—plain, but incomprehensible. 'Tis difficult clearly to explain what I mean ; but, I dare say, you may have experienced some such thing, particularly if your mind has dwelt long upon any painful subject. Such I experienced last night to a very painful degree. I dreamed that I was in a foreign land—pardon me, sir, for all this, I must talk, for thought has nearly set me mad. I dreamed that I was in a foreign land, and that a horde of savages, naked and armed with knives, were pursuing me to take my life. There was one more ferocious than his fellows—a fiendish-looking man—and this man, I thought, was James Murphy, although it was not from his appearance, with which I was well acquainted, that I recognised him, for he was tall and swarthy, naked and tattooed like the others ; but I was quite sure it was James Murphy. Instead of a knife, however, he had a rope, which he swung round him, as he ran and cried—

"'Keep back, keep back—let me have him—'twas my mother he murdered—he's mine. Keep back, I say, with your knives. The rope, the rope—he's mine—I'll have him. Now, now—ah, I missed him. Come on, come on—the widow Murphy shall have blood for blood.'

"And they still pursued. Soon my

strength became exhausted, and they every moment gained upon me. I felt that I must be overtaken and strangled—perhaps cut up and eaten by those savages. Soon the moment of my doom arrived. Murphy overtook and seized me—the rest came speedily up, and, clashing and brandishing their knives over and around me, seemed eager to begin their feast. At this moment a man rushed into the midst, and striking down Murphy's arm, who had just raised it to force the rope about my neck, called out—
"Murphy, touch not that man—that's Tom Courtney ; I charge you touch him not—lay not your fingers on him—'twas I that did it.'

"As if by magic, the horde of savages disappeared, and, except my deliverer, the whole scene vanished. I turned to look upon him—to thank him—then rose the impossible fact—the confused, distinct, plain, perplexing idea. I knew that it was impossible, yet I saw that it was true. Gracious God, sir, I gazed upon myself—a second, separate self. 'Twas as if I stood out of myself, and looked upon myself standing near—as if I was myself and some other person at the same time. I heard myself say that 'it was I who did it ;' and yet I thought that I was saved, and my innocence made clear. I could not understand it—I awoke in a profuse perspiration—my heart was on fire ; and ever since I have been haunted with the frightful idea of hope—frightful I call it, for, alas ! it must be for ever extinguished with to-morrow's sun. Another matter, sir, has served to perplex me perhaps even more than that curious dream. I thought—ah ! it must have been but thought ; but about two hours ago, that little window above my head was open as it is now ; and I fancied—I'm sure it must have been but fancy—but I did think I heard some one in the yard say—

"'If that be true, it saves Tom Courtney.'

"I'm almost sure I heard the words, or some of them ; but, surely, if there were any grounds for hope, you, at least, sir, would not have left me so long a prey to despair."

He hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the edge of the table which was near the bed where he sat.

I had let him run on all this time, thinking it best to do so ; indeed I

knew not how I could have stopped or interrupted him, such was the rapidity with which he spoke, without being too sudden and abrupt in my communication. I now sat down beside him on the bed, and took his hand ; 'twas red hot ; and I said,

"Tom, my good friend, I could wish to see you calmer and more composed ; more totally thrown upon the Lord for help and comfort."

He interrupted me with—

"Oh, sir, the bitterest pang within my heart is that I have not been able to seek help and comfort as I ought ; that I have not been able to submit myself blindly, entirely to His will, without questioning it. But I sometimes—ah, too often I want to know His reasons for this sore affliction—unmerited, indeed, sir, unmerited, so far as regards the crime which has been put upon me. I know it is as a child I should submit ; but I inquire His reasons ; I ask what I have done ; I argue with Him, and at times I fear I openly rebel ; yet with all this there has been a constant prayer that it might be otherwise with me ; and my state of mind for the last hour—oh, how precious, how invaluable is an hour now to me—has been reconciled, and, I trust, submissive. I had intended, sir, had the Lord permitted, to have endeavoured to serve Him in a foreign land, for which choice there were many reasons. Having seen a bright light, I felt fired with zeal to wander amongst distant and unknown regions to impart it to others ;—hence, perhaps, the connexion of naked savages with my sleeping thoughts ; but there was too much of *I will* in my plans, and the Lord has, indeed, shown me that 'man proposeth, but that God disposeth.' His will be done ; with His help, nothing shall again disturb my soul. God is good ; His will be done."

"He is, indeed, good, Tom," said I, pressing his hand, which still almost set mine on fire. "He is very good, and can save those who trust in him ; He can save to the uttermost."

"I do trust Him with my whole heart and soul ; I am content. Here I am, oh, Lord—thine—thine ; do with me as Thou wilt." And he hid his face again in his hands. "Oh, sir," he added, almost immediately starting up, and turning his full gaze upon

me ; "the valley of the shadow of death is dark, very dark ; and to enter it while the sun is shining over me, and birds singing round me, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers fresh upon the breath of spring, and in the prime of life and health, full of young and ardent hopes ; all this might, perchance, be borne, had sickness, or even accident, brought down an unsullied name to an untimely grave ; but oh ! thus to be cut off by a cruel and disgraceful death, with the stain of murder falsely stamped upon my name and race ; oh, sir, it is a dark, a dreadful, a mysterious dispensation."

"God is powerful as well as good," said I ; "His arm is not shortened that He cannot save ; trust in Him even still, Tom," and I pressed his hand fervently.

He turned a piercing glance upon me.

"Take care, sir, oh, take care what you say ; I told you I was content ; strike not the spark of hope again, or I shall die mad, and perhaps be lost."

"Recollect, Tom, that the knife was actually raised in Abraham's hand to slay his son, before the Lord saw fit to interfere to save him. He can save you even still, Tom, if it be His will to do so."

"If, if," he repeated, convulsively, while the burning tears ran down his wrists into his coat-sleeves. "If : ah, sir, you could not be so cruel as to speak thus, if there be no hope."

"Tom," I continued, as he still kept his face hid in his hands ; "do you remember ever to have given a purse to Catherine Murphy—the one, I suppose, which she swore to in her evidence?"

He raised his head, and looked at me. There was a wildness in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that almost frightened me, and I even still feared the effects of the communication that was rising on my tongue."

"Yes," said he, more calmly than I expected ; "some years ago. Why do you ask?"

"Would you know it again, Tom, if you saw it now?"

"Surely, anywhere in the world : 'twas a leather purse, lined with silk, and letters marked upon the lining. But why do you talk of such things now ? I should think of other mat-

ters. I expect the Rev. Mr. A—— every moment. Talk not of them now, I beseech you."

"Is that it, Tom?" said I, throwing it upon the table before him.

"Yes," said he, snatching it up, "that is the very purse. Where, where, did you get it? Catherine Murphy swore it was taken away by the murderers. Oh, sir, tell me where did you get it? When? where?—how?—speak quickly."

"In the pocket, Tom, of as great a villain as ever lived," said I: "in the pocket of the real murderer."

"There, I am saved," shouted Tom, springing to his feet, and seizing me by the collar of the coat with both his hands, and shaking me furiously. "I am saved; oh, tell me I am saved. My God, I thank thee. Oh, my mother!"

"You are, Tom, saved, beyond the possibility of doubt: not pardoned, for they have nothing to pardon; but fully, freely saved."

He stood for a moment like one bewildered, like a statue; the burning flush fled from his cheek, and became as it was wont to be in Tom Courtney's happier hours. The water-gates of his heart were broken up, and gushed forth in torrents of soft, cool tears. He threw himself on his knees by the bed-side, and I left the room.

A few words, by way of conclusion, are necessary to this story. It has already extended far beyond what I had anticipated when I commenced to take it down in the form of a narrative from the heads given in my private journal; but I do not hesitate to say that it is a faithful detail of facts which took place under my own knowledge. All the conversation in court, as well as Tom Courtney's address upon conviction, are stated precisely as they occurred, and were taken down by myself at the time.

Tom Courtney saw Hopkins before he left the gaol; he smiled a scornful smile as he looked at him; he admitted there was a strong likeness between them, but he could not be so good a judge upon that point as others; he reminded me, however, of his dream, recurring to the subject several times at some length, and declared at last that he fully and freely forgave the persons who swore against him, adding, "that had it been in

the day time, he could scarcely have forgiven them."

Sir William Smith it was who tried Hopkins at C——r, and he told me afterwards that even between twins he had never seen so perfect a likeness. Courtney's mother also saw Hopkins, and—oh! the fondness of a mother's heart—she strenuously denied that there was the *smallest resemblance* between him and her "boy;" that nobody but a common fool could mistake them. This opinion she maintained to the last, and I doubt not that she really believed it.

The day fortnight that I told Tom Courtney he was saved, an order for his discharge having arrived, there was a merry and a happy party at the gaol gate. The whole parish came in to give poor Tom a joyous greeting and a cheerful escort to his home once more. Cars of all descriptions, low-back and high-back, gigs and tax-carts, arriving every moment; such brushing of straps, and stitching of harness; such rubbing of stirrups, and punching of holes; such smoothing of cushions, and greasing of wheels, was never seen as had being going on from daylight. Upwards of sixty men, mounted on their country horses, three abreast, in front; then came from fifteen to twenty cars and other vehicles of one sort or other, filled with the beauty and fashion of the parish. Next the gaol gate stood an empty jaunting-car, the horse's head covered with boughs of evergreen, nodding in the breeze, with now and then a proud impatient toes of the head, and a pawing of the ground by the animal; for he was old Ned Courtney's jaunting-car horse—and a good one. Billy was now mounted in the driving seat, with whip and reins in hand, ready for the start, while about two hundred men, women, and children, on foot, filed along the gaol wall, to the right and left of the gate, ready to follow, two abreast, in the rear.

Presently a monster key was heard struggling in the lock, and with a loud short shoot of the bolt, the gate was thrown open, and forth issued Tom Courtney leaning on his father's arm, while upon his own leaned his mother, smiling and joyous, though rescued, I may say at the last moment, from a broken-hearted grave. I wish you could have heard the shout that

rent the air as they appeared; I have heard loud simultaneous shouts from assembled thousands—ay, tens of thousands—but so hearty, so enthusiastic, so devoted a cheer I never heard, and never can again hear. Shall I say it? yes, nor do I blush to own it, that it brought tears of sympathy and joy—of exultation—swelling up in my eyes. If they ran over, it is no affair of yours, but many there were that wept outright.

Tom Courtney and his mother mounted on one side, while his father and Philip Moran mounted on the other. Three cheers more rent the air; the word "forward" ran from mouth to mouth: Billy Courtney cracked his whip; old Larry Murrin, the piper, dressed in a spick and span new suit, struck up a lively quick step in advance of the whole procession, which moved forward with smiling, happy, chatting faces; and in less than two

hours, Tom Courtney, a free and happy man, sat at breakfast with a numerous party of delighted friends in his old home.

Somewhat about two years subsequent to the termination of the above transaction, Tom Courtney joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and soon after was ordained one of their ministers, and hastened to fulfil the aspiration of his heart—I think it was to the coast of Africa. I saw a letter from him to a religious friend: he was well; and freely alluded to the incidents which I have endeavoured to detail. He thanked God for what had occurred, saying, that "he considered it had been the greatest of the many mercies with which he had been favoured." That is now upwards of thirty years ago, since which period I have altogether lost sight or intelligence of him.

THE TRUE STORY OF A COCK AND A BULL.

"FEAR," says the wise man, "is a betraying of the succours that wisdom offers." The political alarmist, who howls his cry of invasion in season and out of season, is apt to weaken instead of strengthening our national defences. We have been so often bid to prepare for a French invasion—the note of warning has sounded so often in our ears—that we have grown accustomed to it, as the shepherds in the fable to the boy who cried wolf.

Now, what is the meaning of this fear of invasion—what is its effect on the national mind? Does it prepare us the better for meeting the danger when really imminent, or is it not rather "a betraying of the succours that reason offers?" *Furor arma ministrat*—is it true that *timor arma ministrat*? The *Times*, for reasons best known to itself, has been crying wolf to the nation for the last month or two. Hardly a week elapses without a leader or two in which a naval review of the French fleet is not paraded before English readers. The Cherbourg docks are inspected with trembling curiosity; every porthole and casemate counted; sailors in barracks and ships in ordinary are overhauled and inspected, and the com-

pletion of the railway looked to as the signal of a *coup de main* against England. English contractors and navvies are to hand over the line to the French engineers, and the first excursion train over it is to be charged with the munitions of war for an invasion of England.

Now, what will all this lead to? To sound an alarm should mean, if words are true to their meaning, to call the nation to arms—to meet preparation by preparation—to man fleet for fleet, and to tell our neighbours over the Channel that, if they choose to come on, we are ready for them. If this is the *Times*' meaning we understand it; and, however much we disagree from the advice given, we have nothing to complain with it for offering it. But the tone of the *Times* is more than an alarm to England. To our sleeping dockyard authorities, with gunboats high and dry, with three-deckers dismasted, and sailors who will not enter under unpopular captains, such alarms may do considerable good. But these leaders have a wider circulation than among admiralty clerks and arsenal authorities; they are read and commented on through Europe; they set foreigners

thinking, whether the *decadence* of Albion, so long predicted, has come at last, and set certain clerical vultures on the scent of the carcase of the last great Protestant power in Europe. Such fears are unmanly and base; they betray (to fall back on our definition) the succour which reason offers. So that, were the hour of need and trial come, we should seek alliances and not find them, from the impression prevailing that we were not able at last to defend ourselves.

Now we have had enough of these alarms; we have heard the worst, and know to the day when Cherbourg will be connected by railway with Paris; in how many hours an army can be embarked; where they can be smuggled ashore on the south coast out of sight of coast-guard or revenue-cutter. We all know that England is cut up with railroads, and that a French marshal landed in Hampshire or Sussex has only to look at the first sign-post to see "To London," written in capital letters at all the cross-roads in the county. We all know this, but we do not all know, or we are not reminded of it by the unwarlike Blusterer, that the lion's den has only one entrance, and that it is easier to go into than to go out at it. A French army may make good their landing, but can they make good their retreat. A French fleet might find the Channel a *mare liberum* to land their troops, it would certainly become a *mare clausum* before they had time to embark them. The merchant navy of England would, in a few days, man such a Channel Fleet that the French would be nowhere, and not a pennon flying from Cherbourg to Calais. As to a French army in England, be it a few thousand more or less, it could soon be brought to terms. No army can long hold out in an enemy's country, cut off from its communications behind, or supplies around. It would come to a question of a fair fight; and if the English bayonet could not decide the day on English soil, we must have become strangely degenerate since the days of Waterloo. This we do not believe.

The subject is not one on which it is becoming to boast; but a little assurance may not be out of place; and it may go far to reassure some who have betrayed their reason to their

fears. There is nothing so improbable as a French invasion. There is one thing worse than a crime in a Frenchman's eyes, and that is a folly. Louis Napoleon is too wise, if not too virtuous, to invade England.

We are no disciples of the Peace party school. We must take our neighbours as we find them; and so long as swords and spears are bristling over the Continent, ploughshares and reapinghooks must not be the only sort of iron in use at home. But, on the other hand, where are we to stop, if we admit that we are to keep the peace by being always ready for war. If we are to arm because the French arm, we shall, at last, incur all the cost of war without its risk or excitement; we shall have paid for fighting men, and not got the worth of our money in Gazettes, *Te Deums*, and Tower guns. To keep the peace by getting ready for war is the plan we pursue at present. Suppose we reverse it, and find ourselves most ready for war by seeking peace and ensuing the arts of peace.

America, for instance, is only too ready for war; and, all the while, her preparations for war are not made in dockyards or arsenals, but by doubling her merchant marine. She would be our most formidable rival in war, because she is our great rival in peace. She pierces no port-holes in her long clipper hulls, but we know her strength and respect her accordingly. France, too, must know our strength if put to it—that ocean steamers can carry guns as well as mails and parcels. She has one Cherbourg, but she has no Liverpool; and we will back the shipping of Liverpool against the shipping of Cherbourg, even if Portsmouth and Plymouth were left out of the question.

Enough of these alarms. We are ashamed to have gone into any detail. To doubt that ours is the "inviolate island of the brave and free," is almost a *lèse majesté* against the nation's honour. But is it true that France is silently arming; and if so, in what quarter is the storm of war to burst?

First, as to the fact itself. It has been so pertinaciously asserted by the *Times* that, at last, the *Moniteur* has been instructed to give the statement an official denial. It is said that the navy estimates have not exceeded very considerably those of former years;

and have even fallen short of the estimates during the reign of Louis Philippe. The increase is accounted for by the expense of fitting ships of the line with screw propellers and completing the dock yards at Cherbourg. How far these statements are satisfactory it is hard to decide. In domestic matters it is difficult enough to call on a gentleman "to declare his intentions;" if too soon, you may nip a suit in the bud; if too late, you may see your daughter's affections gone for ever. The Emperor of the French is not bound to declare his intentions. We have reason to think them honourable. But it is our fault if we get ourselves talked about in Europe as fawning on the man we are at heart afraid of—admitting him to our intimacy, and then asking for explanations—too cordial, at first, in asking him home; too suspicious, now that he has a footing in our house.

We do not, indeed, consult our dignity in sending over Europe such Bob Acres' challenges as those of the *Times*. That thunder of the *Times* has "soured the milk of human kindness in our breast," as in Fighting Bob's. "Odds bullets and blades, I'll write a good, bold hand, however." And so the *Times*, though trembling all over, like Acres of Clodhall, Esquire, sits down to ask the Emperor his intentions, and writes in "a good, bold hand."

Whatever our suspicions, we had best keep them to ourselves; and if in the editor's breast the thought is at work that Cherbourg is a standing menace to England, let him address a private communication to the First Lord of the Admiralty. To call out the Channel fleet will do our sailors good, and thus save a world of interpellations, requisitions, and so forth, in high diplomatic circles. We should hold ourselves ready for either; and if ready for war, we need not anxiously ask the Emperor, Is it peace? We shall assume it is until forced to suppose the contrary.

But granted even that France is arming; as long as our own coasts are safe, we need not too curiously seek where the thunderbolt of war is to fall. We have fought long enough the battles of Austria, Spain, and Turkey; and what have we gained by our lavish expenditure of treasure and men. The balance of power has settled itself without the weight of

our sword in the scale. Spain and Naples are both costly instances of ingratitude. We put a Bourbon on the throne in Naples and Madrid, and what have we earned for our pains? As to Austria, our ancient ally—so often subsidized, so often invoked as the only power with whom our interests can never clash? What has England in common with Austria that we should go to war for her? Of all fictions of statesmen, the most foolish is that which upholds Austria because no other state could fill her place in the European system. It is said, if Austria were broken up and dissolved into its separate nationalities, it would have to be restored to keep up the balance of power. Truly, that balance of power is a nightmare on modern politicians. No absurdity, no oppression, no out-of-date institution, but shelters itself under this convenient maxim. It is the lurking Atheism of those who forget that the Most High hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of men's habitation. Politicians are for ever re-drawing the map of Europe, forgetting that mountains, seas, languages, are the natural bounds of empire, and that it is folly to confound or alter them. Lombardy is Italian, though twenty treaties of Vienna gave it to Austria. Languages are landmarks which statesmen cannot root up; and as a curse rested on him who removed his neighbour's landmark, so evil must attend all attempts, such as that of Austria, to confound Italy and Germany under a Kaiser in Vienna.

Our policy in going to war with Russia to prop up Turkey was doubtful; still it had something to justify it. The aggression was so open, and the danger of a dissolution of Turkey and the extension of Russia so imminent, that there was some plea to maintain, in this case, the balance of power. Russia would have been such a direct gainer, that we were bound to calculate our losses, and to resist accordingly. But in the case of Austria, we have nothing to stand for. Should France launch an army into Italy, we trust our statesmen will give over meddling, and act neither in the interest of France nor Austria. If we have any heart for the liberation of Italy, we shall do as Italians would wish us to do: leave Austria and

France to gore each other, as two stags do for the possession of the milk-white hind, and when they drop or draw off, exhausted Italy may be free, and realize at once the two deepest wishes of every Italian heart, *Fuori i barbari*, and *Italia farà da se*. God forbid that we should provoke a war between France and Austria. To welcome war is like welcoming a fire or a plague. On their heads be the guilt of the innocent blood shed, and not on ours. But that we should have no act or part in such a crime, let neither statesmen nor journalists tamper with either party. What have we to say to Austria, that we should lean a little more to her, because our alliance with France is less close than formerly. That trimming policy, now a little here, now a little there, is miserable and mischievous.

But, say the wise men, England will be then isolated. So let her be: God made her an island, and meant her to be one. Again the wise men make answer, that when she is thus isolated, the nations will come up against her, and all Europe league together to blot her out, that she be no more a nation. And, at the thought of this, the Court and Foreign Office are all a-tremble, as the trees of the forest, when shaken by the wind, and as Ahaz and his court were when Syria and Israel were confederate against him. We forget the legend round the medal, struck when England came out of her greatest peril, the Spanish Armada, *ventis afflavit dissipavit eos*. Besides, if we believe in nationalities, then our nationality will be believed in. God will no more allow us to be invaded, and our unity broken up, than he allows us to invade and break up the unity of France, Spain, or Germany. It is a maxim of political wisdom, or ought to be, confirmed as it has been by the experience of many centuries—the *age of conquests is past*.

Napoleon might overrun Europe, as a river floods its banks, but France was cooped up again within the Rhine, and after a quarter of a century of astonishing conquest and defeat, neither gained or lost a foot of ground.

There are a few great powers encamped in Europe, where they ought not to be. Thus, the Turks are encamped in the ancient Byzantine empire, and were they ejected to-morrow

Eastern Europe would be relieved of an unnatural incubus. Our fears of Russian supremacy, more or less imaginary, are all that prevent such a resettlement of a Christian population under a Christian government. When the time comes, and we cannot tell how soon that may be, we trust our diplomatists will have no foolish tradition of a balance of power to uphold. Even if Russia came in for the lion's share of the Turkish provinces her open sovereignty would not be more formidable to the western powers than her present assumed protectorate. Checks would arise that we cannot now foresee or calculate on. A universal empire has always proved a dream and a delusion. Nations only culminate to this point to wither and decline.

Now, in the same way that the Turks are encamped in Europe the Austrians are encamped in Italy. Were that encampment broken up we cannot see how any gain to France would be a loss to us. We have no imaginable interest in common with Austria why we should fight her battles; and to suppose that we are to ask France her intentions because she chooses to arm and attack Austria, is to suppose that the Austrian minister rules in our Cabinet, or that Austrian gold has bought up our press. We have meddled too long and too often in Italy, and always on the wrong side; and we trust, that should a collision occur between Austria and France in Italy, ours will be no feigned neutrality, but the open declaration of an island people, that it is no affair of ours, and that between rival despotisms we can have nothing in common with either side.

If worst came to the worst, and all our traditionary notions of the balance of power were unsettled by the final ejection of Austria from Italy, and the settlement of the French in their place, France would be no more formidable to us then than now. We coped with France, and beat her both by land and sea, with Europe at her back, before, and we should be ashamed to think we could not do so again. As to Italy, the change of masters would be at least a relief. With no love for the French their hatred of Austria is deep enough to make them welcome any change. Their campaign in Lombardy would be

like that of Charles VIII. over again, a campaign of chalk. France, with all her faults, is a more liberal country than Austria. The Emperor is at least not the tool of the priests, as in Austria; the system of repression would be less brutal and systematic; a constitutional government would spread from Sardinia through North Italy; Rome might still retain her Bishop; but St. Peter's successor, relieved from the burden of secular cares, could then give himself to spiritual cares only, greatly to the benefit of his own soul, and the souls of his much-neglected diocese. And as to Naples, it is surely no treason to hint that Murat could not be a worse king than Bomba; things have to come to the worst in Naples under one dynasty—our hope is they would mend under another.

Now, what we have written is not to invite Englishmen to begin propagandism in Italy, or anywhere else. All we denounce is that absurd tenderness about Austria, as if we were to pick a quarrel with France to keep her hands off our ancient and most "unfaithful" ally. The tone of the *Times* is un-English to a degree on this subject; and if secret service money could be well spent, it would be in paying the *Times* not to write on foreign politics, or meddle in matters where it almost invariably goes wrong. Its articles on France must have been most irritating to the French Emperor and people; and all for what? To alarm us upon an impossible dan-

ger—or, rather to stimulate us to make common cause with Austria, and to hamper ourselves with a one-sided alliance. Except in Austrian interests these *Times*' leaders have no drift or meaning; and the sooner this is exposed and understood by the people of England, the better. The whole story of a French invasion is the old story of the Cock and the Bull, as found either in the venerable Bede, or some other Saxon chronicler. The story is, that a cock used to roost over the manger where a bull was tethered every night. Now, the cock was given to early rising, while the bull was a lazy fellow, and apt to oversleep himself. Now, it happened that, as morning after morning the cock would awake before day, crow, and clap his wings in the most alarming manner, an officious cowboy took it into his head that this was meant as a menace to the bull, and, after pricking the bull's heavy sides with a pitchfork, persuaded the bull that the cock was putting on spurs to attack him, and pointed to the goad in his side as a *casus belli* between the cock and the bull. The venerable Bede has not told us whether they went to war, or how they fought; for the cock's wings and the bull's horns were no match for each other, and there was a great deal of beating the air on both sides. But enough of the fable is known to justify us in treating the *Times*' fears of a French invasion as the modern version of the story of "A Cock and a Bull."

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

"Schläfst du, meine Mutter?"

"ART thou sleeping, O my mother,
Outworn with grief at last?—
To speak to thee, sweet mother,
From the grave-yard have I past.

"I cannot rest in quiet,
Though my grave is dark and still;
For a cold air creeps around me,
And my shroud is damp and chill."

Up rose that mother lonely,
The ghost-dream in her brain—
With the spirit-sight she seeth
Her little child again.

A vapory flame, like moonlight
When muffled by a cloud,
Wraps the baby as she standeth
By the bed-side in her shroud.

“Creep, darling, to my bosom,
And lay thine heart on mine ;
Its throbbing blood shall warm thee :
I'll give my life for thine.”

“Oh ! never more, sweet mother,
May I lie upon thy breast,
But from my grave I come to crave
That thou wilt give me rest.

“All day and night so dreary
I hear thy moaning still,
And thy deep sighs, breathing o'er me,
Mother, they make me chill.

“All day and night so dreary
Thy tears soak through the mould,
And on my shroud come trickling—
They make me damp and cold.”

Oh ! great love, self-denying !—
The mother hides her woes
Within her aching bosom,
To give her child repose.

Soft fades that pale, cold vapour,
As boreal lights at night ;
And the little babe so fades away
From the mother's straining sight.

And ever through the lone night
That mother watched in vain
For the spirit of her lost one
To stand by her again.

And ever, when the grief-drops
From her fountain-heart would rise,
She crushed them ere they trickled
In tear-rain from her eyes.

And ever, when the wailing
Of sighs rose in her breast,
She choked it back—to break her heart
But not her loved one's rest.

Now, when a moon had circled,
Lo ! in the solemn night
Came a vision to that mother,
Filling the room with light.

And a voice, like trickling waters,
So soft, so sweet, so clear,
Floods all the dreamy silence
And fills the mother's ear :

“Sleep on, thou patient mother,
No more with grief opprest,
Untroubled now, and sweetly,
Thy little one takes rest.

"He that for ever giveth
Rest to his children dear,
Sendeth to thee this vision
Thy loving heart to cheer."

Awoke that mother lonely,
As passed the voice and light ;
But she knew who stood in glory
Beside her bed that night.

The angel of her little child
The message blest had given—
One of the angels that behold
The FATHER's face in heaven.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN—THE VISITATION.

THE interests of Reform in the University of Dublin have sustained a heavy blow in the result of the recent Visitation. Should public opinion acquiesce in the decision of the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the evil produced is likely to be permanent in its character, and not less so because some modification of the most serious abuses will undoubtedly be offered. The misappropriation of the degree fees, despite the temporary prop which the judgment has supplied, must speedily fall to the ground, and the grievances of the non-tutorfellows will receive at last some attention and partial redress ; but so long as the decision of the Visitors enjoys the immunity conferred by even a passive assent of the general public, no real improvement in the condition of the interior can be expected. This results from the nature of the case. Great corporate bodies, such as universities, because of the fluctuation of their component parts, can secure an equitable administration of their system only by seditious conformity with their laws, and because of the naturally conservative tendencies of such bodies they can be impelled to reform by no lighter agency than that of public opinion distinctly enunciated. From these two sources of order and efficiency Trinity College has been cut off by the recent judgments, one of which renders it dangerous for any member of the corporation to give publicity to his views on University questions; and the other, by giving a legal sanction to a practice for which no defence save

its inveteracy could be pleaded, not only justifies all existing misappropriations, but throws a protecting shield over all future ones which may have the good fortune to escape detection for a time. But the evil does not stop here, nor is the terrorism which has thus been initiated confined to the alumni. In characterising the most temperate statements of the Reform party as "highly defamatory of the governing body of the College," the judgments deter every prudent man from the discussion of necessary alterations, and they silence the most independent of the press by denouncing beforehand as a libel every article which implies the need, or points out the method, of improvement. If these decisions of the Visitors be sound—and if we cannot show them to be the reverse—it only remains for us to withdraw from the controversy, offering our apologies to the public which we have misled, and to the academic magnates whom we have "defamed." But, on the other hand, if the judgments can be successfully impugned ; if they can be shown to be at variance with recognised principles of policy, of justice, and of law, it will be our duty to redouble our efforts on behalf of a great and valuable institution, the faults of which are thus proved to lie deeper, and to be more difficult of treatment, than was at first supposed.

In addressing ourselves to this task, we are well aware how delicate a matter it is to criticise decisions pronounced from so high a tribunal as the Court of Visitors. Judge Black-

burne's distinguished character as a lawyer is matter of notoriety, and we know how much additional weight his words derived, on the occasion to which we refer, from the statement that they received the concurrence of the venerable prelate who sat beside him on the bench, and who may, perhaps, have taken a greater interest in the proceedings than was apparent to a looker on, or than was to have been expected from one not conversant with legal technicalities. But no tribunal is infallible, even though it be beyond judicial appeal: neither are we prepared to shut our eyes to facts because legal authorities cannot recognise them, nor abandon a just cause because high names have pronounced against it. We will, therefore, carry our cause into that court which, from the first, we declared to be the only one competent to deal with it, and we will canvass the decision of the Visitors with that degree of respect that is their due, but, at the same time, with that fearlessness which the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the nature of all genuine discussion, alike demand.

In order to appreciate the first judgment delivered by the Vice-Chancellor, that in which he dealt with the appeals of Dr. Shaw and Mr. Carmichael against the censure passed upon them by the Board, it will be necessary to take a brief review of the circumstances which led to those appeals.

On the 29th of March, 1858, Dr. Shaw published a letter in a Dublin journal, calling the attention of "the alumni of the University among the clergy and educated laity of Ireland" to a public document of considerable importance which had appeared a few days before. This was Mr. Stephens' letter to Sir George Grey, severely commenting upon the Report of the Endowed Schools Commission, of which Commission Mr. Stephens had been a member, and from which he had withdrawn a considerable time previously, owing to fundamental differences of opinion between himself and his brother Commissioners. As the purpose for which Dr. Shaw referred to that letter was frequently misstated by counsel for the Board, and as that misstatement was adopted and repeated in the judgment of the court, it becomes necessary to direct the attention of our readers to what

seems to be the purport of the document. It was not, as Mr. Brewster asserted, and as Judge Blackburne a week subsequently reiterated, "replete with statements of abuses and defects in the Endowed Schools;" but was a protest against the Report of that Commission as "vicious in judgment, bad in law, and defective in not making adequate provision" for the attainment of the ends contemplated by her Majesty in issuing the Commission. We quote these words from Mr. Stephens' concluding observations (p. 29), and we refer to the opening paragraph of Dr. Shaw's letter, to show what were his objects in making allusion to the Report, and to Mr. Stephens' protest against it. The principles for which he was contending, as regarded Trinity College, were those that had been found to be the sole basis of union between Mr. Stephens and his colleagues in the case of other educational foundations. On all questions but these their divergence of opinion was excessive, but they were agreed in stigmatizing as defects the insufficient remuneration of many of the masters, the want of retiring pensions, the necessity many teachers were under of resorting to extraneous employment as a means of livelihood, and finally the incomplete and unsafe modes in use of keeping the accounts, and the want of a proper system of audit. Now what argument more natural for a Trinity College reformer to adduce than to show that such defects and abuses as he was contending against had been condemned *unanimously* by authorities who yet differed on every subject whereon difference was possible?

To return to our narrative. A few days after the appearance of Dr. Shaw's letter, the same journal which had published it contained a leading article on the subject of University Reform, and after quoting some passages from a private letter to the editor (which letter was subsequently stated in Court to have emanated from a member of the Board) the writer of the article went on to recommend that the Junior Fellows and others who were dissatisfied with their position should send in a memorial to the Board, stating their grievances, and requesting redress. It was assumed, evidently on the authority of the private letter, that no such

course had ever been adopted ; and the friendly observation was made, that by this means reforms might be effected without any infringement of discipline. The editor had been left in ignorance that his panacea had been tried over and over again without success, and that in particular the non-tutor fellows had, so long back as 1850, addressed a full statement of their case to the Board, and that on that occasion Dr. Shaw, then a non-resident fellow, had supported it by a most respectful and somewhat elaborate letter, in which he predicted as the result of the existing system all the evils now so prominent and dangerous in 1858. Neither had the editor's private informant alluded to the fact that the Royal Commission of 1851 had fruitlessly recommended the principal reforms advocated by Dr. Shaw, and the journalist, misled by the high authority that had addressed him, tendered the advice, which, if it had not been already acted on, would have been a very just rebuke, and which drew forth from Mr. Carmichael the letter for which the Board coupled him with Dr. Shaw in the censure against which both appealed. Mr. Carmichael's letter corrects the mistake into which the editor had been led—informs him of the refusal of the last prayer of the memorial of the non-tutors—adds that this memorial did not receive even the courtesy of a written answer, and confirms several of Dr. Shaw's statements by statistics of his own income in the sixth year of his fellowship. Mr. Carmichael concludes, like Dr. Shaw, by appealing to public opinion. "The remedy," says he, "rests with the voice of public opinion, and I heartily thank you for your efforts in the cause of University Reform." This letter appeared on April 1st, and on the 13th each gentleman received a summons to appear before the Board next day at twelve o'clock. They were refused any information as to the object of the summons, despite an immediate and a formal application for it ; and presented themselves accordingly at the time appointed. They found a full Board assembled, the two Deans being present, as required by the statutes, when expulsion, or any other very grave punishment is to be inflicted. The censure in the present instance was what

is called "public admonition." The usual proceeding in this case is for the Provost to read out of the Statute Book the law which has been violated, and to admonish the offender not to repeat the offence. Here a serious difficulty at once presented itself in the total absence of any statute referring to the case of a fellow discussing in public the affairs of the College : but the Board were not to be impeded in their purpose by any technical obstacle, and had accordingly framed a minute and resolution the previous day, and invested them, so far as was possible, with the temporary authority and dignity of a statute. These were then read out by the Provost.

Dr. Shaw, on being questioned, admitted the authorship of the letter which had appeared under his name, and requested leave to make a statement on the subject, accounting for his conduct. Leave was refused, and the admonition pronounced without any hearing or opportunity of justification being afforded. Mr. Carmichael was then called in and subjected to the same process. On asking in what light he was to consider the admonition, he was informed that it amounted to "a very grave censure." From this public censure and admonition, Dr. Shaw and Mr. Carmichael appealed, separately, to the Visitors, and requested that their case should be heard at a public visitation. No direct answer was vouchsafed ; but, about a fortnight after, a notice was affixed to the College gate, apprising all the members of the College that a General Visitation would be held on May 24th, 1858. The appellants, therefore, prepared their case. Mr. Lawson, q.c., and Mr. Mills, were counsel for Dr. Shaw ; Mr. Joy, q.c., and Mr. Hamilton Smythe, q.c., for Mr. Carmichael ; and Mr. Brewster, q.c., Mr. Lloyd, q.c., Mr. Ball, q.c., and Mr. H. MacDonnell, for the Board. Mr. Lawson, in opening the matter, displayed his usual ability. He at once hit the blot in the Board's case, and showed that it had overstepped its powers in pronouncing a censure upon his client, and that it had shown that it was aware of the fact, by first stating that Dr. Shaw's act was a breach of a specific statute, and then adding that his conduct was contrary to the spirit of the statutes, two statements which contradict each

other. He pointed out that Dr. Shaw's letter was neither false in statement, nor disrespectful in tone. The former charge, indeed, could not be made against it, without inculcating the reports of two Royal Commissions, one of which related directly to Trinity College itself; and both of which endorsed every principle and every detail for which his client's letter contended. He further denied that any libellous intention, or any tendency to subvert discipline, could be attributed to the wording of the letter, as it was not the administration of individuals, but the system which they were bound to administer, with which it found fault. He not only showed that the Board had inflicted a censure for an offence not contemplated by the statutes, but that it had itself committed a violation of them in its manner of proceeding. The statutes provide that no new crime can be created without the consent of the Visitors, except when the offence is *malum per se*, a character which cannot, by any construction, be given to the act of publicly discussing the affairs of the College. The only statute quoted by the Board, in support of its resolution, was one which provided a tribunal, in the Visitors, to hear complaints and remedy abuses. But this was irrelevant to the question, because the reforms which Dr. Shaw advocated did not lie within the power of either the Board or the visitors, but required the interference of the Crown. Hence, it was argued, his letter was as little inconsistent with the *spirit* of the statutes as with their express enactments, or with the discipline of the College. Further, Mr. Lawson pointed out that in Oxford and Cambridge, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and hitherto in Dublin, the free discussion of University questions had been always conceded to fellows and professors, and with very beneficial results; and that among the persons who actually availed themselves of this agency were two members of the Board, one of them its respected head, which now censured his client, not for the letter which he published, but for the act of publishing a letter at all. He proceeded to point out the danger which would arise if all interference with the work-

ing of the College should originate from without, amongst strangers or enemies, and concluded by denouncing the attempt of the Board to suppress discussion and to silence the press as repugnant alike to the usages of the University and the free laws of the country.

Mr. Brewster commenced by enlarging on the importance of maintaining discipline in an educational institution, and endeavoured to show that Dr. Shaw's appeal to public opinion was subversive of it, and contrary to the spirit, though perhaps not to the letter, of the statutes, quoting in proof the oath taken by every fellow to maintain the dignity and interests of [the College and all who dwell therein especially] the provost and senior fellows. The passage in brackets, though an integral part of the oath, did not appear to Mr. Brewster to merit quotation, although to unprofessional eyes it may seem to modify considerably the force of his argument. He then proceeded to comment in detail upon each passage in Dr. Shaw's letter, and to put upon it constructions in harmony with the false keynote to which we have already adverted. In one of these constructions, which we shall cite as a specimen, we know not which to admire more, the advocate's courage or his success.

The passage under treatment was that in which Dr. Shaw refers to the want of retiring pensions for other officers of the College besides senior fellows. One not familiar with the actual state of things within the College might readily be misled by the terms senior and junior, and conceive that the senior fellows alone could be fitting recipients of such pensions, as the juniors must, of course, be men in the prime of life, and far removed from the period which makes superannuation necessary. This is a most natural error, but it is one which we have already exposed.* We have shown that the disparity of age between the senior and junior fellows is not what their names denote and their disparity of condition presumes, but that, from the extreme slowness of promotion ever since 1840, men of middle age are still low down among the junior fellows, and must expect to

* *Dublin University Magazine*, May, 1858.

be juniors to the end of their days. The passage in question incidentally corrects the common mistake on this subject by speaking of the Board as "a body which few of the lower half of junior fellows need ever expect to join until long after age and infirmities shall have rendered retirement necessary." This clause Mr. Brewster designated as a "terrible passage," implying some singular moral depravity on the part of the writer. It was "a covert allusion to the age and infirmities of the existing senior fellows;" it was the expression of an opinion that "they had lived too long." It is, perhaps, allowable for an advocate to so construct an opponent's words as to enlist against him the natural sympathies of the bench; but a judge might have seen that the construction here offered was not only foreign to the genuine sense of Dr. Shaw's letter, but directly subversive of its argument. If the senior fellows were really aged and infirm, the poverty of any portion of the junior fellows would be but temporary, the prospects of promotion could not be complained of, and the demand for retiring pensions would be simply absurd.

Mr. Brewster justified his constructions of this and other apparently innocuous passages in the letter by representing it as the *artful production* of an able man, who knew how to effect his objects without exposing himself to any danger.

Mr. Joy, for Mr. Carmichael, based his defence on the circumstance that his client's letter was an answer to correct a misstatement in a newspaper article arising out of delusive information supplied to the editor, as internal evidence showed, by a member of the Board; as well as on the ground that it contained nothing but acknowledged facts. Counsel arraigned the conduct of the Board in refusing all opportunity of defence or explanation, and in endeavouring to check all open expression of opinion whenever that opinion differed from theirs. At the close of Mr. Joy's argument, the Court adjourned till the next morning.

On Tuesday, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Ball were heard as counsel for the Board. The former gentleman opened the proceedings in much the same manner as Mr. Brewster had done, by an elaborate encomium on discipline, and by asserting that free discussion was incompatible with it. He stated that although he was there to answer Mr. Carmichael's counsel, he nevertheless felt himself called upon to notice some passages in Dr. Shaw's letter, which he accordingly proceeded to analyse, alleging that its design was "to convey the impression that the Board were the great obstacles to all educational improvement." After entering into some details concerning the working of the College in attempted disproof of Dr. Shaw's assertions, he proceeded to deal with Mr. Carmichael's letter, which he characterised as "*an error of judgment* into which the writer had been led," an error, however, which required the admonition with which it had been visited, because of the dangerous example which it set. Mr. Ball followed on the same side, and argued that the appellants had in the act of discussion violated their oath as fellows by implication. He drew a distinction between a carefully prepared pamphlet, such as the Provost's was, and addressed to educated men, and a *hurried letter* in a newspaper, which any common person might read and comment upon. Having commended the moderation of the Board, in merely affixing a stigma on the character of the appellants, instead of inflicting a pecuniary fine, he concluded by an enumeration of improvements recently made in the University system, which, in his opinion, clearly exonerated the governing body from the charges of the press. Dr. Ball having concluded, the Vice-Chancellor intimated his intention to hear only *one* counsel in reply, on the ground that it would be a waste of the public time to hear two, so identical* were the two cases. He permitted the appellants' counsel to settle between themselves which should address the Court. The seniority of Mr.

*In the authorized Report published by the Board, we observe that the word "identical" is replaced by this phrase "in all essential respects similar." The difference is perhaps not much: but the testimony of those present is positive as to the use of the former expression.

Smythe as a Q.C. giving him precedence over Dr. Shaw's second counsel, he accordingly addressed the Court on the part of Mr. Carmichael, and ably followed up Mr. Joy's line of argument. When Mr. Smythe had concluded, Dr. Lawson repeated his application that Dr. Shaw's counsel should be permitted to reply. The Vice-Chancellor declined to accede to the request except on condition that nothing should be touched on except the new matter which had been introduced by Messrs. Lloyd and Ball. As this new matter was quite irrelevant to the case, and had been only introduced as a reply to certain newspaper articles, the Court declaring that they were received merely as statements, to attempt to reply to them *would have been the very waste of time to which the Vice-Chancellor objected*. Dr. Lawson, accordingly, ceased to press his application, but added that his client had just desired him to state that the new matter in question was, in many respects, fallacious and incorrect; and that, if a proper opportunity were afforded, Dr. Shaw was prepared to prove it so. The Vice-Chancellor then observed that this enabled him to bring before the Court a certain letter which had been addressed to the Primate, as Chancellor of the University, by the Registrar of the College. This letter professed to refute a great variety of charges which had been lately brought against the Board. (His lordship was understood to refer to the public press). The Court had selected one of those charges for investigation. This was that the Board had applied to their own use certain portions of the degree fees properly belonging to the common chest. If there was any member of the Corporation who was prepared to sustain that charge the Court would investigate it. If not, it would be for the Provost and senior fellows to say whether they had anything to offer on the subject in the way of explanation or disproof.

Dr. Shaw stated that he was prepared to make that charge.

The Vice-Chancellor desired him to put it in writing, and adjourned the Court for half an hour to enable him to do so.

Previous to adjourning the Court certain other charges of violations

of statutes were brought forward; one by Dr. Shaw, another by the Rev. Mr. Dixon, and subsequently a third by Mr. M. Roberts. Want of space forbids us at present taking any notice of the important questions thus raised, or of the manner in which they were disposed of.

On the Court resuming its sitting, Dr. Shaw handed to the Registrar the following allegation: "My allegation is, that the distribution of fees on the higher degrees, as published by the Board in 1791, and 1801, has been altered so as to give to the Provost and senior fellows amounts formerly given to Trinity College. I think it right to add, that in bringing this charge, I make no personal imputation on the existing members of the Board."

On Tuesday, June 1st, the Visitors having taken their seats, the Vice-Chancellor said that the Court was ready to hear Dr. Shaw's case.

Dr. Lawson said that he understood that judgment in the appeals was about to be pronounced.

The Vice-Chancellor stated that he did not intend to deliver judgment until Dr. Shaw's charge had been heard.

The Vice-Chancellor then disposed of the questions raised by Mr. Dixon and Mr. Roberts.

Dr. Lawson commenced his address by observing that he was placed in a very embarrassing position, in having to bring forward a charge on the part of Dr. Shaw, a man in the position of a junior fellow, against a powerful body like the Board, while a grave College censure was yet hanging over his head.

The Vice-Chancellor, after some consultation with the Archbishop, admitted the reasonableness of the plea, and proceeded to deliver judgment in the appeal cases. Notwithstanding the "identity" which he had affirmed to exist between them when refusing to hear the first appellant's counsel, a marked dissimilarity will be found between the judgments delivered. The Visitors confirmed the censure of the Board in the case of Dr. Shaw, and reversed it in that of Mr. Carmichael. The language in which the judgment was given against the former was an elaborate accusation, far surpassing in stringency the original resolution of the Board, while,

in a few simple sentences, Mr. Carmichael's plea was admitted.

We will now lay before our readers the entire decision in both its parts, and will adopt, as the clearest and briefest mode of expressing our objec-

tions to it, the plan of arranging in parallel columns the actual judgment and that which we humbly believe would have been more consistent with the facts of the two cases.

The Vice-Chancellor said—

"The question in the case of Dr. Shaw's appeal which we are called upon to decide is in substance the same which arises in all legal proceedings where the object in speaking or writing is to be decided by the constituted tribunals of the country. The law in such cases is, that when the publication stands unexplained by any collateral evidence which indicates the intention of the party, and no light is derived from the circumstances attending the publication by which the mind of the author can be read, the inference is necessarily derived from the words themselves, read and understood according to their plain import and meaning, in their natural and ordinary sense. If the natural tendency and import be to defame and injure, then, according to every principle of reason and justice, the party must be taken to have acted with a view to effect the consequences to which the means he has used naturally and obviously tend."

"Reading the letter, for the publication of which this sentence has been pronounced, and understanding it in the sense in which any ordinary reader would understand it, the question is—Is it defamatory of the governing body of the College, the Provost and Senior Fellows?"

"The document to which it refers as explanatory of the subject and of the writer's purpose is one replete with details of abuses and defects in the administration of educational endowments."

"One of those alluded to arises from the insufficient provision, for teachers in schools, the other from the omission of a public audit of the accounts of the funds that constitute these endowments. With these the letter connects the endowments of Trinity College and their administration, plainly intending to extend to the latter the censures that are found in Mr. Stephens' letter. Accordingly, the insufficiency of the means of livelihood of six of the Junior Fellows is treated as an

We are of opinion that—

The question which we have to decide is not that of the character of the letter which drew down the censure of the Board, for that point is not before the Court; but whether the discussion of collegiate matters by the Junior Fellows is contrary to the statutes or subversive of discipline. The first of these charges has not been supported by any evidence whatsoever. With respect to the second, the common sense rule in such matters is, that the words of any publication must be taken in their plain and literal sense, and *without reference to any collateral evidence or subsequent writings* which may appear to point out the intention of the author. If the natural tendency be plain and evident, then, according to every principle of reason and justice, the party must be taken to have acted with a view to effect the consequences, to which the means he has used naturally and obviously tend.

Reading the letter, for the publication of which this sentence has been pronounced, and bearing in mind that it was specially addressed to alumni of the University, (to be presumed conversant with the Collegiate system), the only question is—Is it subversive of discipline?—its accuracy in detail not having been once impugned.

The document to which it refers is a protest against the Report of the Endowed Schools Commission, but contains certain fundamental principles in which it agrees with that Report, and on which it also insists as applicable to the administration of all educational foundations, and which Dr. Shaw considers must therefore apply to Trinity College as well as to cognate bodies.

One of these is the necessity for adequate remuneration of the body of teachers; another, the evil effects arising from their compelled resort to extraneous employment for a livelihood; next, the want of retiring pensions; and finally, the great importance of a public audit to the welfare of the institutions.

These principles the letter applies to the endowments and administration of Trinity College, on the ground of their general appropriateness to all educational

evil and an abuse; and no one can doubt it was intended to lay it as a charge against those to whom the administration of the College property is intrusted."

"The last paragraph of the letter shows the charge which the writer intended to convey, but it goes much further. It asserts that the present distribution of the revenues of the College is strikingly opposed to the arrangements which the interests of education require. Here it is plainly intended to charge the Board with a misapplication of the revenues of the College, such as to be strikingly opposed to the interests of education, the great trust confided to them."

"But the assertion does not terminate here. It is followed by and directly connected with the expression of the writer's belief, that the publication of the accounts would lead to reform. How? Plainly and obviously, by exposing the distribution of the revenues of the College, already asserted to be strikingly opposed to the interests of education, but which now, by its secrecy, is beyond the reach of detection or reform. It is by this exposure that the guardians of these revenues are to be brought into subjection to public opinion, and coerced to discontinue their perversion and abuse."

"This is not, as was argued, a complaint aimed at a system for the defects of which the writer holds the Provost and Senior Fellows not to be responsible. On the contrary, their power to correct, and their responsibility for the abuse, are clearly affirmed; for it is on them and on their misconduct that the public opinion is to operate, and it is by them that the funds are to be distributed, so as to promote the interests of education, which they now thwart and frustrate by their misapplication."

"Understanding this as I do, and as I am convinced it was intended, as a charge of wilful breach of trust, I think it is highly defamatory of the Provost and Senior Fellows, and is directly sub-

foundations. Accordingly, the insufficiency of the means of livelihood of six of the Junior Fellows is treated as an evil and an abuse which is not denied even by the Board itself, a circumstance which does seem to imply remissness on its part in not having carried out the suggestions of the Royal Commission of 1851.

The last paragraph of the letter shows that this remissness had dispelled any hope on the writer's part of the initiative in reform being taken by the Board. It by no means, however, implies any malversation on the part of that body, nor any defect in its legal tenure of its emoluments, but simply the fact that the incomes of the Senior Fellows are larger than the College can now afford to pay, when the necessity of extension has become so remarkably prominent.

Lest, however, it should be supposed that any charge was brought against the integrity of the members of the Board, Dr. Shaw urges the publication of the accounts as a means of bringing *public opinion* to bear upon the question of reform. He nowhere adverts to a *legal tribunal* such as would be the only competent one in a case of fraud, but considers that pressure from without would obtain the modification of a system which, though not illegal, is yet irreconcilable with the present needs of the University.

This is, as was argued, a complaint against a system, and not against individuals. It neither states where the power to correct lies, nor yet on whom the voice of public opinion is to work. The fact adverted to by Dr. Lawson, that many of the reforms desired are not in the power of the Board to grant, appears to show that reference is intended to Parliament and to the advisers of the Crown as well as to the Board. The allusion to the last body cannot be considered unwarrantable without at the same time condemning the Report of the University Commission, which goes much farther than Dr. Shaw, inasmuch as it recommends (page 7) "immediate publicity" of every act of legislation of the Board, "so as to secure the most efficient control upon their conduct, the opinion of the other members of the University."

As nothing further is implied than the acquiescence of the Board in an injudicious system which it found in operation, and did not itself originate, I cannot consider the letter as defamatory of

versive of the order, and discipline, and peace of the College. In truth, if the licence we are in this case required to sanction receive our sanction, no limit can be put to the power of any member of the College, or of any student, to arraign in the public newspapers its governing body, on any charge whatever, and the consequence must be, on their part, either silent acquiescence, or a submission of their defence through the same medium. But if they do so, who is to hear? who is to arbitrate? who is to decide? When is the contest to end; or is it to be interminable?"

"I can conceive nothing more unseemly, unsatisfactory, or disreputable, than such sort of warfare between the members of a community whose utility and existence for good depend upon harmony, subordination, and confidence."

"While I deprecate such discussions, and in such a mode, as fatal to the repose of the College, and as not leading to any certain or satisfactory issue, I must not be understood to claim for the governing body any immunity from responsibility for breaches of trust, or to have their proceedings kept secret. Nothing is more remote from my intention. They are and must be amenable and responsible to constituted authority, and by proceedings in the mode and course pointed out by law, where evidence can be given, where truth can be temperately investigated, and where justice can be done."

"Complaints have been made of the course of proceeding adopted by the Board, from which one would have supposed that this sentence of admonition was pronounced without giving Dr. Shaw an opportunity of defending himself. But no sentence was pronounced, no adjudication was made until after he had avowed himself to be the author of the letter; and now, having heard his defence, and deeming it insufficient, his

the Provost and Senior Fellows, nor yet as subversive of the discipline of the College. In truth, if the censure passed upon Dr. Shaw be permitted to stand, no limit can be placed to the gradual accretion of abuses within the College. Experience teaches us that they will arise without deliberate design, and that reform can rarely be expected from men who have unconsciously become wedded to routine, and who profit by the abuses to be reformed. This throws the responsibility of action upon junior men, and if they are to be coerced into silence by their seniors, disastrous consequences must follow. The agitation apprehended from perpetual discussion is purely imaginary. It does not result in the English universities; nor are men of education so ready to compromise their names, nor yet the press to weaken its influence, by giving circulation to unfounded accusations. If the contrary should occur, the means of refutation, in case of slander, are so easily obtained, that the alarm which has been expressed upon this head appears utterly groundless.

I can conceive nothing more unseemly, unsatisfactory or disreputable, than the sight of the governing body of a great university endeavouring to stifle, by arbitrary means, all free discussion of the needs and interests of the foundation, lest such discussion should lead to the diminution of incomes, already inordinate. The silence so produced is no proof of harmony, subordination, and confidence, but of coercion and terrorism.

While I deprecate such forcible suppression of opinion, as fatal to the progress and permanent welfare of the College, I must not be understood to claim for the Junior Fellows or other subordinate members of the College any immunity from responsibility for breaches of discipline, or a title to have their proceedings uncontrolled. Nothing is more remote from my intention. They are, and must be amenable and responsible to constituted authority, and by proceedings in the mode and course pointed out by law, where evidence can be given, where statements in defence will be listened to, and where justice will be done.

The minutes of the Registry show that the Board had allowed Dr. Shaw no opportunity of defending himself. A sentence was pronounced, an adjudication made, without permitting him to utter a word in self-exculpation; and now, having heard their defence for this procedure, and treating it as insufficient, their misconstructions of the simple, honest language of the letter cannot warrant us to affirm their sentence.

complaint of the course taken by the Board cannot warrant us to reverse its sentence. For these and other reasons, in which I have the satisfaction to say that the Lord Archbishop entirely concurs, we think that the appeal of Dr. Shaw should be dismissed, and the sentence of the Board affirmed."

When the Vice-Chancellor had concluded his judgment, the following remarkable interlocution took place:—

Mr. Lawson, q.c.—Of course, I always defer, with the most implicit deference, to the sentence of the court; but I think I have a right to say that your lordship's judgment was founded principally on constructions of certain passages in Dr. Shaw's letter, and that his counsel were not permitted to comment, in reply, upon these passages.

The Vice-Chancellor.—Nothing, in my judgment, could be less consistent with the course of proceedings in this case. There was not a single word of that letter which you did not elaborately argue upon in your opening statement; nor do I think it would be possible to add to the powerful observations you made, and which have received the most mature and deliberate consideration.

Mr. Lawson, q.c.—I could not anticipate the observations that were made upon these passages by the learned counsel who replied to me.

The Vice-Chancellor.—There was not one observation made upon it that you did not anticipate.

Mr. Lawson.—I think, my lord, there were many.

Mr. Mills.—My lord, I can state that

The Vice-Chancellor then proceeded to pass judgment in Mr. Carmichael's case. While acquiescing fully in the result of that part of the decision, we must, nevertheless, point out some details which appear to us to detract from its merits.

The Vice-Chancellor said—

"Now, in the case of Mr. Carmichael, I cannot concur in the sentence of the Provost and Senior Fellows, nor bring myself to think that their censure of his conduct was just in its degree, due regard being had to what I consider matter of palliation."

"The information he gave can scarcely be said to have been volunteered by him. It was a reply to an article in a newspaper, and was little more than a statement that such an application to the Board, as that article suggested, had been already made."

"Except the remark, that there had not been the courtesy of a written reply, which might have called for a mild admonition, I can find nothing that can be asserted to disparage that body in the letter."

For these and other reasons we think that the appeal of Dr. Shaw should be allowed, and the sentence of the Board reversed.

the observations upon the letter made by the learned counsel for the Board took my learned friend and myself entirely by surprise. We could not, and did not anticipate many of those observations. I am prepared to state instances from the speech of Mr. Brewster—

The Vice-Chancellor.—So far as regards Mr. Brewster's observations, I have no distinct recollection of them (laughter). I most maturely considered the thing on its own merits, without reference to counsel's arguments.

Mr. Mills.—I defer explicitly to what your lordship has said, but—

The Vice-Chancellor.—I am desired by the Archbishop to say that, after the painful and deliberate consideration we have given to this case, we think it a source of regret that there should be counsel found to say that it has not received all the consideration that a court of justice should give it.

Mr. Mills.—I was only anxious to join in my learned friend's protest.

The Vice-Chancellor.—I beg your pardon, sir. I beg that there shall be no more about it.

We conceive that he should have said—

Having already pronounced on the essential similarity between the case of Mr. Carmichael and that of Dr. Shaw, I see no reason for making any difference in my decision in the two cases. In neither was the censure just, nor admitting of any palliation.

The information given by Mr. Carmichael was a reply to an article in a newspaper, and was little more than a statement that such an application to the Board, as that article suggested, had been already made.

Except that he administers a mild admonition to the Board for its marked discourtesy, I can find nothing in his letter, any more than in Dr. Shaw's, disparaging that body.

"It does not say that there were funds at its disposal which might or ought to have been applied to augment his income; and the fact that he was obliged to take private pupils, besides that it was not made matter of complaint against the Provost and Senior Fellows, was one of notoriety, and a proof of the inadequacy of the provision for the non-tutor Fellows, already testified by the report of the Royal Commissioners. The sentence of the Board, therefore, for these reasons, must be reversed."

We are informed that the spirit and emphasis with which this judgment was delivered recalled to the recollection of the senior counsel present some of Mr. Blackburne's happiest efforts at the bar. The triumph of the senior fellows was complete, and one could not blame them for exulting. They had *scotched* the principle of free discussion, and silenced a troublesome reformer. The reversal in Mr. Carmichael's case gave them no concern. For various reasons, it rather pleased them than otherwise. Indeed it was only an invincible logical necessity that had compelled them to include Mr. Carmichael in their censure; a fact which, had the Vice-Chancellor guessed at, it would have decided, of course, that eminent judge to award the privilege of reply to Dr. Shaw's counsel rather than to the counsel of that appellant who had been only accused of an "error of judgment, into which *he had been led*." However this may be, so disheartened were Dr. Shaw's friends at the result of his appeal, that they urged him and his counsel to withdraw the second case, that of the Degree Fees, from a trial which must end in certain defeat. There are some men, however, whom

"Nec civium ardor prava jubentium,
Nec vultus instantis tyranni"

can shake from a settled purpose. And, besides, whatever effect an adverse judicial decision might produce immediately on the external public, there was a small but highly important public present, in the form of junior fellows, before whom if the evidence on the question were once fully brought out, the degree fees were restored to the University thence-

It does not say that there were funds at its disposal which might or ought to have been applied to augment his income; and the fact that he was obliged to take private pupils, besides that it was not made matter of complaint against the Provost and Senior Fellows, was one of notoriety, and a proof of the inadequacy of the provision for the non-tutor Fellows, already testified by the report of the Royal Commissioners; but as these facts were not sufficiently appreciated by the external public, we think his conduct in correcting the error into which the writer had fallen not merely blameless, but commendable. The sentence of the Board, therefore, for these reasons, must be reversed.

forth, all judicial decisions to the contrary notwithstanding. Influenced, perhaps, by this consideration, Dr. Shaw's counsel proceeded with the case. It lasted two days, the 6th and 8th of June. Mr. Lawson's statement and Mr. Brewster's reply occupied the first day. On the second, Mr. Lloyd took up anew the defence of the Board, Mr. Mills replied for Dr. Shaw, and the Vice-Chancellor finished the proceedings by reading his judgment, which (to save the public time, probably) he had brought ready written down to court. The limits at our disposal preclude us from giving any account of the speeches of counsel; an omission which we regret the less as the impending restoration of the degree fees to the common chest will be, to the public, the best proof of the utter demolition of the claims of those who so long appropriated them. We feel it incumbent on us, however, to give Mr. Blackburne's judgment; and as the peculiarities which mark it are even more striking than those which have attracted so much attention to the judgment on the appeals, we shall adopt the same method of expressing our dissent as before; only that, as the arguments in this case will require fuller exposition, we shall place the two judgments, not in parallel columns but in succession, breaking both up into corresponding paragraphs.

We must first, however, introduce here some pieces of evidence essential to a right understanding of the case, and which could not well be brought otherwise before the reader.

One of these is the evidence derived from the Table of Degree Fees in the University of Cambridge, at the time

(1675) when the Dublin Table was constructed. The latter Table forms part of a certain document called *Dublin University Statutes*, quite distinct from the College Statutes; and more properly called *Regulæ Universitatis Dubliniensis pro solemniori graduum collatione*. These *Regulæ* are proved very satisfactorily by Dr. Todd, and other authorities, to have been introduced into Dublin directly from Cambridge University, from the fellows of which place the first five and the seventh provosts of Trinity College were taken. Dr. Todd's proofs will be found in the introduction to the College Calendar for 1833; and will not, of course, be impugned by the Board, as the work was published under its authority, and as Dr. Todd is now its registrar. A diligent study of the oldest registries of Trinity College, Dublin, would furnish additional proofs, as we find therein many particulars, minute in themselves, but all the more completely identifying the Trinity College of that epoch, especially in its *University* arrangements, with the University of Cambridge. We have no space for these proofs, and will content ourselves with those of Dr. Todd, and which the Vice-Chancellor could only dispose of by

passing over all mention of the University of Cambridge whatsoever!

The Cambridge Table of Fees for every degree contains an item called *Cista Communis*. The Dublin Table for every degree contains an item called Trin. Coll. There is an obvious resemblance between the Cambridge and the Dublin Tables, as respects all other items, the only differences in their case being such as necessarily arose from the difference between the two institutions in point of age and development. The question, then, is—Is Trin. Coll. analogous to *Cista Communis*, as the statutable and ordinary meaning of the former phrase distinctly expresses; or does it mean something to which there is nothing analogous in the Cambridge table at all, viz.:—the provost and senior fellows? In order to weaken the force of this analogy, counsel for the Board pointed out that the items called *Cista Communis*, in the contemporary Cambridge tables, were a very small fraction of the whole fee in each case; while the portion called Trin. Coll. in Dublin, was always a large proportion of the whole. Dr. Shaw's counsel met this by stating the facts exhibited in the following table.

				£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
B.A.	{ Cambridge,	.	Cis. Com.,	.	0	16	9	out of	1	10	10
	{ Dublin,	.	Trin. Coll.,	.	1	5	0	"	5	7	6
M.A.	{ Cambridge,	.	Cis. Com.,	.	2	5	9	"	3	4	5
	{ Dublin,	.	Trin. Coll.,	.	2	10	0	"	7	18	6
LL.B. &	{ Cambridge,	.	Cis. Com.,	.	0	15	8	"	5	4	0
LL.D.	{ Dublin,	.	Trin. Coll.,	.	12	0	0	"	29	4	0
B.D. &	{ Cambridge,	.	Cis. Com.,	.	2	4	0	"	5	15	0
D.D.	{ Dublin,	.	Trin. Coll.,	.	15	0	0	"	36	0	0

The information in the above table, as far as regards Cambridge, is derived from the quarto edition (1785) of the *Statuta Academicæ Cantabrigiæ*; *Tabula Feodorum*, page 557. The Tabula was drawn up A.D. 1631. We include in the sum paid to the *Cista Communis* of that University the item called *Cautio* in the *Tabula Feodorum*. Our authority for doing so is to be found in page 392 of the *Statuta*, where we learn that this *Cautio* was a sum deposited with the Vice-Chancellor as a pledge that the graduate would, at some future period, perform certain Academic exercises. If he failed to do so, the Vice-Chancellor is bound by this Statute to pay these sums into the

Cista Communis. The candidate seldom did perform these exercises, as we learn from the Cambridge Commissioners' Report. It is but just to say that the *Cautio* is always the principal part of the sum above ascribed to the common chest; and that in both the bodies of Statutes which prevailed at Cambridge previous to 1631 (*viz.* p. 260 and p. 194), there was no *Cautio* exacted, and the money paid into the common chest was what the Board's counsel alleged it to be in 1675 (the date of the *Tabula Expensarum*)—namely, a very inconsiderable portion of the whole fee. It was, however, in no case *absent altogether*, as the Board represents it to have been, from the Dublin Tabula.

Another piece of evidence which received no notice in the Vice-Chancellor's judgment is that furnished by the existing account-books of the College. Dr. Lawson showed that these identified the phrase, Trin. Coll. with *Cista Communis*. In proof of this he produces the only *Senior Proctor's Books* now extant, two in

number, and extending from 1800 to the present day.

Inside the cover of the earlier of these books is fastened a MS. table, written by the present Provost in 1839, containing directions to the Senior Proctor as to whom he is to pay the several items of each degree fee. The table is as follows :—

SENIOR PROCTOR PAYS :

—	Bursar.	Professor.	Vice-Chancellor.	Registrar	Bedell.	Senior Proctor.	Total.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
A.M.,	6 12 6	—	0 5 0	5 0	4 0	2 10 0	9 16 6
LL.B. or M.B.,	8 15 0	1 0 0	0 10 0	5 0	5 0	1 0 0	11 15 0
LL.D. or M.D.,	16 0 0	2 0 0	1 0 0	10 0	10 0	2 0 0	22 0 0
S.T.B. (i.e. B.D.),	10 5 0	1 0 0	0 10 0	5 0	5 0	1 10 0	13 15 0
S.T.D. (i.e. D.D.),	19 0 0	2 0 0	1 0 0	10 0	10 0	3 0 0	26 0 0

Each Proctor [i.e., Senior and Junior, which latter officer collects the fees on A.B. degrees] gives to the Auditor a statement of the number and ranks of the degrees, that the Auditor may charge Bursar accordingly.

The Junior Proctor pays to the Registrar 2s. 4d. for each Pensioner and Sizar, and 4s. 8d. for each Fellow Commoner A.B.

On the flyleaf opposite this was fastened the following sheet, giving the subdistribution of the sums mentioned in the first column of the above table, as paid to the Bursar :—

DISTRIBUTION OF PART PAID TO BURSAR.

	Paid to		
	Board.	Trin Coll.	Library.
	£ s.	£ s. d.	£ s.
D.D. . . .	12 10	1 10 0	5 0
B.D. . . .	6 10	1 5 0	2 10
LL.D. or M.D.	10 10	1 10 0	4 0
LL.B. or M.B.	5 10	1 5 0	2 0
M.A. . . .	4 10	1 2 6	1 0

Throughout the whole of the book subsequently these headings are repeated for the corresponding sums-total at each "Commencements."

The reader will now compare this second table with the schedule furnished to the Commissioners,* and will judge for himself whether in contrasting the modern with the ancient schedule in our *May* number, we were justified in writing "Trin. Coll. or Common Chest;" or whether the Board in their *Letter to the Chancellor* would have been likely to accuse us of "misquotation," had the Board been able to foresee that their own

account-books would come to be examined in open court.

The last piece of evidence we deem it necessary to quote here is the extract from the old College registry called the particular book. Under the date 1608, in this book, occurs the following entry, at folio 29 b :—

"Received, towards the bedle's staff, of Mr. Ambrose Usher, Moulson, and Hill, 20s.

"Of Sir Lally, Egerton, Pillen. Bird, Smythe, Phillips, Robinson, Goldburne, Ankers, 45s.; Smith, 5s.; Bourchier, 5s. 6d.

"Paid for ye staff, £11 19s. 6d.

"Received of two doctors, 40s.; of four batchelors in divinity, 13s. 4d.; of nine masters, £3; of seven batchelors in arts, 35s. The overplus paid for whyttinge at ye commencement, and lymming chap. and hall; part of a chaire for ye hall; lyme and labour of stopping upp holes in ye windowes."

This is manifestly, as the Board stated, a *voluntary collection*. It is also, as Dr. Shaw stated, a collection for University purposes, not for gifts to the Provost and Senior Fellows.

We now give the Vice-Chancellor's judgment, numbering each paragraph on which amendments are proposed in the judgment which we subsequently offer in lieu of it.

* Vide, *Dublin University Magazine* for May.

1. "I am now about to deliver the judgment of the court. The case was very fully and ably argued on Tuesday by counsel on both sides, and I have had the advantage of reading the paper addressed by the Registrar to the Chancellor of the University. I have devoted every moment of time in my power to the consideration of the letter and the facts of the case, and I came down here to-day, having committed my views on the subject to paper, intending to ask for further time, if I heard in the course of the argument to-day any reason for requiring further time to consider it. I have not heard any argument or fact stated to-day with which I was not before familiar, and which has not been already the subject of my deliberate and anxious consideration. I, therefore, proceed now to read the note of the judgment of the court, in which, as on the former occasion, I have the great satisfaction of knowing that my co-visitor entirely concurs."

1. I am now about to deliver the judgment of the court. I have perused attentively the letter addressed by the Registrar to the Chancellor, and I have had the advantage, both on Tuesday *and to-day*, of hearing the case fully and ably argued by counsel on both sides.

2. "The charge made by Dr. Shaw, and on which we are to decide, is, 'that the proportion of fees on higher degrees, as published by the Board in 1791 and 1801, has been altered, so as to give to the Provost and Senior Fellows amounts formerly given to Trinity College.' These are the words of the paper handed in."

2. The charge made by Dr. Shaw, and on which we are to decide, is, "that the proportion of fees on higher degrees, as published by the Board in 1791 and 1801, has been altered, so as to give to the Provost and Senior Fellows amounts formerly given to Trinity College." These are *some* of the words of the paper handed in; the remaining words are:—"I think it right to add, that in bringing this allegation, I make no personal imputation on the existing members of the Board."

3. "As I understand this allegation, it is that since 1801 the Provost and Senior Fellows have taken to their own use a portion of those fees which, before that, had been the property of, and in the enjoyment of, the whole corporate body."

3. As I understand this allegation, it is *not* that since 1801, or since 1791, the Provost and Senior Fellows have taken to their own use any portion of those fees which had, down to that, been actually enjoyed by the corporate body; but only that the ancient allocation of those sums to Trinity College, which had been ostensibly kept up till the beginning of this century, was now avowedly altered; and altered so as to give those sums to the Board.

4. "Understood in that sense, it is not only not supported, but contradicted; for though the words 'Trinity College' are not used in the schedule of appropriation of 1839, and though the words 'Provost and Senior Fellows' are substituted for them, yet there is no pretence that the time of this substitution was the period at which the appropriation complained of commenced. The allegation, neither in form nor in substance, is sustained."

4. Understood in that sense, it is not only supported by Dr. Shaw's documents (the Statute Book of 1791 and the Blue Book of 1851), but not contradicted by the Board; for they confess (in their letter to the Chancellor) that "in 1839, the schedule was "*simplified* by consolidating the two items" really paid to the College, (viz., the Janitor's fee, and the £1 decreed in 1809), "and writing them in one column," which column their Proctor's books show to bear the heading *Trin. Coll.*; "and by, in like manner, consolidating the two items 'really' paid to the Board" (viz, the glove money of the officers, and the large item, ostensibly paid to Trin. Coll.), "and uniting them in one column, headed 'Provost and Senior Fellows;' " or rather "Board," in the Proctor's book, but altered to 'Provost and Senior Fellows,' in the answer to the Royal Commissioners of 1851. There is, therefore, no pretence that the allegation, either in form or in substance, can be resisted.

5. "It is not true that the appropriation has been altered since 1801, so as to give to the Provost and Senior Fellows property which before had belonged to the corporation."

5. It is not alleged that the *appropriation, as actually carried out*, has been altered since 1801. This would be a charge of peculation which Dr. Shaw has expressly repudiated.

6. "I shall, however, say no more of this charge of peculation, for such it is, except that in any proceeding according to our system of jurisprudence the total groundlessness of the charge, as alleged, would lead to a dismissal of the complaint."

6. I shall, therefore, say no more of this pretended attack on their characters

than that, in any proceeding, according to the dictates of common sense, the groundlessness of a charge which has not been brought, cannot lead to a dismissal of a complaint that has, and has been not only brought, but proved.

7. "Such a course, however, would be most unsatisfactory; and having heard the case at large and on its general merits, we shall consider and decide it on the evidence laid before us."

7. It would be most unsatisfactory, however, to limit our judgment to this point. At what time the appropriation of these sums which is now in force was first recognised in the College account books, is a question of little public interest, compared with the question, whether this appropriation was *ever* legal or justifiable; and having heard the case at large and on its general merits, we shall consider and decide it on all the evidence to which our attention has been directed.

8. "The case, as now relied on by Dr. Shaw's counsel, is, that a portion of the fees payable on University degrees which has been and is now divided amongst the Provost and Senior Fellows, was originally the property of the Corporate body."

8. The case, as relied on *from the beginning* by Dr. Shaw's counsel, is, that a portion of the fees payable on University degrees which has been and is now divided among the Provost and Senior Fellows was originally the property of the Corporate body.

9. "If this be true in fact, the reason and authority on which courts of equity act for the remedying of abused trusts must prevail; for the individual members cannot take to themselves that which belongs to the Corporation, and which should be devoted exclusively to the purposes for which it has been given. The question, however, here is, was this portion of the degree fees ever the property of the College?"

9. If this be true in fact, the rules on which courts of equity act in cases of abused trust must prevail; the original rights of the Corporation must be restored to it, and no length of usurpation will avail against them. The only discretion left to the Court in such a case is to determine how far restitution shall be enforced from the parties who have been in enjoyment. In the case of the Attorney-General v. Pretyman* (Bishop of Lincoln), the Master of the Rolls said, "I have always considered that when a party has quite innocently possessed charity property which ought to have been applied according to the directions of the trust, and has so continued for a number of years, until by some accidental circumstances [such as, for instance, the report of the Commissioners of 1851] he has been apprized of the erroneous application; if he then comes forward and gives every facility to the future due application of the trust-money, it is by no means an improper exercise of the discretion of the Court to save him as much as possible from a bygone account." Such are the rules on which we must act, and they are especially binding here; for the statutes of Charles I., in laying down a rule for the guidance of the visitors expressly forbid, "*Quod per consuetudinem ullam, aut diuturnum aliquem abusum, aut actum quemcunque, verbis aut intentioni dictorum statutorum in aliquo derogetur.*"—*Stat. Col. Car. I.*, cap. 27.

10. "I shall reserve any observations on the document of 1608 until I have disposed of the other evidence."

10. I shall reserve, *et cetera*.

11. "The *Tabula Expensarum* of 1675 is evidence of the most important character."

11. The *Tabula Expensarum* of 1675 is evidence of the most important character, and must not be lost sight of in a judgment on this question.

12. "It is relied on by Dr. Shaw's counsel as quite sufficient to prove the right of the corporate body of Trinity College to the proportion of the fees in question."

12. Independent of the proofs afforded by the Statutes of Charles I., it is relied on by Dr. Shaw's counsel as of itself quite sufficient to prove the right of the corporate body of Trinity College to the proportion of the fees in question, *unless its plain and obvious construction be overborne by proof of contemporary usage to the contrary*.

13. "The whole of the fees must have been imposed and originally regulated by the Provost and Senior Fellows of the College."

13. The degree fees were probably in their origin altogether voluntary. The

earliest instrument in which they are mentioned as obligatory is the *Regule Universitatis* of 1675, which contains, as an integral part of it, the *Tabula Expensarum*. These *Regule Universitatis* were compiled and introduced into use, as I shall presently notice, by an authority entirely independent of and superior to the Provost and Senior Fellows.

14. "The statutes contain nothing about them. They did not in fact exist—at least, there is no proof they did, when the statutes were passed."

14. But first I must advert to the charters and the statutes, properly so called, viz., the *College Statutes*, which both by what they say and by what they omit to say, give us most important lights on this question. The Charters, both of Elizabeth and of Charles, grant to all who study in the College "the liberty and faculty of obtaining degrees," and of "performing, *inter se*, all the acts and scholastic exercises necessary for this purpose, as shall seem fit to the Provost and Senior Fellows," to whom she gives power to elect the officers, viz., "the Vice-Chancellor and Proctor or Proctors, requisite for the better ordering of such matters."

Charles I. gave along with his Charter a new body of statutes, the Provost and Fellows having had the right previously to make statutes for the Corporation. In these statutes of Charles, the chapter on the authority of the Provost and Senior Fellows, gives to this body "the government of the College, the election of all fellows, officers, scholars, and servants, and the conferring of degrees." To none of these governing functions is any fee attached, nor have the Provost and Senior Fellows ever claimed a fee on any other of them than the conferring of degrees. In the 10th chapter (concerning the office of tutors and pupils) it is provided that no one but a Fellow (whether senior or junior) or the Provost, if he please, shall be a tutor; and as this office "is one of much labour and care," it is enacted, that the tutor shall be entitled to receive from each pupil a sum not exceeding £4 if the pupil be a fellow commoner, £2 if a pensioner, £1 if a scholar." In the 21st chapter (concerning the number, the diet, salaries, and the lodging of fellows and scholars) we find the maintenance of these members of the Corporation and of the Provost provided for. Express salaries are also paid to such fellows, senior and junior, as shall hold the offices of Catechist, Senior Dean, Junior Dean, Head Lecturer, Sub-Lecturer, Bursar, Auditor, and Librarian. It is then provided that if the College revenues increase, the salaries of all the members and officers of the College shall increase in the same proportion. I find, therefore, that in the Statutes of Charles I. to every academic or college function involving "labour and care" a special salary is attached: that to the office of Provost, and the office of Senior Fellow, certain salaries are attached; and that the duties of these officers are defined to be "the government of the College, the election of Fellows, &c., and the conferring of degrees." These statutes, therefore, supply positive evidence of the full extent of the right of "the Provost and Senior Fellows, and negative their claim to any part of the fees in question."

15. "And their distribution must have been by the same authority that created them."

15. By what authority the fees of the *Tabula Expensarum* were created we shall presently see; but suppose that the hypothesis raised by the Board be admitted, and that at some period previous to 1675 the fees were "created" by the Provost and Senior Fellows, and not only created but "distributed," it would not follow that the Provost and Senior Fellows had distributed any portion to themselves as such, much less the conspicuous portion in question. It would follow that they granted to themselves fees as Proctor, as Registrar, and as Professor. Let us further concede that they distributed among themselves the item cheirothecæ or glove-money, although, indeed, it is far from clear who were the parties for whom the "gloves" were intended—it still remains to be shown that they laid hold on a third and much larger portion, and called it Trinity College, a name which was a false pretence. It does not follow that because men have power they will of necessity abuse it, *odiosa et inhonesta non sunt præsumenda*; and as it is admitted that there is an entire absence of evidence either way, here is a case where the rule *de bono præsumendum potius quam de malo* is legally and fairly applicable.

I now come to the *University Statutes or Regule* of 1675. The history of these statutes is clearly and ably reasoned out by Dr. Todd, in the College Calendar for 1833. It appears, from the authorities there cited, that the statutes in question were drawn up by my predecessor in this Vice-Chancellor's chair, the celebrated Dr. Jeremy Taylor, then Bishop of Down. He did so at the request of the Chancellor of the University, the Marquis (afterwards the famous Duke) of Ormond. "The state of the College" at this time, says Dr. Todd, "was such as to call for the most vigorous exertion on the part of these great men to preserve it from

dissolution." "In the University," says Bishop Heber, "every thing was to be undone and begun anew, in consequence of the disorders introduced during the time of the Commonwealth." "Among other disorders," adds Dr. Todd, "the want of *University Statutes* was particularly observed by the Chancellor." "They had no public statutes relating to an University," quotes he from Carte's *Life of the Duke of Ormond*; "no public lectures or schools; no regius professor of divinity; and scarce any ensigns academical." To the Vice-Chancellor, associated with the then Archbishop of Dublin, and the new Provost appointed by the Crown, were given exceptional powers to deal with this state of things. They elected "seven Senior Fellows, who were to serve as a nucleus from which the society should again take its beginning." "The Bishop of Down," says Carte, "set himself to collect and frame such a body of statutes, for an University, as were necessary—a work for which he was admirably qualified." "It is not improbable, therefore," says Dr. Todd—it is historically established, he might have said—"that the *Regule Universitatis Dubliniensis* were compiled on this occasion by Jeremy Taylor, grounded on such usages as were, before his time (as we have seen), established and acted upon in the University, and with the assistance of those statutes which Sir William Temple, and after him Bishop Bedell appear to have collected." It is to be observed that both of these Provosts had been Fellows of Cambridge; and Jeremy Taylor himself graduated in that University in 1630.

16. "But whether or not, if the portion under the head of Trinity College was absolutely apportioned to the use of the corporation, they never could have become the property of any individual members of the corporation. This, therefore, is really the only question we have to solve."

16. But by whatever authority these fees were created, if the portion, *et cetera*.

17. "Though the words "Trinity College," as used in those documents, is not the title of a corporate body, and used in a deed would not entitle them to take any thing by that denomination, I admit that in less formal instruments they may be so construed."

17. Though the words "Trinity College" are not, indeed, the full title of the corporate body, for this is "The Provost, Fellows, and Scholars of Queen Elizabeth's College, of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin;" and though the full and formal title should be used in a deed, entitling the College to property, still it is evident that, in the heading of a schedule, as one of a great number of items, there would be neither space nor occasion for this title; and the ordinary one of Trinity College as used in every page of the statutes, and always in the same sense, would naturally be substituted for it. I need not, however, insist on this matter, as the counsel for the Board very properly deemed the argument unfit to be brought before the Court. It is hinted at, indeed, in the Board's Letter to the Chancellor, where the phrase "Trinity College" is said to leave the appropriation of the item so called "undefined."

18. "Still it is a phrase so very general"—

18. General, indeed, the phrase is; but not in the sense of being at all *vague* or *undefined*. It is general only in the sense of being *collective*, as designating the whole corporation, not any of its parts. To use the word general, in the former sense, would be, in the highest degree, *sophistical*, for nothing is more precise than "Trinity College" as designating the corporation; and what makes it precise is its complete generality.

19. "— that no court of justice could refuse to hear evidence that its construction was not its actual meaning, and that in fact the title which it would have conferred in its constructive sense, never existed in fact, and never was followed by possession; that possession having for a great lapse of time been, not by the corporation at all, but exclusively confined to the individuals who constitute the governing body of the College."

19. Notwithstanding this precision, however, I admit that no court of justice could refuse to hear evidence—if *such evidence were adduced*—that the natural construction of the phrase was not its real meaning, and that the title which it would have conferred in its obvious sense, never existed in fact, and never was followed by possession; that possession having been *from the very date of the instrument* not in the corporation at all, but exclusively confined to the individuals who constitute the governing body.

20. "That such an original disposition to that body would have been illegal cannot be asserted, and the question is resolved into this—a question of property

and right—why, if it passed to the corporation, has it not ever been enjoyed by that body, and why, if it did not belong to the Provost and Senior Fellows, have they exclusively enjoyed it for nearly two centuries?"

20. That such an original disposition to that body would have been illegal *is not* asserted, and the question is resolved into this—a question of property and right—*can it be shown* that it never passed to the corporation, and was never enjoyed by that body; but that the Provost and Senior Fellows have enjoyed it for nearly two centuries.

21. "I say, for two centuries, as authorities clearly warrant me to say that the proof of possession is to be referred to the date of the *Tabula Expensarum*."

21. I say for two centuries, as unless the proof of possession can be extended back to the date of the *Tabula Expensarum*, the natural construction of this document must prevail, and the present usage must be regarded as an usurpation.

22. "It is a conceded fact, indeed it is a part of the very complaint to us, that for the last sixty years those fees have been paid to the Provost and Senior Fellows. The evidence of that is extended still further back by the accustomed and annual distribution of the fees to the several members of the Board by Drs. Barrett and Murray, who were the Bursars for the time being, the latter extending so far back as the year 1766."

22. It will not do to trace this usage back to sixty years ago; nor to the time of Dr. Barret (1795), nor of Dr. Murray (1766), the Bursars for the time being. The least remote of these dates would suffice to establish a right, in the case of *private property*, but the law for *public trusts* is different. Here alienation can be effected with facility, and abuse is frequent. Possession, therefore, goes but a little way to prove a right, and cannot prevail against the obvious sense of an authentic document such as the *Tabula Expensarum* of the University Statutes; especially when that sense is fortified by the contemporaneous documents and usages of another University, from which the statutes of this one are known to be directly derived.

"23. The books of the Bursars contain the accounts of the Provost, and of each Senior and Junior Fellow, and they specify with minuteness every source of their respective means and property."

23. The private books of the Bursars, like their public books (which contain the annual accounts of the College), prove nothing but the usage of the time being. This usage, indeed, would be conclusive of the question, if it were contemporary with the *Tabula Expensarum*; but such contemporary usage cannot be proved, for the account books of 1675 and for seventy-seven years afterward are *not forthcoming*.

24. "I cannot avoid saying, that if this distribution was at variance with right, Dr. Barret, and Dr. Murray, and every Bursar who preceded and who followed them were guilty of what was a breach of their duty and their oaths."

24. I cannot avoid saying that the disappearance of these books from the foundation of the College down to 1752, is a fact of some importance in the case. The statutes enjoined every muniment, receipt, rental, and other document to be most diligently preserved—they were to be placed in boxes, the keys of which, were to be kept by the Provost, the Bursar, and the Senior Dean. How have these officers observed *this sworn duty*? The Proctor's books from 1600 to 1800 are lost. The Bursar's public books from the foundation of the College to 1752 are lost. The Bursar's private books, in which he was obliged by the statutes to keep an account of the salaries and fees which he disbursed to the other members of the College,—are likewise lost, down to 1706. These are the books which would, if they now remained, inform us how the degree fees were distributed—how much was paid into the common chest; how much, if any, to the private accounts of the Provost and Senior Fellows. On the other hand, the registries, which give us no information on the subject, nor on the similar subject of the "decrements"—remain from 1595; the quarterly Account Books, containing the disbursements from the common chest, but no receipts except fines, and, therefore, no information concerning the degree fees and decrements—these quarterly books, I say, remain, from 1697. The Provost has informed us that he has found in an iron chest in the Provost's House several account books of ancient date, and that he has had them examined, and they have been found to contain no entries bearing on the question of degree fees. Now is it not strange, is there no significance in the fact, that all the documents prior to 1752 which contained the accounts of these fees have disappeared, while others, and apparently most others, that did not contain these accounts, remain. At whatever time this loss or wilful destruction of College account books

took place, we must observe, in justice to subsequent Bursars and subsequent Boards, that a distribution of fees which was originally a breach of trust, if once established for a few years, would come to be regarded as a matter of right, and would involve no conscious breach of duty or of oaths on the part of those benefiting by the error. As to the *preceding* Bursars they cannot of course be considered as responsible for *what took place after their deaths*.

25. "These bring us back to the year 1752, when we have the earliest extant annual account, and by this it is proved that the only portion of the fees payable on degrees applied to College purposes were those for the Library and Janitor; so that at that time the Provost and Senior Fellows must have been in the receipt and enjoyment of the portion of the fees in question."

25. In the year 1752 we have the earliest extant annual account book, and this reveals to us the abuse in full operation.

26. "But in connexion with this book, and as explanatory of the whole matter, are the *Bursar's public Books*, stating the contents of the *Cista Communis*, and omitting altogether any credit for those fees. These books supply positive evidence of the full extent of the right of the Corporation, and negative its claim to any part of the fees in question."

26. ["This book" is itself the *Bursar's public Book*].

27. "Now, having gone as far back as living memory and extant documents enable, what is the legal pre-umption as to the state of things antecedent to 1752?"

27. Now, having gone back to 1752, what is the legal presumption as to the state of things antecedent? The legal presumption, be it observed, in a case of a *public trust*, for it is of that, and not of a private property, we are speaking."

28. "It is that the uniformity of exclusive possession from 1752 downwards, if not explained or accounted for, affords the inference that it commenced with the very existence of the fees, and that the right of the Provost and Senior Fellows was contemporaneous with their existence."

28. Continued possession from 1752 downwards, would, *in the absence of all earlier evidence*, presume an antecedent right. But there is no such absence of evidence here.

29. "The law on this subject is laid down by Chief Justice Dallas, on the remarkable case of *Chadd v. Tolset*, reported in 2 *Broderick and Bingham*" (p 433).

29. The law on this subject is well laid down by Chief Justice Dallas—"In the case of a grant," he says, "*no usage, however long, can countervail the clear words of the instrument.*" He adds, indeed, that "when a grant of remote antiquity contains general (*i.e. undefined or vague*) words, the best exposition of such a grant is long usage under it." But there is nothing undefined in the words of the *Tabula Expensarum*; and, therefore, the usage since 1752 is insufficient to alter its purport, even if this usage were open to no objection on the score of the secrecy in which it was involved.

30. "If the law be as stated there, and in various other authorities, that the presumption from long enjoyment of property be of the right to enjoy it, the meaning of the general [*i.e. collective*] words 'Trinity College' is explained and expounded by the facts, and the title of the Provost and Senior Fellows must be deemed to be clearly established."

30. The same principle is stated in Taylor (see Evidence, p. 917)—"But though evidence of usage may be admissible to explain what is doubtful, it is not admissible to contradict or vary what is plain; and, therefore, *if the words employed in a written instrument have a known legal meaning*, parole evidence that the parties meant to use them in some different though popular sense will be rejected." Has not the term "Trinity College" a known legal meaning? and is it not sought here to give it a different meaning by force of this usage?

31. "And upon what grounds can any court of justice be warranted in withdrawing from them the benefit of those rules and principles which are founded upon policy and justice; and to impute to every Senior Fellow since the year 1675, the spoliation of the property of the College, and its concealment, as was said by Dr. Shaw's counsel, by secret and surreptitious contrivances. Every succeeding Fellow was found treading in the same steps and following the same example. I rejoice that we are forbidden to act on such a presumption."

31. But what is the "popular" sense in which the Board assert these words

were understood? A sense, so little popular, that of all the thousands of graduates who have, for nearly two centuries past, read that schedule, and paid the sums mentioned therein, probably not fifty, perhaps not ten, ever understood it. A sense so highly esoteric, that even of the residents in College, whether doctors, or masters, or professors, or scholars, the *Fellows alone* are supposed to have known it; and it has been asserted by Dr. Shaw's counsel, in the presence of these Fellows, and the Board did not venture to disprove it by calling evidence, that to many, if not to the greater number of the Junior Fellows, this sense of the terms "Trin. Coll." was unknown, until the Royal Commissioners of 1851 brought it to light. It was asserted, also, by Dr. Shaw's counsel, that down to comparatively modern times the rule of secrecy prevailed at the Board—that every member, on being coopted among the Senior Fellows, pledged himself not to disclose the proceedings in which he was called to take part. It was stated in the presence of the Vice-Provost that that honest and honoured man refused to be coopted on such terms; and that since that time, 1824, the obligation has been done away with. As the Vice-Provost did not contradict that statement, I am bound to accept it as true. It is not necessary to suppose that the secrecy which was thus proved to exist was kept up for corrupt purposes; the Board may have thought such secrecy for the interests of the College; but for whatever motive kept up, it destroys altogether the value of the usage which the Board allege in their favour. To a secret and unavowed usage—a usage which was not only unpublished, but which was contradicted by what was officially published and generally believed—the law attributes no value; and the presumption derived from it falls to the ground.

32. "I rejoice to say that we are forbidden to make or act on such presumptive imputations; the law of England, as well as the civil law, presumes against fraud. '*Odiosa et inhonesta non sunt in lege præsumenda; et in facto quod in se habet et bonum et malum, magis de bono quam de malo præsumendum est.*' Such is the law—and as it forbids us to convict, we dare not convict all or any of those gentlemen of plundering the College chest."

32. The law of England, as well as the civil law, presumes, it is true, against fraud. This presumption, however, is only operative in the absence of all evidence to the contrary—the word *presumes*, in fact, implies such absence of evidence—otherwise it is manifest that fraud never could be proved. The evidence of fraud in this case is, that in 1675 we have a document making a certain disposition of trust funds; and, seventy-seven years afterwards, we find the trustees interpreting that document—that "evidence of the highest importance"—so as to give those funds to themselves. It is not amiss to observe, that in that interval there were years of turbulence and revolution—years of deep and widespread corruption in society—of gross demoralization in the College. At one period especially—1732-3-4—so low had the authority and moral prestige of the Board sunk, that outrageous riots were of daily occurrence, the Senior Fellows were personally assaulted by students, and one portion of the Board entered upon the Registry an accusation against the remainder of having corruptly elected the inferior of two candidates to a fellowship. In the years from 1675 to 1752 there is ample room for abuse to creep in; and, as there is *prima facie* evidence that it did, and as the case is one of public trust, the onus lies on the Board to show that it did not.

33. "But I cannot dismiss this charge of secrecy without a further remark. Having to discharge the functions of jurors, as well as judges of the law, I am bound to say that in such a community as this it is incredible that the imputed fraud could have escaped detection, or that for 200 years it was unknown beyond the walls of the board-room."

33. But I cannot dismiss this argument from publicity—supposing such publicity proved—without observing that the notoriety of an abuse "in College," was, in former times at least, no guarantee against its continuance. Was there not a period in the history of the College when several of the Fellows were married men, though the Statutes, which they were sworn to obey, at that time enjoined celibacy?

34 "It must have been a matter of notoriety that part of the income of the Provost and Senior Fellows was composed of fees on university degrees."

34. It was indeed a matter of notoriety that the Senior Fellows derived a *portion* of their income from fees on degrees. It was known that they got fees as proctor and as registrar; and, in olden times, as professors. They were also supposed, by those who had paid any attention to the financial government of the College, to take the portion assigned to the obsolete purpose of providing gloves. But that they claimed also the whole of the large item "Trin. Coll." was not known till

the publication of the Commissioners' Report—probably was not surmised by any except those who had made the proceedings of the Board their study. Such has been stated in open court, the Junior Fellows being present; and I cannot reject the statement as untrue, inasmuch as, if untrue, the Board could have disproved it on the spot.

35. "It is equally incredible that this flagrant abuse could have escaped the knowledge, exposure, and censure of the able Commissioners who were specially appointed by the Crown to inquire into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the University."

35. It is particularly worthy of remark, however, that the abuse did not escape the notice and condemnation of the Royal Commissioners of 1851; although these Commissioners were only appointed to inquire into the state, studies, discipline, and revenues of the University; and did inquire only into these subjects, omitting almost all inquiry into its *history*, which would have compelled them, perhaps, to a more severe exposure and censure of the abuse in question.* And what makes this notice and condemnation the more remarkable is, that extraordinary care seems to have been taken to mystify the Commissioners on the subject, and to present the schedule in such a form as to avoid exciting their suspicion. Thus the heading "Trinity College," which was then in use in their proctor's book, and under which the sums paid to the corporation were entered, did not appear at all in the schedule which they presented to the Commissioners but instead of it an equivalent term, *Cista Communis*, which had never been used before, and never has been since, in their books or elsewhere in connexion with these fees. And, although every other item in the schedule is given in its English name, this alone is given in the Latin, which confers on it an antique and statutable appearance. In like manner the heading "Board," then and since in use in their books, and under which the largest item of every fee is entered, was omitted from the schedule given to the Commissioners, and replaced by the phrase, "Provost and Senior Fellows;" which is not an accurate nor true description of the beneficiaries in question, but has the advantage of designating a class of members of the corporation who have, *eo nomine*, certain statutable incomes, and might naturally be supposed, therefore, to have this one; while on the contrary the term "Board," designates persons who have *eo nomine* no statutable income, and it would be, therefore, sure to suggest that it was only through their being the governors of the College that they had come to possess themselves of these fees. So that the notice which this appropriation attracted from the Commissioners is a most significant fact.

36. "The view I take of the right of the Board thus resting upon grounds and principles essential to the security of property, I cannot be expected to give much weight to the book of 1608. It would be dangerous to impugn a right upon such grounds and principles, by reason of such a document as that."

36. The right of "Trinity College" thus resting upon grounds and principles essential to the security of all *public trusts*, is independent of the meaning we may attach to the entry in the Registry, under the date 1608. That entry is evidently the record of a voluntary subscription, made by the masters, and bachelors, and doctors at the "Commencement" of 1608, for the defraying of certain expenses entailed by that University ceremony. When we recollect that the College was then in its infancy, and that there had been made, apparently, no provision for these expenses, nothing was more natural than that such a collection should be made from those on whose account they were incurred: and nothing is more in accordance with the teachings of history than that a custom, which was first spontaneous, and was always intrinsically reasonable, should, as the institution developed itself, become recognised as binding, and form part of the University Statutes.

37. "What is the argument founded upon it—what is the statement made as to that book? That it proves those fees to belong to the College. I have read that book over and over again, and I have found no evidence in it to support the argument or allegation; but that on every presumption of which it is capable it is valueless, when placed in competition with the evidence afforded by a length of possession that carries with it the fullest assurance of right."

37. The argument that is founded on it is, that as the primitive collection was for public purposes, and not for gifts to the Board, so the subsequent fee, founded upon it, should include a portion, and a considerable portion, for the common chest. This argument may not be a conclusive one, but it is not valueless. At the same time the case is entirely independent of it, established as that case is by a document which, I will repeat, affords "evidence of the most important character,"

* Vide *Dublin University Magazine* for May.

and against which nothing can be brought but a usage dating from 1752, but not acknowledged to the public, or rather officially denied till 1851, and protected by an affirmation of secrecy till 1824.

38. "As to what has been said in relation to two of the colleges of the University of Cambridge getting a portion of the fees on degrees, there is no evidence to prove that the same practice ever existed in this University."

38. But "in connexion with that document and as explanatory of the whole matter" is the contemporary usage of the *University* of Cambridge, from which, as Dr. Todd proves, in his historical sketch of the University of Dublin, published by the authority of the Board, in the College Calendar for 1833, the *College* statutes of Trinity College were in great measure derived, and from which its *University* statutes and usages for conferring degrees were imported almost bodily. Owing to the fact that no directions for conferring degrees had been given along with the College statutes, the early provosts of Trinity College, who were all fellows of Cambridge, were obliged, in ordering the commencements, to make use of those rules and precedents with which they were familiar. And I cannot help remarking on the general coincidence between the schedule of Dublin and the contemporary one of Cambridge, as respects the proportions of the whole fee which they assign respectively to the common chests, a coincidence which confirms in the most striking manner the statements of Dr. Todd, and of Mr. Miller, and of all other authorities as to the historical connexion existing between the two Universities.

39. "But even if the inference sought to be drawn from what is stated to be the fact as to those Colleges in the University of Cambridge—even if that inference were admitted, which it is not, it is repelled and negatived by the evidence of the original and uninterrupted possession and right of the Provost and Senior Fellows to the fees in question."

39. There is no necessity for me to dwell on the fact that some of the Colleges of Cambridge make a charge on one of the degrees—viz., the B.A., and that the sum thus raised, like the fee on admission into the College, is in those cases the property of the common chest of the College. I only advert to this fact, because counsel for the Board argued that it was each separate College of Cambridge, and not the University, that was analogous to Trinity College, Dublin. The fact is the reverse, inasmuch as no Colleges at Cambridge or elsewhere receive any fees on the higher degrees. The existence of these fees, in Dublin, show that the precedent to be consulted is that of the *University* of Cambridge, and not of its *Colleges*. But even if the parallel were to the Colleges, it would make nothing for the Board, as all the Colleges which charge fees on the B.A. degree, place these fees in the common chest; at least evidence was given that Trinity, St. John's, King's, and Emanuel, do: and it was from these four that our first five Provosts were taken.

If the inference which Dr. Shaw draws from this table of fees at Cambridge be admitted, viz., that the common chest, in Dublin, received an item similar to that which was allocated to the University chest at Cambridge, then no question would remain, for this inference is the conclusion which he sought to establish.

40. "For these reasons we think the allegations of Dr. Shaw are utterly unfounded, and we must therefore dismiss his complaint."

40 Considering, therefore, the evidence, both positive and negative, afforded by the statutes, respecting the duties and the remunerations of the Provost and Senior Fellows; considering the obvious sense of the *Tabula Expensarum*; considering the support given to this by the contemporaneous usage in the University of Cambridge, from which our University Statutes were derived; considering the marked disappearance of all account books relative to the degree fees, which books the Provost and Senior Fellows were bound by their oaths to preserve *diligenti custodiâ*; considering the laws and principles of equity, relative to trust funds; considering the secrecy and the erroneous published schedules, with which the actual distribution of the degree fees was screened from public notice; considering the evidence afforded on the face of the present Proctor's books, and the unseen tampering with this evidence, when the Royal Commissioners of 1851 applied for it; and laying no stress on the significant entry of 1608, while we utterly exclude from consideration, as foreign to a judicial inquiry, the declining condition of the common chest, the growing demands on it for educational purposes, and the inordinate rate at which the incomes of the Provost and Senior Fellows have been increasing during the last half century, we find the allegations of Dr. Shaw perfectly sustained; and we decree that the heading "*Trin. Coll.*" in the schedule of 1675 meant the Corporation of Trinity College.

The proceedings then terminated, and the court was declared to be dissolved.

The view the learned judge took of this case being arrived at from a consideration of authentic documents, he could not be expected to attach much weight, if any, to the statements in the Registrar's *Letter to the Chancellor*. We have read that production over and over again, and can find in it no defence of the present appropriation of the fees. It does not deny that, since 1801, the schedule of appropriation has been altered to the benefit of the Board. It calls that transaction a *simplification*, and assigns 1839 as its date. It denies, indeed, that the old schedule was ever interpreted in its natural sense; but it admits that there are no data which trace the non-natural usage to an earlier date than 1752. It asserts that this usage was well known "in College;" but as this *general* phrase has not been *explained* and *expounded*, it may only mean, perhaps, that the usage was known to the provost and senior fellows. It accuses the public press of misquotation; but the misquotation, if it be one, has been proved to be their own, and palmed off on a Royal Commission. It calls "Trinity College" an indefinite expression; but nothing can be more definite. It defines *Chirothecæ* as "glove money, paid, in accordance with the ancient usage, in all investitures;" but omits to add the important information, that it was paid, *not to the grantors* of the degree, but to the higher servants who officiated at the ceremony.* It claims for the provost and senior fellows "the right, by charter and statute, to fix and alter" the fees for degrees, and their distribution; but no charter or statute in support of such a claim could they allege before the Court: while the statutes (*vide* p. 279) expressly forbid them to raise their salaries or the fees they received *as tutors* without the consent of the Visitors; and, doubtless, the statutes would have, in like manner, forbid them to raise the fees they received for conferring degrees, only that for this function they possessed no right (as provost and senior fellows) to receive a fee at all. Such are the statements of the letter as regards

matters of fact; and its arguments are as inconclusive as its statements are dubious or irrelevant. One of these arguments is, that the *Regulæ* recognise no items in the fees but such as are payable to *University officers*. "Denique quicquid in stipendium academici ministris pendi solet, ipsi procuratores exigunt: iisque, quibus debetur, persolvent." Hence the conclusion is attempted to be drawn that Trin. Coll. must be included among the "Academici Ministri," and must, therefore, designate the provost and senior fellows, and not the whole corporation. But, if this were true, and if the provost and senior fellows were included among the officers to whom portions of the fee were due, the proctor ought, according to this clause, to have paid such portions direct to the provost and to each senior fellow, just as he pays it direct to the other officers (vice-chancellor, registrar, himself, bedell, professors, &c.), and not to the bursar, who is the agent for the corporation, and the guardian of the common chest. The fact is, however, that the wording of the clause implies that there are other items besides those payable to the "Academici ministri;" and one of these is the library, called by the Letter "an exception."

The Letter goes on to argue that "the application of a portion of the fees to the library is in itself an additional ground for believing that no portion of the fees was originally intended for the *general uses* of the College, for it is very unlikely that funds would be assigned to the institution *generally*, and also *specifically* to one of its departments."

If this be unlikely, how much more unlikely is it that *specific* fees should have been originally assigned to sundry senior fellows (proctor, registrar, &c.); another, *generally*, to the provost and senior fellows, as *Chirothecæ*; and a third fee, *also generally*, to the same, as "Trin. Coll." Turn where the unfortunate graduate will, the Board, another *forma tricornis umbræ*, meets him with every variety of little bill!

* The words of Du Cange are—*Chirothecæ. Pars pretii investituræ quæ non tam domino* (here, the Board, which grants the degree), *quam ministeriali ejus* (here, the vice chancellor, proctor, and other officers), *competit: præcipue superiori, tanquam villico. The Cambridge Tabula Feodorum perfectly verifies this.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begs to notify that he will not undertake to return, or to be accountable for, any manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal.

Each in his day and generation was a reformer. In ontology Socrates erected an altar to the unknown God, and thus kept alive the religious principle till the day when a wiser than Socrates stood on Mars' Hill to declare, "whom ye ignorantly worship, him I declare unto you,"—while Bacon, assuming the truth of theology in the revelation of a personal God, set the mind free from logical questions about final causes—the old ontology, whose use was past—to study nature as it is, and from the wisdom of eternal laws, and the yet greater wisdom of their particular collocations, to build up a cumulative argument for design, to which even revealed theology is not ashamed to acknowledge its obligations.

The beautiful harmony between Socrates' work in the world, and Bacon's, the founders of the deductive and inductive methods respectively, is becoming better understood every day. There are a few perverse doctrinaires in both extremes—the positive school on the side of Bacon, the intuitionists on the side of Plato, who would repudiate the other; but good in the end has come out of the long controversy, and "our thoughts are widening with the circle of the sun," until good men have come to admit that deductive truth now belongs to revelation, and inductive to science; and that in the order of absolute importance, the method of Plato must be followed, from theology to ethics, and from ethics to physics; but that in the order of practical life and daily use, the order of Bacon, from physics to ethics, and from ethics to theology, the last and sacred retreat of thought must be preserved.

Dialectics, according to Plato, being the master-science, and ethics and physics its two derived branches, it is easily seen that whatever faults there are in Plato's ethical or physical representations take their rise in an error in his dialectics. That error we believe to be the identification of knowledge and being. The definition of being by science is a definition of a whole by its part, or a substance by one of its attributes—and, this error once admitted, flows down through all the branches of his philosophy. We cannot too strongly protest against this vain presumptuous attempt to

transcend the sources of our knowledge, and define being by one of its modes.

The institutes of metaphysics by Professor Ferrier is one of the latest and boldest attempts of ontology. That Mr. Ferrier's theory of knowing and being has failed, we do not pause here to state—it is enough to remark that he 'errs with Plato,' and is content to err in such good company. To us who think that ontology had its place in ancient speculation, answering to theology in modern, such an excuse seems invalid; for Plato, we verily believe, would have abandoned ontology and the philosophy of the absolute, had a way been opened up to him to *believe* in what he could not *know*. Rationalism had some excuse in days of polytheism; now it has none. The true gnostic now is he who adores One who, as the absolute, he can never know, and believes in a Divine Person who, as unconditioned, he cannot understand.

It would have been interesting had the nature of Mr. Butler's argument allowed him to trace every error of the Platonic physics and ethics to this *πρωτον ψευδος* of ontology. It led him, for instance, to contradict himself so far as to admit that, since science and being are one, virtue as a part of being is also a science, and therefore may be taught—an admission which the Sophists he opposed had turned to very good account. Professor Ferrier's theory of knowing and being may thus be of use to the student of Plato, as exhibiting in full-blow the one error to which may be traced as in the bud every other aberration of Platonism.

It has been well said that we can never survey a science from its own level—we must ascend above it to take it in, in all its details. The field of Platonism is thus far too wide to be surveyed by simple mensuration. Measuring-chain in hand, Professor Butler has patiently and exactly taken the area of several distinct fields of thought. Thus his survey of the physics of Plato, as contained in the *Timæus*, is perhaps the fullest and exactest account of the dialogue we possess; but our space would not permit us to follow him through one of these measured fields of philoso-

; and therefore we have chosen a height from whence to look down on the whole. Dialectics, ethics, physics, all spring out of the attempt to deduce truth logically from the theory of the identity of knowing and being. In so far as knowledge is co-extensive with being, Plato is always right; when being transcends knowledge, Plato, with all ontologists, is always wrong. The strength of Plato is when, Antus-like, he touches earth; his weakness is, when he attempts to soar above the conditioned; when

ye cannot see

The stirring of his wings, and yet he soars.

We have only one complaint to make of Mr. Butler, that he has not taken his wings, and criticised Plato from the height as well as from the plain. We miss that decision of view which *comprehends* Plato as well as *apprehends* him, from the eminence of that higher logic of which Sir W. Hamilton is the great modern master. Mr. Butler's criticism of Plato is more genial than severe and discriminating. He follows him on his own level as a truth-seeker, rather than looks down as one that has found it in an established school of philosophy. As the disciple is not above his master, Butler as a Platonist

does not take the bearings of his master's philosophy from above, but from his side. Wanting this higher criticism, he has left us nothing to desire as an English interpreter of Plato. To the student his book indeed may be safely offered as a manual to Plato. The series on Aristotle was left unfinished. Aristotle was too great an encyclopædist himself to admit of such fragmentary treatment. In a future edition, should the publishers find a demand for it, we would suggest the issue of the series of lectures on Plato, separate from the rest; we could part without regret with the introductory series. Some of the first lectures on early Greek and Indian philosophy are not much better than those found in the ordinary histories of philosophy: and we expect something better than comparative excellence from the author of 'the Letters on Development.' Not so with the series beginning with Socrates, and carrying us through the Platonic philosophy; it deserves a high place in the literature of the subject; and will no doubt keep it, whether linked with an introductory series which may be allowed to drop off, or, as we desire, separated from it as an original and distinct survey of the life and opinions of Plato.

THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN UPTONIAN DESPATCH.

"British Legation, Naples.

"My dear Harcourt,

"It would seem that a letter of mine to you must have miscarried, a not unfrequent occurrence when entrusted to our Foreign Office for transmission. Should it ever reach you, you will perceive how unjustly you have charged me with neglecting your wishes. I have ordered the Sicilian wine for your friend. I have obtained the Royal leave for you to shoot in Calabria; and, I assure you, it is rather a rare incident in my life to have forgotten nothing required of me! Perhaps you, who know me well, will do me this justice, and be the more grateful for my present promptitude.

"It was quite a mistake sending me here; for anything there is to be done, Spencer or Lonsdale would perfectly suffice. I ought to have gone to Vienna; and so they know at home—but it's the old game played over again. Important questions! why, my dear friend, there is not a matter between this country and our own that rises above the capacity of a colonel of dragoons. Meanwhile, really great events are preparing in the East of Europe—not that I am going to inflict them upon you, nor ask you to listen to speculations which even they in authority turn a deaf ear to.

"It is very kind of you to think of my health. I am still a sufferer, the old pains rather aggravated than relieved by this climate. You are aware that, though warm, the weather here has some exciting property, some excess or other of a peculiar gas in the atmosphere, prejudicial to certain temperaments. I feel it greatly, and though the season is midsummer, I am obliged to dress entirely in a light costume of buckskin, and take Marsalla baths, which refresh me, at least, for the while. I have also taken to smoke the leaves of the *nux vomica* steeped in arrack, and think it agrees with me. The king has most kindly placed a little villa at Ischia at my disposal; but I do not

mean to avail myself of the politeness. The Duke of San Giustino has also offered me his palace at Baia, but I don't fancy leaving this just now, where there is a doctor, a certain Tommaso Buffeloni, who really seems to have hit off my case. He calls it arterial athriticis, a kind of inflammatory action of one coat of the arterial system; his notion is highly ingenious, and wonderfully borne out by the symptoms. I wish you would ask Brodie, or any of our best men, whether they have met with this affection? what class it affects, and what course it usually takes? My Italian doctor implies, that it is the passing malady of men highly excitable, and largely endowed with mental gifts. I think I can recognise the accuracy of this hypothesis. It is only nature makes the blunder of giving the sharpest swords the weakest scabbards—what a pity the weapon cannot be worn naked!

"You ask me if I like this place. I do, perhaps, as well as I should like anywhere. There is a wonderful sameness over the world just now, preluding, I have very little doubt, some great outburst of nationality for all the countries of Europe. Just as periods of Puritanism succeed intervals of gross licentiousness.

"Society here is, therefore, as you see it in London or Paris; well-bred people, like gold, are current every where. There is really little peculiar to observe. I don't perceive that there is more levity than elsewhere. The difference is, perhaps, that there is less shame about it since it is under the protection of the Church.

"I go out very little: my notion is that the Diplomatist, like the ancient Augur, must not suffer himself to be vulgarized by contact. He can only lose, not gain, by that mixed intercourse with the world. I have a few who come when I want them, and go in like manner. They tell me what is going on far better and more truthfully than paid employes, and they cannot trace my intentions through my enquiries, and hasten off

to retail them at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Of my colleagues I see as little as possible, tho' when we do meet, I feel an unbounded affection for them. So much for my life, dear Harcourt; on the whole, a very tolerable kind of existence, which if few would envy, still fewer would care to part with.

"I now come to the chief portion of your letter.—This boy of Glencore's. I rather like the account you give of him, better than you do yourself. Imaginative and *dreamy* he may be, but remember what he was, and where we have placed him. A moonstruck, romantic youth at a German University. Is it not painting the lily?

"I merely intended he should go to Göttingen to learn the language, always a difficulty if not abstracted from other and more dulcet sounds. I never meant to have him domesticated with some rusty Hochgelehrter, eating sauer kraut in company with a green-eyed Fraulein, and imbibing love and metaphysics together. Let him moon away, as you call it, my dear Harcourt. It is wonderfully little consequence what any one does with his intellect, till he be three or four-and-twenty. Indeed, I half suspect that the soil might be left quietly to rear weeds 'till that time, and as to dreaminess it signifies nothing if there be a strong physique. With a weak frame, imagination will play the tyrant, and never cease 'till it dominate over all the other faculties; but where there is strength and activity, there is no fear of this.

"You amuse me with your account of the doctor; and so the Germans have actually taken him for a savant, and given him a degree 'honoris causa.' May they never make a worse blunder. The man is eminently remarkable,—with his opportunities, miraculous. I am certain, Harcourt, you never felt half the pleasure on arriving at a region well stocked with game, that he did on finding himself in a land of Libraries, Museums, and Collections. Fancy the poor fellow's ecstasy at being allowed to range at will through all ancient literature, of which hitherto a stray volume alone had reached him. Imagine his delight as each day opened new stores of knowledge to him, surrounded as he was by all

that could encourage zeal and reward research. The boy's treatment of him pleases me much, it smacks of the gentle blood in his veins. Poor lad, there is something very sad in his case.

"You need not have taken such trouble about accounts and expenditure: of course, whatever you have done I perfectly approve of. You say that the boy has no idea of money or its value. There is both good and evil in this; and now as to his future. I should have no objection whatever to having him attached to my Legation here, and, perhaps, no great difficulty in effecting his appointment; but there is a serious obstacle in his position. The young men who figure at embassies and missions are all 'cognate numbers.' They each of them know who and what the other is, whence he came, and so on. Now our poor boy could not stand this ordeal, nor would it be fair he should be exposed to it. Besides this, it was never Glencore's wish, but the very opposite to it, that he should be brought prominently forward in life. He even suggested one of the Colonies as the means of withdrawing him at once, and for ever, from public gaze.

"You have interested me much by what you say of the boy's progress. His tastes, I infer, lie in the direction which, in a worldly sense, are least profitable; but after all, Harcourt, every one has brains enough, and to spare, for any career. Let us only decide upon that one most fitted for him, and depend upon it, his faculties will day by day conform to his duties, and his tastes be merely dissipation, just as play or wine is to coarser natures.

"If you really press the question of his coming to me, I will not refuse, seeing that I can take my own time to consider what steps subsequently should be adopted. How is it that you know nothing of Glencore—can he not be traced?

"Lord Selby, whom you may remember in the Blues formerly, dined here yesterday, and mentioned a communication he had received from his lawyer, with regard to some property in tail; which, if Glencore should leave no heir male, devolved upon him. I tried to find out the whereabouts and the amount of this heritage; but with the admirable indifference that

of the game and of the beasts used as the sportsman's allies. Next, the uncertainty of the result and the intellectual exercise in the rapid calculation of probabilities; the data varying much in different sports, and one of them being frequently your own amount of skill—and this source we may call *anticipation*. Thirdly, emulation with others. Again, in some sports the sympathy felt for or with the exertion and skill of others, whether men or beasts. And lastly, the physical exercise, and the scenes which are in general incidental to sporting. We are aware that destructiveness is supposed by some to be a source of pleasure, and perhaps so far as destruction is a striking and obvious evidence of power, it may have a slight share in the pleasure of sporting; but that such share, if any, must be very small, is manifest if we consider the source of it apart from the other sources above mentioned. It may give pleasure to break a bottle with a rifle bullet, or even with a stone hurled at it, but the amount of enjoyment afforded by taking the same bottle and throwing it on the ground, is almost infinitesimal. However, we have no objection to such a source of pleasure standing for what it is worth, especially as it in nowise invalidates our pet theory. Whoever likes may, therefore, rank it a sixth element in the pleasures of sporting.

But of the other elements, the first—viz., the exercise of skill, is so plain in most cases, that no more need be said upon it. It forms a large part of the pleasure in shooting, hunting, fishing, and many other sports; and that it does so will appear at once by considering that, in general, other things being the same, the less skill is required for any sport the less is the pleasure derived from it. For instance, there is less sport in shooting rooks than shooting snipe, and less in shooting even rooks with small shot than with bullet. In all these cases it is difficult, if not impossible, to eliminate the second item of pleasure above noticed—we mean *anticipation*—for in every case in which less skill is required, the chance of your having a sufficient amount is in-

creased, and the odds on the result less evenly balanced; but they are, nevertheless, different items, for a sportsman can often arrive at an almost certain estimate of his own skill, and yet the more difficult sport will afford him the greater pleasure. We find also that in some pursuits which are called sports, the first item is altogether absent, and the second then shows in bold relief. Of such a kind are horse-racing, coursing, and that almost exploded brutality—cock-fighting—not to speak of gambling generally at games of chance. Indeed, perhaps, by no examples are the existence and the distinctions of these two sources of pleasure more clearly shown, than by considering the pleasure that men take in chess and in dice.*

The educational effect of both these sources of pleasure may be easily apprehended: the former obviously induces a discipline of perseverance, and excites to the habit of overcoming difficulties. The latter tends, though not so obviously, to make one judge rapidly as to a course of action on an emergency, and to act decidedly on such judgment; this would, on a mere examination, appear to be its tendency, but testing such conclusion experimentally it is found borne out in fact; the best sportsmen are, as a general rule, those who when tried in critical circumstances, turn out the most self-possessed, the most rapid in decision, and the most decided in action. It was not without reason that by almost every military people hunting was considered as the school of war.

Emulation is so eminently an educational stimulus, that it is ordinarily the feeling of our nature which is most made use of for the purposes of education: its further consideration may, therefore, be neglected here, and we may pass at once to the remaining sources of pleasure. Of the fifth, too, viz.—the physical pleasure of exercise, &c.—we need say nothing more; but the fourth requires a few words of comment. Sympathy for the skill and exertion of others, either men or beasts, is by no means common to all sports; in some, however, it is

* From this anticipation also it happens that shooting with bullet at a bird which can fly away, is more exciting than at a mark, however small, which cannot.

the largest source of the pleasure derived from them, and, perhaps combined with *anticipation* forms the whole of that properly arising from racing or coursing. It enters largely into hunting and fishing, and somewhat into shooting also. In hunting, the sympathy felt for the pack, and for individual dogs in it, is almost the characteristic difference between the sportsman and the mere horseman; a considerable sympathy is also felt even for the fox if he runs well—something akin to “the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel.” In shooting, the sympathies are less brought out; and if one shoots alone, there is nothing to sympathise with except one's dog; for in shooting there is no struggle, the trigger is drawn, and all is over; the game is either hit or missed, there is no time for sympathy; but with our dogs we do sympathise—with their skill, with their excitement, with their caution, as they throw themselves back, their tails stiffened, and slowly and noiselessly advance with neck outstretched, nostril distended, and eye fixed, and we watch them “road” up the scent to where the game lies, with an interest the most intense, for which, we confess, it puzzles us to account in any other way than by supposing it is a mixture of sympathy and *anticipation*. In shooting with a companion however, which is a much pleasanter occupation than solitary sport, the sympathies are of course more developed, and then we may say with Locksley, “I always add my hollo, when I see a good shot or a gallant blow.” Fishing remains; and in that sport, as the struggle is more direct between the sportsman and the game during the “play,” and is moreover a struggle of *skill* against strength, of mind against matter, the sympathy, viz., the “stern joy,” and the *anticipation*, raise the excitement higher than that of any other sport in our opinion, hardly excepting hunting itself. Now, it is hardly worth while to stop in order to show the value of the stimulus given to the sympathies. Anything which draws us out of ourselves in this toiling, selfish world, is an advantage; and we believe, therefore, that there is no such renovator of

the constitution, moral, mental, and material, as, after labour in reek and fog during the year, to abandon it with a spring, and to enjoy clear sky, fresh air, heather, and sport.

Even the artificial tastes, whose gratifications become toys, have something in them of an educational character. Let us, for instance, take the one most commonly abhorred, most commonly the butt of satire—avarice. A vice it is no doubt, as the exclusive pursuit of almost anything becomes a vice; it is a vice, too, whose ill-effects are wide spread, and whose influence is destructive to most of the loveable and estimable qualities of the mind; but, still, a vice which has at its root tendencies that, well-directed, go a long way to make one good and great. Perhaps we are going too fast—we are assuming that the gratification of avarice is toying. Well, we hope we can prove it. Money is a toy to the miser. Does he love it for anything but itself? Where is his enjoyment in it? We answer—Itself is his enjoyment. Thinking of it, brooding over it, making it, these are his enjoyments in it; and what then should prevent our calling it a toy? It is a serious sort of toying, but toying it is. It has been said that avarice is a phase of the love of power. This we cannot concede. The desire of wealth may be caused by the desire of power; but the ambitious man is rarely avaricious. Money with him is a means, he acquires power by spending it, and gratifies his passion; but the miser never acquires power, nor does he seek it. Money with him is the end: he acquires it by saving it, and so gratifies his passion. Nay, he will barter power for wealth, in the same way as the ambitious barter money for power; and how then can avarice and ambition be called the same passion?

But qualities lie at the bottom of both, many of which are similar, and most of which are good, if well applied. There is much that is educational even in avarice; for instance, self-restraint is exercised and strengthened to a greater degree by avarice and ambition, than by almost any other discipline. The gratification of avarice is a constant series of sacrifices of present pleasures for remote

good. It is the feeling of self-gratulation, arising from having overcome the present temptations, which more than anything else keeps up the self-deceit necessary to make a man a miser : it is the knowledge that he himself is constantly overcoming such temptations, that makes him despise the spendthrift as a weak creature, who cannot deny himself anything. He will err grievously who supposes that the mere love of wealth, without more, will make the passion of avarice. Some of the most grasping are also the freest in spending ; nor could the mere love of money enable almost any one to withstand the odium and other inconveniences, which the miser must incur ; but that, like the ascetic, he feels that the greater the difficulty, the greater the glory ; therefore he says, "*populus me sibilat at mihi plaudo ipse domi.*"

But we are growing didactic, not to say dogmatic ; and we know that to be didactic is to be prosy. Pardon us therefore, reader, for this ; and as to being dogmatic, we had at least hitherto no right to be so, since, for all we have said, we could give a reason : we admit, therefore, our error, and promise to amend. But we now approach a matter on which, as few understand it themselves and fewer still can make others do so, it is quite fashionable to dogmatize. It is the subject of art.

We anticipate a storm for mentioning it here, but we beg to be heard out ; let not your prejudices get the better of your judgments. Art does seem in one aspect of it to be toying, and we do not say this in a depreciating tone. The pleasure derived from the contemplation of a work of art, is, in many cases, the sole end of that contemplation ; for though we may be improved by such contemplation, the improvement expected is very rarely what induces us to it. The pleasure arising from the production of a work of art, is also, in many cases with the true artist, the sole end of that production. In this sense, and to this degree, art is a toy, and in this sense the pleasure derivable from the production of a work of art may, we think, be analysed in the following manner :—It flows, in the first place, from the exercise of the creative faculty, and the moral development consequent there-

on ; next, from the exercise of skill, and the moral training in overcoming difficulties ; lastly, from the development and education of the sympathies with the feelings and emotions of others.

The first element we have already discussed in treating of the representative class of children's toys, and its presence in the case of art will not, we presume, be doubted ; for which reasons we will not here enlarge upon it. Of the second source of pleasure we have also spoken, when discussing the last class of children's toys, and more largely when analysing the pleasure of sporting : we have here only to notice its effect on the artist. It is, in its proper place, a very legitimate source of pleasure to the lover of art ; but it is also apt to lead any but a genuine artist very far astray ; and this may be the reason of the constant painful exhibition by those who should know better, of mere *tours de force*, to the neglect of art's true object. The fact of this frequent abuse, however, is a strong evidence of the existence of the element, even in cases where it is not so prominent as to mislead. But the third source is that which most deserves examination—it is that without which it is utterly impossible for a true artist to exist ; for, whatever his art may be—music, painting, sculpture, poetry, or even the mimetic art—wherein does his excellence consist ? Is it not in this, that by means of *ideas* which belong to the head, he excites *emotions* which belong to the heart ? His power is shown by his capacity of exciting in those who contemplate his work, whatever feelings (as distinct from ideas) he may please ; and this he cannot do without possessing a keen sympathy, or tact, by which, beforehand, he knows almost instinctively what ideas, or combinations of ideas, are likely to suggest in other minds the emotions he wishes to produce.

This theory of art we merely suggest, as we have a strong abhorrence of dogmatism ; but if it be not at once accepted, we beg leave to look at it a little in detail, and to test it by application to the arts individually. Writing then conveys ideas. If those ideas are combined in such a manner as to affect the readers, or, in other words, to excite emotions, we

say the writer is a poetical writer ; and this whether he touches us by an appeal to reflection or to external nature. An auctioneer will probably give a more detailed, and, so far, a more accurate, description of a house than Sir Walter Scott would have done ; but the tradesman fails in suggesting the emotions which would arise on beholding the place, while the great novelist succeeds. Again, wherein does an explanatory diagram differ from a picture ? The former suggests *ideas* only—the latter excites emotions also. A prosaic mind is susceptible of ideas, and often acutely so ; but unsusceptible of the emotions which naturally follow those ideas in the artist's soul, or at least not easily awakened to them :

“ A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him ;
And it is nothing more ; ”

but the artist, even when dealing strictly with ideas, overflows with emotion, and excites it almost without intending to do so. Witness Milton's speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.

The case of music is that which seems most to militate against our theory, and this is probably owing to the difficulty of suggesting by music any *ideas* beyond those of the mere sounds. *Emotions* may, however, be excited ; when they are, the music becomes a work of art, and it is the artist who alone is capable beforehand of “ untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.” Although, too, it may be difficult to suggest *ideas* by music, it is easy to fall in exciting emotions ; and where they are not excited, few will be inclined to believe that the production is a work of art. Neither is it impossible to suggest even *ideas* by music ; but when they are excited, unaccompanied by *emotions*—as in some pieces of what is called descriptive music—the stigma still remains, and the pieces bear the same relation to good music, that signboards or diagrams do to fine pictures.

Take, for instance, one of those *dramatico-musical* performances, representing battles, sieges and so forth, with which M. Julien delights the mass of the people—the report of guns, the explosion of pyrotechny,

the bray of the trumpet, the boom of the drum, and even the shouts of men which occur in the performance—all these tricks are contemptible as emotional music, exactly in the degree that they are effective as mere descriptive sounds ; and the more they are present in the composition, the more is the whole degraded in artistic and æsthetical point of view.

Lastly, what distinguishes the actor from the mimic ? Again we say, the same difference : the one suggests *ideas* principally ; the other *emotions*. We say principally, because most mimics are to some extent artists, exciting chiefly, however, the lower emotion, as the satirist is a satiric poet, and the Dutch school are still painters.

Our theory, for which we hope we have made a case, has, however, another aspect, and this it is which inclines us still further to its adoption. It explains not only how in one view art is toying, but how in another, and a more extended aspect, it is very far removed from any such thing. The artist begins by a desire to express his own emotions ; so far he is toying ; but when having acquired the mastery over his art, he sets himself to raise particular emotions in the minds of others, when he ceases to be merely amusing himself, and begins to educate others, or rather to make the education of others an object, he ceases then indeed to toy, and undertakes a serious responsibility. His mode of using the great power given to him may do much good, and it may do much harm. Fra Angelico was not toying when he painted his pictures. Rouget de Lille was not toying when he composed the *Marseillaise* ; and the man spoke wisely who said, he cared not who made the laws, if he might make the ballads.

The toying process, however, must generally have been first gone through. A man must have made a toy of his art before he is able, frequently before he conceives a wish, to affect his fellows. To begin by desiring to educate others, is beginning at the wrong end, like trying to write before one has learnt to read. A man learns fencing as an amusement, or an exercise, though it may be useful to him to be a good swordsman ; but he would scarce be likely to acquire

a proficiency, who should commence practice by an engagement with sharp points.

If, then, our theory be true, the educational quality in this third source of pleasure, is the stimulus given to the sympathies, on which, of course, it is needless to enlarge. So having thus, by going through some

of the most striking instances of the toys both of children and adults, shown, or endeavoured to show, that this educational quality is present in most of them, we may be pardoned if we conclude this already overgrown essay, with the striking sentiment of *La Fleur's* drummer, *Vive la bagatelle.*
GEARNS.

AN OCTAVE OF POETS.

A REVIEWER who balances the merits of books should have a twofold face—one looking towards the past, the other watching the present; but his brain should be single. He should be the Janus in the porch of the temple of literature. The critic of poetry should above all possess this double glance. He who has accurately thought on the poetry of the present and the past, will easily understand that the poetic idea of the present day is a natural consequent of the Protean developments of the idea in preceding times. The age of feeling everything and doing nothing has past away. The age of doing everything and feeling nothing is, we hope, also perishing. Mere action, whether for pleasure or for what are falsely called the splendid vices, when uninspired by any noble motive or pure aspiration arising from the soul, must perish, like Milo, of its own strength. Mere feeling, no matter how high and pure, if it does not eventuate in action, will, like Achilles, eat its own heart away, sitting idly in its tent by the far resounding shores of life. In poetry, the artificial school of which Pope was the head, and which closed in the dulness of Hayley, may represent the former. The passionate sentimentalism of Byron may illustrate the latter.

High-motived feeling which results in action—the type of which God has given us in marriage, or the union of strength and tenderness—will proceed through the world like Valentine the chivalrous, and Orson the strong, conquering and to conquer. This is what in the progress of the poetic idea we hope we have attained to in the highest poetry of the day. The dry, unimpassioned ethical thinking of Pope was as use-

less to influence the soul, as a smooth straight road is to call forth the emotions with which we survey the winding negligence of nature's landscape.

The sentimentalism which Byron seized on to make it grand and terrible with a passionate fatalism, inflamed the heart indeed, but only to consume it. But from this phase of human feeling he has freed us for ever. It rose to an unprecedented height, and the mind of the mass will never endure it again. We have advanced from the mere love of nature which Byron gave us, and from the ideal and unsanctified love of humanity which Shelley disclosed to us, to a higher and a purer realm. In Wordsworth we have seen the spousal of nature and humanity. In the present poetry we have more fully developed Wordsworth's idea, by shewing, as Tennyson has done in "*In Memoriam*," the inward life of the soul, and teaching us the practical bearing which it has on nature and humanity, on social life, and public action. The danger of the present school is, that it may destroy action by making too much of the inner life. The life of the soul is nobler than the life of the intellect, but they are equally useless to mankind unless linked to action. When we understand that a spiritual meaning underlies all actions, and so gives them a symbolic universality, and that all spiritual feeling is useless unless it has its complement in action, then we shall strike the true balance, and our life will become equalized and real.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to hint at, briefly, the particular causes which gave rise to this school of mysticism. It is almost unnecessary to observe that great poets coincide

with great popular excitement. It is a question whether such excitement does not create poets to express the struggling feeling of the people, as a disturbance of the equilibrium of the distribution of telluric magnetism results in the Aurora. The political excitement in England during the time of Byron, and Shelley, and Coleridge was almost unprecedented. When the embers of this fire had died, a long period of quietude followed. At last an era of theological excitement arose, chiefly owing to the introduction of German modes of thought, the throes of which are still convulsing England. With the agony of this generation sprang up poetry anew. Further, the constellation which brightened the age of Pitt sank like the sun in the tropics. It left us no twilight. Men were exhausted by so much imagination. They fell back into the soft and leathern arm-chair of calm, comfortable material life. They would no more of poetry. They devoted their energy to cotton and railways. They were never deeply stirred except by a bankruptcy. The subjugation of nature to practical use alone; the indifference to mere natural beauty; the utilitarian principles which prevailed science and art; all these spread till wealth increased and men decayed; and truth, and love, and courage were all submerged in the great golden sea which broke heavily upon the heart of England. Men spoke like Shylock. "There was nothing good but good security." The reaction from this material life was the poetry of mysticism. It is the exponent of the soul. The very foundation stone of this mystical poetry is that the soul of man has cognitions, by which it intuitively recognizes truth, and receives it; and to these cognitions this poetry appeals in words which cannot be so much understood as *felt*. Shakespeare, beyond all others, was master of this power of appealing to the intuitions; and it is this which gives the felt reality to all he says. There is one instance which we have always thought most wonderful. It is Caliban's perception of the beautiful in sleep. When awake, the brutal and sensual body is completely predominant; but in sleep, the half-soul of the monster awakes in the deadness of the body, and feels the beau-

tiful. It is exquisitely true, moreover, that the feeling continues for a short time after he awakes, and he "cries to sleep again." We have often wished that a contrast were drawn, by some capable critic, between Caliban, who is brutal by nature, and Stephano and Trinculo, who have brutalised themselves. The balance is certainly on the side of Caliban. As we have said above, it was the reaction from the age of work which produced the poetry of mysticism. Men began to feel that there was something deeper than mere outward life. The cold abstractions of science, the whirl of machinery, and the clash of hammers did not satisfy a want which preyed upon them in spite of all their efforts to deaden it. They had recourse to their own souls, to find an answer to these shapeless yearnings which ever protest for the infinite. They searched their heart to discover what it was which seemed to underlie everything with something beautifully strange; and the feeling of which startled them amidst nature, and terrified them in the centre of their workshops. It is thus that the poetry of this age has become mystical. It deals with the individual soul, as connected with the universal. It deals with all things, not by themselves, but in connection with the pervasive spiritual meaning which links a part to the whole, and the whole to a part. This is one of the causes why the poetry of the age is so difficult of explanation, and yet to those who can grasp its universality, so simple. It would seem a paradox to assert that this mysticism is at once simple, and yet inexplicable in words. Yet so it is. All pure intuitions are at once most simple, and yet impossible of explanation.

If we only consider how easily we feel the idea of a cause, and yet how impossible all men have found it to state it in words, we shall see how poetry, which chiefly deals with these intuitions, is felt to be true, and yet is not to be explained. Even those who possess the gift divine of expression, can never express these ideas fully; no, not even if they tried for ever. It is sufficient, if they give us enough to make us feel what they mean. But a certain receptivity is needed in the mind of the reader, and men understand and love according to this receptivity. What is

truth to one is nothing to another, and sometimes seems positive falsehood. There are few men who comprehend and like the same parts of Shakespeare as others; and yet there are certain points on which almost all men think and love alike. In the world of thought there is ever a great unity, lying under endless diversity; and one of the great objects of the poetry of mysticism is to link every diverse thought to the underlying unity.

We do not expect that this phase of the Poetic Idea will continue long. Already it is degenerating into much metaphysical uselessness. It must naturally descend before it rises to something higher. We confidently hope that before long the Poetic Idea will be influenced by a truer religious feeling — one more reverent, more humble, than at present; and yet more, that Science will take her true position in Poetry, and drive out the Unnatural with her spear of light. The great mistake of the time is giving too much honour to what is called "the man." It has arisen from the American and German transcendentalism. The time will come when the soul of man will be represented not as identical with nature and God, but in its true place, a reflex of God in itself, and a percipient of God in everything. This is its true position in Poetry, though perhaps not in Theology; for Poetry represents the soul not as it is, but as it ought to be, while it represents the heart as it is.

Thus far had we proceeded, when, lifting our eyes, eight reproachful covers met our view—brown, green, and blue they shimmered on the desk, and we remembered that we had intended to say something of their respective merits. Disregarding two or three concealed glances which some of them cast upon us, we took up one which looked the smallest, with ornaments, "urns and flourishes," on its back and breast. Mr. Michell's *Poetry of Creation** is an unpretending little volume, full of unpretending little poetry. We regret that we cannot in justice say more for it than that it is simple and pretty

in parts, never rising to the poetically great, but occasionally attaining to a degree of descriptive excellence. There are some natural touches, one of which we subjoin, which would give Mr. Michell a fair chance in front of the critical bayonets, if he would but consent to write a few hundred instead of a few thousand lines, and would not crush out the vitality of his mind, and the patience of his readers, by seven parts, and five thousand lines or more. Mr. Michell has built his own mausoleum, and his fame lies entombed beneath. Should he ever emerge from this superincumbent mass of five thousand lines, we hope he will write shortly, and he will write well; for Mr. Michell has an eye to see, and a heart to understand, as this description will witness for us:—

Approach, at this high mountain's base,
A curtained, solitary place,

Behold a radiant infant born!
There shines no lovelier, purer thing,
Than this upbubbling, gurgling spring,
And nature doth all beauties bring,

The tiny stranger to adorn.

How smoothly hath she shaped the rim,
That when the bason doth o'erbrim,
The waters may most gently flow;
Or flowing, only whisper low.

How secret hath she made this seat
Within the hollow of her mountain,
That none may come with trampling feet
To mar the beauty of her fountain.

The place is beauteous, while so lone,
An air of mystic sweetness thrown
On this young fount, the mountain's
daughter—

And ever gushing—the bright water
Seems full of life, and joy, and glee;
And as it dances shining out,
It chafes with every stone and tree,
And laughs its sparkling spray about.

This is pretty; but sometimes we regret to find Mr. Michell sinking into the positively bad. The following would seem to be culled from a school-boy's copy-book:—

There is a sainted, worshipped tree,
That lives so long—no mortals know
It e'er can die, so vast ye see
A:

* The *Poetry of Creation*, in seven parts, by Nicholas Michell, author of "Ruins of Many Lands," etc. London: Chapman and Hall.

And this :—

Evil—how oft the finite mind
In all it sees will Evil find :
Th' exulting demon waging still
Fierce war against the Almighty's will.

We may leave Mr. Michell with these quotations, and pass on to a book with an equally gigantic title. With amazement bordering on the utter, we have read Mr. Collins' appropriately entitled book, "The Fall of Man,"† and we felt inclined to cry out with Ophelia—

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !

There are two books which we should earnestly recommend Mr. Collins to study in the exquisite retirement of Wicklow, among whose mountains and lakes he has studied nature, and investigated the very depths of the Bathos. They are Blair's Lectures, and Lindley Murray's Grammar. In the latter we would specially recommend the chapters on the Articles and the Pronouns—for, strange to say, Mr. Collins seems blindly ignorant of their existence. We have read the Preface, and have looked in vain for the old familiar faces of the articles. We have spent as much time as we could spare in searching for any connexion between the consequent and the antecedent, usually given in our language by the lost pronoun, and we could not help unconsciously comparing Mr. Collins's writing to the Pleiades, ever looking for their vanished sister. We will quote one sentence from this preface of prefaces for the edification of our readers in the English language :—

"Through all advance, a scattered audience He (the Poet) will find *besides* : for thought is wanting in the mass—and narrow mind will never venture through creative *strive*, to seek discovery in danger's path, or fearless wait the bursting of a shell. The metaphor holds in Philosophie Truth ; the plain of knowledge is strewn with such, the tread of genius will wake a thousand in its path."

There it lies, and what the metaphor is—what it is the plain of know-

ledge is strewn with, whether it is with metaphors, or discoveries, or ocean shells, or thirteen-inch shells, we cannot discover. If the tread of genius is to wake a thousand bursting shells in its path, we feel indeed that it is better "to live unseen, and die unheard." But, men of genius ! still hope on : this may not have been Mr. Collins' meaning—

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

We promise our readers much wildered amusement if they will buy this book. It purports to be a Poem in five Cantos. The two last are published. The first three seem *carere vate sacro*. Mr. Collins is indeed a preposterous man. He reminds us of the false prophets in the Inferno, whose faces were reversed, and who consequently were always obliged to walk backwards. Two-thirds of the book are notes on various subjects, chiefly *rechauffés* of Butler, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and some correspondence with a Right Honorable friend.

The fourth Canto is entitled "Probation, and a Future State," and is based on Butler's two matchless chapters in the Analogy. Mr. Collins has built much hay, and straw, and stubble on this strong foundation ; and from the sides of the edifice of this fourth Canto there project long-raftered lines like these, which the eye loses in the distance :—

And if all nature's mysteries revealed do
show to us the disconnexion wide,
Between the essential forms of living things,
and those wherein they're clothed to
outward consciousness.

The beginning of the fifth Canto, considered apart from the metre, which Mr. Collins' dictatorial preface cannot make us believe harmonious, is really good, and quite startles the unwary reader ; but towards the middle we unhappily light upon a "son of genius," whom he describes as wandering o'er the troubled face of heaven ;" as "rioting in fierce delight ;" as "taking his dreadful way through black clouds flashing ;" as "speeding his flight in maddening

† The Fall of Man, by John Collins. London : Brown, Green and Longmans. 1856.

ecstasy;" as "leaping on the roaring surge's back;" as "dashing onward with the roar of elements." We finish with Mr. Collins—

And as around the ocean the angry billows
bear him,
His wildly-heaving breast breathes vivid forth
the gloomy spirit of the tempest,
Which mounts them foaming to the skies.

It is frightful to consider what Mr. Collins, who, we presume, is a "son of genius," must have suffered in his early youth; and he will permit us to hope that he has at last attained a more peaceful experience. From our heart we pity the man who has thus been the complacent football of the elements. How browned, how thunder-scarred, how tempest-seamed must be his spirit, if not his corporeal form, which we are actually given to understand from the lines underwent all these appalling incidents. Let not young men imagine that it is necessary to go through all this to make them poets. Let them get back to honest natural life, where the sun-lights are warm and the mind healthy, where they may watch the farmer at his work, and the milk-maid crossing the ford; and ride through a quiet lane at evening, breathing soft air, and with the soul of scent upon the low breeze which comes up from the crofts and orchards of our own lovely land. This is better than any elemental riding. This will make them truer-hearted, and fill them with the human sympathy and the unconscious joy which make the genius. We are sick to death of the grotesque and unimaginable plants which have sprung up around the Byronic tree. Conversations with the lightning, and riding on the sea are not so pleasant now as they were; and moreover Byron did not perform these feats in the same manner as Mr. Collins' son of genius has done. He simply swam over the Hellespont, and watched from his boat on the dark waters of Geneva, the storm battle through the Alps, and then described the ocean and the tempest, enriching the description with feeling and imagination.

We turn with pleasure, heightened by the contrast, from the "fall of man" to "Versicles, by T. Irwin."*

We have seldom met, since we read the poems of Wordsworth, with such delicate etching of quiet scenery. Nature seems to be reflected in his mind, as the encircling hills and woods are in the still bosom of our Killarney lakes. There is no stormy violence in his poetry; and even when he treats of the most keen and sarcastic heart which ever beat with a contempt for humanity—a contempt which was always merging into hate—he finds in the retribution which discarded human feeling ever exacts, a theme for sorrow and for love:—

And when we pace along the shrine
Which coldly closed on his despair;
View, from his angered life apart,
The passionate-tremble of the heart,
Which ripples in the little line,
"Only a woman's hair."

Of some of these poems we can speak with high and deserved praise, and especially one, "The First Pyramid." The May-day Revel is a delightful, lifelike piece of fancy, something like Landseer in poetry. The death of Hercules is a daring and well-sustained imitation of the style and rhythm of the *Morte D'Arthur*, and the *Ænone* of Tennyson; but we wish that Mr. Irwin would be content with his own poetic abilities, and his own natural style. It would be better for his fame.

There is an accuracy of truth in his delineation of animal life and scenery, especially striking us in single lines, which tells of many a thoughtful walk by the greening hill-sides and through the autumn woods, at those still seasons when the brain receives the impressions of outward things half unconsciously, yet still all the more deeply for the undertide of thought which has subdued the mind to a receptive calmness. We think and receive together, or rather the senses and the soul are there in perfect tune, and link their harmonies together like a German fugue.

We quote one or two lines:—

Or I hear the gay grasshopper
Panting in the sultry grass,
On his shuttle pulse," &c.

* * * *

From the far cloud line puffed with snow.

* * * *

Here is a quaint conceit :—

Even her finger tips shall glow,
In tiny gloves that fit as tight
As pink sheaths of the perfumed bean.

Some of the songs are beautiful. We wish we had room to quote them ; but it is better for our readers to spend money well in buying this graceful little book.

We would earnestly recommend Mr. Irwin to condense his poetic thinking. There are times when love of the beauty of nature lures him into mere description. In these times, to attract lastingly the mind of the public, there should be something more. Nature should be wedded to the soul of humanity. We should be startled into an appreciation of the occult relation between the objects we see and the subjective life of our mind. This is the great and teaching charm of Wordsworth. This it is which gives to Göthe's songs their wonderful reality. To represent the spousal of nature to humanity in words, is one of the most difficult as well as one of the loftiest peaks a poet can attain to.

In many of Mr. Irwin's poems there is a real human raciness and picturesqueness as in "the Blacksmith," and "a group in Queen Anne's time," which puts us in mind of Prior ; while others, from their versatility of thought, suggested irresistibly to us Madame de Sable's letters, where we find in one page often philosophy and cookery, scent and science, the maxims of La Rochefoucauld and the *Pensees* of Blaise Pascal.

But we should be doing him deep injustice if we said his poems were only this. There is a vein of tender melancholy and sorrow for lost friends, which makes the mind and memory sweet and thoughtful as they read. We might quote many, but one will be sufficient, in which he has attained to that excellence we said above he required, in order to give his poetry a lasting value :—

IL ANGELO.

I sit at eve within the curtain's fold,
Where shone thy gentle face in the full
moon,

So many an eve, and sing some antique tune
We sung together oftentimes of old :

In that dear nook the lonely moonbeams
fall,

And touch thy empty chair with mournful
light ;

Thy picture gazes on me from the wall :
I hear thy footsteps in old rooms at night.

On lonely roads beneath the darksome dawn,
When broods upon the broad dead land the
wind,

I wander sadly, looking oft behind,
Maychance that I may see thy spectre wan ;
For still I deem thou followest me—and still
Believe that love departs not with the clay :

Thy face looks on me from the morning
hill,
Thy smile comes sadly from the close of day.

Oft, oft, by sandy ridges o'er the sea,
Or over distant famished fields at night,
Where sheds some low pale star its slenderest
light,

I seek in earth's dim solitudes for thee :
Proud of the everlasting love I bear,
Still mix with nature, drawing thence relief ;
While from the void of sunset's empty air
The stars look on the glory of my grief.

No one is without a folly of his own ; and Mr. Irwin, from whom we had expected better things, has indulged his muse in one of the prevailing madnesses of the time. Many of the present poets seem to imagine that pouring out libations of Helicon to the Vine, and writing songs in praise of wine is pleasing to the public taste. There never was a greater mistake. It is enough that Horace has said :

Quid non ebrietas designat, etc.

It is enough that Alexander Smith should make one of his heroes "roar in a mountain shieling." It is enough that Festus should drink through five pages of poetry with his friends. Let us have no more of it. Why the infant Bacchus (no infant in our days) as in the old Dionysian processions, should always be peering out among the ivy—type in our times of loneliness and thought—is a marvel and a grief to us. It is time these celebrations of eating and drinking were at an end. When Wilson satirized the puling sentimentality and the cockneyism of his time, by the tremendous trencher powers of North and his two friends, he little thought that a tribe of men who

imagined Hogg's eating to be real, would follow in his train, and that the early novels of Disraeli and Bulwer would be actually larded with discourses on gastronomy, and panegyrics on wine. Ever since the time of Thomas Moore, poets have thought it necessary for their fame to be vinous. We can assure them, in all sobriety, that there is not the slightest necessity for such songs, and that, on the whole, they are displeasing to the public.

We took up Mr. Browning's poems not without the recollection of the tone of the criticisms which have issued from the press upon his latest work, "*Men and Women*.*" When we had read it through, we laid it down with a very different appreciation from that which it has received elsewhere; we could not but feel that this man was himself, and no one else. In style, in mode of expression, in an abrupt careless strength of thought, in often times an acute analysis of supposed states of existence, and the action of the mind therein, he stands alone. To be a distinct spoke in the wheel of literature is, at least, something to be praised for. But at times his originality locks its legs around his throat, like the Old Man of the Sea, and chokes his distinct utterance. There is always a pearl in the oyster-poem, but it is so encrusted with barnacle words, and long trails of entangled sea weed sentences, that the reading public would abandon the task of opening the meaning from want of the knife of patience. A little trouble on Mr. Browning's part would, with his strong and acute mind, satisfy both himself and the public better. We are far from imagining that poetry of this class must be understood at once, but there is a needless obscurity and uncouthness in Mr. Browning's modes of expression which might be avoided. The same strength of thought which produced this rough wild etching could, if brought more within the ordinary rules of art, produce more delicate pencilling, without losing a bold reality. To be useful to many is better than to be useful to a few. But this careless strength is Mr. Browning's idiosyncrasy. Well, we

only wish Mr. Browning not to be content with himself; let him pass on from *Æschylus* to *Sophocles*; we have had the great rough block of pure marble, let us have it carved into the finished statue.

We cannot approve of such poems as *The Heretic's Tragedy*—the gross irreverence which some excuse, because it is necessary to the character, might be avoided by not treating of such a subject at all. There is much affectation and stone breaking verbiage in a poem called "*Old Pictures at Florence*," mixed with much acute thinking. It is a great misfortune that Mr. Browning should persist in writing in a style which resembles that of *Don Juan*, rough cast, with here and there an enormous block of wit, too heavy for any one to carry away without a groan.

"In a balcony" is, though not incomprehensible, at least most unnatural, yet full of scattered beauty. Here are a few lines:—

This eve's the time—

This eve intense with yon first trembling
star,
We seem to pant and reach; scarce aught
between
The earth that rises and the heaven that
bends.
All nature self-abandoned, every tree
Flung as it will, pursuing its own thoughts,
And fixed so, every flower, and every weed.
No pride, no shame, no victory, no defeat:
All under God—each measured by itself.

This is good, but we heartily hope Mr. Browning will cease writing lines which much offend every ear and taste, and which are not manly, because they are careless and nonsensical—nonsensical, because the meaning can be expressed just as forcibly in other words. Let the reader form his opinion of this verse:—

Why, you would not bid men sunk in such a
slough,
Strike no arm out further, stink and stick as
now;
Leaving right and wrong to settle the em-
broilment,
Heaven with snaky hell in torture and en-
toilment.

There is one poem in Mr. Browning's first volume which exhibits

* *Men and Women*, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

more delicacy of thought and more finish (excellences we, perhaps, owe to the subject) than any other almost in the book. It is entitled "By the Fireside," and is addressed to his gifted wife, whose poetry all have read with pleasure. The fine analysis of the connexion of ideas which gradually lead him from the hazel trees, among which his children steal out to play, to the ruined chapel on the Alpine gorge, is a rarity in literature. The description of the approach and of the landscape we quote. The very words, in parts, are almost vocal with the scenery :—

A turn, and we stand in the heart of things,

The woods are round us heaped and dim,
From slab to slab how it slips and springs,
The thread of water single and slim,
Through the ravage some torrent brings.

Does it feed the little lake below ?

That speck of white just on its marge
Is Pella ; see, in the evening glow
How sharp the silver spear-heads charge,
When Alps meet heaven in snow.

And yonder at foot of the fronting ridge,

That takes the turn to the range beyond,
Is the chapel reached by the one-arched bridge,
Where the water is stopped in a stagnant
pond,
Danced over by the midge.

The chapel and bridge are of stone alike—

Blackish grey, and mostly wet ;
Cut hemp stalk steep in the narrow dike,
See here again how the lichens fret,
And the roots of the ivy strike.

And all day long a bird sings there,

And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at
times,
The place is silent and aware
It has had its scenes, its joys, its crimes.
But that is its own affair.

And then by his fireside comes the
remembrance of his evening walk
with her who sits opposite, and how
they crossed the crumbling bridge,
and were about to return—"but
wait"—

Oh, moment one and infinite !

The water slips o'er stock and stone,
The west is tender, hardly bright ;
How grey at once in the evening grown,
One star—the chrysolite.

We two stood there with never a third,
But each by each, as each knew well,

The sights we saw, and the sounds we heard,
The lights and the shades made up a spell,
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

This is quite perfect, and gives us
what we want, and what we accused
Mr. Irwin of not possessing, the
power of disclosing to us the bearing
which nature has on humanity, and
the assistance it gives us by chiming
in with our feelings, and calling
them forth by a silent sympathy.

A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast ;
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life ; we were mixed at last,
In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it ; there they stood,
We caught for a second the powers at play ;
They had mingled us so, for once and for good,
Their work was done—we might go or
stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood.

How the world is made for each of us.

We wish that Mr. Browning had
written more poems like this. There
is one strange poem in his collection,
which will give many curious thoughts
to any one fond of psychological en-
quiries. It is a letter from a Syrian
physician who has met Lazarus. It
would be too long for us to give an
analysis of this strange poem, but it
is interesting and novel, and treated
in a manner which discloses great
subtlety of thought and metaphysical
imagination.

Mr. Browning is a lover of art.
His criticisms are distinguished by
the same "dash," which we half sus-
pect to be affectation. Still, the
words of a man who thinks are al-
ways worth reading. "Andrea del
Sarto" will well repay a careful perusal.
The following lines seem to us
so true an analysis between the spiri-
tual and material in painting, and
how each should never stand alone,
but be always the complement of the
other, that we cannot forbear quoting
them, and it shall be our last quota-
tion ; moreover the quotation will give
the reader an idea of Mr. Browning's
dashing style :—

A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go
father,
And can't fare worse.

Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
 Make his flesh liker, and his soul more like,
 Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
 The Prior's niece ——— is it so pretty
 You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
 Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
 Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
 Can't I take breath, and try to add life's flash,
 And then add soul, and heighten them three-
 fold—

Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
 (I never saw it—put the case the same)
 If you get simple beauty and nought else,
 You get about the best thing God invents;
 That's somewhat—and you'll find the soul
 you have missed

Within yourself when you return him thanks.

We are always pleased to see a book of Mr. Mackay's, and we were not disappointed when we had read "The Lump of Gold,"* his latest work.

The story is simple. Aubrey loves Parson Vale's daughter, but desirous of money to redeem his ancestral property, goes to Australia, making a close friendship on the voyage. At the diggings he finds an enormous lump of gold which he cautiously conceals, for it is too heavy to remove. In one of his stealthy visits, his friend suddenly appears, and claims half, and in his wrath he smites him seemingly dead with his hammer. He flies home, leaving the gold, and goes to his native village, crushed with remorse. He falls sick unto death, and is attended by Parson Vale, to whom he relates his story, and who relieves his mind by telling him that Heseltine his friend is still alive. Of course a bridal follows, and Heseltine with most marvellous Christianity goes to Australia, and bringing back the lump of gold which he had cunningly concealed, gives half to Aubrey, and keeps the rest, paying all expenses, for himself. The treatment of this tale is distinguished by the healthfulness and manly vigour of thought which have made Mr. Mackay's poems such favorites among the middle classes of England. The description of the village and of Parson Vale's family is in his best style.

Embowered amid the sunny hills,
 The quiet village lay;

Two rows of ancient cottages,
 Beside the public way,
 A modest church with ivied tower,
 And spire with mosses grey.

Beneath the elms' o'erarching boughs
 The little children ran;
 The selfsame shadows flecked the sward
 In days of good Queen Anne—
 And then, as now, the children sang
 Beneath its branches tall;
 They grew, they loved, they sinned, they
 died,
 The tree outlived them all.

The picture of Lilian, too, is wrought in a few touches that paint to the life—

The quiet ripple of her smile
 Revealed the peaceful mind;
 The mellow moonlight of her eyes
 Her sympathies refin'd,
 And when she spoke, the audible charm
 Was beauty for the blind.

We would we had room to quote the description of the sudden silence during the parson's sermon, and how the sounds of nature from outside floated in through the door of the ivied country church; but if we gave all of these vivid, manly descriptions, we should be obliged to quote too much. The gardener's song has been praised by every one. The voyage and the description of the icebergs are too like portions of the *Ancient Mariner*, but the echo of the bells among the floating spires of the icebergs

Rose tinted—amber—opal blue,
 Alight with living gold,

is strangely beautiful. We analysed and felt the truth of Mr. Mackay's delineation of the covetousness which pervaded all the gold-seekers, and the sympathetic effect it produced on Aubrey's mind, with great pleasure, arising not so much from the subject, as from its truth to natural feeling. Our readers can understand how Mr. Mackay has treated his subject if they read the book, and we promise they will not regret the time which they will spend in its perusal.

The rest of the poems are not so good; most of them are but mediocre

* The Lump of Gold, by Charles Mackay. London: G. Routledge & Co., Farringdon-st. 1856.

in poetic spirit, and weak in their handling, and seem to have been written while travelling, and of course, in a hurry. One called "Fallow" is remarkably good; and the poem "To one who was afraid to speak his mind on a great question," is both well sustained with imagination, and full of a manly, true, honest, English spirit. We like in these poems the brave feeling of brotherhood, which stands free of mere civil distinctions, and displays man as he stands before God, who has "made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth." This is what we want in these days. If we all felt and acted on the belief of this great bond, the difficulty we find in approaching the poor would, at least, diminish. Fawning and servility would be no more. Heart would stand close by heart, and hand would grasp hand freely, beneath God's unity of sky.

We thank God the higher classes are beginning to feel this, and though there may be much vanity mixed up with all this lecturing and instructing of the poorer classes by noblemen and others, yet still it is the right thing to do. The poor would not ever be striving to assert that they are men, if they knew that they were looked on as men. The distinctions which God has made would be recognised by all, and there would be no struggle to assert a principle which was universally acknowledged. This may be all very Utopian, but it is the true and right thing to do, and it should be done. We rejoice when we read fine, free, manly poetry like this:—

MAN TO MAN.

Stand up, man, stand !
 God's over all,
 Why do you cringe to me,
 Why do you bend the knee,
 And creep and fawn and crawl ?
 Stand up, man, stand !

If I thought our English land
 Had no true-hearted poor,
 To suffer—and endure—
And hold themselves erect,
In the light of their own respect—
 I'd blush that I was English-born,
 And run away to the wilderness, to free myself from scorn.

With this quotation—a quotation which gives us the same thrill as Wordsworth's telling sonnet "To the Men of Kent"—we take our leave of Mr. Mackay, and pass on to a book wonderfully different in style and thinking, "The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird.*" Mr. Aird has given us many a pleasant hour. Those who have perused the warm eulogium of Wilson, and known how the sympathies of Chalmers were enlisted on his behalf, must have felt, as they read Mr. Aird's poems, that the criticisms of these great men were more than justified. Every idea which strikes him he fully embodies, and does not leave it till it has been made smooth and round as a billiard ball. The grotesqueness which we sometimes observe in Mr. Aird's painting of the terrible becomes a racy humour, which occasionally verges on what is low and undignified when his subject is pastoral. The closest observation of nature is combined with a rare power of expression which descends to the most minute details. "The Summer Day" and "The Winter Day," though so long, are not wearisome, owing to the vigor Mr. Aird imparts to his descriptions by mingling scenes of pastoral and travelling life with them, and so giving a human interest to the landscape. They remind us of the Georgics of Virgil, and The Seasons. A short quotation from the Summer Day will give our readers an idea of Mr. Aird's peculiar power:—

We love the umbrageous elm—its well-
 crimped leaf,
 Serrated, fresh, and rough as a cow's tongue,
 So healthy, natural, and cooling, far
 Beyond the famous bay, glazed, glittering,
 hard,
 As liquored o'er with some metallic wash.
 Thus pleased, laid back, up through the
 elm we look.

What life the little Creeper of the Tree
 To leafdom lend ! See how the antic bird,
 Her bosom to the bark, goes round away
 Behind the trunk, but quaintly reappears
 Through a rough cleft above, with busy bill
 Picking her lunch ; and now among the leaves
 Our birdie goes, bright glimmering in the green
 And yellow light that fills the tender tree."

And this from "Frank Sylvan," to show Mr. Aird's peculiar humour.

* The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. William Blackwood and Sons, London and Edinburgh, 1856.

But lo the old mill—down to it hies our imp,
Following the dam. The outer wheel still
black

Though sleeked with gleety green, and can-
died o'er

With ice, is doing duty. In he goes
By the wide two-leaved door; all round he
looks

Throughout the dusty atmosphere, but sees
No miller there. The mealy cobwebs shake
Along the wall, a squeaking rat comes out,
And sits and looks at him with steadfast eye.
He hears the grinding's smothered sound, a
sound

Lonelier than silence: memory summons up
The 'Thirstane Pedlar' murdered in a mill
And buried there. The 'Meal-cap miller,' too,
In 'God's revenge on Murder,' bloody famed,
Comes o'er his spirit. Add to this the fear
Of human seizure, for he meditates
A boyish multure: stepping stealthily
On tiptoe, looking round he ventures on;
Thrusts both his hands into the oatmeal
heap,

Warm from the millstones; and in double
dread

Of living millers and of murdered pedlars,
Flies with his booty, licking all the way.

This would delight the heart of a
benevolent miller, from the truth of
description, and the happy theft of
the flying "imp," while his sense of
retribution would be satisfied by the
terrors which conscience heaped on
the small robber.

Mr. Aird seems to delight in the
horrible, and we have observed that
he suddenly contrasts with it some
softer image, making the idea like
the snaky horrors of Medusa's hair,
more terrible for the loveliness of the
face. It is this which gives to a poem
called "The Prophecy," its strange
clinging power. "The Devil's Dream
on Mount Aksbeck," "Othuriel,"
"Nebuchadnezzar," and others have
been so well and fully treated of by
Mr. Gilfillan, that it would be super-
fluous for us to speak of them here
further than according to them our
praise.

The tragic poem of Wold possesses
all Mr. Aird's peculiarities. His
power of chrystallizing thought is
somewhat like Shakespeare.

Years, long years

To dwell with sifted winds in whistling caves,
To live upon the naked haggard edge

(Of nature's last necessities, even this
Has been my joy of life.

Again—

Everything's hollow—false—a lie. The
over-blown bubble must burst—hence revo-
lution, which is just the crack of an explo-
ded lie.

We must lacker our fronts with daring,
and hold out.

Mr. Aird has evidently adopted
Shakespeare as his model, and copies
almost too openly from him. When
Lord Wold says to his betrothed—

Excellent creature,
How I do love thee.

it is impossible not to recognize
Othello's

Excellent wretch,
Perdition seize my soul—but I do love thee.

The Fate, impersonated in Afra,
which deepens over each act like a
thundercloud, binds the scattered
action into something like dramatic
unity, and is some excuse for the
number and the rapidity of the mis-
fortunes which culminate in the death
of Wold. The main design is too
complicated, and deaths of almost
every kind occur during the pro-
gress of the action, till, at the end
of the play, the chief idea remain-
ing with the reader is that the whole
district is depopulated.

Mr. Aird's poems would require
much more space and attention than
we can give them. It is a matter of
regret to us that we cannot, owing to
the limits of our space, enter more
fully into their great merits, and their
small demerits; but these, as we said
above, have been recognized not only
by journals, but by established peri-
odicals.

We cannot conclude our too short
notice of Mr. Aird's Poems better than
by quoting two of his most beautiful
lines at the end of the Summer Day.

Day melts into the west, another flake
Of sweet blue time, into the eternal past.

"Poems by Rose and De Rupe"*

are prefaced by some few lines from Rose, which beg the charity of the critics. We are sorry to say that the prayer is not an unnecessary one. The chief fault of these poems by Rose is an utter want of rhythm; a fault which common attention could have remedied, and which shews either contempt for the public judgment, positive carelessness, or ignorance of the established laws of metre. We open the book at random for a few instances, for in almost every poem there is some glaring violation of harmony :—

In his halls the dark stranger stands,
And proudly rules thy rightful lands.
Thy country, shame ! once brave and free,
To the Saxon bends the slavish knee ;
Her altars defiled, faith a scorn,
Better for thee thou ne'er wert born.

The first line is unrhymical enough, but the fifth, what shall we say of it ? Is it prose or poetry, or Rhythm or Reason ? We fear it is nothing but words. The fourth line, which is too long, is even more inexcusable. To quote more of these mistakes would but irritate the reader. Rhythm is as necessary to poetry as oil is to an axle. The thoughts may support an unrhymical poem, as an ungreased axle does a waggon ; but the noise they both make is execrable. The idea to be expressed is full, rounded, and harmonious in the poet's own mind ; and, however imperfectly understood, is the same in the reader's also, if it is to be understood at all. We are irritated, therefore, by the inequality which objects itself to us, between the imperfect expression in words and sounds which appeal to the senses, and the perfect roundness of the idea in our own minds. It is as if the nerves of our mind were jarred, as a delicate ear is by a discord in music. We are sorry that Rose, who possesses poetical talent, which would give her productions some value in the critical world, should thus out-balance her merit by a fault so easily avoided. We regret to say that Rose has indulged in those pseudo-patriotic poems in which the English, under the generic name of the Saxon, are denounced. It is time now, when international relations have become so universally friendly, that this poetic *olla podrida* should cease to be served up for the intellectual consumption of

an excitable people. Chains and blood, Saxon slavery and pikes, revenge and flame, have ceased to prove digestible. The poems which the *Nation* press poured into the ear of Ireland were partially to be excused by the time. Many of them are truly beautiful ; many of them are true to fact ; many of them are grossly exaggerated. The long fever of mistaken patriotism has, we hope, past its crisis. The delicate delirium which produced Moore's song to Emmet passed into the wild and unproductive frenzy which inspired many of the *Nation* lyrics. In these the heart of Ireland found expression. They will be useful for the first time, if they free us from them for ever, as, *magna componere parvis*, the fires of a volcano deliver us from the threatened earthquake. We have, we hope, entered on the first stage of convalescence. We are a patriot ourselves. The heart of Ireland is responsive to our own. Over her ancient glories and her undoubted wrongs, we have smiled with pride, and frowned with indignation. Gross has been the misunderstanding, ignorant has been the rule of England ; but she has seen and owned her error, and are we to remember for ever ? It is a wise and Christian maxim to forget what has been done, and to pursue what is yet to do. We would know the use of all this noise.

ὁμᾶς ἐρωτῶ, θρέμματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετὰ,
ἢ ταῦτ' ἄριστα καὶ πόλει σωτήρια,
ἀΐειν, λακάζειν, σωφρόνων μισήματα ;
τὰ τῶν οὐραθεν δ' ὡς ἄριστ' ὀφέλλετε,
αὐτοὶ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν ἐνδοθεν πορθοῦμεθα.

Our patience and admiration have at last been exhausted by these continual recollections of past glory, always in connection with vanished wrongs ; and by the lofty moral lesson which is drawn from them, as exhibited in the following lines from Rose, which will give the reader an idea of her poetry and her patriotism :—

Sons of Erin, in days of yore,
When the Danish spoilers came,
You drove him from your lovely shore
With sword, and pike, and flame.

The serpent stranger, deep in wile,
Now taketh and graspeth all ;
Yet taunts from her venomous lips
On your ears unheeded fall,

Go! meet your wrongs as brave men should,
Not with tear and prayer and sigh,
But resolute will and stern resolve
To avenge them or to die.

Rouse thee; the God of heaven will bless
The sword of the patriot brave.
A deadly curse must ever rest,
On the low and grovelling slave.

Is this true or not? Are we such slaves, and so oppressed? If so, let us establish a guerilla warfare; it is but just we should be free; if it is not true, let us cease for ever crying war, war, when there is no war.

Our present Irish poets have well stood apart from this style, so ensnaring from its popularity, and so enticing to the warm and undigested feelings of young men. These "confusions of a wasted youth" are not to be found in the writings of such men as Starkey, Waller, and Irwin. We are slowly attaining to an international relation with England based on mutual forbearance and mutual honor. We regret, too, that a woman should have treated such subjects in such a manner. We cannot believe she thought of consequences; yet, truly, if all Irish rebellion is to eventuate in a bloodless cabbage-garden, she must have felt that she was urging her countrymen into a hopeless absurdity.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Monsieur De Rupe, whose poems fill up the rest of this book, is a poet whose chief excellence lies in a fault. His poems are mostly devoted to the expression of past sorrow, and some of them are sung with much sweetness. They are rhythmically worded, and do not want in streaks of imagination, but they remind us of a weeping willow whose branches are graceful but ever tend earthwards. He has missed the meaning of true sorrow, which teaches us to rise through endurance to a calmer and a stronger reality. Sorrow ought to end in the experience of the following lines:—

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret;
But, like a statue, solid set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

This Byronic style, which trumpets forth to the world the inner life of

our grief, wants the voiceless beauty of Niobe, whose sorrow is felt not heard. There is no object gained by sitting idly, like a lazy hound, and "baying the moon." We are like Alciphron on the mystic ladder. The past drops in a fathomless abyss. We cannot change it, but the future still remains, and we can use the sad experience of the past as we use a pair of spurs—wear it at our heels, to make our life more active. We are glad we can praise Mr. De Rupe for the poetry with which he has chosen to illustrate his grief. There are many graceful and beautiful poems which would not discredit the pen or the tenderness of Mrs. Hemans; indeed they possess her very faults—a want of unity and condensation. It is impossible to read some of these poems without becoming sphered with the writer, and subdued into the mournful tenderness which breathes through them, as the low airs of evening through a sunken copse. His ballad of "Simple Mary" is pretty, and expressed with truth and tenderness:—

Simple Mary of the vale
Has taken her snow white pail,
To bring water, sweet and cool, from the
[woodside spring,
Where the silver bubbles rise,
And the wild wind comes and flies,
Lifting up the shadows as the green boughs
[swing.

As she crossed the tufted heath,
It scarcely bent beneath
The pressure of her springing feet, all wet
[and bare;
A summer shower passed on,
And its drops like diamonds shone
Upon the falling curls of her golden hair.

It proceeds to tell how Simple Mary met her lover, who deceived her, and departed; yet the whole pathos and beauty of the ballad are slightly injured by inaccuracy in metrical arrangement. In a poem entitled "Night," we have the excellence of Mr. De Rupe's description, and the crude and wandering wildness into which he precipitates his muse, whenever there is any *thinking* to be eliminated. This is a beautiful image:—

And floating slowly through the shadowy air,
The night-hours come, the trembling stars
to meet,

With faces darkly veiled, and dew-dropped hair,
And diamond sandals on their gliding feet.

We take our leave of Mr. De Rupe with some regret. If he will permit us to advise him, he should strengthen the powers of his mind by reading and reflection, and he will neither lose his ability in natural description, nor fail when he attempts to express the inward workings of his own mind. Still further, we hope that he will pay more attention to the rules of his art, and not disappoint his well pleased readers by inaccuracies which we cannot but feel he might have easily remedied.

"Poems of Ten Years,"* by Mrs. D. Ogilvy, are chiefly continental. They are full of much earnest and original thinking, and have sprung from a well read and reflective mind. A foreign air which pervades most of these poems, and which is not often enough vocalised by human interest, prevents us from fully sympathising with her as we read. It is a matter of regret that Mrs. Ogilvy has not lived more at home, or at least made her poetry more national. We should like to have seen the bosom of Loch Lomond reflected in her pages. We should like to have scaled the side of Ben Cruachan with her, and felt the norland breeze blow cold and clear, as westwood knee-deep in Highland heath, and watched the deer sweeping through the glens, and the sheep upon the shoulders of a hundred hills.

Mrs. Ogilvy's poems are not mere description; she does not only poeticise the impressions she has received from nature, but gives us the varied thoughts which those impressions have imbedded in her mind. She possesses that peculiar faculty above all characteristic of the poet, which loses sight of the objects which suggested the thoughts, and is absorbed in the train of reflection which has been suggested. In this class of poetry, the great beauty lies in the reader being able to conceive through the thoughts the objects which gave rise to the subjective ideas of the poet. This is particularly the case in a poem called "Strasburg."

Though she is perhaps too much influenced by party spirit, yet in treating subjects connected with the religion of the Roman Catholic church, she does not strike at doctrinal errors so much as at those points in which that church has erred against the liberty of humanity, and the truth of the domestic life. This is well conceived and poetically expressed:—

My fancy follows to the cell,
Where oft along the stony floor
The wind sends murmurs of the swell
Which beats far downward on the shore.
That freest voice of earth and air,
Doth it not mock the captive nun?
Will she not sometimes wish she were
A billow dancing in the sun?
Vainly she would her memory steel,
And force her languid thoughts on high—
She is of flesh, and she must feel
We are not angels till we die.

I see a woman on the road,
With naked feet and ragged skirt,
Her shoulders bear a faggot load,
Her horny hands are stained with dirt;
She ploddeh to her fisher home,
Her shingle hut beside the pier;
Her husband's boat is on the foam,
Himself and all her children dear;
Yet better, worthier to my mind,
To work and love and hope as she,
Than live apart from all my kind,
A lonely friendless devotee.

There is great truth and thought in her descriptions, and these descriptions are generally linked to some fact in the history of life and mind which gives them a twofold interest, and at times they place us at once in the higher realms of speculative imaginations. We quote a few scattered passages:—

*The wild dream regions lift their countenance
On the relaxed and sleep-quiet limb.*

Speaking of Rome,

How different from that blue-eyed shrew,
Keen-blasted Florence, in whose frame
Leaps strength elastically new,
Feeding her children of the same.

And if she weep, it is a storm,
A fury in its vehement gush;
And if she smile, her perfect form
Thrills to the rapture of her blush.

* Poems of Ten Years, by Mrs. D. Ogilvy. London: Bosworth, 215, Regent-street. Edinburgh: John Menzies. 1856.

Looking from Strasburg spire,
The mountain summits slid adown the sky.

And of the true simple women who
"held in gage" the wills and hearts
of the wild lords and captains of
Sforza's and Piccinino's time,

As boulders in St. Gothard's pass,
Along the rapid Reuss,
Rise mossily from out the snows,
Round, isolate, and loose,
And yet are clasped into their place
By a lichen's crimson noose.

Our last quotation must illustrate
Mrs. Ogilvy's associative faculty. In
the dusty suburbs of London she
meets a flock of sheep :—

Me a sudden turn surpriseth
With a flock of ewes and rams,
Whence a plaintive bleating riseth
From their over-driven lambs.

Then I shut mine eyes and follow,
Follow in that bleating wake,
And at once the breezy hollow
And the mountains on me break.

With the hidden streamlet springing
Down among the alders low,
With the very same lark singing,
Which we heard there long ago ;

And the rocky sheepwalks sweeping
Round the curving waterfall,
And the heart within me leaping,
Leaping faster than it all !

And the heather moor extending
Miles around us as we paused,
And thine eyes upon me bending,
And the blush that gazing caused.

All these memories—sweet, unbidden—
Through my tingling senses run,
Till I nearly am o'er-ridden
By the butcher's blue-frocked son.

If these lines had ended here, they
would have been more rounded ; but
the addition of three stanzas and a
simile spoils, if we may be allowed to
say so, the unity and beauty of the
poem. The stanzas entitled "Dream-
ers"—"Charon"—"Phantoms"—are

of the same class, and will well repay
the reader. "Sultan Ibrahim," which
closes Mrs. Ogilvy's book, is full of
poetic and reflective thought, and is
true to nature and humanity. It is
interesting to observe the develop-
ment of Mrs. Ogilvy's poetic mind
through these ten years. The un-
tutored thought and the want of
condensation which mark some of her
earlier efforts, are replaced by an
easy flow and power of reflection in
the later poems, without, we regret
to say, so much imagination. So it is
in life ; we never can gain the expe-
rience of manhood without losing the
innocence of the child ; we never can
attain to an intellectual excellence
without partially at least forfeiting
the freshness of early thought. The
dew of youth's morning is evaporated
by the noon of manhood, and too
often descends in the pitiless rain of
an evening of grief.

We ceased from our pleasant em-
ploy. The evening had fallen grey
and cold, but as we glanced out of
our window, the moon was sailing in
the purple sky. A white halo ringed
her, like the glory round the head of
a saint, as chaste and cold she moved
slowly through the attendant stars.
The square panes held her light with
joy, and shed it lovingly on the floor,
tesselating it with beauty. The fire
burnt cheerily ; and extinguishing our
candle, we lay back in our chair to
meditate. On the walls, the old book
cases, and the white press, the blaze
moved now mirthfully, now sadly,
bringing back old thoughts of friends
whose figures still held the vacant
chairs, and who would sit there ever
in the mournful light of memory.
The moonlight and firelight mixed
friendly among the books that lay
upon the table, and dwelt with a
peculiar sweetness on Tennyson and
Wordsworth. A fit of flame leaped
up, and lit up the guileless face of
Jenny Lind, the Queen of Song, and,
glancing on, seemed to leap down the
open jaws of the tiger's head that
hung above the door.

THE DARRAGH.

CHAPTER III.

THE DARRAGH AND ITS WARNING.

Wake! oh wake!
 From thy slumber long and still
 In the shadows of the hill;
 Wake! oh wake!
 Rend the fetter from thy soul,
 Strong in earnest self-control:
 Seize the staff, but sheathe the brand,
 Peace not strife, becomes thy hand,
 Act thy part, and take thy stand:
 For thy morning soon will break.

Gleumacnass—a Poem.

AUTUMN was now rapidly coming on, and the green and engrailed oakleaves which had merrily glistened and waved amidst the wood-walks of the Darragh were in the process of transmutation, and were fast becoming gold under the Midas touch of nature's alchemy. The hay was in the haggard, stacked and saved: the great turf-rick had been skilfully and successfully piled: the corn-stooks were in the farm-yard or the barn, and the stubble in the field; and most of the country work was at an end.

Unconsciously the days shortened, and the long nights deepened in, and then it was that some of the old agrarian agitation began to revive: the people once more seemed restless and unhappy, and disturbed from their placidity and wonted lightheartedness, and shewed on the surface of their behaviour something like the ground-swell of the sea which so often precedes and heralds in a storm: and though the season had been most prosperous, the crops plenteous, and comparatively little distress in the neighbourhood, yet the police were now incessantly employed in tracing out and apprehending offenders; and the cases at the petty sessions, where Mr. Montfort and my uncle were the sitting magistrates, were numerous; and some of them also of a very flagrant description. These misdeeds did not always appear to take their rise either from personal or religious causes; there was some deeper agency at work, whose influence seemed irresistibly to goad the people on, even though it were against their will and better feeling.

A singular story was told us one day at dinner by M'Clintock, who himself had been an eye-witness to what he now narrated. He was far amidst the hills that morning, laying out grass farms, and was standing at the door of rather a substantial dwelling-house, which was built over a sloping bank on a wild and solitary mountain road, when rushing down a hill on the opposite side of the gorge, he discovered two figures with strange garments: a river ran through the valley, which they crossed up to their knees, and continuing their race, which appeared straight as a bird could fly, they toiled pantingly up the grassy bank on which M'Clintock was standing, and rushing past him all breathless, they delivered into the hands of the master of the house Andrew M'Kenna, and his son a lot of twenty, a paper, and a number of straws—these latter were hollow, and each having a joint or knot, while on the former was written in a bold round schoolmaster's hand, "*Run, Run, Run.—Deliver at next house. Bear the straws to the North.*" The men who carried this mystic document were mountain peasants; and on M'Clintock's enquiring from them what they were about, and who had sent them, they affected not to understand his English: at all events before they were two minutes in the house M'Kenna and his son had taken the scroll and the symbols with the deepest reverence, and had started up the mountain which rose behind their house, intending, as they said to leave the straws for further conveyance at a herd of my uncle's, wh

inhabited a lone shealing on a sheep-walk just over the shoulder of the hill. "And now," said Mrs. M'Kenna, "if every one runs as fast as my two Andies, the sign will be at Blacksod Bay before the sun goes out of the heavens." These words seeming to argue some complicity on her part with the business, M'Clintock questioned her straitly, but she assured him she "knew nothing of the sign more than it *was* a sign—nor what the straws meant—nor the writing—nor who had sent them;"* and M'Clintock knew her to be a woman whose word could be relied on. We all professed ourselves totally unable to fathom this mystery, more than surmising that it must have been a dusky development of the agency of some secret society. This was the opinion of Mr. M'Clintock, who understood the place and the people well; he adjudged it to be an experiment to test the willingness and the energy of the peasantry, and by all accounts it proved eminently successful as far as it went.

These things tried my uncle much; he was so anxious to ameliorate his people—to see them rise in the moral scale, and become like himself, honest, straightforward, and independent—so that all this secret and underhand-work, which his nature detested, accompanied by such frequent breaches of law and order coming continually under his notice as a magistrate, and enforcing on him the necessity of punishment to the transgressors—dispirited him, and saddened the noble and generous nature which it could not embitter. And as if he had not enough of solicitude to weigh upon his mind, another *desagrément* arose in the development of a new feature in his nephew Gilbert's character.

And this feature was pride.

Of this the cool sagacity of Montfort had warned me before, but I do not think he felt himself at liberty to speak of it to my uncle. Kildoon himself, however, did not leave him long in ignorance on the subject, for about this time he made—after much preliminary fencing, and what Morton called "attitudinizing"—a formal petition to the General, that he would

permit and sanction his change of name from Kildoon to Nugent, as well as assist him with the means to enable him to meet the official costs which might attend this act of cognominal neo-baptism.

His father's name brought with it a bad odour, as the appellation of a man whose evil deeds were still angrily remembered by many whom he had injured, oppressed and robbed. And so, during some of the long previous absences of General Nugent from the Darragh, and when the judges arrived on their circuit at the county town and the grand jury panel was being struck, there was no one found to represent the Darragh property, and its clear unincumbered £5,000 a-year, because, though the owner's nephew was a respectable man, and was living on the property, still he was Mr. Kildoon, and the sheriff, who was an aristocrat, and one of the many who had been plundered by Gilbert's father, would not be induced to place his son among the acknowledged gentry on the grand jury panel of the county of M.—

Gilbert also greatly coveted the commission of the peace; but in like manner the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who was a jolly and outspoken old nobleman, said that he "should be slow to recommend for a seat on the bench a man whose father should have been in the dock a hundred times, if chicanery and dishonesty had their due reward."

Thus balked at all sides in his schemes of ambition, and hoping everything from my uncle's kindness of character and generosity, he determined on making this effort to get rid of a name which brought with it so many associations of dishonour, and to assume another, which, from the General's frank and deserved popularity in the county, was in the inverse ratio of excellency—*en bon odour* with all the men in our neighbourhood.

But if Kildoon supposed that his uncle's kindness would at once accede to his wishes, he forgot the old man's great dignity and sense of right, which would not suffer him to countenance

* Some of our readers may remember a circumstance precisely as here stated, which took place about the year 1830 over the whole extent of a remote county in Ireland, and during the space of a single day.

such a proceeding: the General seemed surprised and hurt at his request, and at once extinguished it by a decided refusal.

"I have done much for you, nephew Gilbert," he said. "I am sorry you have compelled me to say so to you or any other man, but *this* I cannot, will not do; your name is a good one in itself, and, I have heard, an old one in this country: it has been dishonoured by him who is now gone to his account, let it be your aim to purify it from the association of past evil, and by a continued course of integrity, honour and truthfulness in all your relations of life, redeem its respectability; so that men will be compelled to couple it with all that is excellent and praiseworthy; and you, who bear it, will be a much happier man, and will fill a much higher position in the respect of your neighbours, and the approval of your own conscience, than if you were at the head of our grand-jury roll, and magistrate for every county in Ireland."

The old General spoke this with much firmness, but gentleness, and shaking Gilbert by the hand, he said, "Nephew, dismiss from your head these dreams, which, if realized, would bring you no accession of happiness; and now order my poney, as you go down stairs, and we will take a ride together, and see how the labourers are getting on with the great oak-bark rick they are building in the wood."

My sister witnessed this scene, and when it was over, the General seemed to wish to forget it, and all its *etcetera* for ever afterwards. Gilbert passed from the apartment with pale cheeks and purpled ears and eyes that sought the ground. In the hall he encountered Montfort and myself, both of us cognizant of what he had been about, inasmuch as he had made no secret of his intentions; and both of us pretty certain of the result from his downcast and unhappy air. I confess I pitied him, and even Montfort looked out of the window, and whistled as was his wont, withholding, until my cousin was long out of hearing, the scornful laugh which he was too apt to indulge in at Gilbert's expense; and in any or two the whole business appeared to be as if it never had been.

Autumn passed pleasantly enough, and we had relays of visitors one after

the other, for my uncle was much "given to hospitality;" and his preserves and salmon stream, as well as the charms of himself and his very agreeable house brought many visitors. Many of these were county squires, men who had not much education, but could ride well to the hounds in the morning, and drink more wine than they ought in the evening, but this my uncle never permitted at "The Darragh." Men with a long Irish ancestry, and a broad Irish accent; some of them spending three thousand a year out of a rent-roll of one-third the amount; a few more careful; most of them, like Jacques' soldier,

"Jealous of honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,"

and all of them good humoured and kindly spoken fellows, and disposed to suit their habits to those of our free and cheerful, but regular and somewhat *drilled* house, during their stay with us.

One or two of this class were superior men, and most companionable—such as Denis Molony—of an ancient stock, pure Celtic, and of an easy fortune, a thorough gentleman and a scholar; one who spoke the Irish language perfectly, and knew its records; an antiquarian, a good musician, a resident and useful landlord, and a religious man; to him my uncle was much attached, and occasionally visited him at his own house, and I may say, thank God for Ireland such men are not rare in the Wild West now. We had a good deal of company also from England—the Trellystons from Devonshire—he a tall, full, heavy-headed man, always decorous, and always dull; the wife, an aristocrat by birth, and a sufferer from constitution, for alas the Pool of Plantagenet is often like the Pool of Bethesda, and length of pedigree does not include length of days. The young Trellystons were heavy dragoons, and both quartered in Ireland, or rather *on* the soil, being large bodied youths; they fraternized much with Montfort, having a fellow feeling about cheroots, and a tender sympathy on tobacco pipes, but to me they were still just "heavy"—exceedingly—"dragoons," and nothing more. Their sisters were tall, fair, well dressed young ladies, with

a good deal of attractiveness as to their body, and a wonderful deal of vacuity as to their mind. Oh how gladly I would turn to the rich and piquant richness of Madeline's converse and manner, from the trim and prim formality of her English friends. We had also occasionally staying at the Darragh, members of the Irish Bar; some of these were very brilliant persons, others deeply and extensively read in the volumes of literature, as well as in the book of human life; and all of them gentlemanly and highly educated men; and a few clergymen visited us during the summer, good and active men in their vocation, and estimable and accomplished in private life. We had many a wild mountain ramble with our visitors; boating to see the caves, and the mural cliffs, and puffing holes, and daily a *cheval* excursions, in which my uncle's house was always very efficient, so that people said of him, that "The General kept a good horse, knew a good horse, and rode a good horse, and all equally well." Then if it rained, we had books without measure in the library, which we called the "Generalty," in opposition to a little old black room up stairs full of ancient and odd volumes of older and odder literature, purchased and compiled by the Admiral, and from him named "The Admiralty." These books were all stitched in canvas which had been prepared in some acid or alkaline solution, making it white and smooth, and as if it had been washed in soap-suds; they were lettered in ink on the back, the work of some country schoolmaster. The books were a mass of heterogeneous knowledge and promiscuous nonsense; old almanacks, voyages, log-books, musty antique plays, song books, the great and little Warbler, novels without end, magazines without beginning, unspeakable trash, and all of "a most ancient and fish-like smell;" yet strange to say, here were many good books by able writers, and stranger still, whole rows of sermons and divinity! The method of their arrangement by the old seaman himself, was in total contempt of size or subject, but in strictest alphabetical order. The following may serve for a specimen:—Doddridge's Expositor, Drunken Barnaby, Divine Breathings, Dryden's Plays, Death of Legal Hope, Devil

on Two Sticks, Delights of Piety, 100 Drinking Songs, Directions to Baltic Pilots, Dirty Bob, a Tale in 4 vols. Davenant on the Colossians, Durfey's (Tom) Pills to purge Melancholy, Dorimanta, or the Delicate Intriguer, a Sentimental Novel in 8 vols., Daredevil Voyage of the Frigate, Delirium Tremens, Treatise on, &c. &c. These incongruous companions all stood side by side on the book shelves of the "Admiralty," a dark old room about twenty feet square—this had been the Admiral's *sanctum*, though I fear the term is misapplied in regard of any association with my old relative's life or habits. The moths now had their own way here with the books and furniture, the General not choosing to make the smallest innovation on the oddity or antiquity of the apartment.

At this time I frequently met the handsome Crookback, or "Le Beau Bossu," as Montfort called him. M'Clintock told me that his name was Jose Marellos, that he was a Portuguese or Spaniard by nation, a Jew by religion, and a working jeweller or lapidary by trade; and that he had visited our country on a report of pebbles being found beyond our warren on the beach, resembling agates, jasper and chalcedony for beauty! There was some truth, but exaggerated, in our sea strand's fame, for the pebbles found there *did* take a beautiful polish, and the colours in most of them were brighter and more varied than many of the best specimens of German agate.

As the autumn died off into winter, we were all to have gone up to Dublin, until the General countermanded the order, and said he would remain, at the same time pressing Montfort and Madeline to follow up our original plan, and occupy his house in Merriensquare for the months preceding the coming Christmas. Privately, and for the present out of the hearing of Madeline, my uncle told us he had received a threatening letter with the usual symbolic addenda of skull, coffin, and thigh bones.

"Now," said the noble old man, "I will not leave my house and servants to be assaulted by these cowardly assassins; they say they 'will visit my castle some of these dark nights, and pay me off the old score

which Montfort, the English villain, escaped, when he ducked on his saddle in the Darragh pond.'

"Such is the strange language of this epistolary missile, not very complimentary to you, John," said my uncle. Montfort sternly smiled, looking most awfully grim.

"Now I," continued my uncle, "being an old soldier, will stand by my garrison—how could I ever desert my poor servants? and even my horses require a protecting hand over them; and since I have been forewarned, I shall let these brigands see that I will be forearmed also." He then told us, that during the past week he had punished three brothers of the name of McDivit, who had been convicted on the broadest evidence of houghing some cows, and hamstringing a fine colt belonging to a remarkably decent family of the name of Joyce, whose conduct had won the esteem of all in our house. This Joyce was a small farmer, his two sons, fine young fellows, worked in our garden, his daughter was in the laundry; the whole family were an excellent specimen of good Irish peasantry, and were eminently honest, industrious, well principled and faithful, and possessed a good share of that independence of spirit, which perhaps is the offspring of honest industry, but which when yoked with it, is an unfailing warrant of success. Truth to say, Joyce, the father, was a sturdy fellow enough, and would give in to nothing which he could not recognise as upright, and thus while he was most popular with the better minded neighbours, whose testimony of him and his was, that "Mr. Joyce was a daycent genteel man, and had a fine family, God bless them," he was envied and disliked by the evil disposed members of the community, who were disturbing the people from their propriety, and had avenged themselves on Joyce for some fancied injury, by maiming his cattle at night. This outrage, coupled with the cruelty which was exercised against the poor animals, excited the General's just and warmest indignation, and he had punished the offenders by sentencing them to as severe a penalty as the law permitted him to do.

"Depend on it," he said, "this arrow comes from the quiver of some of

these McDivits. I cannot and will not think so evil of *all* the poor people as to suppose them to be actively implicated against the life and property of their landlord; many of them no doubt, who have not the stout heart of our good Joyces, may be obliged to succumb passively, and keep the bad secrets of others; but I am persuaded that if there be a conspiracy among the peasantry, it is confined to the few, and unparticipated in by the many; and this is McClinton's opinion, who has lived here for a long time, and assures me that these agrarian outrages are a novelty in the country. I shall, however, not neglect my anonymous correspondent's hint, and will set my house in order, though God grant," added the good old man, "that it may prove an useless precaution; and I shall also make one more strong effort to avert such an unpleasant contingency to myself, and so woful a catastrophe to the poor people, by making a little speech to them to-morrow while they are at dinner in the gravel-pit of the Darragh wood."

In saying this, he alluded to a feast of beef, potatoes, and beer, he had promised to a whole army of labourers, including their wives and children, who had been employed in building up a bark stack of huge dimensions in the great wood behind our house. The pile was to be completed by noon the next day, and then the banquet was to come off, the weather being fine and dry; *sub dio*, in a large hollow gravel pit, which afforded seats, sunshine, shelter, and amplest room for all. Hither were collected nearly eighty souls, and bodies too, if one might judge by the rapid demolition of the victuals. The people were in the highest spirits, evincing much joy and thankfulness, and that peculiar tact and courtesy which the Irish peasant has as if by nature's patent above all other villageoisés.

Madeline moved among them smilingly and gracefully, chatting with the women, pressing the men to eat, and admiring and caressing the children. I acted as her squire on the occasion. Many of our servants were there. Becky, I grieve to narrate, stood like the shade of injured Dido, sulky and apart, and looking decidedly grand, or, to use her own vernacular,

"verra steff and doure." She was, doubtless, thinking of her great connexions in the north, and sorry to see her mistress demean herself so "among them puir egnorant boddies, that was a yeating and drinking in the gravel pet." Yet, beneath that *skye-terrier skin beat an honest heart*, "tender and true." Her pendant, the corporal, had been dispatched that morning on a commission of my uncle's to Dublin. So we missed his awful presence; but Mr. Kildoon stood by the General, smiling blandly and patronizingly on the people: while John Montfort, Esq., sat on a green knoll, with his legs stretched out on the grass, an oak stem supporting his broad back, smoking a cigar and reading the *Morning Chronicle*. Finally, as "the desire of eating and drinking" became allayed by the gradual process of repletion, and as the last "satur conviva" ceased his mastications, and began to look about him, my uncle ascended a bank, and commenced a little oration, during which he was frequently, loudly and enthusiastically cheered. In my mind's eye I think I see him now; his blue frock coat buttoned tightly over his lithe frame; his dark trowsers, and white military gloves on his small hands, one of which held a long ashen handle headed by a light steel axe, which he generally carried in his wood-walks; his hair still somewhat of the raven's dye, though "grizzled here and there," and curling silkenly and thinly around his white and classic temples; as he raised his hat gracefully at the plaudits elicited by his simple oratory; his kind benignant smile and flashing eye, and the tones of his rich and musical voice, which still live in my memory, and ever will be dear to my heart as "strains of music parted."

He thanked them all, as if they had conferred on him a favor, for the good work they had done on his bark rick; then said how happy he was to see them as his guests, and hoped he often should have the same pleasure. He then gave them excellent advice; and finally, in a simple and manly way, he told them of the letter he had received, and the threat contained in it against his life and property.

"Now," said he, "I do not believe

any man here to have been connected with sending me this letter; but some of you may be acquainted with those who have, or may chance to meet them at fair, market, or work; and thus they may learn through you what my mind is on the matter. I solemnly appeal to heaven, if my most ardent wish has not been to live in peace among all my neighbours, and to spend amidst them the proceeds of my property, and to do them all the good in my power; and this you, men, know right well has been my habit and practice, and will be my mode of proceeding still, if the people behave themselves. But if they are mad enough to fulfil the threats of this letter, and attack my house, I as solemnly declare that I will repel them by a force far beyond any they could bring against me; and though God knows how I should grieve to take their lives, yet, in this case, their blood must be upon their own heads."

On the termination of this address a few men looked down; but the mass of the party loudly cheered my uncle; the male portion expressing their disapprobation at the letter, while the ladies unanimously and vehemently declaimed against "the villyans who would attempt to vex the master, or touch a hair of his head." I thought them very sincere, and strange to say, so did Montfort; and long afterwards I had reason to be certain that but four individuals amidst that assemblage of eighty people were implicated or even cognizant of the impending attack upon our house. So much had my uncle's kindness won upon his own tenantry and labourers. He appeared very happy at their demonstration of good will, and talked as hopefully and as freshly going home that day as if he were only a boy of sixteen, instead of a man of sixty; but I thought Madeline looked pale and very delicate.

In a day or two "the corporal" stalked in upon us; an iron import, a perfect "Talus," just arrived from Dublin; and more grim than ever: and shortly afterwards the General (having succeeded in the commission he had entrusted to the corporal) communicated to Montfort and me his plan of defence, in case his house

should be attacked, which really appeared to us as admirable as could be contrived, and as likely to terminate in a speedy repulse of our invaders. The old house and household were wonderfully calm under the approaching danger. My uncle was a little depressed at times, but tranquil, confident, and inspiring confidence to all around. Mr. Montfort was as usual cool, phlegmatic, and imperturbable, and never altering his out-of-door habits, seldom home till it was dark, and going every evening, regardless of my uncle's advice and Madeline's intreaties; before his appearance at the tentable, round to the tables to visit his cavalry and smoke his cigar. My sister had too much of my uncle's nature in her to feel fear; but I could not but perceive how much her natural delicacy had increased; and I was excited at the prospect of the coming struggle, and greatly flattered at the confidence which both the general and Montfort seemed to place in my courage and physical nerve. Corporal Mon. was a degree less fierce, but as faithful to his monosyllables as ever: he spent now whole hours in polishing up old bayonets and obsolete swords, and all kinds of armour, offensive or defensive, he could find, and oiling and cleaning every gun, pistol, fowling-piece, or blunderbuss which the house contained; a process which seemed to impart such vivacious pleasure, that he was distinctly heard to explode over his labour in several loud and rusty cachinnations of mirth, as if Vulcan and all his cyclops train were tickling him in his workshop.

Becky Elliott was a shade or two more condescending to those about her, and edified the servant's hail less frequently with her family greatness, and the oft repeated account of "her grandfeyther, and what a beautiful man he was, and the muckle farm and beg house which Squire Montgomery of Convoy gave him," &c.,

&c., &c., "because he was the honestest tenant on the whole estate," &c., &c. Recitals, which by their frequent repetition, were familiar to our ears as household words, and fresh as yesterday, although the facts they recounted were rather of an ancient date, having occurred in the middle of the last century. The hysterical damsel, who Daphne-like had fled before the pursuit, and "amorous clutch" of the wooden-legged ghost, had decamped on the first intimation of an expected attack from assailants of flesh and blood, and had now "bettered herself" by becoming "head-waiter" to the "Ki-negad hotel," where she saw no spirits save those she called up herself behind the bar, to cheer the throats and hearts of drouthy customers; while her admirer, the old Admiral, by no means inconsolable at her departure, continued to occupy the black chair, and to keep up his orgies: whistling and screaming through each live-long stormy night that shook the ancient casements, or plying his wooden-limb in ghostly recreation along the floor of the great parlour, as many a loose door kept flapping all night before the draughts of air which wandered up and down the curious old corridors of the house. My cousin Gilbert had been summoned to attend a trial in Dublin, but was expected home daily. M'Clintock we constantly saw; he urged my uncle much to procure a guard of soldiers for his house, which the General would not hear of. And thus things were, when the "battle of the Darragh" took place, which in all its main events as about to be chronicled here, is "an o'ertrue tale," and "freshly remembered," and oft and fully narrated by the legend-loving peasantry of the country for many a long year after this drama of death, and night, and fear, with all its mournful accompaniments and results had ceased and passed away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DARRAGH AND ITS BATTLE.

The boat sails smooth on the summer tide ;
 The ship rides strong on the tranquil river,
 But the storm has come, with its breath of pride,
 And both are wrecked for ever :
 Alas ! that one brief day should bring
 So stern a doom, so dark a fate,
 And Time should waft us on his wing
 Changes so desolate.

Erin's Fault and Sorrow.

It was about three o'clock p.m., on the fifteenth day of December, that, as we were all sitting and reading in the little Dowager drawing-room, at the Darragh, we described a countryman wrapped in a large frieze coat, crossing the lawn with a quick step. On arriving at the hall door, he asked for the General, who ordered him into his study, whither he immediately followed, taking with him Montfort and myself. We found the man standing just inside the room, and when the door was shut and locked, the countryman threw aside his muffling, and shewed beneath the green rifle dress of a policeman, or "peeler," as their sobriquet was among the peasantry, from the statesman who had introduced the force into Ireland. This man was Darcy, the sergeant of the constabulary at Ballynatrasna, and so remarkable a person that I could not pass him by without devoting a few parenthetical words to him.

He was about thirty years of age, and five feet six high ; he had fair features, and though a good deal freckled, was remarkably handsome—his lip, nostril, eye being all chiselled by the hand of nature into a most aristocratic fineness, so that had he been born in Grosvenor Square, and written *Most Noble* before his name, his face would have been painted by Lawrence, or carved from showy marble by Canova, as the beau ideal, and very expression of that thing called *blood*. As it was, his patent of nobility was only from Nature, who acts in these cases absolutely and irrespective of all cases of fashionable conventionalism ; and thus Darcy came from her hands, as a poor man once said of him, "a rael ready-made gentleman ;" and his mind and con-

duct suited his appearance well—he was faithful, intelligent and daring—Claverhouse, without his cruelty : and Nelson, without his personal plainness ; he resembled both. His voice was low and soft as a woman's ; his manner grave, orderly, calm and most respectful ; his movements quiet, but there was in the lip a rapid daring curl, and in the eye a suppressed flash of light when *business* was to be done and action lay before him ; he was a spare man, but powerfully strong, all sinew and muscles, whipcord and wire ; he had once, when a mere stripling, fought a prize fight ; and when living in Lancashire had taken a regular course of lessons in wrestling and cudgel-playing from a professor at Chowbent ; he was greatly feared by the peasantry, yet admired at the same time, and in fact rather a popular man from his appearance and his never exercising any cruelty ; and his name was so *up* for courage and success, that at one time in the county of Kilkenny, he went by himself, armed with a brace of pistols and a short bludgeon, into the midst of a secret lodge of White Shirts, where were four or five men, and looking at them with that eye that never quailed, and accosting them with that accustomed salutation of "well boys," which they said used to *drive the blood to their hearts*, he succeeded in collaring and capturing the two leaders and securing their papers and signs.

On another occasion, when Branigan the murderer had escaped from Clonmel jail, Darcy was the sleuth-hound selected to bring him back. He accordingly tracked him to Dublin, to England, got on his trail in London, where he took him asleep and drunk in an obscure cellar in the Seven

Dials, put the handcuffs on him, and, accompanied only by another policeman, brought him down on the top of the "high-flier" coach to Liverpool—*Branigan sitting between the two men all the way, and sleeping with one of them at Birmingham*, while the other sat by and kept guard; and Darcy never once unclasping his "bracelets" from the brawny wrists of the murderer until he had him once more the King's prisoner in the strong hold of "Clonmalla." Such was the man who had now come up to us in disguise, fraught with some eventful tidings, and his news excited us not a little: he had unquestionable proof that an attack was to be made on our house and offices that very night by a large body of White Shirts. Darcy had heard it only ten minutes before leaving his barrack, from one of our labourers, with whom they had been tampering, but unavailingly.

My uncle received the information with a "countenance more in sorrow than in anger." "Well, Darcy," he said, "I am quite prepared for these gentlemen; I have been warned more than once, and have had several threatening notices, though I spoke but of the first even to my family. I have lived too long in the country now not to expect something of this kind would occur. I am also too old a soldier not to have my defences all good, and have seen too much of regular warfare to dread for myself any result from a rude attack of this kind; my only concern in the matter is that blood must flow, and that in self defence I shall be constrained to punish some of these unfortunate madmen in a more summary way than if I were delivering out justice from the bench upon their persons, as God is my judge, Gentlemen," said my uncle, becoming a little excited, "from my heart I am sorry to raise my hand against a fellow creature's life in this matter, and I would do anything consistent with what is right to avoid it." He was silent for a moment or two, and we all kept regarding him with feelings of deference and respect. "Well, Sergeant," he continued, "we must now proceed to business; how many men can you spare me?"

"Two of my force, sir; three more must remain to take care of the

barrack, though I have no apprehension of the people attacking them."

"It is enough," said the General, "it will be but a short business, and perhaps eventually may purge the country of the evil atmosphere which seems to hover round it now; as thunder storms, though violent and devastating, are succeeded by clear and wholesome weather."

My uncle then proceeded to make his arrangements. Darcy and his two men, with their muskets, were to come to us when it was dark—there was no moon; Montfort and his English servant, and two young active fellows, were to garrison the great parlour, with liberty to sally out into any other room which might need their presence. Darcy and his men were to occupy the left wing of the house, encamping amidst the chintzery and china of the little old drawing-room: while I and the three Joyces, well armed, were to act as the patrol of the garrison, to scour the lawn and orchard and offices, to guard well the approach of the enemy, and on the first intimation of their coming, to fall back upon the house, into which we should be received on a whistle given, either by Montfort or the sergeant. And this post singularly suited my constitution as well as habits, having ever disliked sitting still when action was in the wind; and knowing, in common with my three stout companions, every green inch of the locale of the Darragh; so that to traverse it by night was as easily performed by us as at highest noon. My uncle and the Corporal were to command the beleaguered garrison, and to occupy the leads, whither our servants had been carrying the muniments of war during the last half hour. The windows were all strongly barred and shuttered, and in an ancient garden root house, which commanded from its two back windows the whole range of stabling, was the General's head gamekeeper, and three or four rangers, with orders to shoot any man who would attempt to fire or force the stable doors; and as these fellows were all marksmen, we considered this as a very effective part of our defence. The men servants all seemed anxious to do their parts: to each of them Corporal Mon had entrusted a well furnished

gun or pistol, with a bayonet or sword, as he best could spare it. He was much excited by the business on hand, and went about, looking certainly most hideous, yet horribly happy, with something like the attempt of a grisly smile on his leathern lips, which, however, was still-born, and died in convulsions, passing off in a spasmodic grin; his address to the servants, as he delivered to each man his arms and ammunition, though perfectly unintelligible at the time, was long remembered, and ran as follows, as he stuttered it out in his word-throttling, monosyllabising fashion:

"Put; bus; gun to should; cock slow; aim low; close blink; fire stedd; mind don't shoot selves;" terminated by a subterraneous chuckle which seemed to come up from his epigastria, or rather the region where his midriff ought to have been, if he had any, which I always considered a doubtful matter. Now, this speech of the Corporal being interpreted, is thus: "Put your blunderbuss, or your gun to your shoulder; cock slow; aim low; close one eye, and fire steadily; and take care you do not shoot yourselves."

We held a council of war early in the evening as to the way we should dispose of the ladies of the establishment during the attack. My uncle proposed ordering a fire and lights into "the Admiralty," and locking all of the fair sex in, with a large tea pot and its cheering appurtenances to soothe them in their captivity, but Madeline gently but firmly declined the proposed incarceration, saying, in a very decided tone: "Uncle, I shall remain in my chamber, or with Walter; I have no fear when I have so many strong hearts and hands about me, and my heavenly Father above me." She looked tenderly at the General, and tearfully at Montfort; yet, though the long silken black lash was moistened for a moment, there was a proud glance which shot from underneath it, and the short upper lip was still with the calmness of determination.

"Be it so, my dear," answered the General, "I can trust *you*; but Lemuel tells me that some of the female servants are making a great noise below stairs, and one or two of them even demanding to be permit-

ted to depart home, or to fly to the village. This would never answer: they might meet the enemy and suffer maltreatment. We must in no way suffer one to quit the house, or infringe upon the integrity of our little garrison."

Here a housemaid entered all perturbed, to say that our cook, "Mrs. Doxey, was in the starrocks," which Montfort, from his stabular associations, explained as the staggers; but which we understood better as signifying hystericks. Likewise, that "Miss Johnson, the lady's maid, was crying and roaring in the still-room." My uncle at once decided the matter; ordering Margaret Joyce, our laundress, a girl of great sense, spirit, and conduct, to get everything into "The Admiralty," to make it all "taut and seaworthy," as the original owner would have said had his ghost come in among us—and most comfortable, and then to summon all the women. It was near six o'clock, and the night calm, but as dark as a wolf's mouth. We had made one circuit of the place and offices, and found everything quiet, and my uncle had ordered a very plenteous dinner to be prepared in the servants' hall, knowing that beef and beer are great stirrers of the blood, and encouragers of valour. When seven and eight o'clock had come, the female servants came up to the hall, and my uncle said—"The little book-room, called 'The Admiralty,' is in a very safe position, in case this threatened attack takes place; and as it is Miss Nugent's wish and mine also to take all the care we can of you, you will please suffer Margaret Joyce, who appears the stoutest of you all, to take you there, where you will have tea and every comfort, and remain till this affair is over."

Margaret led the way, curtsying to us, and smiling on her terrified band, who, however, acquiesced in the arrangement, even to Mrs. Doxey, who "looked exceedingly well," Montfort said, "for a woman who had just come out of the staggers!"

As the party filed off up the oak staircase, one remained, and well I knew *she* would not go of mere persuasion, or of command either. This was Beckie, who planted as firmly as the old chair to the carpet, and looking just as blackly on us all,

said—"I'm surely na ganging to thon m'irealty the night. I'm surely na fet person to be locked up as if it was in Darry jail, with them low scullions and ketchen maids, or even that foolish dressy creature, Miss Johnson, with her astericks and her airs. I'll stay with Miss Maddie—egh—egh—but you waunt be hendering me, my own sweet child. Egh—oh! you waunt turn off your puir auld Beckie. Oh! dearie me! dearie me! dearie me! why did I ever lave the daycent North to be shot by these Connaught salvages? What came over me to come awa' from my grandfeyther's beg house, and he the most beautiful old man! Oh dear! oh dear! what would Squire Montgomery, of Con-voy house say if he saw me locked up in Connaught and the salvages a shootering me?" The rest of her speech went over the cataract of her tears, and was drowned in the pool of her sobs. Madeline went to her, and putting her arms round her, kissed her cheek kindly, and said—"Dear Beckie, do as my uncle wishes, for my sake—he *must* be obeyed."

Beckie returned her caress again and again, till my uncle, getting impatient, cried—"Come now, I see your mistress has coaxed you to do what is right. Go up after the servants and get your tea, my good Beckie, I *must* have the key of the book-room in three minutes hence on that table." But these words seem to have revived all the obstinacy of my nurse's temper; for, loosing her arm from Madeline's neck, she faced my uncle like a cat o' the mountain at bay, and planting her large feet on the carpet, she cried, or rather screamed out—"I tell you, Sir, I wunna—w-u-n-n-a-gang yane leg. I daur you to mak me!"

The General frowned, and then, smiling, passed out of the door, taking Madeline on his arm, and motioning to me and Montfort to follow; but first, he said two words to the corporal, who was watching his eye as eagerly as a dog does that of his master. I confess I lingered, anxious to see the end of this strange scene. The corporal now approached Beckie, and I evidently saw that when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. I grieve to say that poor Beckie's blood and back were both

fearfully up. Mr. Mon came up to her in a zig-zag fashion, and having completed his parallels, he began thus:—"The Gen'l told me, maum, to take you up stairs," clutching her by the arm; upon which she dealt him a box on the ear which made the whip-cord muscles to vibrate in his horny face, yet his temper stood unmoved.

"Gang awa' wi you, you ould, dried-up, longbacked lobster; must I obey *you*, you ugly, flat-faced may-nial? Tak your hand off my arm or I'll fell you."

To my amaze the corporal obeyed her, and, making a grim bow, said—"All right, maum; good by," and passing by his antagonist, he seemed as if he were about to leave the hall, when suddenly backing on her, in *dos-a-dos* fashion, he threw his long sinewy arms quick behind him, and round her, confining her hands; and, lifting her on his back as easily as a school-boy would truss his satchel, or Mr. Punch his show-box, he stalked swiftly up the stairs with his living burden, who, all subdued by this sudden indignity offered to her person, was perfectly quiescent, and only exploded in a faint sob now and then, mingled with such broken sentence as these—"salvages"—"locked up"—"egh, dearie me!"—"longbacked lobster"—"egh, egh, my grandfeyther!"

I was glad Madeline had not witnessed this scene; but the General, gentle as he was, loved discipline, and permitted no insubordination in his household, and the effect of this passing roughness on Becky was lasting and salutary. In two minutes the corporal descended the stairs as solemn as Saturn, and bringing the key of "The Admiralty" to me with a grave bow, requested that I might hand it to the General, and tell him that "all was right."

My uncle's plan of defence was now known to the whole household; he had a number of hand grenades piled on the leads, together with a small brazier of lighted coals to ignite their fuses; over these the corporal was to preside, and I and my party of Joyces, when we returned home, were to act under Mr. Mon's commands in throwing the grenades. We took our last round at half-past eleven; the place was all quiet as if sunk in deep repose; the air dark

"The trees, whereat we smiled again,
To see them, in their growing wonder,
Suppose their buds were verdant rain,
Until the gay winds rustled under
Their feathered train,

"Lo, now they stand in braver mien,
And, claiming larger shadow-right,
Make patterns of the wandering light,
And pave the winds with green.

III.

"Of all the flowers that bow the head,
Or gaze erect on sun and sky,
Not one there is, declines to shed,
Or standeth up to qualify,
His incense-meed :

"Of all that blossom one by one,
Or join their lips in loving cluster,
Not one hath now resolved alone,
Or taken counsel, that his lustre
Shall be unshown.

"So let thy soul a flower be,
To breathe the fragrance of its praise
And blossom in the early days
To Him who fosters thee.

IV.

"Of all the founts, bedropped with light,
Or silver-combed with shade of trees,
Not one there is but sprinkles bright
It's curl of freshness on the breeze,
And jewelled flight :

"Of all that hush among the moss,
Or prattling shift the lily-vases,
Not one there is but purls across
A gush of the delight that causes
It's limpid gloss.

"So let thy heart a fountain be,
To rise in sparkling joy, and fall
In dimpled melody—and all
For love of home, and me."

V.

The only fount her heart became
Rose quick with sighs, and fell in tears ;
While pink upon her white cheek came,
Like apple-blossom among pear's,
The tinge of shame.

Her husband pierced with new alarm
Bent nigh to ask of her distresses,
Enclasping her with sheltering arm,
And searching out through soft caresses
The clue of shame.

Then ſhe with ſobs of ſlow relief
(For ſilence is the gaol of care)
Confessed, for him to heal or ſhare,
The firſt of human grief.

VI.

“ I cannot look on thee and think
“ That thou haſt ceas'd to hold me dear :
“ I cannot break the loosened link :
“ When thou, my only one, art near,
“ How can I ſhrink ?

“ So it were better, love—I mean,
“ My lord, it is more wiſe and right—
“ That I, as one whoſe day hath been,
“ Should keep my pain from pleaſure’s ſight,
“ And live unſeen.

“ And—though it breaks my heart to ſay—
“ However ſad my loneliness,
“ I fear thou wouldeſt rejoice in this,
“ To have me far away.

VII.

“ I know not how it is with man,
“ Perhaps his nature is to change,
“ On finding conſort fairer than—
“ Ah me, I cannot ſo arrange
“ My nature’s plan.

“ And haply thou haſt never thought
“ To vex or make me feel forſaken,
“ But, ſince to thee the thing was nought,
“ Suppoſed ’twould be as gaily taken,
“ As lightly brought.

“ Yet, is it ſtrange that I repine,
“ And feel abas’d in lonely woe,
“ To loſe thy love—or e’en to know
“ That half thy heart is mine ?

VIII.

“ For whom have I on earth but thee,
“ What heart to love, or home to bleſs ?
“ Albeit I was wrong, I ſee,
“ To think my huſband made no leſs
“ Account of me.

“ But even now, if thou wilt ſtay,
“ Or try at leaſt no more to wander,
“ And let me love thee day by day,
“ Till time or habit make thee fonder
“ (If ſo it may)—

“ Thou ſhalt have one more truly bent,
“ In homely wiſe, on ſerving thee,
“ Than any ſtranger e’er can be ;
“ And Eve ſhall ſeem content.”

IX.

Not loud she wept—but hope could hear ;
Sweet hope, who in his world-wide race
On this consent had start of fear,
That each alternate step should trace
A smile and tear.

But Adam, lost in wide amaze,
Regarded her with troubled glances,
Doubting, beneath her steady gaze,
Himself to be in strange romances
And dreamy haze :

Then questioning in hurried voice,
And scarcely waiting her replies,
He spoke and showed so true surprise,
It made her soul rejoice.

X.

She told him what the tempter said,
And what her frightened self had seen,
(That form in loveliness arrayed
With modest face and graceful mien)
And how displayed.

Then well-content to show his bride
The worldly knowledge he possessed
(That world whereof was none beside)
He laid his hand upon his breast,
And thus replied :—

“ Oh mirror'd here too deep to see,
“ A little way down yonder path,
“ And I will show the form which hath
“ Enchanted thee, and me.”

XI.

Kadisha is a streamlet fair,
Which hurries down the pebbled way,
As one who hath small time to spare,
So far to go, so much to say
To summer air ;

Sometime the wavelets wimple in
O'erlapping tiers of crystal shelves,
And little circles dimple in,
As if the waters quaffed themselves,
The while they spin :

Thence in a clear pool overbent
With lotus-tree and tamarind flower,
Empearled, and lulled in golden bower,
Kadisha sleeps content.

XII.

Their steps awoke the quiet dell ;
 The first of men was smiling gay ;
 Still trembled Eve beneath the spell,
 The power of that passion sway
 She could not quell.

As they approached the silver strand,
 He plucked a moss-rose budding sweetly,
 And, wreathing bright her tresses' band,
 Therein he set the blossom featly,
 And took her hand :

He led her past the maiden-hair,
 Forget-me-not, and meadow-sweet,
 Until the margin held her feet
 Like water-lilies fair.

XIII.

"Behold," he cried, "on yonder wave
 "The only one with whom I stray,
 "The only image still I have,
 "Too often, even while I pray
 "To Him who gave."

The form she saw was long unknown,
 Except as that beheld yestre'en,
 Till viewing there that dearer one,
 Her husband's—known as soon as seen—
 She guessed her own,

And, bending o'er in sweet surprise,
 Perused, with simple child's delight,
 The flowing hair, and forehead white,
 And soft inquiring eyes.

XIV.

Then, blushing to a fairer tint
 Than waves might ever hope to catch,
 "I see," she cried, "a lovely print,
 "But surely I can never match
 "This lily glint !

"So pure, so innocent, and bright,
 "So charming free, without endeavour,
 "So fancy-touched with pensive light !
 "I think that I could gaze for ever
 "With new delight.

"And now, that rose-bud in my hair,
 "Perhaps it should be placed above
 "And yet, I will not move it, love,
 "Since thou hast set it there,

XV.

"Vain Eve, why gaze you thus at Eve,
 "What matter for thy form or face?
 "Thy beauty is, if love believe
 "Thee worthy of that treasured place
 "Thou ne'er shalt leave.

 "Oh husband, mine and mine alone,
 "Take back my faith that dared to wander
 "Forgive my joy to have thee shown
 "Not transient as thine image yonder,
 "But all my own.

 "And, love, if this be vanity
 "This pleasure and the pride I take,
 "Tis only for thy dearer sake
 "To be so fair to thee."

XVI.

No more she said, but smiling fell,
 And lost her sorrow on his breast,
 Her love-bright eyes upon him dwell,
 Like troubled waters laid at rest
 In comfort's well :

 'Tis nothing more, an if she weep,
 Than joy she cannot else reveal ;
 As onyx-gems of Pison keep
 A tear-vein, where the sun may steal
 Throughout their deep.

 And so, may all, who fear one,
 Be happy with their rival known
 The image of themselves alone,
 Beside and in the dear one !

MELANTER.

STEWART'S LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

ALTHOUGH economic science is no longer invested with the absorbing interest it attracted during the many years when the leading political and social questions of the day, such as the corn-laws, and the great machinery and manufacture movement, were contested and discussed with relation principally to the effects which regulations or occurrences of either description were calculated to impart to the production and distribution of

wealth ; yet still it enjoys no inconsiderable amount of public attention, and must continue to hold a similar position so long as the complications of modern civilization perpetually furnish such a number of difficult subjects for investigation, which cannot be satisfactorily dealt with without the aid of the teachings of Political Economy. It may be hoped that as the world advances in years and wisdom, each social malady may be

* Lectures on Political Economy, (now first published) by Dugald Stewart, Esq. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Thomas Constable and Co., Edinburgh : Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London. 1856.

gradually corrected according as it assumes a formidable appearance; but few are Utopian enough to imagine we shall ever see the day when the root of the evil shall be thoroughly destroyed. Hence it would be dangerous to neglect any of the arts and sciences which have hitherto been found useful in times of emergency, since we know not the time when their services may again be urgently needed; and it becomes, therefore, matter for congratulation to observe that so far, at least, there are no symptoms of economic science being abandoned in the republic of letters; although, for the reason just stated, it does not occupy the same commanding position it did some years ago. The works of our standard scientific writers, Adam Smith, Senior, J. S. Mill, and others, come forth from time to time in new editions; and a whole host of authors, most of whom have yet to earn a literary reputation, furnish their readers with no end of essays and treatises on the principles of the science, and their application to the questions of the day, those especially of a financial or monetary character. Encouraged by this aspect of affairs, the friends and admirers of Dugald Stewart now step forward, and endeavour to secure for the author of the *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* a niche in the temple of Economic Science, by the publication of lectures which he delivered on Political Economy towards the commencement of the present century. The circumstances under which these come before us are very peculiar, and quite different from those which attended the publication of the rest of his works.

"The other writings," says Sir William Hamilton, "were again and again elaborated by the author, and by himself carefully conducted through the press; whereas the following lectures were not destined for publication, at least in the form in which they now appear. That Mr. Stewart, however, intended ultimately to publish his course of Political Economy seems certain; and, with this view, during the latter years of his life, he had revised, corrected, amplified, and rearranged its constituent parts. But whether he had finally completed this preparation is doubtful; for the lectures thus re-modelled by him in his retirement have, for the most part, unhappily perished. As now printed from those original manuscripts which have

escaped the fate of the others revised for publication, the course consists principally of what was written so far back as the beginning of the century, with such additions and corrections as were occasionally interpolated up to the session of 1809-10, the last year of Mr. Stewart's academical labours."

Respecting the destruction of the manuscripts, we find they were burned by the author's son, Colonel Stewart, under the impression that while he was unable to dispose of them as literary property, others contrived to appropriate portions of them, with the intention doubtless of giving them publicity without acknowledging the source whence they were derived. Writing to a publisher with whom he had some communication concerning his father's works, he states:—

"You need not, however, further trouble yourself on this head; because, finding myself getting on in life, and despairing of finding a sale for them at their real value, I have destroyed the whole of them. To this step I was much induced by finding my locks repeatedly picked during my absence from home, some of my papers carried off, and some of the others evidently read, if not copied from, by persons of whom I could procure no trace, and in the pursuit or conviction of whom I never could obtain any efficient assistance from the judicial authorities."

Accordingly Colonel Stewart committed to the flames a great quantity of his father's manuscripts, including his "Lectures on Political Economy, delivered in the University of Edinburgh, reduced by him into books and chapters, containing a very complete body of that science, with many important rectifications of Adam Smith's speculations." Yet all this while it is supposed there were no grounds whatsoever for entertaining the impressions under which the Colonel acted, and it is mentioned as an explanation of his extraordinary proceedings, that when on professional service in India he had suffered from an attack of *coup-de-soleil*; a malady which often exhibits its influence in a most capricious manner, long after an apparent cessation of the affection.

The revised manuscripts of the lectures having perished, it became a question with Dugald Stewart's trustees whether, in the discharge of the duty they owed to the reputation of

the deceased, they should or should not publish what remained of the course of Political Economy, consisting of some older copies of his manuscripts, which had escaped conflagration by the son, but had not been subjected to revision by the father. In this difficulty, they sought advice from the most competent of the author's older friends and pupils; and in particular from the Marquis of Lansdowne and Viscount Palmerston. But these noblemen were unwilling to offer any opinion, warned, perhaps, by Lord John Russell's failure as the editor of his friend Moore's correspondence, that the cares of statesmanship are unfavourable to literary pursuits, whether those of an author, editor, or critic. Finally the decision devolved on Sir William Hamilton himself, and he decided on publication. The manuscripts he had were imperfect, but attempts were made to fill up the blanks and supply the deficiencies from notes of the course of lectures which had been kept by several pupils. This is an unfortunate manner for an author to come before the public:—

Poets lose half the praise they would have
got
Were it but known what they discreetly
blot.

The same may be said for prose writers, especially as regards what they compose to be delivered as lectures; which from their very nature require much judicious pruning before they can be in a fit state for publication. As the listener cannot refer back to refresh his memory or understanding when the lecturer comes to a new branch of his subject, intimately depending, however, on what has gone before, frequent repetitions and *résumés* are often necessary, in order that the entire discourse may be rendered intelligible. But this, which in a lecture is a merit and a requisite, in a book becomes needless prolixity, calculated rather to weary the reader than serve any useful purpose. This is a fact of which a person so well-accustomed as Dugald Stewart to address the public in the two-fold capacity of author and lecturer must have been fully aware; it is, therefore, likely that in the process of revision, he would have cut off much that the

reverence and admiration of pupils and friends abstained from disturbing. And, besides, he might have introduced many additions and qualifications, which he had in his own mind when lecturing, but thought it useless to express. For not only must there be much repetition in a lecture of whatever is intended to be conveyed, which in a book would be uncalled for; but, on the other hand, there must be many incidental matters altogether passed over, through fear of confusing the listener and preventing him from grasping the leading principles designed to be impressed, while, in a book, they might be brought forward with advantage; and, if left out, the omission might justly be deemed an important deficiency. What occasioned this delay in publication, which, as events have turned out, has thus exposed the work in the end to a two-fold source of imperfection, is not very apparent. Although the lectures were intended for the press, yet the author survived the time of their delivery nearly thirty years, and still they never saw the light. Perhaps he was imitating the conduct of Adam Smith in the preparation of the *Wealth of Nations*, giving even more time to the task than his illustrious master. Adam Smith was appointed to a Professorship in the University of Glasgow in 1751, and a few years afterwards delivered the lectures which were subsequently expanded and elaborated into his celebrated treatise, not published until 1776. To improve upon such a model, Dugald Stewart may have imagined more years of preparation and improvement were necessary. At all events it appears that up to his death in 1828, he did not give that positive proof of the completion of the work to his satisfaction, which authors usually afford by committing their productions to the press.

It must now be perceived that the circumstances under which it is sought to establish a posthumous reputation for Dugald Stewart in political economy are extremely unfavourable, even if there had been no progress made in that science since the time he wrote, and he had no other rivals to contend against than those whose advantages in that respect were but equal to his own. But such is not the case. Great advances

have been made since his lectures were delivered ; and thus it has been possible for writers of later years, considerably his inferiors in natural ability, to attain, notwithstanding, a much higher scale of excellence, by availing themselves of the labours of those who have published the admirable treatises and essays which have been added to the literature of economic science since the commencement of the present century. In 1817, Ricardo's "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation" were brought out, and accomplished for problems concerning the natural laws according to which wealth is distributed throughout the community what Adam Smith had left incomplete or unattempted ; thus rendering the second of the two great branches into which Economic Science is divided, as perfect as Adam Smith had made the first by his analysis of production. It is not uncommon for superficial economists to affect to undervalue the services of Ricardo, and estimate him far lower than many others who, in reality, have no claim to be placed even on an equal footing with him ; condemning his writings as mere theoretical speculations, devoid of practical utility and difficult of comprehension. As regards his style, no doubt, he is exposed to much unfavourable criticism ; and there are several in whose writings the principles of political economy may be learned with much greater facility than in his ; but to these is only due the merit of clear and simple diction and accuracy of comprehension, while all the honour of discovering new scientific truths belong to him. Those who condemn Ricardo as a mere theorist, would do well to remember that he afforded the most decisive proof of being an eminently practical man, by amassing a considerable fortune as a merchant ; and that it was after he retired from business, with all the experience acquired during a long career of active industry, he devoted himself to the collection and arrangement of the natural laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, whose practical operation he had been in the habit of contemplating while engaged in his mercantile pursuits. It is unfortunate, doubtless, he did not adopt a more popular and less

abstract style ; and it has been complained, with some reason, that the brevity with which he has stated some of his most important principles, the fewness of his illustrations, and the mathematical cast he has given to his arguments, render it not a little difficult for readers unaccustomed to such investigations, to follow him readily. As for those who endeavour to understand him without proceeding step by step in his line of reasoning, they engage in a hopeless task ; since the mutual dependence on each other of his various propositions renders it quite impossible for any one to comprehend them who merely dips into his work here and there as if it were a novel or a newspaper. But the smart *litterateur* seldom pauses to weigh all these matters, and the chances are that when he meets with a difficulty, or an apparent inconsistency, he throws down the book as a mass of senseless paradoxes, quite willing to believe that the author knew nothing whatsoever of what he was writing about ; and never dreaming for a moment that possibly it was the critic who was at fault, unable to take in the scope of a chain of reasoning, or overlooking the assumptions upon which it was based. Those, on the contrary, who give to his works the attention they deserve, and come to their task armed with the requisite acquirements and qualifications, form a very different estimate of Ricardo's merits.

It was the opinion of Quintilian that the students of eloquence who were delighted with Cicero, demonstrated by their appreciation of such a model that they had made no inconsiderable progress in their art,—a saying which has been applied with equal justice to those students in political economy who find pleasure in the works of Ricardo : *Sciat se non parum profecisse cui RICARDO valde placebit.*

But it is not Ricardo alone who places Dugald Stewart at a disadvantage just now. Not only is there much known at the present day which in the beginning of the century had remained undiscovered, but, besides, what was well known then has since been much better expressed, and so rendered more accessible to the student. Succeeding writers, of whom Mr. Senior, in our opinion, is entitled

to the highest place, have cleared up, removed, or corrected the ambiguities and inconsistencies of their predecessors,—pointed out with precision and accuracy the limits of the science and the necessity for observing them,—defined the leading terms, and with order and method arranged and presented the elementary principles, thereby bringing within the reach of any ordinary capacity what before would have made very considerable demands both on the student's time and understanding. And, after all this has been achieved, Dugald Stewart comes before the public for the first time in a new character, and claims the suffrages of a generation accustomed to instructors in economic science, who had been trained to their task by the study of works containing information far wider and much better expressed than what fell to the lot of writers of his day.

These are the circumstances under which the lectures appear, and they certainly show that the author is entitled to every indulgence at our hands; whether we consider the state in which his writings are submitted to the public, or the standard of excellence by which we are apt to measure them. Making due allowance for all these matters, it may freely be conceded the lectures are not destitute of merit; but the last praise we should ever have thought of awarding is that given by the learned editor, who states (p. ix.) that, as they stand, they will be found, as an introduction to political economy, among the best extant. If the rule of beginning at the beginning applies to this as to other studies, such an encomium is wholly misplaced, for the mode of procedure adopted is not of that nature; and, besides, even in so far as the elements of the science are at all discussed, the author's claims as a good introductory writer must be equally disallowed, the portions of the work devoted to that subject being decidedly the very worst it contains. This we shall show a little further on, and for the present confine our attention to the former part of the objection.

The first step in any department of study should be to learn its leading scientific principles, and it is only after that process has been gone through, the student can be in a fit

state to come to their application; but if, instead of following this obvious and natural order, we reverse the operation and commence at the second stage, we shall never be enabled to eliminate the first principles of the science from amidst the endless variety of extraneous matters with which these must be involved in their application to any practical question; and so will remain in ignorance of the very things which alone could enable us to conduct with success original investigations. But Dugald Stewart, instead of teaching political economy as a science, defines it as an art; and even treating it as an art, does not confine it within any well defined limits, but, on the contrary, expresses himself in most vague and general terms when he purports to indicate its appropriate province. In opposition to Adam Smith and others, who deemed national wealth a subject of sufficient comprehensiveness, difficulty and importance to demand a science for itself, he lays down (p. 10) that the title of political economy "may be extended with much advantage to all those speculations which have for their object the great and ultimate ends from which political regulations derive all their value; and to which wealth and population themselves are only to be regarded as subordinate and instrumental. Such are the speculations which aim at ascertaining those fundamental principles of policy which Lord Bacon has so happily and significantly described as *leges legum, ex quibus informatio peti possit, quid in singulis legibus bene aut properam positum aut constitutum sit.*" Now, no one can deny that the investigations indicated in this passage deserve our most anxious attention; but it is equally evident their vastness and generality forbid all attempts to grasp them within the compass of a single department of study. To borrow the words of Mr. Senior, in the introduction to his treatise on political economy (originally published as an article in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*), "it is impossible to overstate the importance of these inquiries, and not easy to state their extent. They involve as their general premises the consideration of the whole theory of morals, of government, of civil and criminal legislation;

and, for their particular premises, a knowledge of all the facts which affect the social condition of every community whose conduct the economist proposes to influence. We believe that such inquiries far exceed the bounds of any single treatise, and indeed the powers of any single mind. We believe that by confining our own and the reader's attention to the nature, production and distribution of wealth, we shall produce a more clear, complete and instructive work than if we allowed ourselves to wander into the more interesting and more important but far less definite fields by which the comparatively narrow path of political economy is surrounded." That the end to which the teachings of economic science should be applied is the promotion of human welfare generally, and not the mere attainment of wealth, is undoubtedly true; but Dugald Stewart and his followers overlook the important fact that the student cannot be put in possession of the principles of political economy, and so enabled to apply them in aid of securing the proposed end, unless he has in the first instance investigated separately the science which comprises them, as can easily be established by analogy to the case of other departments of knowledge more generally taught and more successfully cultivated, a long course of experience having recommended and enforced the adoption of the best method of procedure. Taking, for example, the subject of mathematics, what would be thought of a teacher, who, instead of instructing his pupils in the elements of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry in the first instance, were to bring them at once to practical questions of surveying and the like (the ends, be it remembered, for which the science is cultivated,) and yet expect they could ever learn the subject under such a system? For in the questions which arise in practice, the principles to be applied do not present themselves in that order wherein they might most readily be learned; and besides they are encumbered with considerations that come within the province of other sciences and arts, such as questions relating to the effect of atmospheric refraction, the chemical changes imparted to the different instruments of measurement by vicissitudes of

temperature and diversity of situation. And is it to be supposed the inexperienced beginner will be able to separate and classify all these various elements he encounters, and select from among them those which belong to the science he is meant to be learning? All this while, moreover, he is under the necessity of burthening his memory with a vast number of *data* as to time, place, and number,—*data* which, in fifty instances out of one, will be of no use to him whatsoever, except while he is engaged at the very question they belong to; and this identical question, or anything at all like it, may never occur in his subsequent practice, so that thus a large portion of his labour goes for nothing. And the end will be, that after all this toil and trouble he will master few or none of those general truths which would place him in a position to deal with any new question which might arise, of a nature analogous to those which had been the object of his investigations. But if, instead of adopting this perplexing and irregular course, he had been instructed in the usual manner, within a brief space the leading principles of the science might have been brought before him; and when, with a little care and diligence, he had mastered them, if his abilities lay in that line, then after investigating a few practical examples by way of testing his acquirements, he would be in a position to apply the science to any question proposed, so far as its solution depended on the principles he had been learning, and not those belonging to anything else. And if he were acquainted with these latter also, he might deduce and recommend practical conclusions; but if he were not, he should state his results with appropriate qualifications, explaining that they are applicable so far and no farther than as they are exempt from the action of those disturbing influences which he had been unable to take into account; just as the theoretical mechanician will announce that what he has demonstrated on the supposition of motion in a vacuum must be corrected by reference to the effects of atmospheric pressure, before it can be applied to the movements which occur around us. By similar reasoning we arrive at the method to be adopted by the student in Political

Economy, and learn the caution to be observed in the application of its principles to practice. And it can also be shown in the course of the investigation, that the claims of the study to our earnest attention are of the most incontestable force.

The science has for its object the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, in so far as these operations are governed by the desire of man to attain the maximum of wealth at the minimum of sacrifice; and this at once marks out a class of natural laws, and a science which comprises them. The principle of action on which it is founded is sufficiently powerful in its operation to turn in its own direction a large portion of human conduct; and the object of that action, wealth, is decidedly worthy of attentive consideration, comprising, as it does, the means of satisfying so large a class of our wants and desires. Hence, a science, defined as above, has every claim on our notice so far as the importance of its subject matter is concerned. But even this is not sufficient to entitle it to be pursued as a separate branch of study, for sciences without end might be created were we to dignify with such an appellation every body of natural laws possessed of characteristics distinguishing them in a strongly marked manner from all others, and relating to objects of admitted importance. In addition to these requisites the conception and discussion of the laws in question must be attended with such difficulty, that any person of ordinary abilities coming to deal with them without having studied them specially, would be unable to understand their *modus operandi*, and thus incapable of directing or controlling them. This last claim to rank as a science Political Economy likewise possesses, as all must admit who call to mind how long, and to what extent, not alone the general body of the people, but even the most gifted philosophers and statesmen remained in ignorance of the natural laws which governed the production and distribution of wealth, and how extremely baneful were the effects which thence ensued. Thus briefly may be exhibited the grounds upon which it is contended that Political Economy should be classified as a separate science; and, having got so

far, it follows in the next place, as a matter of course, that to master its truths it must be studied like a science, as it is, and not sought for in the chaotic mass which should be analysed were it attempted to collect its principles from the endless variety of practical questions in which they occur in connexion with other matters, as must be the case were we to commence to study the subject as an art, or, rather, as one of the arts which has for its object the attainment of the welfare of the community.

Preliminary investigations should, indeed, be exemplified and illustrated as we proceed, by appropriate practical examples, in this as in other sciences; but this is not to be confounded with the method of those who place science in the background, and completely bury its elementary principles under a mass of details, consisting in a great measure of extraneous matters, which serve, in fact, not to illustrate, but, rather, to conceal the general truths which ought to be impressed on the mind.

When the student has devoted himself for a while to the science, and mastered its leading principles, then he will be prepared to take part in their application. But here he must remember that other principles than those of economic science are to be attended to, and if he proceed to advocate practical measures without observing this precaution, the chances are his predictions may turn out untrue, or the object he marks out for attainment inexpedient. The predictions must turn out untrue if human conduct, in the case supposed, be not governed and directed by the desire for wealth; and the objects inexpedient if considerations be involved in the question under contemplation, higher than those which are merely economic, and at variance with them. If the investigator be prepared to deal with all the circumstances which thus arise whenever it is proposed to deduce practical rules from theoretical teachings, he may safely be permitted to urge the adoption or rejection of legislative measures; but it is not as an economist alone he is entitled to speak with authority. And if from accident, or from incapacity for certain branches of knowledge, he be not prepared to deal with his case in all its bearings, his scientific acquirements

are not useless notwithstanding; for though they cannot qualify him to enact the legislator, yet they will enable him to afford very important assistance by pointing out the economic results which are calculated to ensue, and which may be then taken into account for whatever they are worth, as one of the elements to be attended to in conjunction with whatever others may exist.

It is not as a scientific exposition, whether elementary or otherwise, of the principles of Political Economy, that these lectures are to be looked upon; but rather as a collection of detached essays, some, indeed, of a purely scientific character, and others mixed and applied. The most instructive portion of the work, perhaps, is that which treats of population, especially in connection with landed property and agriculture; indeed, this might be read with great advantage at the present day, not that it contains much, if anything, that is new, but on account of its drawing the attention constantly to what is very generally overlooked, though constituting the very essence of the subject. The author brings together a great deal of interesting information as to the tenure of land and the condition of the occupiers in different parts of Europe, and gives a fair review of the controversy, then mooted as much as it now is, touching the comparative advantages and disadvantages of large and small farms. Then, as at the present day, most people discussed the question without explaining what came up to their idea of a large farm and what of a small one, or taking into account that what might be the best size under particular circumstances would no longer be so where the agricultural products to be raised, the nature of the soil, or the habits and condition of the rural population were essentially different. Alluding to some very interesting agricultural reports in which the question of large and small farms had been actively discussed, the author observes (p. 128):—"Some of the reasonings in the papers, as well as in other publications of a similar nature, might, perhaps, have been spared, if the writers had explained with a little more precision the ideas they annexed to the words *large* and *small* as employed in the controversy;

words which are not only indefinite in their signification, in consequence of the want of a given standard of comparison; but which must necessarily vary in their import in different parts of the country according to local circumstances. The advocates for small farms, for example, sometimes include under that denomination farms from 150 to 200 acres (which are far above the highest average of *small* farms in Great Britain, and of *large* ones in Ireland,) contrasting these with farms of 1500 or 2000 acres, which are so very far above the highest average of large farms that they should be considered as exceptions.

"Many of these writers, too, seem to have proceeded on the supposition, that the principles on which the size of farms ought to be settled, are of much more universal application than they will be found to admit of in reality. A few of them, however, have been completely aware of this consideration, remarking, that the size of farms must necessarily be regulated by a variety of local peculiarities, such as soil, situation, modes of husbandry, and the extent of capital possessed by the class of farmers; and that admitting the general maxim—*The best size of farm is that which affords the greatest proportional produce, for the least proportional expense*—the application of this maxim will be found to lead to widely different conclusions, in different districts." And if this be so, as it doubtless is, even when we confine our attention to Great Britain, what will it not be necessary to take into account when instituting comparison between the sizes of farms most desirable in the various localities throughout Europe, from the wine-producing countries where farming rather resembles what would here be called gardening, to the great corn and pasture lands where large holdings are those which appear to be managed with most success.

The following, likewise, deserves to be borne in mind. "*With respect to the supposed tendency of small farms to promote population, I shall only remark before leaving this article, that it must not be judged of merely from the numbers which are subsisted on the spot.*" The idea that "the mode of culture which employs most

hands, is most favourable to the population of the State," is justly reprobated by the author of *L'Ami des Hommes* (the elder Mirabeau) as a vulgar prejudice. "The overplus of produce carried to market," he observes, "is no less beneficial in this respect by feeding towns, than if eaten on the fields that produced it. The more, therefore, that the industry and riches of the farmer enable him to economise the labour of men, the greater is the surplus which remains for the subsistence of others. To suppose, as some authors have done, that small farms add to the numbers of a people, while, at the same time, it is granted that they neither yield an adequate produce nor rent, amounts very nearly to a contradiction in terms." It is not uncommon to hear those who profess to be patriots and philanthropists lamenting the consolidation of wretchedly small holdings into farms, we will not say large, but just of moderate extent, and asserting in declamatory language they would rather see the land supporting people, the strength of the State, than feeding pigs and bullocks. To persons of this tone of mind, who seem to think land is devoted to the best of all purposes when it is turned into a pauper-warren, and forget that when it ceases to be tenanted by wretched cottiers, then, and then only, it becomes capable of supporting labourers in comfort, we point out the judicious observations of Dugald Stewart and the elder Mirabeau, and beg of them to remember that we are not to judge of the capacity of any kind of farms to promote population by reference to the numbers subsisted on the spot, but rather by taking into account the quantity of food produced, whether that be employed in supporting those who occupy the immediate locality or those who inhabit other parts of the country.

The author is not so felicitous in discussing the connexion between the size of *properties* and the amount of population, as that between population and the extent of farms. He adduces a good deal of information on the subject, though generally not of the most satisfactory kind. He dwells a great deal on the fluctuations in the population and the sizes of estates which are said to have occurred

in the States of ancient Rome, without duly considering that what has been handed down to us respecting them can hardly be of that very accurate character which alone would justify us in basing conclusions on them, and taking no notice of the fact that the great change from small to large properties which occurred about the time of the decline of Rome was accompanied by the substitution of slaves for freemen as the cultivators of the soil—a fact which alone is amply sufficient to account for the deterioration of agriculture and the diminution of population, and draws at once a line of distinction between the event in question and those occurring within our own times, to which they are usually compared. His own ideas on the subject do not appear to have been at all settled, and, indeed, he himself confesses as much; for after bringing forward a good deal of miscellaneous and often contradictory information and speculations, he states (page 151)—"I have quoted these passages because I am always far more anxious to suggest a variety of ideas for your examination, than to establish any particular system." An observation at once demonstrating the undecided condition of the author's mind, and establishing, in connexion with many others of a similar strain, how very unfit, as we before contended, these lectures are to serve as an introductory treatise. For the work best suited to the beginner is that which tells him plainly and concisely what is known on the subject he is about learning; not that in which the author says to him, "Here is all that is said on both sides of the question; and as to which is the right one, I, who have long studied the matter, decline to offer any decided opinion. I leave it to you, who are confessedly ignorant on this subject, to deduce the best conclusion you are able from the heterogeneous mass of conflicting evidence I lay before you." But returning to what we commenced with, so far as the author indicates any opinion of his own, he rather inclines to that of those who consider small properties favourable to the increase of population. No doubt it is true that the larger the number of persons the rent of the land of a country is divided among, the more there are who have an opportunity of support-

ing themselves thereby ; but rent constitutes but a small portion of the produce of the soil, and, therefore, to ascertain the connexion between the amount of population and the size of properties, we should look to the effect of the latter on the quantity of agricultural produce, the food of all classes, and not to its effect on the number of one particular class alone, the proprietors. Some writers, Mr. J. S. Mill* among the number, lay down that it does not follow because landed property is minutely divided, that farms will be so ; for as large properties are perfectly compatible with small farms, so also are small ones with farms of an adequate size. But though this may be maintained by closet philosophers, who have never had occasion to trouble their heads with the management of landed property, it may easily be shown to be fallacious ; and as for the few examples which have been brought forward of small proprietors throwing their lands into one holding for purposes of cultivation, these are not to be looked upon as events of ordinary occurrence, but rather as such which by their very singularity have recommended themselves to travellers to enter in their note books. No landlord likes much to depend for all his income on the solvency of a single farmer, or even two or three, or any other very small number. He prefers a greater number of tenants, so that should a few of them fail, the proportion of his income thus cut off for a year will not be so considerable as to put him to heavy inconvenience. Hence though properties be not so small as to be individually incompatible with farms of adequate extent, yet they throw a strong obstacle in the way of the adoption of such, as it is highly improbable on the grounds already stated that each property will be let in one or two holdings, and not in a number so much greater as to lead to the formation of holdings not large enough for the purposes of advantageous cultivation. And when we come to properties too small individually for good farms, it is in the last degree improbable they will be consolidated for occupation so as to get over the

difficulty. Landlords dislike, not unreasonably, to have their properties occupied jointly, the chances being that the boundaries of each in the lapse of time will become greatly confused either from neglect or fraud ; and thus should the joint occupation terminate, as in the nature of things it must from time to time, it may prove hard and expensive, not to say occasionally impossible, for each proprietor to mark out and resume possession of his own. Any one who has had a little experience of landed property is aware of the objection entertained by landlords to let a farm to a tenant occupying an adjoining property belonging to some one else, their reason being the very one which has just been stated. This shows how far there is any connexion between the size of properties and that of farms ; the true state of the case being that though large properties and small farms are quite compatible, the converse of the proposition does not hold good. Thus, instead of apparently yielding to the assertion that small properties are favourable to population, Dugald Stewart should have applied the sensible remark he had made elsewhere, and drawn attention to the fact that though small properties promote the collection of a large agricultural population, it should not be concluded the land was maintaining more people than it would if less sub-divided, since, in the latter case, it might be supporting a greater number, the fact being concealed because they resided elsewhere, in the towns and cities, and not in the rural districts.

When our author comes to deal with the purely scientific questions of Political Economy, whether of classification or otherwise, his deficiencies are most apparent ; and we cannot better exemplify this than by reference to his discussions concerning productive and unproductive labour, and the theory of money. The latter has been termed by Leibnitz a semi-mathematical investigation—a designation which appears to be highly applicable ; and in this point of view Dugald Stewart approached the subject with considerable advantages. His father had occupied the chair of

* See his *Principles of Political Economy*, Vol. 1, Book 11, Chap. vii., sec. 5

mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and he himself must have been deemed a proficient in that most abstract science, as he was called upon now and then to assist in lecturing upon it: "the philosophic sire and son," as Burns described Dugald Stewart and his parent, having shared occasionally between them the labours of the latter's situation. But in Economic Science we find more traces in our author of the doubtful and speculative cast of mind of the mental philosopher, than of the certainty and precision of the mathematician. He questions everything, and never arrives at a definite conclusion; and no where is this more apparent than when he treats of money, the very department of the science in which the most rigorous deductions can be drawn, on account of the data of the questions which there arise being but little encumbered with the presence of matters extraneous to Political Economy. As an example of the mode in which the subject is dealt with, we give the first lines of a disquisition (p. 371) on the effects of plenty or scarcity of the precious metals upon prices:—"I now proceed to offer some remarks on the principles by which the relative value of money and commodities are adjusted in commercial transactions. It is a subject of extreme difficulty, and I am much afraid that what I have to state will tend more to invalidate the reasonings of others, than to establish any satisfactory conclusions of my own." The sequel demonstrates that the latter portion of his apprehension was remarkably well founded; and on turning to some notes of his, which appeared about ten years afterwards, we find he continued in the same state of doubt and indecision. The Bank of England and other banks having been released for a time, by the Suspension of Cash Payments' Act of 1797, from the obligation of paying for their notes on demand the specie they purported to represent, naturally increased their issues to an unprecedented amount, being stimulated by the desire of gaining interest on a large amount of discounts, and undeterred by the fear of these excessive issues being thrown back upon their hands. In consequence of this great increase of the currency, prices

rose, and the exchanges became and continued unfavourable; and public attention having been called to the matter, a Parliamentary Committee, best known as the "Bullion Committee of 1810," was appointed to inquire into the matter and make their report. They did so, and, in opposition to all the sophistry of interested traders, came to the plain and business-like conclusion, that prices were high because the currency was excessive. This conclusion Dugald Stewart is not altogether satisfied with. When there is more money than is required for transacting, at the comparative natural worth of the coin of the realm and the commodities purchased with it, all the exchanges in which money is used, prices rise above their accustomed level; but this requisite quantity is not to be ascertained merely by reference to the amount of the wealth of the country, since, according to circumstances, it may vary in a different proportion. Thus, in a country like Russia, where a great deal of exchanges are effected by barter, without the intervention of coin, so much money in proportion to the amount of goods exchanged will not be required as in one like France, where such transactions are adjusted in general with coin. And going to the other extreme, in a country like England, where so many exchanges are effected with credit, or instruments of credit, less money will be needed in proportion to goods than in those places where sales and purchases, as the rule, are adjusted with metallic currency. Again, in order to ascertain this requisite amount of money, it is to be borne in mind that the same quantity will suffice to transact a greater or smaller extent of purchases according as it circulates more or less rapidly. Thus more will be required in a country where money is hoarded during the interval between accumulation and expenditure, than in one where banks of deposit are general; much of the money being sent out into circulation by the bankers, which otherwise would have remained locked up in the coffers of the owners. This teaches us not to consider that prices must always vary in the exact proportion of the quantity of goods to the supply of money, and may be brought forward

with justice against writers such as Locke and Hume, who, extending their observations over very long periods of years, during which, in most nations, changes in the requirements for money of the kind already adverted to must have occurred, concluded, without taking any such matters into account, that the proportion of coin to goods must either remain constant, or else be indicated by corresponding fluctuations in price. But if the observations extend over a few years only, and there is thus *à priori* no ground for concluding that changes of the kind above noticed have come to pass to any appreciable extent, it is a mere waste of ingenuity to suggest the possibility of their occurrence as an argument against the connexion of cause and effect between two events which have happened—the first of which would naturally have produced the second. The Bullion Committee followed this plain and obvious rule, the immediate dictate of common sense. But not so our author; he rejected any such inference, and refused to come to any definite conclusion until he had satisfied his mind of the state of the case, by tracing all the additional currency through its various stages of circulation, until it reached the pockets of those who were to employ it in consumption; which, in fact, amounted to the postponement of his judgment *sine die*, as the lawyers phrase it.

Perhaps in no part of the lectures is the author's inability to deal with what is purely scientific, and his fear of grappling with anything that demands a practical decision, more apparent than where he treats of productive and unproductive labour, and the several questions thence arising. Some centuries back the prosperity of a few small trading communities, such as Venice, Genoa, Holland, and the free cities of the North of Germany, attracted the attention of the ruling classes of the great nations of Europe, and they fell into the error of supposing that these states were prosperous because they were addicted to commercial rather than to other industrial pursuits; the true state of the case being that these states were more prosperous than their neighbours, because they enjoyed greater security of person and property; and they devoted themselves principally

to foreign trade, merely because peculiar circumstances rendered it more profitable to them than other pursuits. But this was overlooked, and the Mercantile System sprung up, the object of which was to turn the industry of the people to trade and manufactures rather than to agriculture, and fill the country with money by encouraging the exportation of goods, and checking their importation. This system led to one of an opposite nature, and a sect which assumed to themselves the title of "Economists," *par excellence*, sprung up in France, and laid down that the policy hitherto adopted of fostering, or, rather, attempting to foster, trade and commerce, and neglecting agriculture was altogether erroneous; the latter species of industry, and not the former, being the true source of wealth. The principal men of this sect were *Quesnal*, a physician at the court of Louis XV., and the celebrated minister *Turgot*; and their system went by the name of the Agricultural or Physiocratic. The "Economists" did not propose, however, to encourage agriculture at the expense of trade and commerce; they only suggested that both should be disencumbered from restrictions, and perfect freedom in every species of industry allowed without any interference by the state; whence their system acquired the name of *laissez-faire*, or *laissez-passer*. But though in practice they recommended this species of equality, they held some very peculiar views as to the relative advantageousness of labour employed in agriculture and manufactures, and restricted the term "productive" to the former alone, stigmatising the latter as "unproductive." Adam Smith's strong common sense revolted against this misapplication of language, and he rejected their distinction, but did not succeed in exposing the fallacy on which they proceeded. The "Economists" observed, as the result of agricultural labour aided by the vegetative powers of nature, that a small quantity of matter of some kind or other was converted into a greater; but when manufacturers worked, all they did was to transform into a new shape or character, what before had existed under a different aspect, without in any way occasioning an increase in the quantity of the subject of their toil. Influenced by this and some other considerations, they termed agricultu-

ral labour alone "productive," and manufacturing "unproductive,"—distinctions quite correct if the term had relation to quantity only. But they went much beyond this, and stepping from the inference that the one labour only was productive of increased matter, and the other unproductive thereof, laid down in addition that the first alone was productive of increased wealth, of which the latter they contended was necessarily unproductive. Now as of articles containing the same quantity of matter, some may be much more valuable than others, it follows that we cannot conclude because a particular kind of labour does not increase matter, it cannot increase wealth. The man who alters raw materials worth a few shillings into clothing, habitation, and implements worth many pounds, appears to us entitled to rank as a productive labourer in the ordinary sense of the word; and there are not many who will disagree with Adam Smith when he accuses the "Economists" of love of paradox for asserting the contrary. But the "Economists" support their position by contending that the result of such labour is not a creation but a transference of wealth, the value of the manufactured article, over and above that of the raw material, representing the wages consumed and destroyed by the labourers during the process of the production. Thus when Adam Smith, in defence of his classification of manufacturing labour as productive, observes that a man grows rich by employing such, it is replied to him that though such is the case, so far as the *individual* is concerned, yet notwithstanding, the labour cannot be deemed productive to the *nation*, since what the manufacturers gain is so much transferred from others. The worth of the manufactured article, it was contended, should be expended on its production, and thus society at large would be no richer at the end of the process than the beginning, or as Dugald Stewart himself puts it (p. 266):—

"Any saving a manufacturer makes from his wages is so much taken out of the hands of another person, and can no more be said to increase the funds of the community than the gains made at a gambling table." But as for agricultural produce, it was said, the case was different, for there

over and above what should be expended on the producers, there remained under the name of "rent," a clear surplus. This alone, in their estimation, represented the "net revenue" of the country, that is the excess of the gross revenue over and above what should be consumed and destroyed in order to produce it; and the labour from which this resulted they deemed accordingly the only kind which deserved the appellation of "productive." To enter with anything like fullness into a discussion of this whimsical theory, would involve a long and unprofitable discussion; but it is enough to point out the fallacy which lies in the assumption that all which is *expended* in production is thereby *destroyed*. Over and above what is necessary to supply implements and materials, and support the existence of the producers, there is nothing in the world which involves the destruction of what is expended in carrying on industry. Much of it may be, and usually is accumulated, without the producers reducing themselves to anything like want in the ordinary sense of the word; and hence when any kind of production is completed, the result is, in general, an increase to the net revenue of society, the increase being measured by the excess of the value of what is produced over that which has been destroyed during the process of production. But by overlooking this obvious inference, the curious doctrine known as the Agricultural System was founded and it is quite astonishing how wide was its influence and extensive its circulation among scientific men.

Such was the theory of the "economists" as to productive and unproductive labours, and such the fallacy on which it was founded. But if it were correct, and the national wealth, accordingly, to be found in its agricultural produce alone, (that which existed in a different form having involved the destruction of as much of the others, so that it should be looked upon only as so much wealth which had once been agricultural produce,) the financial system recommended by the "economists" in France, and by Locke before them in England, followed as a matter of course; and this was that all miscellaneous taxes should be abolished, and replaced by a single impost, a land-tax. For if the entire

wealth of the country was or had been agricultural produce, by taxing nothing but the latter all the wealth of the country would be taxed; and were taxation imposed on anything else, it would be, it was alleged, soon thrown back on the land. "It is in vain," says Locke, "in a country whose great fund is land, to hope to lay the public charge of the government on anything else. There at last it will terminate. The merchant, do what you can, will not bear it, the labourers cannot, and therefore the landholders must." This doctrine follows plainly from the agricultural system; but Dugald Stewart, though seeming to adopt the theory in opposition to Adam Smith, was afraid of its legitimate conclusion; his natural indecision having been, doubtless, enhanced by the difference between the circumstances which prevailed in his days and in those of the "economists." When they wrote, agriculture, though discouraged, was the principal occupation of the people, and but little wealth arose from any other source. It was not, therefore, very extraordinary that the latter should have been passed over altogether. But it was different when trade and manufactures had assumed the important position they occupied at the beginning of the century; and any proposal to exempt from taxation those engaged in such pursuits, upon the plea put forth by the "economists," would be apt to be deemed a senseless

paradox. Hence Dugald Stewart does not adopt the suggested financial system, but runs away from it. When discussing the subject of productive and unproductive labours, he observes (vol. i., p. 297), "In what I have now said I would not be understood to intimate any opinion with respect to the territorial tax. The discussion properly belongs to the article of taxation." But when he comes to taxation, he dismisses the matter again to some future occasion, saying, (vol. ii., p. 238), "I shall not at present attempt any statement of the reasonings which have been offered for or against it."

From these specimens it will be perceived the reader is not likely to increase his knowledge of the science of political economy by studying the lectures of Dugald Stewart. They come before the public under circumstances entitling the author to every consideration; but even making due allowance for all this, there appear to be ample grounds for concluding that he never deserved any great reputation as an economist; and his friends would have been more prudent, if instead of publishing the entire course of lectures which came to their hands, they had remained satisfied with bringing forward a few judicious selections only, and consigned the rest to that oblivion to which it is to be hoped, for the sake of the well-earned reputation of Dugald Stewart in other departments, they may speedily return.

THE PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL.*

THERE is no period of the checkered History of England more tortuous and intricate in its scenes, or more finely illustrative of the philosophy of politics, than the Drama of the Restoration. During the twenty-one months intervening between the death of the GREAT PROTECTOR, and the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors, the system of government in England became the subject of revolutions, numerous enough to have overturned all the dynasties of Europe. In that short period almost every form of polity was successively

tried and found wanting—almost every element of civil administration was exhausted. During the nine years which elapsed between the execution of Charles I. and the opening of the drama which M. Guizot here describes (1649-1658), the nation had been subjected, first, to a system of anarchical liberty in the shape of Parliamentary Supremacy, and next to a military despotism in the Protectoral Government of Oliver Cromwell. These systems were successively exhausted,—the one by the inherent weakness of the component body, and

* *A History of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and the Dawn of the Restoration*: by M. Guizot, translated by Andrew Scobell. 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1856.

the other by its essential dependence on the individual life on whose existence it had been staked. When, therefore, the death of Oliver had once more dispossessed the country of its established Government, three distinct and antagonistic forms of polity had passed away within a period of ten years. The alternative, consequently, which presented itself to the people of England, on the recurrence of that momentous event, lay between the restoration of the Monarchy under the House of Stuart, with such qualifications as should seem to establish, what we now term, a Constitutional Government, and the attempted consolidation of those shreds and remnants of discordant systems, which represented the ruin of preceding schemes of polity. But the genius of the people, in favour of the restoration, was not sufficiently determined to countervail the adverse influence of individuals in power; and the latter alternative formed the only practicable means of filling the political vacuum, which the death of the Protector had produced.

Four distinct elements of Government, more or less feeble and inadequate, now remained on the anti-monarchical side of political affairs. These were, first, the traditions of the Protectorate, as faintly represented at once by the family of Cromwell, and by the rival generals of the Commonwealth: secondly, the bias of the army as generally disposed in favour of some scheme of republican polity: thirdly, the questionable claims of the half-extinguished Long Parliament: and, fourthly, the undeniable pretensions of a nominally republican Commonwealth, to the investiture of the powers of Government in a free, a full, and a sovereign National Assembly.

Each of these four principles, or elements of Government, was existing on the death of Oliver Cromwell, either in law or in fact—that is to say, they were either already developed into a definite shape, or they were morally existing in virtue of popular convictions of their respective claims. Each, again, of these elements was, singly, too weak to assume the ascendant—each conflicted with the other—and was not seldom divided against itself. For, in truth, no one of them was possessed of any consistent and homogeneous character.

The claims of the sons of Cromwell to individual supremacy were morally, if not actually, contested by such generals as Monk, and Desborough, and Fairfax, and Lambert. The Long Parliament was no sooner convened than it transformed itself from a body of popular representatives into a rapacious oligarchy, and exhibited the spectacle of a minority of its members ejecting a majority from a participation in its deliberative counsels. The army itself represented or professed opposite political opinions as numerous as the cantonments into which it was distributed. And a free National Assembly, such as we have indicated, would probably, if it had been elected in the autumn of 1658, have presented a scarcely less signal discord on the question of the Constitution of the Empire.

The restoration of the Monarchy in 1658, being, therefore, at that moment, essentially, a utopian scheme, the immediate future of England, at the juncture of the death of Cromwell, obviously lay between the extreme alternatives of a vigorous administration and a series of revolutions. With all these conflicting forces of moral government in the field, it ought clearly to have been the policy of those in power, to have aimed at the fusion and combination of these conflicting elements, as far as possible, into one homogeneous body. Such a course, no doubt, was fraught with the utmost difficulty, and required the presence of a master-mind such as had just departed from the scene of public affairs. And, indeed, it may be questioned whether there is not indirect evidence to show, that even Oliver himself despaired of its complete realisation; for it may be fairly supposed, that he would have preferred to live in greater security at the expense of some qualification of his authority, if he had seen his way to the institution of a less despotic frame of polity, of which he should be the permanent head. But that these conflicting elements of power, at the juncture of the death of Oliver, were not wholly irreconcilable or invincible, is strikingly shown in the manner in which accidental circumstances had nearly established a triple form of Government—and would probably have done so, but for the pusillanimity of Richard—when the first Cabal of

Wallingford House destroyed that conservative scheme of polity. So wholly incompetent, however, with the exception of Thurloe, were the public men who then occupied positions in the State, to the accomplishment of the task which lay before them, that the progress of England, which had so lately been courted and feared by all the nations of Europe, presented simply a gradual decline from revolution to revolution, until the restoration of the Monarchy became, at length, the sole condition of her political existence.

M. Guizot has, we think, rightly estimated the importance of this most eventful of all the epochs of corresponding duration in the History of England, which in the space of less than two years, transformed the Civil Government of the nation from a military dictatorship, unequalled in its vigour and strength, to a limited or constitutional monarchy, conformable to the genius of its ancient polity. This epoch is, singularly, one which has been neglected by almost every historical writer who has dealt with that period of the English annals. Hume has devoted to it no more than about forty pages. Mr. Macaulay describes it in a manner at once contemptuous and laconic. Mr. Carlyle does not condescend to deal with it at all; and he chooses that the curtain shall fall over the name of Cromwell, while yet in the zenith of its glory. It is, perhaps, a peculiar merit in M. Guizot's work, that the vivid representations which it forms of this exciting, yet degrading, drama, is deduced fully from the mass of records, the greater portion of which have been before the public, for at least a century and a half, and which no earlier writer has had the energy to collate; and partly from diplomatic correspondence, which, with few exceptions, had not before been given to the world.

M. Guizot, Mr. Macaulay, and Mr. Hume nearly agree in their respective characterisations of Richard Cromwell, so far as intellectual administrative powers are concerned. But while Hume represents him as at once virtuous in private and incompetent in public life, M. Guizot brings him before us in the character of "an idle, jovial, and somewhat licentious country squire." It is a strange accusation

to prefer against David Hume, that he has dealt too leniently with a supplanter of the House of Stuart. But there is clearly no question whatever, that Richard Cromwell, in his earlier life, had contracted the manners, while he lived in the society, of the cavaliers whom the great Protector had permitted to live in security around him. This, in fact, must have been an almost inevitable result; and it affords, perhaps, the most striking instance on record of the impolitic supineness of the watchful Oliver, who had been designing the hereditary descent of the power he had attained, that instead of bringing up his chosen son either to the profession of the army, or to the duties of government, and without so much as caring to instil into his mind the Cromwellian politics on the recognition of which his existence depended—he allowed him to run riot among the discontented cavaliers, until he appears to have contracted their opinions in an equal degree with those of his father. The result, at any rate, was, that immediately on the occurrence of an administrative difficulty under the Protectorate of Richard, the first expedient suggested by that ruler was the recall of the House of Stuart.

Both at home and abroad Richard's unopposed accession to the Protectorate created very general surprise. The intelligence of the death of Oliver, intimately as the Anglo-French alliance of that day hung on his individual life, threw the Court of Versailles into consternation. The letters, and other authoritative documents, quoted by M. Guizot, strikingly evince the difficulty in which Cardinal Mazarin, then the nearly absolute dictator of France, found himself placed. That Minister, afraid to avow himself positively upon either side, proceeded to a congratulation of all parties interested in the result, with the wonted duplicity of his profession. This, in fact, appears to have been the invariable expedient of the French Court whenever they found themselves beset by rival claimants for their support, of whose ultimate success it might at the moment be impossible to predicate. In this manner the letters of M. de Bordeaux, the French Ambassador at the court of the English Commonwealth, addressed to the Car-

dinal, frequently conclude in such terms as these:—"meanwhile, as I do not know on which side success may declare, I shall continue to speak fair words to all!"

In illustration of this policy, we quote nearly the only letter addressed by Mazarin to Richard Cromwell:—

CARDINAL MAZARIN TO THE PROTECTOR
(RICHARD CROMWELL.)

Paris, Sept. 25th, 1658.

"SIR,—I have so many reasons for being sensibly affected by the death of his late most serene highness, the Protector, that I shall not employ many words to express to your most serene highness the grief which it has caused me, which I well feel to be one of those which are contained (?) in sad silence, because they are beyond expression. And truly, even, if I did not regard the interest of the king and of the state in the loss of a prince so illustrious and so well intentioned towards this crown, he gave me, even in the last moments of his life, such obliging and such glorious marks of esteem, confidence, and friendship, that I cannot sufficiently regret his loss. But what mitigates in some degree my displeasure (!) at this unfortunate occurrence, is to find that your most serene highness has been proclaimed his successor with such universal applause; and that I am fully persuaded that not only will you conform to his views, for the establishment of an indissoluble union with France, but that you will be pleased to honor me with the same good-will which his highness entertained towards me, as I have a very strong desire to deserve it by my services."

And was this the only letter of sympathy and congratulation written by Cardinal Mazarin? No. He simultaneously sent his felicitations on this event to — Queen Henrietta Maria, the exiled widow of Charles I! This duplicity did not end here. The Lord Cardinal, indeed, did not put the respective letters, like a more modern diplomatist of this country, into the wrong envelopes; but he found himself compelled to offend one party, or the other on the delicate question of placing the Court in mourning for the Protector. The Cromwells would be peculiarly susceptible of a slight: and the Stuarts would be similarly incensed by such an apotheosis of the deceased usurper. But at length the wily Cardinal came to the conclusion—to paraphrase the proverb—that a Protector in the hand was worth two Queens in the bush: and Louis XIV. accordingly went into mourn-

ing for the deceased executioner of Charles I.!

This liberal determination of Cardinal Mazarin, in fact, to ally the French court rather with nations than with governments—which is the exact antecedent of our policy in regard to France at this day—affords a signal contrast to the subsequent maladministration of Louis XIV., when that sovereign had undertaken the individual responsibility of government. In a word, it was the policy of the Great Minister to regard the nation as identified with the *de facto* government; it was the policy of the Grand Monarque to regard the dynasty as constituting the State.

Richard Cromwell now suddenly found himself elevated from the debauchery and obscurity of his provincial life, to the highest pinnacle of political authority. For the moment, his rivals readily acceded to his assumption of the Protectoral power. His brother, Henry, consented to rule Ireland as his deputy, and assured him of the tranquillity of that important nation. Monk, who was then all-powerful in Scotland, similarly acquiesced in the authority of Richard; and Fleetwood, who had been long the presumptive successor of the great Protector, adopted the same course. "And was this," it was demanded by the astonished courts of Europe, "the tranquil manner in which England received an event which had threatened to involve her in a tempest of unquenchable revolution?"

But behind all this temporary and temporising subserviency, the storm was gradually and secretly arising. The first indication of danger came from the suspicious withdrawal of the leading officers from the court of the young Protector. Wallingford House, where Fleetwood lived, became the scene of suspicious military councils. Desborough followed Fleetwood's example. While one assembly was convened at Wallingford House, another sat at Desborough's. Meanwhile the executive government was carried on at Whitehall, ostensibly by a council of state constituted on a liberal basis, and composed both of Cromwellians and Republicans; but virtually by a small committee of that council, known as the Palace Cabal. Of this, Thurloe was the chief.

Thurloe was Prime Minister of Richard: and became, through the weakness of his master, the real director of the state. He was the leading civilian, much as Fleetwood was the leading general, then in London. Between these two rivals, an inevitable animosity sprang up. Scarcely had the accession of Richard taken place, when this formidable antagonism developed itself in a demand from the council of Wallingford House, that the office of commander-in-chief "should be restored in the person of a military man who had served in the wars of Oliver; and that no officers should be dismissed except by the sentence of a court-martial."

Here was not only a direct blow aimed at the supremacy of Richard, but a covert attempt to renew the military dictatorship of Oliver in the person of Fleetwood, who was unmistakably designed in a demand thus emanating from a council assembled at his own residence. The illusion of conservative order, as the characteristic of the reign of Richard, vanished at once. Here was a council of state assembled at Whitehall under the Protector, forming the only government of the country;—and here, again, not a stone's throw from the seat of the legal administration, was a self-existent military council, unrecognised by any other body than itself, and determined on the destruction of the rival court! Nothing can more fully illustrate the moral alienation of the public from the idea of order, and of the dignity of government, than the fact that these demonstrations were received by the public, with every symptom of complacency and indifference. In truth, if we were to endeavour to draw a parallel to the government of England, during the last period of the commonwealth, in the history of our own times, we could find it only at Madrid.

The council at Whitehall promptly took up the gauntlet thrown down by the council of Wallingford House; and Richard returned to the demand a flat refusal. This refusal was drawn up by Thurloe, and is to be found in the State Papers, bearing his name. There is reason, indeed, to think that this promptitude on the part of the legal executive was produced by a further knowledge of the ambitious projects of Fleetwood, than

any that has hitherto come to light; for Desborough, at this juncture, charged Lord Faulconbridge, who was Cromwell's brother-in-law, with a design for the imprisonment of Fleetwood in Windsor Castle. This is also attested in Thurloe's state papers; and it suggests a probability that Richard may have been scheming violent measures for the suppression of the Wallingford House Cabal, with that occasional vigour which characterised his early administration, but which afterwards altogether failed him in the hour of his direst necessity.

Richard and his advisers now saw that the only course before them lay in the convocation of parliament. It was absolutely necessary that some further sanction should be given to the existence of the government of Whitehall, in order to withstand the cabals of the army. The sanction which parliament might confer would be both of a moral and of a legal character. It would be difficult, on the one hand, for the officers to debauch into rebellion against parliamentary government an army which had already fought the domestic wars of political liberty. The increase of authority, on the other, which a *de facto* administration, would possess by its formal inauguration with all the solemnity that an appeal to the nation could confer, would be incalculably great. The only difficulty, in truth, consisted in the return of a parliament which should support the Protectoral polity. The council of state durst not encounter a free parliament chosen after the recent electoral law. With a suppleness, however, for which Thurloe has seldom gained credit, but which he really possessed, these difficulties were overcome. The representation was fraudulently contracted; and the executive gained the general support of the cavaliers, on the supposition, which it by no means attempted to dispel, of its favourable disposition to the royal cause.

This parliament was summoned for January, 1659, Oliver having died so recently as the previous September. But there was another urgent motive for its assembly. The treasury was empty, and the government well nigh bankrupt. Richard, with a paltry ostentation in the circumstances of the nation, had expended sixty thou-

sand pounds on his father's funeral—a sum infinitely larger, if we consider either the relative value of money or the actual revenues of the state, than what was recently voted to defray that of the Duke of Wellington. Meanwhile the army was starving. This extravagance embarrassed and beggared the pious son of the great Oliver, to the last day of his Protectoral life.

Parliament assembled; and a motley convention it presented. The 'state of parties,' the great political theme of that hour, forms an instructive lesson at this day. The House of Commons was split into three principal divisions; much as it is split, at the present hour, into the three principal parties of the Tories, the Whigs, and the Radicals. These were, of course, the Royalists, the Cromwellians, and the Republicans. The positions assumed by the former and the latter were clear and logical. The one asserted the essential sovereignty of the exiled dynasty—the other that of the people. But the Cromwellian theory of government was altogether unintelligible. It asserted the superior, or antecedent, right of the Protectorate over parliament; and it illustrated its position by applying to this parliament to institute and ratify that Protectoral power! The position of the Cromwellian, or Ministerial, party in the House, was similar to that of the Whigs on the treasury bench at this day. Beset alternately by either extreme of political opposition, they appealed first to the Republicans with the cry—'Save us from the Royalists who will bring in the king'—and next to the same Royalists in turn—'Defend us from the Republicans who will render all government impossible.'

The Parliamentary tactics of a Government encompassed by these difficulties, were characterised by a skill of which we find no example until we reach the constitutional age of George I. They are well worthy of investigation, too, as affording the first instance that occurs in the Parliamentary History of England of a system of balancing the hostility of conflicting parties, analogous to that which has been more prominently introduced by successive leaders of the House of Commons, since the period

of the Reform Act. We may refer, indeed, to the same general and obvious cause, the dominance of the Whig party from that epoch until now, and the dominance of the Cromwellians in the Parliament of January, 1659. Either event introduced a third party into the House: and between the two extreme parties of each period, the Whigs in the one, and the Cromwellians in the other, occupied the mean. It is strange, indeed, that living historians should have so generally passed over the records of a period, which seems to form the archetype of our present Parliamentary tactics.

The conflict was a short one; and it afforded a decisive victory to the Protectoral party. The constitutional scheme of Thurloe was of a masterly character; and it brought Richard Cromwell far nearer the attainment of regal and hereditary power than his father, with all his splendid talents, had ever approached to. It was the aim of Thurloe to establish two separate Houses, *in subordination* to a Protectorate. The House of Peers was to be re-formed: it was to consist of all those nobles who would swear fealty to the Commonwealth; and who therefore, for the restoration of their rights, would, it was thought, readily abandon their lawful sovereign, and acknowledge the supremacy of Richard. Extended grants of land, alienated from the disaffected to these nobles, would be alone wanting to render the Cromwellian aristocracy influential in the country. One additional step alone would then be requisite—to change the name of Protector into that of King.

On the 1st of February, 1659, Thurloe introduced his bill, and carried, subject to an amendment imposing some restriction on the Executive powers, a vote recognising Richard Cromwell as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. The Minister then triumphantly introduced his second measure, establishing the two Houses. It was vehemently contested by the Republicans. In spite, however, of their opposition this measure was carried also. But the Republicans succeeded in establishing this state of things as a Constitution emanating from the Assembly, and not as a merely formal recognition of an existing system. Thurloe had endeavoured

to represent the Parliamentary vote in the character of an acknowledgment of a *fait accompli*. This M. Guizot refers to the logical mind of Thurloe, who could not understand how a Parliament could bind the authority of a Protector through whose antecedent existence its proceedings had been instituted. But it is certain that Thurloe was no less supple than he was logical; and we suspect that Thurloe's reasoning was directed simply to the end of paving the way to the assumption of a kingly and irresponsible authority in the person of Richard Cromwell.

But the schemes of the Republicans were not yet exhausted. Government being in a parliamentary majority, it was their next endeavour to eject the Scotch and Irish members—sixty in number—from the House. These members were Cromwellians; and had been elected, there was no doubt, by corrupt Government influence. For this attempt, M. Guizot censures the Republicans with equal severity and injustice. He acknowledges the corruption alleged; and his vindication of Government is, that these members had sat during six weeks unchallenged! We never before heard that six weeks constituted prescriptive right. At our own day, petitions for bribery are seldom acted on until the lapse of a far longer period. M. Guizot's theory, indeed, assails the whole course of our traditional practice, in proceedings in Parliament against the return of members. With due respect to the illustrious rank commanded by M. Guizot in literature, we cannot help ascribing this untenable defence to such a general sympathy for political corruption as may fairly be inferred of the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe under the later years of the Orleans dynasty!

Never was the Revolution so near its triumph—never was it so near its fall. It had united prescription with reformation—it had incorporated the virtues, while it had rejected the vices of the Monarchy. A Constitution consisting of a Republican king, of Republican barons, and of a Conservative House of Commons, went little short of realising the dream of a Constitutional Monarchy. By a majority of 198 to 125, the House decided on the admission of all

"Peers faithful to Parliament;" and although, in that age of shameless tergiversation, the fidelity of any single Peer might fairly have been questioned, the aristocratic element was for the moment actually restored. By the 23rd of March, the day on which this vote was taken, the Constitution was fixed: and had the Executive been still characterised by its former vigour, the Stuarts would have been banished for ever; and the House of Cromwell would, in all probability, have been still possessed of the throne of the three kingdoms.

But the Protector and the Parliament being now united in their interests, the Republicans accordingly shifted their attack; and a few more weeks sufficed to work the total overthrow of the Constitution. Wallingford House rose once more. Thither repaired the disaffected officers, beaten by the parliamentary tactics of Thurloe. Lambert, a member at once of Parliament and of this irregular Assembly, was specially charged by the Republican party with the intrigue of debauching the army. The council of officers were drawing up a petition against the Protectoral Government. In this juncture Richard, with rare vigour, went down to Wallingford House, and confronted the conspirators with a boldness which effectually disarmed them of their projects.

But the Protector was no match for the Hydra with which he had to contend. The Republicans now placed him in an insuperable dilemma. Creating a direct antagonism between the army and the Parliament, they compelled him to make his selection between these hostile elements of power. If he determined to support the army against the Parliament, he opposed the only authority on which his moral, if not also his legal, existence depended. If he should support the Parliament against the army, he arrayed himself singly against the whole military force of the country.

The desperate straits to which Richard was thus soon reduced is indicated in the following letter from Henry Cromwell to Thurloe, which is preserved in Thurloe's State papers:—

"My opinion is," writes Henry from Ireland, "that any extreme is more tolerable than returning to Charles Stuart. Other

disasters are temporary and may be mended. These are not. I know you are of the same opinion."

Richard's demeanour henceforward exhibited a compound of feeble duplicity and fatal vacillation. He fairly sank under the crisis. He fostered the illusions of the Royalists in order to gain their support; and "to the Republicans," says M. Guizot, "he was neither more sincere nor more straightforward." So imminent was the danger, that Thurloe was driven to the criminal expedient of inciting Royalist insurrections. In the last days of March, Desborough and Fleetwood extorted from Richard his sanction to the convocation of a general council of officers to consider the discontent of the army. The die was now almost irrevocably cast. The council of officers, to the number of five hundred, met at Wallingford House. Their first resolutions were directed against the very authority by which they had been created, and assailed the Protector's Government. Richard went down, under the urgent entreaty of Lord Broghill, and summarily dissolved them. They continued, however, to assemble in defiance of his authority. Anarchy was now openly proclaimed. The crisis was terrible to the name of Cromwell. Richard vacillated. Lord Howard, the only Cromwellian equal to the crisis, offered to rid the Protector of his four great enemies, Fleetwood, Lambert, Vane, and Desborough, either by public arrest and trial, or (more probably) by assassination. This was the only hope of the Protectorate—the sole condition of public order. The hour was pregnant with the destiny of ages. Richard refused to shed a drop of blood in defence of the cause for which the lives of thousands had fallen under the sway of his father. Howard repeated that his life was in peril. "I am thankful for your friendship," answered Richard meekly, "but violent courses suit not with me." Howard threw up his mission in disgust, and retired with Broghill to prepare for the restoration of the Stuarts.*

Richard, now abandoned to the tender mercies of the army, endea-

voured to gain by bribery the support of Monk. He offered him, in a word, £20,000. Monk equally mercenary with, but more shrewd than Richard, questioned the legal security; and declined the proposal. Wallingford House now unmasked itself, and demanded of Richard the dissolution of Parliament. Simultaneously the commanding officers in London openly set him at defiance. The *Coup d'Etat* was reversed. Desborough—a sort of mongrel between a clown and a general, and not very dissimilar to a Bandit Chief—abruptly entered Whitehall, and offered the Protector the alternative of a Dissolution by the army which should turn him adrift, or of a compliance which should ensure him the support of the army. Richard deserted and dissolved his Parliament, much as Charles had deserted Strafford. On the 22nd April, the dissolution took place. No sooner had the Protector abandoned the Parliament, than the army, in turn, abandoned the Protector. The veil dropped, when too late, from the vision of Richard: Wallingford House became the only depository of power: and the illustrious name of Cromwell passed for ever from the History of England.

The catastrophe of the Protectorate was accomplished; and the drama of the Restoration opened. License, violence, and pillage, ruled in the name of anarchy; and the Pandemonium of Wallingford House was now incontestibly supreme. Misery suggested the last expedient of the State—the Long Parliament was recalled. Jurists doubted if that venerable institution were not politically defunct; and a less thoughtful analysis suggested the probability that its component members might be naturally defunct also. The Generals, however, enquired little either into the *theory* of their collective, or the *fact* of their individual, dissolution. Forty-two gentlemen entered Westminster Hall, and announced that they had survived the changes and chances of this mortal life. The Long Parliament was accordingly constituted. But those who had retired, in 1653, as British Republicans,

* This we have on the authority of Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*. Vol. 1, p. 330.

in 1659, as Venetian Oligarchs. Two hundred and thirteen others asserted the right of sitting conjunctively with the forty-two; of these many may have been pretenders, but the claims of all were denied as spurious by the two and forty first-comers, on the ground that they had not sat since 1648. The minority legislated within—the majority grumbled without.

Richard Cromwell, the derision of Europe, yet lingered at Whitehall:

“Tripped by the slide of his own slippery feet,

The crown cajoled from Fortune by a trick,
 Fortune in turn outcheated from the cheat;
 Clapped her sly cap the glittering bauble on,
 Cried ‘Presto!’—raised it—and the gaud
 was gone!”

His duplicity was qualified only by his imbecility; and his imbecility in turn by a certain, low, natural cunning. Sunk into the last depth of degradation, he trafficked for money with the fortunes of his country. In consideration of an annuity of £20,000, he schemed the restoration of the Stuarts. Mazarin, meanwhile, offered him the military assistance of the French government, as a means of maintaining the English alliance. After having refused to arrest four manifest conspirators fairly amenable to punishment, he now endeavoured to bring over foreign troops, and plunge his country in a desolating war. Accepting Mazarin's offer, he first agreed to sacrifice the Stuarts, and then to sacrifice his country. Reproaching himself once more—in a conflict like that of Louis XIV.'s later years between conscience and inclination—he threw up the project, and renewed his relations with the Stuarts. Henry Cromwell, alone worthy of the name, seeing his brother irrevocably lost, steadfastly supported the cause of the exiles. Richard, meanwhile, ordered by parliament to quit Whitehall, clung to it with the tenacity of a child. He lingered, not for the traditions of his glory, but through a fear of arrest for debt! Parliament now assured him of £10,000 a year; he immediately retired with his bargain; and sold, for this mess of pottage, the birthright of the heir of Oliver Cromwell.

The country was now torn between a military oligarchy at Wallingford

House, and a civil oligarchy at Westminster Hall. This Revolution serves to place the country in the relation of the miller in John Barleycorn,—

“But a miller used him worst of all,
 For he ground him between two stones.”

The council of officers passed a “Humble Petition”—which was, in fact, a rigorous demand—that Fleetwood should be commander-in-chief. This the Long Parliament, with equal boldness, violently repudiated. The two powers directly clashed; one or other must inevitably give way.

It may be curious to learn how a parliamentary body discharged at once its legislative and executive functions. “Government,” in its more usual sense, was maintained under the Long Parliament by committees, which sat like committees of enquiry at this day, and administered each the business of a single department. Throughout the country, commissioners were appointed to discharge the local executive. A committee of safety, afterwards replaced by a council of state consisting of thirty-one members, held the supreme administrative power. The committees discharged the part of ministers individually. The commissioners corresponded to our Lords Lieutenant, with this difference, that they had positive duties to perform. Finally, the committee of safety formed the cabinet of the day, in subordination to the sovereign parliament. Such, then, was the government of the United Kingdom under a transient oligarchy, headed neither by a King, a Protector, or by so much as a Duke.

The long-deferred expectations of the Royalists were now at their height. By every means the exiled court were daily scheming for the Restoration. Hyde, afterwards the hated Clarendon, was the Prime Minister as much of the exiled heir of the Stuarts as of the restored sovereign. His activity in this respect may be fairly illustrated in the following letter addressed by him to Mordaunt, from Breda, and contained in the *Clarendon State Papers* :—

“Methinks the most popular way of provoking Cromwell should be by a sharp prosecution of those criminal persons whom he must protect. . . . There is one other thing that our friends will not fail to watch,

which is to do all that may be, to make a war with Holland, in which the honour and trade of the nation is so much concerned—iii. 433.

These, then, were the sordid and unscrupulous devices to which an exiled court, professing an ardent patriotism, and practising every species of moral and political profligacy, could resort. Not only were they willing, with a meanness and dishonesty almost without parallel in the history of other times, to sanction every insidious method for the undermining of the existing government; but they were ready even to throw their country into the worst calamities of war—to choose even such a war as should visit the British name with dishonour, turn its glory into derision, cripple or destroy its commerce, and not impossibly transfer to other hands the mastery of the ocean. If the outrageous misgovernment of Charles I. had not fairly escheated the moral claim of the Stuart dynasty to the throne of these realms, the work of disherison was surely completed by the treason of his family and their ministers during their exile on the Continent. When Charles II. returned in 1660, to take possession of the throne of his ancestors, Clarendon, the chosen minister of this profligate prince, deserved undoubtedly to have been hanged. The splendour of the career which, on the contrary, then opened upon him, was a fitting emblem of the disastrous and disgraceful policy which he initiated when in power, and which brought about the derision of this country in the eyes of Europe, during the nearly thirty years intervening between that period and the accession of William III.

The Royalist party, however, was visibly gaining strength during the sitting of the Long Parliament. The Presbyterians had, from the first, clamoured rather for reform than for revolution. They had wisely acquiesced in the Commonwealth when once established: but their hatred of Cromwell and their later experience of the anarchy which his death had introduced, served to revive their allegiance to the Stuarts. The Cromwellians, too, who were equally opposed to the tyranny of an oligarchical government and to the wild chimeras of the Republicans, now

began to support the same policy, which, since the deposition of Richard Cromwell, presented the only element of monarchical government then left to England. A generation, moreover, of younger men was now fast rising into prominence, connected by no political antecedents with any of the traditions of the civil war, growing wearied of the instability of the revolutionary governments, and instinctively desiring the return of the exiled court. In addition to the Royalist recruits thus obtained from these three different sources, several of the more considerable depositaries of power had not yet declared themselves; and were all probably possessed of the suppleness which would serve to throw their strength into the heavier scale.

But Charles and James, impatient for the natural tide of fortune, now endeavoured to conquer their doubtful rights. It appears that Condé and Turenne offered to each of them a body of troops. The latter general alone placed 5,000 men at their disposal. These forces were to embark from Calais, and to act in concert with the insurrectionary force commanded by Sir George Booth, and already in the field. It was now August, in the year 1659. Charles was at Calais—James at Bordeaux. Both were ready for their daring assault upon the independence of their country. Booth was already master of the principal towns in the west of England. But his speedy defeat by Lambert put an end once more to the day-dream of the Stuarts; and the apprehension of the Long Parliament for their return was soon changed into a fear of dissolution at the hands of their own victorious general, Lambert.

The impolicy of this scheme of the Stuarts is strikingly set forth in the following note from M. de Bordeaux, the French ambassador in London, who was well versed in the state of parties in England:—

M. DE BORDEAUX TO M. DE BRIENNE.

London, Dec. 29, 1659.

SIR, . . . The most influential are of opinion that it would cause the entire ruin of their affairs if the people apprehended the return of the King of England with foreign troops; for the parties which are now in arms are not so much embittered against each other but that the slightest likelihood

of the Prince's return would reunite them ; the greater number of those who wish him back do not desire to see him in a position to exercise absolute authority, but rather necessitated to grant them all the conditions they may desire. *This capitulation can only be made by a free parliament, &c. ii. p. 310.*

The wisdom of this conviction is strikingly illustrated in the actual result. The conduct of Charles, like that pursued by Bonaparte a century and a half later, would have destroyed the only hopes of his party. The divisions of the Congress of Vienna might ultimately have made way for the return of Napoleon, as the divisions of England made way for the return of Charles. But the violent policy of the one, like the violent policy of the other, would simply have presented him in the character of a common enemy.

A new phasis of fortune now darkened the hopes of the Stuarts and terminated the existence of the Long Parliament oligarchs with their committee-governments. Lambert, imitating the policy without possessing the genius of Cromwell, marched back in triumph to London, and entered the capital at the head of his troops. The Long Parliament feebly encountered his hostility, by stationing a few military detachments in different quarters of the metropolis. Now followed a scene of anarchy illustrating the complete debauchery of the army. If the Long Parliament, whose dissolution Lambert had formally proclaimed, had any legal authority whatever, the military in their pay could only regard Lambert as a traitor. Yet, what was the result ? Colonel Moss, at the head of the parliamentary force, encountered Lambert in the streets of London ; and there ensued, not a contest, but a parley ! Some of Moss's troops went over to Lambert, and some of Lambert's to Moss ! In this state of defection, Haslerig applied to the city for assistance. The city coolly replied, " that they did not wish to interfere in the quarrel." " The public," they added, "*took no interest either in the quarrel or the combatants !*" The council of state now met, Lambert being of their number. It was agreed by these functionaries that the parliament should exist no longer—in other words, the Ministers abolished their Sovereign !

Thus ended the resuscitated existence of the Long Parliament.

The end drew near. The drama of Monk—the well-known prelude of the Restoration—succeeded. To Monk the thoughts of all were involuntarily turned. He alone was in a position of real and independent authority. Lambert could not count for a moment on the fidelity of his troops, or on the cohesion of his party. England was nearer to a state of anarchy than at any former period. Fleetwood, Lambert, Fairfax, and Desborough, were divided against each other. The tendency of all this to the restoration of the Stuarts is thus illustrated :—

M. DE BORDEAUX TO CARDINAL MAZARIN.

London, Dec. 29, 1659.

MY LORD,—The duplicate of my letter to M. de Brienne will inform your Eminence of what has passed in England since my last despatch. I may add, however, that it appears to me that there is a great cabal of the nobles and principal Presbyterians ; their design is to induce the Common Council, in spite of the mayor, to demand the restoration of the Long Parliament but with all the members who were excluded from it before the death of the King, *feeling sure that they will recall his son* on the conditions which he granted in the Isle of Wight, and if your Eminence judges it advisable that I should make advances to any party, you will, if you please, let me know : meanwhile, in order to disoblige none, I shall continue to speak fair words to all.—Vol. ii., pp. 313-15.

The unfailing insight of Bordeaux told him that nearly every element of government was exhausted. The inevitable alternative of Monk or Charles Stuart was more and more plainly staring in the face the discomfited leaders of the Commonwealth in England.

No character is more interesting to analyze than that of Monk. " He had," said M. Guizot, with great truth, " no fixed principles, no strong passions, no great political ambition." He was, indeed, without exaggeration, the coolest scoundrel of the Commonwealth. His judgment was of an order by no means inferior to that of Cromwell : he was below him only in point of promptitude and decision, so far as civil characteristics are concerned. A less prudent man would inevitably have been lost in the diffi-

culties through which he had to shape his way. Yet Monk, with all this aptitude for ruling the body politic, seemed totally unable to rule his own household. His wife was a model at once of moral and political indiscretion. She had been at first his mistress: and an extremely coarse and vulgar woman, if we may believe contemporary records, she must have been. Raised to the dignity of his wife, and entrusted with his political secrets, she proclaimed them with a success which the town-criers of Edinburgh might have fairly envied. So completely futile were the attempts of her husband to keep her within the bounds either of subjection or discretion, that Mrs. Monk was given over by the General to the prudential lectures of his chaplain Price, who was charged to exhort her into an appreciation of the danger in which imprudent disclosures would involve her husband. Mrs. Monk, we need scarcely add, was actuated to this conduct mainly by her ambition for the General. Born in very low condition, she was intoxicated with the distinction to which her husband seemed likely to be raised. But she openly favoured the Stuart cause, chiefly, as M. Guizot suspects, through an ardour common to people of very plebeian extraction when raised to positions of eminence, to identify herself with the highest classes of society. Monk, however, soon found his chaplain Price no less indiscreet than his wife whom he had set him to admonish; and once exclaimed that between the conduct of his wife and his chaplain he should be altogether undone.

Monk's natural taciturnity lent aid, no doubt, to his masterly dissimulation. But even when on occasions, that taciturnity was laid aside, his conversation and letters exhibit the coolest duplicity that we have ever encountered in history. Determined in no way to commit himself until the tide of fortune should be beyond reverse, he had watched Sir George Booth's royalist insurrection with a coolness which exasperated all classes around him. "What, Mr. Price," said he to his loquacious chaplain, "will you then bring my neck to the block for the king, and ruin our

whole design by engaging too rashly?" This conversation took place on the day previously to that on which the intelligence of Booth's defeat reached him. "What," said Price, on the next day, "would you have done, if the news of Lambert's beating of Booth had surprised us in the first appearance of our design?" Monk answered, "I doubt not but I could have secured the Castle of Edinburgh and Citadel of Leith: some officers and many soldiers would have followed me; and then I would have *commissioned* (!) the whole Scottish nation to rise." But the best part of the story remains to be told. Monk had a dinner party on that day. He was to entertain a cloud of Anabaptists, Quakers, and other equally luminous sectarians, who regarded Charles as the vice-gerent of the devil. This Saturnalia of dissent and fanaticism was to be held in honour of the triumph of Lambert, and the discomfiture of Booth. Taciturnity on such an occasion, by the Governor of the kingdom, was out of the question. "I could wish," said Monk solemnly, with a coolness which must have amused those behind the scenes, "that whoever should but mention the restoring of him (Charles Stuart) should be presently hanged!"*

Monk, having now patiently witnessed the conclusion of the different dramas of Government, proceeded to action. He formally adopted the cause of the Long Parliament against Lambert, this course being consistent both with a republican and ultimately royalist policy. To the aged Lenthall, the speaker of the house, he wrote as follows, with characteristic duplicity:—

I do call God to witness that the asserting of a Commonwealth is the only intent of my heart; and I desire, if possible, to avoid the shedding of blood. *But if my army will not obey you, I will not desert you, according to my duty.*—*Monk's Letters.*

On the 18th of November, he commenced his march for London; and his open espousal of the parliamentary cause, disarmed the suspicion of his perfidy to the Republicans. He had many circumstances in his favour. His army was well provided for, well

* This account is given in Price's Memoirs. It is also corroborated by Baker's Chronicle.

paid, well disciplined, well accoutred, and well fed. The hostile army under Lambert, meanwhile, was starved, debauched, penniless and disabled. Monk had by various means possessed himself of £70,000, which by a sacrifice without parallel on the part of so penurious a man, he was prepared to expend on the march of his army. Historians give him credit for having been honestly possessed of a sum so considerable in that age; but there is every evidence, both internal and external, to question their verdict;—it is difficult to regard it as representing the result of his legitimate savings, and it is certain that Monk was as unscrupulous as he was mercenary.

Mr. Macaulay's representation of the glowing patriotism of the Scottish army under Monk, does not appear to be more than partially borne out by M. Guizot's testimony, or by that even of other contemporary writers than those to whom he has referred. Mr. Macaulay thus describes the sentiments of Monk's army:—

The army of Scotland had borne no part in the late revolution, and had seen them with indignation resembling the indignation which the Roman legions posted on the Danube and the Euphrates felt, when they learned that the empire had been put up to sale by the Prætorian guards. It was intolerable that certain regiments should, merely because they happened to be quartered near Westminster, take on themselves to make and unmake several governments in the course of half a year.—i. 145.

It would rather seem that the troops of Monk were ready to follow their leader's behests while they were paid, without being possessed of any such magnanimity as Mr. Macaulay does them the honour to ascribe to them.

We propose to bring into contrast the characterization of Monk by M. Guizot, and Mr. Macaulay; inasmuch as we shall thus elucidate the question, whether the present work has thrown any additional light on that point of the history of the Commonwealth. Mr. Macaulay's history may fairly be held to represent the industry which, up to the period of its publication, had been devoted to the records of this period. That writer, then, describes the policy and opinions of Monk, in the juncture of his march on London, in the words:—

In the mean time Monk was advancing

towards London. Wherever he came, the gentry flocked round him, imploring him to use his power for the purpose of restoring peace and liberty to the distracted nation. The General, cold-blooded, taciturn, zealous for no polity and for no religion, maintained an impenetrable reserve. *What were at this time his plans, and whether he had any plan, may well be doubted.*—i. 147.

Now it is certain that Price's Memoirs describe Monk, amid a guise of the deepest dissimulation, as bent on the restoration of the Stuarts, if it could possibly be achieved without imminent danger to himself. This, in fact, appears to have been a settled understanding between Monk, and his wife and chaplain, who seemed to form his privy council. The freedom with which Monk trusted to their discretion, and the freedom with which they chattered abroad his designs, are certainly inconsistent with the usual caution and prudence of the General. But independently of any other circumstances, we should be ready to stake the settled policy of Monk in favour of the restitution of the Stuarts, on the fact that he declined to interfere in the government of England, during any of those earlier revolutions which, favourable as they would have been to his own exaltation, did not seem calculated to afford scope for a successful demonstration on behalf of the Royalists. When, however, the divisions of the army, after the second expulsion of the Long Parliament, had gradually exhausted all the powerful sources of opposition, and thereby left room for a policy either of usurpation or of restoration in the hands of Monk, we find that that General seized his opportunity, threw himself into the vortex of English politics, entered into correspondence with the Stuarts, and, assuredly without the intervention of any delay fairly chargeable on himself, effected the Restoration. It appears, moreover, from a passage which we have already quoted, that this determination was no secret from Price so early as the insurrection of Sir George Booth.

"What would you have done," said Price to his superior, "if the news of Lambert's beating of Booth had surprised us in the first appearance of our design?" This enquiry, with Monk's answer (already quoted), most clearly implies that a settled

policy had been then already enunciated by the General. And that this determination was not merely a transient scheme, created by the rise, and destroyed by the discomfiture of Booth's movement, we gather from the subsequent conversations of Monk with his chaplain. In fact, it appears that on this very journey to London, in the course of which Mr. Macaulay ascribes to him the absence of all plan or design, Price informs us that Monk said to him in a confidential tone (in speaking of the Restoration of the Stuarts), "by God's help, I will do it."

The general taciturnity of Monk, which was the secret of his success, has strangely been the cause of his disparagement. His design, saving only the instances of his indiscretion towards his chaplain and his wife, were veiled in too great obscurity to be easily detected. Monk, in fact, was an inimitable diplomatist, while he was an indifferent general. No one will pretend that he displayed the daring or the depth of Cromwell, any more than it will be pretended that he was possessed of his ambition. Essentially a soldier, he loved discipline—a love of military discipline begat a love of political order, and a love of political order sought its realisation first in Oliver Cromwell, and next in Charles Stuart. Mr. Macaulay, indeed, charges him with a want of foresight: this charge he makes no attempt to substantiate; and the manner in which Monk passed from an unconditional acquiescence in the government of the Great Protector to the countenancing of designs, not only against the generals who a second time subverted the Long Parliament—not only against the Long Parliament itself, in its session of 1659, but against the very Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, serves rather to illustrate the foresight which convinced him that (unless, indeed, he were prepared to avail himself of any crisis which should place within his own grasp the military dictatorship which had been held by Cromwell,) the only remaining alternative for England, on the death of Oliver, existed in the Restoration.

Such, then, being the settled policy of Monk, let us now observe the manner in which he outwitted the Republican leaders. These men were

the victims of every kind of dissension—of every possible division of counsel. The Committee of Safety, or the Council of State (alternately, according to the revolution of the hour, at the head of affairs in London), one day assumed towards Monk the character of open enemies, and the next that of disguised sycophants. Scarcely had these sublime authorities overruled by a narrow majority the proposal of Whitelock, that Lambert should attack the army of Monk, when they passed a resolution, on the 19th of November, appointing the Caledonian dissimulator General-in-Chief of all the forces of England and Scotland! Lambert, his rival and enemy, became at once his subordinate. One barrier alone interposed itself to the ruin of the generals of the Commonwealth. Monk had sent forward Commissioners to treat with whatever government they might find on reaching London. The Committee of Safety, now chiefly composed of anti-Parliamentary Republicans, eagerly duped these Commissioners into the conclusion of a Convention arresting the progress of Monk. This Convention reached Monk on the frontier. To ratify it, would be tantamount to an abdication of all his political designs. To repudiate it, would constitute an open declaration against the existing authority of Whitehall. In this dilemma, and disregarding the counsels of his associates who were confounded by this apparently inevitable alternative, Monk replied, that "the obscurity of the terms rendered essential a suspension of the ratification demanded," required the immediate removal of the negotiation to a frontier town, and added fresh Commissioners to those who had been so fatally infected by the Republican atmosphere of the capital—at once maintaining his pacific relations, and precipitating his march, he immediately moved on Berwick, and entered the English territory on the 1st of January, 1660.

This intelligence struck a panic among the usurpers of power in London. The city gained courage, and openly set them at defiance. Lawson, the admiral in command of the English fleet, declared that he would recognise no authority but that of the expelled Parliament. The country

declared against the Executive. In this desperate position of affairs, with avowed enemies to their usurpation on every side, the army in the capital revolted from their allegiance, and, for a third time, established the obnoxious Parliament in their stead.

The usurpers became fugitives. Desborough fled to Lambert's camp. The starving army of Lambert in turn disbanded, and he himself fled without a refuge. Fairfax had risen against Lambert, and Monk had crossed the frontier to support this move of his lieutenant. The two-and-forty oligarchs—restored neither by the Crown nor the generals, but by the common soldiery—had reassembled at Westminster on the 26th of December. All being now powerless but Monk, no diplomacy could shield their apprehension of his designs. Tyrants and sycophants in turn, they proceeded to expel and dispossess the generals who had formerly taken part against them; while they voted to Monk, whom they began to hate more than all, an estate worth £1,000 per annum. At the same time they wrote him a letter, couched in the coldest terms, and discouraging as impolitic his march on London. To complete their Venetian character, they sent two Commissioners to his camp, investing them with a power of controlling his movements, like the government of the great Italian Republic, when unable to rely on the fidelity of a foreign commander.

At St. Alban's, which Monk reached on the 28th of January, that general, we should have thought, fairly threw off his mask. From that place he demanded the immediate withdrawal of the troops then in London, and their replacement by his own. Even this concession was made! It caused, indeed, momentary alarm, allayed, in the words of Ludlow and Haslerig, "by sparks of hope that Monk could not be such a devil as to betray a trust so freely reposed in him"—(See Ludlow's Memoirs).

"Such a devil," however, was Monk. He entered London on the 3rd of February, and proceeded on the following day to the Council of State. Its President then desired him to take an oath of abjuration against the Stuarts. "I must crave leave," answered the arch-dissimula-

tor, "to demur; for I know not how this oath will relish with my army, who are very tender on that point; for many of them are of opinion that it is not lawful to swear against the Providence of God!"

Yet even now Monk's designs were inscrutable for the most sagacious. So late as the 5th of February, the day after the enunciation of this solemn and monstrous humbug, we find Mordaunt writing to the King, "Monk hath pulled off the mask; he is clearly republican."—(Clarendon State Papers).

It is to be observed that the city of London, and not Monk, assumed the decisive initiative of the Restoration. They declared for a full and free Parliament, refusing the payment of taxes except by such authority. The Council of State ordered Monk to bring the refractory corporation to terms. Monk of necessity complied, unless he were ready on the instant to repudiate their authority. Scarcely had he achieved the subjection of the city, when he found himself discredited throughout the country. The destined restorer of the monarchy had degraded himself into the agent of an effete, a tyrannising, and an odious oligarchy. Monk suddenly found himself on the verge of ruin. There was no time to be lost, if he would regain his high estate. In order, therefore, to reconcile the city, he publicly declared for a free parliament, which should be convened not later than the 7th of May. The existing parliament, being the Rump, was to be opened forthwith to the ejected members. The result is too notorious to be here chronicled. But it is clear that the successful revolution against the dominance of the Rump was chiefly to be ascribed to that liberal yet conservative city of London, which had protected the Long Parliament from the tyranny of Charles I., and had risen against it in turn, when it ceased to discharge the duties of its office.

The Restoration was now a *fait accompli*. "The Court" was soon virtually transferred to Breda; there every one sought for places and for power. Cardinal Mazarin, who had long treated Charles Stuart with contempt, vied with Monk in becoming the negotiator of the Restoration. The Presbyterians, clearly distrusting

being closed, though containing an immense supply of goods in the emblem line, I asked the cause of the impending crash, and was told that the booth belonged to a fairy house which had during the war carried on a vast business in eagles, tridents, British lions, trumps of discord, thunderbolts, &c. ; but the peace had taken them by surprise ; not only were they left with a glut of poetical artillery on their little hands, but more than one poet, who, (reckoning on a scale of victories commensurate with the renown of England and the zeal of her people) had made imprudent investments in warlike imagery, had unceremoniously returned their superfluous thunderbolts and spare tridents, and thus reduced the unfortunate fairy firm to bankruptcy.

Over another booth in the same declining business, I saw inscribed in huge letters, nearly the tenth of an inch long, "Tremendous Sacrifice;" and you could there have had lions and eagles enough for an *Iliad*, almost for the trouble of carrying them off. Bavius made a considerable purchase with a view to the possible contingency of an American war.

On the other hand the little merchants in the Peace-Emblem line were full of business and full of glee. Large orders were arriving every moment for doves, lambs, olive-branches, cornu-copias, sickles made out of old swords, and flasks of fairy oil to pour upon the troubled waters. I saw many bales of these commodities lying packed up, directed to several minor minstrels of the day ; so that a deluge may soon be expected of odes to Peace and stanzas to *Astræa Redux*. The bales, by the bye, had in general a very heavy odour, proceeding (as I ascertained) from the flasks of oil I have just mentioned, which was evidently rancid ; and no wonder, since the most of it was what remained on hand after the peace of 1815, and probably was not very fresh upon that occasion.

I was pleased with the alacrity of the fairy artificers in taking hints from all quarters for the production of anything new in the emblematic line. In the booth of Hark and Spark I was struck by two very ingenious novelties ; one was an eagle with an olive-branch in his beak, and the other was a dove bearing a thunder-

bolt. Spark informed me that they had taken the idea of the eagle and olive-branch from the whimsical employment of the quill of the imperial bird to sign the treaty of Paris ; and Hark added that it was only fair the dove should take the eagle's office, since the eagle had usurped that of the dove.

In another part of the fair I saw a trade carried on, which afforded a clear explanation of the recent rapid multiplication of *Artemisias*, *Corinnas*, and *Rosa-Matildas* in every branch of literature. This was the hosiery department, in which several sections were devoted exclusively to the sale of stockings of the peculiar colour of *Minerva's eyes*. I asked the price of the bluest ; it was such a mere trifle that I could only wonder there was a lady anywhere to be met with, unprovided with at least one pair. You may guess how great a crowd of ambitious maids and matrons surrounded a booth so attractive to the sex as this. I saw *Azurina* there, *Studiosa Brunetta*, and *Clara Cærulea*, all so intent upon this one article of dress as to neglect almost every other. *Azurina's* shoe-strings were dangling about her heels ; *Cærulea* looked an impersonation of one of her own novels after six months' wear and tear of a circulating library ; and it seemed to me that *Brunetta* might have been laying out her money more properly at one of the booths where soaps and cosmetics of all kinds were exposed for sale.

I have already mentioned the inexhaustible supply of air of all degrees of fineness in *Faeryland* ; they not only build with it, but use it in the fabrication of a thousand ingenious and pretty things. A department in the fair was assigned to air manufactures. I saw exhibited judicial wigs made of air for aspiring barristers ; air-mitres for sanguine country clergymen ; air-frigates for veteran lieutenants in the navy ; and the most charming wedding dresses made of the same exquisite stuff for young ladies beginning to dream of settlements for life. Under a gas-case, also, I observed a few diadems, sceptres, and other regalia, wrought of very fine air, indeed, but rather dim, as it appeared to me ; upon enquiry I found the articles had been made expressly for the wandering princess of the House

of Bourbon; but the manufacturer, to prove his impartiality, exhibited simultaneously a cap of liberty for modern French wear, made of the self-same vapoury material, the very thinnest that ever passed through an air-loom. I was assured and have reason to believe that this is the only cap of the kind worn at present by our fanciful French neighbours.

The Bubble booth, in the same quarter, was one of the most attractive. There I saw bubbles of all sizes, forms, and colours, for there is air in Faeryland of every tint, and the great art of bubble-making struck me to consist in dexterously mingling sober colours with brilliant ones, so as to fascinate the grave as well as the gay, and impose on the solemnest greybeard as well as on the most sanguine young enthusiast. The bubbles that seemed most attractive, judging by the crowds that stood admiring them, were in the form of Railway Companies and Provincial Banks. But there were not a few political and religious bubbles also, which I deliberately abstain from describing, lest I should be suspected of being a fairy-agent, and indirectly puffing their most objectionable wares.

Often as I had heard of poetic licences, it was now for the first time I discovered where and by whom they were granted. Observing a mob of odd-featured people of both sexes, their eyes rolling about in a frenzied manner, their attire loose and neglected, and many of them looking as if dinners were not matters of routine in their daily lives;—observing them, I say, flocking into a place like an office, and coming out of it again with papers in their hands like writs or warrants, I enquired what all this meant, and was told that this was the Poetic-Licence-Office, and that the gentlemen and ladies going in and out were poets and poetesses from every

part of the world, (numbers from the United States) who had come to Faeryland to provide themselves with instruments so important in their vocation. King Oberon must make a handsome revenue in this way, as handsome perhaps as the Popes sometimes make by the sale of indulgences, to which indeed these licences to commit all sorts of poetical crimes bear a strong family resemblance. Unfortunately, too, the fees payable are so ridiculously small, as to place these dangerous privileges within the reach of the poorest creatures that ever stationed themselves on the Muses' Hill to beg an obolus from a passing bookseller, or at the door of Genius to catch the crumbs that fall from his rich table.

Nor (to make the matter worse) is there any power of revocation exercised. No matter how execrably the privilege may be abused, it continues in full force; the only check consisting in the liberty which the public happily enjoys of discouraging verse-mongers and song-writers by steadily refusing to read them; just as we get rid of another member of the same fraternity, the organ-grinder, from before our doors, by firmly declining to give him a doit.

The most fascinating booth of the next department was that of Messrs. Spy and Pry, the celebrated fairy opticians; inventors and patentees, among other things, of the admirable Rosy Spectacles; an instrument not only highly curious, but eminently beneficial to the mental vision even more than to the physical; and confidently recommended for its success in curing one of the most unpleasant maladies to which the mind's eye is subject. The properties and uses, however, of these spectacles will be more suitably treated of in a short separate paper which I propose to devote to them.

MOONLIGHT.

1.

It was a satyr sung under a vine,
Shaking the grapes in the light of the moon;
Wet was his beard with a rare juicy wine.
Hark to the cymbal clash! Hark to its tune!

2.

Welcome he played in the mid-forest glade
To the nymphs who danced nightly upon the green sod,
Where the hoofs of the satyrs a circle had made,
As they trod out a measure in praise of their God.

3.

The wind of the midnight crept under each leaf,
As if it would whisper some tale that it knew,
For long had it nestled within a wheatsheaf,
And slept in the cup of a lily-bell blue.

4.

Far away in the west lay a forest of pines,
Looking over the yellow cliffs into the sea ;
While, perched like a white dove above their dark lines,
A Temple of Jove held his mystic decree.

5.

Leapt out from earth's bondage beneath its tall fane
The strength of a torrent all bearded with spray,
While, like a loud trumpet, it sung to the main,
And waved like a plume in the moonlight's bright ray.

6.

But hark to the cymbal-clash ! Hark to the song
That steals thro' the trees like a spirit of life,
To seize on the nymphs and to bear them along
To dance on the sod in a bacchanal strife.

7.

Ah ! how could they linger, and hear that sweet lute,
That the nightingale often had rivalled in vain,
That weaned from his quarry the tawny-barred brute,
And fell on the heart like a summer-tide rain.

8.

Oh ! lightly they press thro' the grape-laden vines,
Singing sweet snatches of silvery song,
While with a rare beauty each white bosom shines,
As the polished swell rises each note to prolong ?

9.

Wrapped in a leopard skin, looped at the waist,
Lily-bells twisted amid their dark locks,
Oh ! where were there ever such beings as graced
The haunts of the satyrs amid the grey rocks.

10.

Hark ! to the hoof-tramp that beats on the ground,
As they greet the wood-beauties with many a freak.
Hark ! to the shout as, with hands clasped around,
The beards of the satyrs brush many a cheek.

11.

Io ! for Bacchus. Io ! for the grape.
 The trees seem to spin with their dance of delight,
 While like a bright spirit beside each rough shape
 The forms of the wood-nymphs fling back the moonlight.

12.

They tread like a shadow upon the green sward,
 Leaving the dainty grape plump at their feet ;
 Ripe for the hoof of their bacchanal lord,
 To crush as they nimbly keep the time-beat.

13.

Into the underwood, from it again,
 Winning the satyrs with many a wile,
 Glancing like rosy lights over a plain,
 Wooing the weary one many a mile.

14.

Foreheads all beaded like dew on a rose,
 The polish is moist on each beautiful limb,
 While brimful of langour their white eyelids close,
 And the leopard-skin droops o'er each waist, lily-skin

15.

Reeling the satyr-group shout out their joy,
 Flinging their cymbals away with delight,
 Prancing and bounding as if they'd destroy
 The wine cups that mirror the Queen of the night.

16.

Fiercely they clutch on each beaker of wine,
 Pledging the snowy-limbed nymphs of the dance,
 Their horns twined around with the wreaths of the vine,
 And the South's sultry fire in their quick searching glance.

Dips into the valley the white harvest moon ;
 A fleecy cloud sails o'er the brow of the night ;
 From afar on the ear comes the wild mystic rune,
 Where the reeds sway together within the moonlight.

18.

The stars draw around them their mantles of blue ;
 The red lips of morn kiss the hills in the east ;
 On the golden eared wheat hangs the silver white dew ;
 A bee flies away, from a lily released.

19.

But alas ! to the depths of the forest unknown
 Hast the satyr-group fled with the bright nymphs away,
 And the scene of their revels, deserted and lone,
 Woods the deer to its rest in the noon of the day.

with the truth of a Pre-Raphaelite, but without his pedantry; while a new Pre-Raphaelite, Mr. Burton, an Irishman who does credit to his country, has painted a fatal duel—a cavalier has fallen by the hand of a Puritan rival, and the *teterrima causa*, a loving woman, bends over the former in misery—and has painted it most thoughtfully. If to these notes we add that Baron Marochetti has ventured on tinted marble in the sculpture den; that Greek forms of female loveliness have been sedulously and beautifully reproduced by reverent hands; that the bust-portraits are numerous and many of them excellent—the William Russell of the Crimea, by Tussaud, the Samuel Warren, by Earle, being noticeable; and the English Attorney General and others, by that best of jolly and genial Irishmen, John E. Jones, being singularly good—and that Macdowell's exquisite grace, and Munro's original vigour are well illustrated, we had better close the list, for there are thirteen hundred and seventy-six works to talk about, and it is late in the month.

Touching the Poison, there has seldom been a criminal case since that of Thurtell and Weare, in which the intense interest taken by the nation in the investigation has been so entirely apart from any interest in the sufferer or his supposed assassin—for so the latter must be spoken of, the trial still pending as we write. They were both members of "the betting fraternity," an institution of the country which numbers its exceptional list of honourable men, but which, as a mass, represents folly, cunning, and dirty rascality. The man who was poisoned (that he was so is distinctly sworn to by the first medical talent in England, and the fact may be taken as established) was at best a weak and, as is also proved, a vulgarly immoral man, and the accused person was a sporting surgeon. Yet the excitement which the case has caused is extraordinary. The late Premier of England is daily on the bench, as is a late witty Colonial Secretary, who has once been so carried away by the interest of the trial, as to forget that he was a mere spectator, and to ask, aloud, of one of the officials whether a document contained a certain signature. Demands for admission were

poured in by the thousand; and happy is the man who is permitted to sit, day by day, in that stifling court, to watch the process by which it is to be discovered whether a country surgeon destroyed another betting man. The subject is the theme in all circles, and even the necessarily disgusting medical evidence is *rechauffé*, from day by day, and each step by which law is supposed to be gaining upon crime is carefully marked. A strong array of legal talent musters on both sides, the keen, shrewd, resolute Attorney-General being pitted against the eloquent Shea, and the juniors being nearly all men of mark. No point will be lost on either side; and if, as the lawyers say is the case, a trial by jury be the most perfect machine for disengaging truth from falsehood and error, it will seldom have been more satisfactorily worked than in the investigation now pending. Perhaps even more important than the result of the case itself are the deductions that will be drawn from the medical evidence which has been brought out. Never, since the great Oyer of poisoning, have the various means of destruction which science places within the reach of the chemist been laid open more completely to the public eye; and it is far from improbable that certain disastrous results will ere long be found to have arisen from the broadcast sowing of a knowledge better withheld from the non-professional world. Should the balance of evidence leave an impression on the public mind that a certain poison is not to be detected, we may have hereafter to regret that every syllable uttered by the witnesses has been reported so accurately and divulged so extensively. But the immediate interest of society is with the decision; and this, in suspense while these lines are being written, will be given before they are read. It is undesirable to enter more accurately into the case while it is incomplete, but it is impossible to pass it over while enumerating the elements which May has introduced into our social interchange of opinion.

And now, touching these Pyrotechnics, the last *scintilla* of which will have burned out before publishing-day. The subject occupies us very much; but we are proud to say

that London is not thinking so much of Catherine wheels and Roman candles as of another matter. For once we have perfect confidence in the government. It is matter of regret that some fatal accidents have already happened at Woolwich, and indeed more lives, it is stated, have been lost in making the peace fireworks than were sacrificed at the Arsenal during the whole war. But as regards the result of the labours at the factory we are quite calm. The government has plenty of money, and, moreover, has taken up this firework show rather obstinately as a matter of its own, and will therefore do its best to make that show a worthy one. Whether the directors have a new plan of their own, or whether we are to have a set of "Temples of Concord," modelled upon the idea of 1814, at which the best artists of the day assisted, we do not care. If the government adheres to precedents, the pictures of the old show are in the windows in Fleet-street; the effect looks fine, and our fathers declare that it was splendid. But this we leave to the authorities. What we particularly want to know is, whether London is to be given up that night to the rabble—we mean the dangerous classes—who, it is stated, are organizing for riot and burglary. There is a Latin saying about the memory of past labours being pleasant, and it will be very gratifying, on the 1st of June, to read that we have disquieted ourselves in vain. But at this present writing there is nothing vain in the matter. On that night it is idle to expect that a servant will remain at home to protect your house. If your amiable wife and excitable daughters—to say nothing of young Pickleherring, home from the Rev. Dr. Swish-tail's—wish to see the fire-works, how are they to go without you to escort and protect them through the mob? *Argal*, the house must be left to itself. As for the police, nobody expects anything from them. Even the lesson of last year was lost upon them; and on the Trinity Sunday, when the demonstration was expected on account of the stoppage of the

"Sabbath music," they permitted the "roughs" to rush about Kensington Gardens, breaking the trees, and charging all decent persons. This was the non-interference policy. If that is to be practised on the 29th of this May, woe to London. Another cause of our trouble is concerning the illuminations. Nobody wants to light up at all; and as the shows will with everybody be the Parks, why, if you please, should we illuminate without a chance of spectators? But the government "seems to wish it," and this will be hint enough, and more than enough, for the patriotic glaziers and their accomplices, the "roughs." On the whole, therefore, we are looking forward to this national rejoicing with most uncomfortable anticipations; for while we are being crushed and trodden on in the Parks, we shall be reflecting that our houses are being pillaged and our windows smashed. "May the event prove better than our thoughts;" but we have a notion that we shall be made to remember the Peace rejoicings pretty much as King Herod intended that his subjects should remember his decease, that is, by virtue of some excessive private disagreeables. But never mind—up with the rockets! Let us have Catherine wheels in honour of Russian hereditary policy, likely to triumph in Circassia if not elsewhere; Jack-in-the-boxes for constitutional statesmen, who pop up with education schemes, and then disappear; Maroons to imitate cannon for fleets whose commanders do everything but fight; Roman candles for Austria and the glorious *concorlat*; and Serpents—but no, we must not be personal. But "when we have wearied ourselves with base comparisons," it is probable that we shall see a very grand sight; and it speaks well for our gentlemanly and liberal character as a nation, that having so very little to be thankful for, we shall have testified our gratitude by so overwhelming a manifestation as that we are now preparing with the fear and trembling aforesaid.

London, May 20th.

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MEMORIALS OF WELLINGTON.

"*Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictam bello Te coluere Duem :
Nunc umbrata geris Civili tempora Quæroâ,
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla Tum.*"

"*Europe and Asia, saved by Thee, proclaim
Invincible in War thy deathless name ;
Now round Thy Brows the Civic Oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be Thine.*"

THESE lines were written by the late Marquis Wellesley in his eighty-first year, and were intended to be engraved on the civic statue of the Duke of Wellington, erected by the citizens of London, in front of the Royal Exchange, in 1841. They appear in a small volume of classical poems, entitled "*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*," privately printed by the noble marquis, and distributed amongst his intimate friends a short time before his death. The Latin flows easily and is not inelegant, but by no means equal to other specimens in the same collection. Lord Wellesley was an accomplished scholar, who retained his early love of Greek and Roman lore to the latest period of his existence. He valued, and solaced himself in the decline of life with his Etonian reminiscences, as much as he prized the fame and honours derived from his Indian government and other high public offices. A pen so gifted should have resumed the theme, and have composed a more elaborate eulogium on his illustrious brother. We have reason to believe that he meditated something of the kind, but died too soon for its accomplishment. The aim was ambitious, but might have missed the mark. A happy subject and a favouring will do not always produce the desired object. Genius is arbitrary and wayward, and sometimes refuses to be fettered by rule or inclination. Waller was exceedingly anxious to propitiate Charles

II. by a complimentary ode, but it proved tame compared with his earlier panegyric on Cromwell ; and when the good-tempered monarch told him this without being affronted, and inquired the reason, the poet adroitly answered, "May it please your Majesty, it is much easier to describe fiction than truth." Personal friends, relatives, or intimate associates, are not always the happiest eulogists. Poets in particular write with more fervour, more genuine *extro*, when dealing with imaginary or remote subjects, than when commemorating events and persons belonging to their own times. Claudian may be quoted as an exception. His praises of his patron, Stilicho, compete in style and composition with the best efforts of the Augustan age, and drew from Scaliger (no lenient critic) the admission, that he has compensated for the poverty of his matter by the purity of his language, the happiness of his expressions, and the melody of his numbers.

In studying the character and transactions of the gifted few who have held in their hands the destinies of nations, and who may be looked upon as the selected instruments through whom the mighty schemes which regulate the world are carried out to their ordained completion, it is equally instructive and agreeable to turn sometimes from the sustained, solemn seriousness of didactic or his-

historical narrative, and to walk carelessly in the lighter fields of anecdote, everyday routine, or ordinary incident; to see greatness without its external attendants; to gaze closely on the objects of our habitual respect and admiration in their intervals of domestic privacy and familiar intercourse, when, for a season, they have put off the cumbrous panoply of command, and are no longer fenced in by the barriers of ceremony. In this view, such volumes as those we now propose to glance through hastily, are invested with a peculiar interest, which will never fail to prove acceptable to the general reader.* Great men are not always mounted on the stilts of office. They unbend like ordinary mortals, and recruit while they appear to relax the energies of mind and body by simple recreation.

The death of the Duke of Wellington naturally gave rise to many publications respecting his life and career, some of which, long written, had been suppressed for various reasons until that event occurred. Others sprang into existence on the spur of the moment, and not a few were suggested by the increased popularity of the subject, arising from his recent loss, and the deep, fervent, national regret with which men of all parties concurred in doing homage to his character, and in rendering a just tribute of respect and reverence to his memory. The subject will not easily tire, and many more volumes will yet be turned eagerly over before it may be pronounced *effete* or wearisome. When all is done, as everything must end at last—when eloquence and language have exhausted their power and variety, and when the historian has adorned impressive fact with the advantages of style and the charms of composition, his own published despatches and orders will be selected in preference, as exhibiting the truest reflex of his mind and opinions, the most faithful

portrait of his talents, and the clearest index to his unexaggerated character. It was long said and thought that the great Duke had preserved a complete chain of memoranda, notes, and reflections, on which he intended, in the leisure of repose, when full of years and honours, to construct an autobiography of his public career; and then, when this idea was abandoned, that his papers either were, or would be committed to the late Sir George Murray, his confidential quartermaster-general, to be revised and published under his auspices. Whatever may have been the intention, neither of these plans were ever carried into effect; nor has it yet transpired that any papers were left by his Grace which may become valuable for historical purposes, beyond those with which the public are already familiar. Sir William Napier's "*History of the Peninsular War*" may seem to render any future commentary on those memorable campaigns (comprised between 1808 and 1814) equally hopeless and superfluous; yet it has been stated in print that Sir George Murray considered it incomplete, and said, emphatically, that it was not *the book*; and the Duke of Wellington himself recorded in a published letter, that although he entertained the highest respect for the author, he had not read his history, lest he should become entangled in an endless controversy. Biographies of illustrious monarchs and ministers, of great generals and statesmen, written during their lives, must of necessity be incomplete, and composed with reserve, or from one-sided information. Important documents are often withheld through delicacy, which ceases to influence with the lapse of time, and when the parties referred to are no longer actors in the busy scene. Such memoirs cannot be entirely divested of partisanship, and must be tinged by the very diversified feelings of in-

* 1. "*Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge Advocate-General of the British Forces in the Peninsula, from 1812 to the close of the Peninsular War.*" Edited by Sir George Larpent, Bart. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. London: Bentley. 1853.

2. "*Passages from My Life; together with Memoirs of the Campaign of 1813 and 1814.*" By Baron Von Muffling. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1853.

3. "*Three Years with the Duke of Wellington in Private Life.*" By an Ex-Aid-de-Camp. Crown 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1853.

4. "*The Duke of Wellington.*" By Jules Maurel. Translated by Lord Ellesmere. Cr. 8vo. London: Murray. 1853.

5. "*Life and Character of the Duke of Wellington; a Discourse delivered by Lord Ellesmere.*" Crown 8vo. London: Murray. 1852.

interested supporters, or political opponents. In neither case are they to be depended on. Private friendship, or individual admiration, will colour highly on the one side; while party virulence, or personal dislike, will distort to utter deformity on the other. Historians reciprocate accusations of this bias in good set terms, and without ceremony. A noble contemporary, whose literary labours in the same walk are many and popular, pronounced of Sir Wm. Napier's work that it was a good *French* history of the Peninsular war; and Napier has said of Southey's, that it would be difficult to apply to a more copious source of error. In all probability, some future Tacitus or Napier will give the next generation but one, "A History of the Life and Times of Arthur, Duke of Wellington," in a tone of clear, uncompromising truth, which shall endure while the language lasts, as a text-book for the youth of England to study from as they admire. We feel quite satisfied that when this book is written, the character it describes will stand on a more lofty pinnacle even than it does at present; tested by time and reflection, and like gold purified by fire, it will obtain additional value from the ordeal of increasing investigation. In the meanwhile, we hail with avidity and thankfulness, all that falls from the pens of those who knew and associated with him; who either served under his command, or enjoyed his personal confidence. From all we learn something new, and that something we should regret if it were lost. Poetry, too, has been summoned to do honour to the mighty dead; but we cannot say that the tuneful Nine, although invoked by many, have responded warmly to the call—either Parnassus is slumbering or deserted. The present age is too deeply immersed in speculative science, in philosophical and theological theories, in calculations of worldly profit and loss, to become absorbed or enthusiastic in the higher regions of poetical imagination. Nothing in this way, in our humble

opinion, has gone beyond mediocrity, scarcely reaching the level of Addison's panegyric on Marlborough, which, judged by comparison, cannot rate at an exalted standard, and has but one passage of pretension—the well-known simile of the angel. We scarcely think the whole composition, even if we were to throw in the mass of the late effusions on the Duke of Wellington, worth the single impromptu epigram (by a writer whose name is not given), on hearing that the Duchess of Marlborough had offered £500 for the best poem on the Duke's life and actions.* We never heard that he received the reward, although we certainly think his ready compliment deserved it. Even money, the universal talisman, the veritable *aurum palpabile* itself, cannot always awaken the fire of genius. Several years ago, the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre offered £500 for the best prize comedy. The pay was liberal, and the competitors many. The appointed committee selected the best specimen that offered, but the public set no seal on the decision. The play soon died, and never returned the manager the money it had cost him. When the real "Rejected Addresses" for the opening of Drury-lane were published, not one possessed a spark of poetry, or a single claim to consideration. Amongst the tributary odes and elegies on the Duke of Wellington, there are, of course, some two or three better than the rest; but none that will enhance the reputation of the writers, or the glory of the deceased. Shakspeare speaks of a "bad epitaph" as a very undesirable appendage. A commonplace commemorative poem is not more to be coveted. Heroic deeds demand, and should create exalted verse; but although the names and actions of Achilles, Hector, and Agamemnon are much indebted to the majestic muse of Homer, it is surely better for departed greatness to remain unsung, than to be laboriously throned by harps that sound faintly, and without the swell of lofty inspiration.

* "Five hundred pounds! too small a boon,
To put the poet's muse in tune;
That nothing might escape her;
Should she rehearse the endless story
Of the immortal Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper!"

Let us indulge the hope that Apollo may, hereafter, place his lyre in the hands of some future Virgil, Tasso, Milton, or Byron; and assist him to wreath a poetical chaplet in honour of the great Duke, which shall embellish and crown the long labours of the historian and biographer.

Mr. Larpont's journal consists of a series of letters written from headquarters, to which he was attached by his office, to his step-mother in England, solely for private information, and without any view to future publicity. The style is easy and familiar, exhibiting neither effort nor pretence at laboured effects, sometimes even homely and tautological, but we think the editor has done wisely in leaving the letters untouched and unrevised. He observes with truth, in a short preface, that the simplicity of the style, and the minute details, throw over the journal a charm of truth and reality, which a more studied composition would not have possessed. In their present state, the letters carry internal evidence of conveying impressions as they arose, and of detailing events as they occurred. The writer had no time to polish his sentences, or arrange them according to critical rules. The book reads freshly and agreeably, and we feel satisfied that the author invents nothing to give it a more attractive colouring. There are many who have accustomed themselves to think and read of war as of a grand melodramatic spectacle, composed almost entirely of "pride, pomp, and circumstance;" who lose sight of the groans, the tears and suffering, the crime, the license, and devastation; who hear and see only the imposing flourishes of trumpets, the thrilling sounds of triumphal marches, the glittering of variegated uniforms, and the loud pealing of artillery, with the waving of banners, and the shouts of excited multitudes. The perusal of these volumes will abate their admiration, and qualify their enthusiasm. There is enough of glory; but the true features of the appalling drama are here faithfully depicted, with the accompaniments of misery and privation—inflicted and endured to an extent, which may impress on all who look only on the surface, and suffer themselves to be carried away by

names, the fearful responsibility of aggressive war, the crime of inordinate ambition, and the evils thereby entailed on present and future generations. During the six years of the Peninsular struggle, there perished, in round numbers, and their bones lie bleaching on the hills of Spain, Portugal, and France, 40,000 British soldiers, and more than 400,000 Spaniards, Portuguese, and Frenchmen, including peasants, their wives and children, and other unoffending inhabitants. Nearly half a million souls, who otherwise might have lived and died in peaceful avocation and utility, and all for what?—

"To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign,
And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain."*

Mr. Larpent joined the army in Spain at a critical time, during the somewhat hurried retreat from Burgos, when a great triumph had been followed by a temporary and unexpected reverse. The defection or disobedience of the Spanish generals, particularly Ballasteros, had enabled the French to unite the armies of the south, centre, and north, under Soult, forming one overwhelming mass, which Lord Wellington, from inferior numbers, was unable to meet, and was, therefore, obliged to relinquish his occupation of Madrid, and retire towards the northern frontiers of Portugal, retaining no immediate advantages from his great victory of Salamanca, beyond the raising of the siege of Cadiz, and the abandonment of Andalusia by the enemy. It is by no means evident that the capture of Burgos would have enabled the English general to hold his ground, although it would have given him a firm *appui* for his left, and might have sustained an advanced position. But as in the previous cases of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, it became necessary to snatch the fortress from the enemy by a given date, or not at all. The ordinary siege means, as usual, were deficient, and the irregular approaches by sap proved to be unavailing. The allied army was forced to retire, closely pursued by the French, who picked up many stragglers, but lost more than one favourable opportunity, and finally did nothing, with a powerful force, well concentrated, and

commanded by their ablest marshal. The increasing activity of the war, with the vicissitudes of service, engendered many irregularities, and courts-martial became frequent. The Duke of Wellington, anxious that these should be conducted with as close a consistency as possible to established rules, although in many respects the military code dispenses with the formalities of civil practice, had applied for a regular legal practitioner to fill the important post of judge advocate-general to the army under his command. Mr. Larpent was appointed to the office in 1812, and continued from the time of his arrival to manage all the courts-martial that occurred, and to move with the head-quarters, until the last detachment returned to England from Bordeaux, in 1814. It had become highly necessary that a professional lawyer, with competent experience, should be appointed to this duty, which had often been discharged by regimental officers, recommended by a certain readiness with the pen, by private interest, or by a confused smattering of the technicalities gathered from a slight perusal of such scanty volumes on military jurisprudence as were at that time accessible. These unqualified functionaries soon began to talk of Grotius, Puffendorff, Vattel, and Coke upon Littleton, as solemnly as if they had kept their terms in Lincoln's Inn or the Temple, in the regular form, and had worn wig and gown on many circuits. But they made strange mistakes, and scanty justice was sometimes administered by the tribunals they undertook to instruct in the way in which they should go. Once within our own experience we heard a general officer, as president of a court-martial, in a case nearly approaching life and death, lay down, under the suggestion of his military counsel, that it was not necessary for the prosecutor to substantiate the charge, but that the prisoner must first establish his innocence. The court would have proceeded on this learned showing, had not a very young member ventured modestly to suggest, that they were directly and ingeniously inverting the fundamental principle of all English law, which holds every supposed criminal innocent until his alleged guilt is proved. Military tribunals are good courts of honour, and discharge their duties conscientiously,

but they are sometimes pressed for time, are not very susceptible of legal quibbles, and a little careless as to minute particulars. Our readers will remember the conclusive logic of the Black Douglas in the "Fair Maid of Perth," when, sitting on the trial of Sir John Ramorny and Dwinning for the murder of the Duke of Rothsay. The Lord Balveny descended to tell him that the criminals were already executed. "Then there is no further use in the trial," said the Earl, "how say you, good men of inquest, were these men guilty of high treason—ay or no?" "Guilty" exclaimed the obsequious inquest, with edifying unanimity, "we need no further evidence."

Mr. Larpent arrived at head-quarters, at Rueda, on the 5th November, 1812, and was immediately introduced to the Great Captain, who received him very courteously, and forthwith transmitted to him fifty cases against officers, to be examined as to the sufficiency of evidence. He soon appears to have obtained the good opinion of Lord Wellington, and to have been admitted to as much of his confidence as he usually communicated to those subordinates who satisfied without tormenting him. He had a great dislike to all officials who gave unnecessary trouble, and made a great fuss about nothing. Mr. Larpent speedily discovered the clear decisive character of his commander, the control he exercised by the supremacy of mind and quick decision, and the total absence of "humbug" in all the arrangements at head-quarters. On more than one occasion, at dinner, the conversation turned on the celebrated letters of "Vetus," in the *Times*, which were then causing much remark, and were considered by many the most pungent and ably written political essays since the days of Junius. The general purport of these letters was a wholesome and well-deserved condemnation of the ministry for allowing the Spanish war to languish for want of adequate supplies, while the grand resources of the nation were exhausted in the fatal and fruitless expedition to Walcheren. We have often wondered they were not re-published in a separate volume, not only from the interest of the subject, but from their undoubted pretensions as literary efforts of no ordinary mind. We are not aware that the author has ever been ascertained,

but many thought, and it was commonly reported then and after, that they were written by Lord Wellesley, from the warm eulogiums they contained on his brother, and the corroborating circumstance that about this time he retired from the ministry, in disgust at the wavering dispositions of the cabinet, and the incompetence of some of his colleagues. If Lord Wellesley wrote the letters of "Vetus," Lord Wellington was certainly ignorant of the fact. Mr. Larpent says:—

"A few days since, at dinner at Lord Wellington's, he got upon the subject of 'Vetus' (the subject had been introduced before). He said he thought he knew the author, and that he had been in India—not Mackintosh as reported here. He then went on to say he did not think much of 'Vetus's' letters; that many of his facts as to this country were quite without foundation; that neither 'Vetus,' nor the O. P.'s, nor Lord Wellesley knew anything about the war here, and what could or could not be done; that he fully believed Government had done all they could; that the men who did come could not have been here sooner, and perhaps had better have come still later. More cavalry he could not have employed had he had them at Lisbon, for want of transport for food; that when he advanced formerly to Talavera, he left several thousand men at Lisbon, because he could not supply them if with the army. In short, he said, Lord Wellesley knew nothing about the matter, and that he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the Government at home. All this made several of us stare. I am told Lord Wellington was very angry with Lord Wellesley for his resignation, and hardly spoke to any one for some days after he had heard the fact."

It was commonly said that Sir John Moore was sacrificed because he had no parliamentary or cabinet interest, and that Lord Wellington, on the contrary, owed much to both, and particularly to the commanding influence of his brother. It is quite clear that Lord Wellesley retired from office at the exact crisis, when his abilities and influence would have been more valuable than ever to Lord Wellington. But the latter was now strong enough to rest exclusively on his own name and pretensions, which obtained for him full power, such as no delegated

English general had ever exercised since Cromwell received commission from the Long Parliament.

Mr. Larpent gives great credit to Sir George Murray, and seems to consider him as, next to the Duke, the foremost man of the army. There can be no doubt he was an excellent quartermaster-general, and that the office requires a clear head, and an executive genius; but Sir G. Murray never had the good fortune to be tried in a separate command; his qualities, therefore, as an efficient leader not having been tested, are scarcely open to discussion. Many said he was to the Duke what Berthier was to Napoleon, and that neither of the great modern captains could have got on without his right hand. Those who were better informed smiled at both conclusions, and knew how far they were removed from the fact. In some respects it was no very desirable compliment to be compared to Berthier. He damaged long years of faithful service by rather a hurried *adieu* of his old master and friend at Fontainebleau, and was regarded by his brother generals and marshals as a plodding official drudge, who never originated an idea, or suggested a remedy for a disaster.

Mr. Larpent tells some amusing anecdotes of the gallant General Robert Craufurd, who commanded the light division, and fell at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. Like Sir David Baird, he was never happy except when under fire, and had no business to lead a storming party, which might have been more fitly consigned to a brigadier or a regimental colonel. English generals often throw away their lives as subaltern officers, in a manner which has occasioned much animadversion, and some jeers amongst our enemies. It is seldom necessary for the leader of a division to act the part of a grenadier, although there are times and places when example ensures victory. Cæsar in the battle against the Nervii, and again at Munda, Alexander at Granicus and Oxydrace, Bonaparte at Lodi and Arcola, Wolfe at Quebec, and Wellington at Waterloo, were cases

* Immediately after this passage, Mr. Larpent adds—"Lord Paget has just sent up here two of the hussars to wait on my lord the peer." This is a mistake for some other name; Lord Paget (afterwards Earl of Uxbridge, now Marquis of Anglesey) was not at this time in the Peninsula.

where the personal exposure of the commander-in-chief contributed materially to the result. But the immolation of Craufurd at Ciudad Rodrigo in 1812, was as gratuitous and unnecessary as that of the veteran Sale at Moodkee in 1845, where he had nothing to do, and where his proper place as quarter-master general was anywhere but where his courage carried him. Craufurd with all his brilliant qualities was dangerous, and not so implicitly to be trusted as Lord Hill, of whom the Duke said, "he is immovable and steady as a rock; whatever I tell him to do, I am sure it will be done to the letter." Mr. Larpent says of this dashing officer—

"I have heard a number of anecdotes of General Craufurd. He was very clever and knowing in his profession all admit, and led on his division to the day of his death in most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. He constantly acted in his own way, contrary to orders; and as he commanded the advanced division, at times perplexed Lord Wellington considerably, who never could be sure where he was. On one occasion, near Guinaldo, he remained across a river by himself—that is, only with his own division—nearly a whole day after he was called in by Lord Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back, only said, 'I am glad to see you safe, Craufurd.' The latter replied, 'Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you.' 'But I was, from your conduct,' said Lord Wellington. Upon which Craufurd observed, 'He is d——h crusty to-day!' Lord Wellington knew his merits and humoured him. It was surprising what he bore from him at times."

Craufurd in 1810, when Massena invaded Portugal, kept his single corps for two months within a march or two of the French army, laid the country under contribution for his support, intercepted the French foraging parties, and, finally, fought 40,000 men for a whole day on the Coa, with the river at his back, and carried off his division, inflicting on the enemy a heavier loss than he sustained. His tactics were faulty, but his gallantry was excessive; and the action, though an error, was a brilliant episode which astonished the enemy not a little.

Sir W. Napier, whose praise is the more valuable, as not being easily obtained or indiscriminately bestowed, says of Craufurd, in conjunction with

Picton, that both were officers of mark and pretension, but adds, that they were insubordinate to their superiors and harsh in command. Had Craufurd lived, he would undoubtedly have risen to higher distinction and much more exalted rank, but he lacked the coolness to manage a great battle, and the head to plan a complicated campaign.

Spain is a difficult country to make war in, and many reputations have been withered in the attempt. Henry IV. of France, who was not only a daring soldier, but a skilful general, declared that it was hopeless to carry on military operations in that country, for that small armies would be beaten, and large ones starved. Now, the Duke of Wellington carried on war in Spain for six years, with small armies and large ones, and without being either beaten or starved. It is true he suffered much from the imbecility of native cabinets, the incompetence of the Spanish generals, and the constant poltroonery of the regular troops; until he declared, with bitterness of spirit, after the fruits of Talavera were wrested from him, "I have fished in many troubled waters, but Spanish waters I will never fish in again."

In May, 1813, the British army broke up from the frontiers of Portugal, which Lord Wellington looked on for the last time; and then commenced that brilliant march which found him in the following year, after a series of victories and perpetual fighting, in possession of Toulouse and Bordeaux, and in a fair way of realising Lord Liverpool's prognosticated march to Paris, so long looked upon and laughed at as an idle chimera. The invasion of the sacred territory of France was to be the signal of utter and irretrievable ruin to the invaders, who, on the contrary, often found themselves more kindly received, and treated with a more cordial welcome, than on the supposed friendly soil of Spain. Lord Wellington was at one time more apprehensive of his allies in his rear than of the enemy in his front, and was by no means confident that he should not be compelled to fight his way back through the people he had liberated. The French relinquished Burgos without a struggle, and retired behind the Ebro. Dubreton abandoned his impregnable castle, and by offering no opportunity

for a second investment, prevented history from recording of the Duke as of Marlborough, that he never besieged a town which he did not take. After the decisive day of Vittoria, the French fought against hope, and with the certain and discouraging *prestige* of defeat, but they struggled gallantly and pertinaciously; and Soult continued to uphold the falling cause of his master with a fidelity that gained for him universal applause. Mr. Larpent, although a non-combatant, contrived to expose himself to many dangers, and at last was taken prisoner, but he was soon released through the application of Lord Wellington, and the intercession of General Count Gazan, to whose lady he had shown courtesy and kindness, when she was left with many other fair captives amongst the spoils of Vittoria. The lady, it appears, was renowned for her gallantries, but her husband, incredulous as Belisarius, turned a deaf ear to all these idle stories, and never suffered them to disturb his domestic quiet.

Mr. Larpent speaks in rather disparaging terms of the Guards and Household Cavalry, whom he considers as less hardy warriors, and less effective in the field, than the ordinary battalions and squadrons of the working line.

"The Life-Guards and Blues," he says, "looked well on their entrance into Palen-tia, and on their march yesterday; the former, however, seem dull and out of spirits, and have some sore backs among their horses. The Blues seem much more up to the thing, but they are neither of them very fit for general service here. Lord Wellington saves them up for some grand *coup*, houses them when he can, and takes care of them."

When we remember that these Patagonian householders, and their mount, had cost the country, man by man, at least £300 before they got to Vittoria, we need scarcely wonder that a prudent general should hesitate to bring such costly warriors into action, unless an opportunity offered of sending them in *to finish*, as they say in the ring, and as they afterwards did so manfully at Waterloo.

Mr. Larpent contrived to get a good

view, without being exposed to much danger, of the grand field-day of Vittoria,* of which, and of the state of the ground and city after the battle, when strewn with the whole *matériel* of the French army, he gives an animated account, as also of his accidental rencontre with the Countess de Gazan. It appears that about £250,000 in hard cash, in gold, was taken with the French military chest at Vittoria, but a very small portion found its way into the public coffers. Our author says on this subject—

"Much was certainly plundered by the natives and soldiers, the latter offering nine dollars for a guinea for the sake of carriage. Lord Wellington, however, has his suspicions of pillage by the civil departments; he has also heard various stories of money taken on the road back from Vittoria. I do not know what may come of this; I have made out but little satisfactory as yet; I think, however, one gentleman I examined yesterday intended to keep two thousand dollars. At the same time, the understanding that this was all fair seems pretty general."

This much is quite certain, that large sums of money were privately appropriated from the spoils of Vittoria, and that the high authorities passed the matter over without any very rigid investigation. During Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, in 1809, much treasure was abandoned on the road, from the constant deaths of the carriage-mules, and the impossibility of transporting it further. The casks containing dollars were broken in, and the money thrown down the ravines, whence it was afterwards gathered up by the peasants and the pursuing enemy. An English soldier's wife collected as many dollars as she was able to carry, and placed them round her waist. Despite the fatigue of long marches and scanty food, she arrived safely at the place of embarkation with the prize. But on stepping into a boat, her foot slipped over the gunwale, when she sank immediately and never rose again. The weight of the dollars, from which she was unable to extricate herself, produced the unlooked for catastrophe. We are rather startled to find at page 257, vol. i., the following passage,

* He was scarcely as comfortable as Campbell the poet at Hohenlinden, or Lord Hutchinson at Friedland, who severally witnessed the two great battles from the steeple of a neighbouring church.

which has occasioned much animadversion and strong dissentient opinions amongst military readers:—

"In marching, our men have no chance at all with the French. The latter beat them hollow, and, I believe, principally owing to their being a more intelligent set of beings, seeing consequences more, and feeling them. This makes them sober and orderly whenever it becomes material, and on a pinch their exertions and individual activity are astonishing. Our men get sulky and desperate, drink excessively, and become daily more weak and unable to proceed, principally from their own conduct. They eat voraciously when opportunity offers, after having had short fare. This brings on fluxes, &c. *In every respect, except courage, they are very inferior soldiers to the French and Germans.* When the two divisions, the 4th and Light,* crossed through Tafalla the day before yesterday, the more soldier-like appearance and conduct of the foreigners, though in person naturally inferior, was very mortifying. *Lord Wellington feels it much, and is much hurt.*"

Without impugning in the slightest degree the value of Mr. Larpent's general observations or the merit of his book—on a purely military point we can scarcely consider a non-combatant and civilian as a competent authority. His professional duties and judicial capacity brought him much more in personal contact with the delinquents—the drones, scamps, and *malingers*† of the army—than with the hardy veterans and able men who constitute the staple; while the former include only the exceptions in a well-organised regiment. It cannot be disputed that drunkenness has ever been the bane and besetting sin of the three gallant nations who compose the British army, and all are prone to become disorderly and insubordinate, to straggle and plunder, on a retreat. But let a halt take place with the prospect of engaging, and the ranks are speedily filled, and discipline restored. This was remarkably evidenced at Lugo, where Sir John Moore offered the battle, which Marshal Soult prudently declined; and still more signally at Corunna, where the transports had not arrived, and the exhausted infan-

try, entirely unsupported by cavalry, were forced to join combat with a superior enemy, and in an unfavourable position. When a French army is surprised, or driven headlong from a field of battle, as at the Douro, at Arroyo de Molinos, and at Vittoria, they fling away every incumbrance, including arms, accoutrements, and knapsacks, and, as Sir W. Napier says, it is impossible for others to keep pace with them who retain their usual gear. But in fair marching, in the fatigue and endurance of a campaign, it has never yet been found, either in ancient or modern times, that the French were superior or equal to the English. In Shakspeare's *Henry V.*, the King, in reply to Mountjoy, the French herald who summons him to surrender, says:—

"My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessened; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmen."—Act iii. sc. 6.

Such was the national opinion on this subject when Shakspeare wrote, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Now for a sample in our own days. Sir W. Napier says—

"This day also (July 29th, 1809) General Robert Craufurd reached the English camp with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Rifles, and immediately took charge of the outposts. These troops, leaving only seventeen stragglers behind in twenty-six hours, crossed the field of battle in a close and compact body, having in that time passed over sixty-two English miles, in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight upon his shoulders. Had the historian Gibbon known of such a march, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers."—Vol. ii. p. 400.

The same unquestionable authority, when concluding a comparative summary of the soldiers of modern Europe, says—"The result of an hundred battles, and the admitted testimony of foes as well as friends, assigns the first place to the English infantry." He is not in the least blind to their defects, but long service has deeply impressed

* Two choice divisions of the British army.

† An exclusive military term applied to lazy soldiers who avoid duty under the pretence of illness; or main themselves to obtain their discharge. Derived from the French, *malingre*, weakly or puny.

on him a conviction of their superior qualities; and he produces other reasons with those we have named above, why a French army, under sudden disaster or dispersion, can re-assemble and pick up their stragglers much more rapidly than an English force would be enabled to do under the same circumstances. Neither did the average of sick in hospital, in Lord Wellington's army, during the Peninsular campaigns, exceed that of the French divisions opposed to him, as a reference to the different returns will show. During the latter years, the Allies were under canvas, while the French continued the usual practice of bivouacking in the open air. Many lives were saved, and much sickness avoided by the use of tents, which, although they much increased the difficulty and expense of transport, amply repaid the inconvenience of both.

Mr. Larpent relates a curious anecdote of Lord Wellington, that the Prince Regent was very anxious that he should correspond with him directly, and much hurt that he never did so. "But," says his Lordship, "I wrote to his ministers, and that was enough. What had I to do with him? However, his late favour was a reason for my writing, and I have had a most gracious answer, evidently courting further correspondence, but which I shall not comply with." He afterwards changed this resolution, being completely won over by the autograph letter from the Regent after Vittoria, in which he presented his general with the staff of a marshal of England, in return for that of Jourdan taken on the field, and forwarded to him as a trophy.

The situation of judge advocate-general in an army composed of many nations, such as that under Lord Wellington, must at all times have been a very busy one. Mr. Larpent's courts-martial were many and important, but he seems to have got through his official business with great intelligence and activity, and by dint of hanging and flogging, at the end of a year a respectable state of moral discipline was tolerably well restored. But he had difficulties to encounter, which might have been avoided. He says—

"The new Mutiny Act has been sent out to me. There are several changes—one I see which I suggested; but the business is very much bungled. The Mutiny Act and Articles of War are now at variance, as the

latter have not been altered with the former. By the first, an officer may now be tried here by a court of seven members; by the Articles there must be thirteen."

And this discrepancy remained unaltered, when half-an-hour's attention on the part of the home officials, seated at a desk, would have set all right, and removed a puzzling contradiction. Before the appointment of Mr. Larpent, Lord Wellington, in addition to his other multifarious duties, seems to have had the arrangement of the courts-martial entirely thrown upon his own hands, which irked him not a little, and sometimes made him lose his temper. The members occasionally were either unacquainted with their duty, or unwilling to do it. Once he swore angrily, and said his whole table was covered with details of robbery, mutiny, and complaints from all quarters, in all languages, and that he should soon be nothing but a general of courts-martial. He was more easily excited to anger on this disagreeable subject than on any other. Religious observances seem to have been less rigorously attended to in the Peninsula, than in the armies under Marlborough in the Low Countries. Our author says:—

"You ask about our religious duties. There are four or five more clergymen in Portugal, but no one now at head-quarters. The one stationed there, went away ill about a twelvemonth since, as I hear."

At all times during the last war, the number of military chaplains attached to the different corps on service, and settled at foreign stations, was much too limited for the purpose. A little trait of personal peculiarity in the Great Captain, is thus noticed:—

"In one instance, Lord Wellington is not like Frederick the Great. He is remarkably neat, and most particular in his dress, considering his situation. He is well made, knows it, and is willing to set off to the best what nature has bestowed. In short, like every great man, present or past, almost without exception, he is vain. He cuts the skirts of his own coats shorter to make them look smarter; and, only a short time since, I found him discussing the cut of his half-boots, and suggesting alterations to his servant when I went in, upon business. The vanity of great men shows itself in different ways, but, I believe, always exists in some shape or other."

We have not been accustomed to look upon the Duke as remarkably sedulous of dress, although on grand occasions he made a sufficient display, when he wore his principal orders and decorations blazing on a coat more gorgeous than the celebrated habit of Prince Esterhazy, which, it was said, cost him £200 in repairs and damages every time it was put on. The Duke had a custom of wearing a white neck-cloth in uniform, which gave him rather a slovenly look; and a slipshod French duchess once called him "*Le Duc de Vilain-ton*," because he appeared at a full-dress party in something less than *grande tenue*. He was also familiarly called in the army, "*the Beau*," from his usual plain attire, and apparent negligence of outward splendour. That vanity is an inherent compound or attendant of greatness, is a wide position, which admits of much argument and endless demonstration. Many distinguished men affect or adopt eccentricities, of which vanity may be the inciting cause. Lord Nelson was fond of exhibiting his stars, and delighted in having his horses taken out, and his carriage drawn by the mob. The celebrated Lord Peterborough, though light, and vain, and proud, had no weakness of this kind. Once, the populace taking him for the Duke of Marlborough, insisted on dragging him through the streets in triumph. "Gentlemen," said he, "I can assure you by two reasons, that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and, in the second, they are heartily at your service." So, throwing his purse amongst them, he got out of their hands with loud huzzas and acclamations. Richardson, in his *Anecdotes*, says.—"The great Earl of Peterborough, who had much sense, much wit, and much whim, leaped out of his chariot one day on seeing a dancing-master with pearl-coloured silk stockings, lightly stepping over the broad stones, and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, and ran after him (who soon took to his heels) with his drawn sword, in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he, of course, followed himself."

All singularities may be traced home to a certain degree of vanity, of which prevailing weakness, the old leather breeches of Frederick the Great, the coarse coat and brass

buttons of Charles XII., the small cocked hat and grey capote of Napoleon, the blanket and tub of Diogenes, and even the pious beaver and modest drab of the Quaker, may be included as samples. Philosophy itself has no objection to an occasional flourish of trumpets. The ancient sages taught in the schools, and modern philomaths lecture at public institutions, but who shall say that they are not as much incited by the vanity of showing their acquirements, as by the desire of instructing their fellow-citizens. Even Seneca declared, that if knowledge was bestowed on him, on condition that he should not impart it, he would decline the gift.

The Guards, or, as they were usually denominated, "the gentlemen's sons," are not considered by Mr. Larpent as more effective for "*roughing it*" on a long campaign than the Household Cavalry. They were too much accustomed to luxuries, and less patient under privations than the hardier and unpampered mass who constituted the ordinary food for powder. Our author says—

"Both men and officers are only fit for our old style of expedition—a landing, a short march, and a good fight, and then a lounge home again."

Certainly, the chosen cohorts enjoyed a good dinner more than a bivouac fire, and a bottle of port in preference to a canteen full of muddy water; but in the field of battle their inherent gallantry never failed to show itself, and conventional fopperies and delicacies retired at once into the background. In the early and unlaurelled campaigns of the Low Countries at the commencement of the French Revolution, in Egypt, at Talavera, at Barossa, at Waterloo, wherever the Prætorian bands were brought in close contact with the enemy, they exhibited the courage of true British soldiers, and the constancy under fire of experienced veterans. It has been often urged by well qualified military authorities, that the institution of guards is in itself unnecessary and detrimental to sound military discipline, as creating jealousies and distinctions which impede rather than advance the true interests and efficiency of the service. The question is complicated, and open to long discussion, but the measure of

abolition is not likely to be adopted under any monarchical government. We shall soon see that the new sovereign of France will restore the Imperial Guards, with all their distinguished privileges and external brilliancy. There is one point, however, which we never could understand—why our Household Cavalry, having beaten the picked cuirassiers of Napoleon at Waterloo without defensive armour, should afterwards be made to adopt the useless incumbrance which had proved as weak as silk before their brawny arms and well-poised weapons. We conclude it must have been for the imposing nature of the pageant, and to gladden the eyes of the Cockneys on a gala-day. The cuirasses will assuredly be laid aside whenever the gallant wearers are called into the field of action. Man and horse are equally impeded by the additional weight with which both are overloaded.

We subjoin one more extract, which presents a comprehensive summary of Lord Wellington's feelings, views, and position, at the time when it was written, during his last brilliant campaign, previous to the general peace of 1814:—

"You ask me if Lord Wellington has recollected — with regard? He seems to have had a great opinion of him, but has scarcely ever mentioned him to me. In truth, I think Lord Wellington has an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and is so used to lose a useful man, that as soon as gone, he seldom thinks more of him. He would be always, I have no doubt, ready to serve any one who had been about him, who was gone, or the friend of a deceased friend, but he seems not to think much about you when once out of the way. He has too much of everything and everybody always in his way to think much of the absent." (The fact was, he had neither time nor fancy for the parade of sentiment. He was not a man to get up such parting scenes as the last interview of Napoleon with Lannes at Esling, and Duroc at Bautzen. He was in every respect the antipodes of theatrical effect.) "He said the other day he had got advantages now over every other general. He could do what others dare not attempt, and he had got the confidence of the three allied powers, so that what he said or ordered was, right or wrong, always thought right. And the same, said he, with regard to the troops; when I come myself the soldiers think what they have to do the most important as I am there, and that all will depend on their exertions; of course these are increased in proportion,

and they will do for me what perhaps no one else can make them do. He said he had several of the advantages possessed by Buonaparte, from his freedom of action, and power of acting without being constantly called to account. Buonaparte was quite free from all inquiry—he was himself, in fact, very much so. The other advantages Buonaparte possessed, and which he made so much use of (Lord Wellington said), was his full latitude of lying, *that*, if so disposed, he added, he could not do."

It is certain that English generals are often deprived of half their free judgment and power of command, by the dread of responsibility, and the certainty that a single failure will forever shut them out from all hopes of future advancement. Sir John Moore, in particular, was much fettered and thwarted by these impediments, as also by the undue interference of incompetent or ill-informed political officials, who, as often as they meddled, were sure to mislead. Lord Wellington soared above all this when he had achieved a colossal reputation by a long course of victory, and thus, many obstacles, as he himself freely admitted, were swept out of his path. At all times his intelligence was constant and accurate. He knew every movement and intended operation of the enemy almost as soon as they were conceived, while they, on the other hand, were totally in the dark as to his plans, except by what they could collect from the English newspapers in opposition, who never failed to supply them to the best of their abilities. The Duke, in the Peninsula, had an unlimited command of secret service money, which was most effectively employed, while it has never appeared that the expenditure was excessive. Correct information is the base of all brilliant strokes in war, and must be obtained, *coute qui coute*, by the commander who means to astonish the world and his opponents by an unexpected blow. Napoleon, during his first Italian campaign in 1796, gave £900 to a spy, who informed him of the intended combination of the different Austrian corps for the relief of Mantua, and this enabled him to anticipate and divide them, and to win Rivoli and Arcola. The Duke had faithful correspondents on whom he could depend even at the head-quarters, and in the immediate families of the generals opposed to him.

Our limits warn us that we must close

Mr. Larpet's volumes, which we do, recommending them to all readers who wish to be amused while they are instructed, and who will find them to combine the *utile cum dulci* in very agreeable proportions. They have rapidly gone through the first edition, a second is announced, and their popularity cannot fail to be enduring. They will last and be referred to as a valuable appendage to the history of the greatest warrior of our age, and as containing anecdotes equally interesting and authentic of his private character and transactions. He was not a man of warm, enthusiastic impulse. Had he been so moulded he would have been less fitted for his post; but he was invariably just, honourable, and consistent, governed by sound principle and habitual self-control. If not given to inordinate praise,* he was equally sparing of censure,* and one leading reason which, in conversation, he assigned for not writing the history of his own campaigns was, that he should be compelled to speak the truth, and pare down reputations which had been inflated beyond their wholesome bulk. Voltaire, who delighted in undervaluing human nature, said, that no man was a hero to his valet-de-chambre—meaning that close intimacy veils infirmities, and dissipates the halo of superiority with which greatness appears to be surrounded when viewed from a distance. The phrase has become proverbial, but is rather a pungent sarcasm than an aphoristic truth. There are characters which will endure the test of the most familiar scrutiny, and retain their pretensions even when we are introduced to them behind the scenes of every day life. The Duke was one of these rare examples. His nearest associates never felt their respect diminished by intimacy, and the veneration which all acknowledged for the patriot, the legislator, and the victorious commander, is increased rather than diminished as we become better acquainted with the manners, opinions, and domestic habits of the individual man.

Baron Muffling's volume, entitled "Passages from my Life," ably edited by Colonel Philip Yorke, was origi-

nally published in the early part of 1851, soon after the decease of the author. The book was reviewed at great length in the *Quarterly Review* for December, 1851, and especially recommended as deserving translation. The author left these memoirs as an inheritance to his children, and says himself, in his preface, that he considers them more in the light of family property than as documents suited for publication. In many respects they soar beyond personal anecdotes or private memoranda, and reach the importance of authentic history. There are points we shall select in which they are particularly valuable. The portion of this work pre-eminently interesting to English readers, is that which treats of the campaign of Waterloo, where the author first came in contact with the Duke of Wellington, being attached to his headquarters to keep up the correspondence and connexion between the English commander-in-chief and the Prussian Field-Marshal Blücher. He proceeded to his appointment without much *empressement*, not anticipating that it would prove particularly satisfactory or important. The result equally falsified his expectations. By some strange misconception, General Von Gneisenau, the chief of the Prussian staff, had adopted a very erroneous estimate of the Duke of Wellington's character, which he endeavoured to impress on the envoy. He warned him on his departure to be much on his guard with the Duke, for, as he said, by his early relations with India, and his transactions with the deceitful nabobs, this distinguished general had so accustomed himself to duplicity, that he had at last become such a master in the art, as even to outwit the nabobs themselves. Englishmen can afford to smile while they are a little astonished at the extraordinary mistakes of foreigners, even when friends and allies. A more straightforward, guileless person than the Duke of Wellington never existed in the annals of public life. His unswerving honesty and singleness of purpose, is, perhaps, his highest distinguishing quality, a great secret of his constant success, and the undoubted

* The memorable order after the retreat from Burgos may be quoted as an exception, but it was issued under very trying circumstances and a great disappointment. The Duke himself subsequently admitted that in some points it exceeded in harshness.

charm by which he won the confidence of all who came in contact with him, either when joined in command, associated in diplomacy, or entirely subordinate to his controlling genius. Baron Muffling soon found that Gneisenau (who in fact really commanded the Prussian army, while Blücher merely acted the part of "Marshal Forwards," as the bravest in battle and most indefatigable in exertion), had led him into a gross misconception as to the great man with whom he was now in constant intercourse. In a short time he won his entire confidence, which the Duke bestowed on him without reserve, when he found the Prussian officer, in every point discussed between them, told him the simple truth. Muffling says, "he had soon that I had the well-are of all at heart, and that I entertained towards him the reverence due to those talents as a commander, which did not more distinguish him than the openness and rectitude of his character." The following remarks on the unlimited authority exercised by the English general are well worthy of being transcribed and remembered:—

"I perceived" (says Baron Muffling), "that the Duke exercised far greater power in the army he commanded than Prince Blücher in the one committed to his care. The rules of the English service permitted the suspension of any officer, and sending him back to England. The Duke had used this power during the war in Spain, when disobedience showed itself amongst the higher officers. Sir Robert Wilson was an instance of this. Amongst all the generals, from the leaders of corps to the commanders of brigades, not one was to be found in the allied army who had been known as refractory. It was not the custom in this army to criticise or control the commander-in-chief. Discipline was strictly enforced, every one knew his rights and his duties. The Duke, in matters of service, was very short and decided. He allowed questions, but dismissed all such as were unnecessary. His detractors have accused him of being inclined to encroach on the functions of others, a charge which is at variance with my experience."

We have been so accustomed to think the code of military discipline in the Prussian service, established by Frederick William, and carried out with additional severity under his son and successor, Frederick the Great, as so stern and peremptory, so absolute in principle and detail, that we are rather surprised to find an unquestion-

able authority representing it as lax and indulgent, when compared with our own. During the battle of Waterloo, Baron Muffling saw a very striking illustration of the uncompromising spirit with which English officers carry out the orders delivered to them. Two brigades of British cavalry stood on the left wing. He rode up to the commanders of both, and urged them at a critical moment to cut in upon the scattered infantry of the enemy, observing that they could not fail to bring back at least 3,000 prisoners. Both agreed with him fully, but, shrugging their shoulders, answered, "Alas! we dare not; the Duke of Wellington is very strict in enforcing obedience to prescribed regulations."

The Prussian general had afterwards an opportunity of speaking with the Duke on this point, which he did with the less reserve, as the two officers in question were amongst the most distinguished of the army, and had rendered signal services with their brigades in the proceedings of the day. The Duke replied at once, that the two generals were perfectly correct in their answer, for had they made such a gratuitous attack without his permission, even though the greatest success had crowned their attempt, he must have brought them to a court-martial. "With us," he added, "it is a fixed rule, that a general placed in a pre-arranged position has unlimited power to act within it, according to his judgment; for instance, if the enemy assaults him, he may defend himself on the spot, or meet the foe from a covered position; and in both cases he may pursue them, but never further than the obstacle behind which the position assigned him lay; in one word, such obstacle, until fresh orders, is the limit of his action."

The idle tales that the allies were surprised at the opening of the campaign of 1815, their forces dislocated, and that the Prussians won the great fight, while the English only with difficulty held their position, have long been refuted by ample military investigation, and the sound conclusions are now fully confirmed by this memoir of Baron Muffling, which corroborates and enlarges on the opinion he delivered long since in a former published account of the battle of Waterloo. His testimony is most explicit as to the fact, "that the battle could have af-

forded no favourable result to the enemy, even if the Prussians had never come up." Sir Walter Scott's conclusion was perfectly right, when he wound up his narrative by saying, "The laurels of Waterloo must be divided—the British won the battle, the Prussians completed and rendered available the victory." It was an action of concert from the beginning, and the late arrival of the Prussians was not calculated on. In all reasonable estimate, they were expected on the ground earlier. The heavy rains had clogged and impeded the roads, and made them almost impassable for artillery, tumbrils, and ammunition wagons, rendering the march of infantry slow and irregular. The Duke himself said, "even if Blücher had not come up at all I would have held my ground through the night; he must have been with me early in the morning, and we then would not have left Bonaparte an army." In Captain Siborne's original model, the Prussian advance is represented as over-lapping the French right at Planchenoit at a much earlier hour in the day than this movement actually took place. He was long before he was convinced of this error, of which he finally received full conviction, and altered the model accordingly. The most remarkable incident alluded to in the memoirs of Baron Muffling, is the strange fact that Blücher positively intended to treat Napoleon as a brigand, and shoot him off hand, if the chances of war, a private treaty, or treachery, had placed him in his power; and that it was only through the urgent remonstrances of the Duke of Wellington that the savage old Prussian was induced to give up a measure of personal vengeance, which, if circumstances had allowed him to carry it into effect, would have tarnished his own laurels, and cast an indelible disgrace on his country. Muffling's account of this intended outrage, more worthy of Attila or Genghis, than of a warrior of the nineteenth century, is as characteristic as it is interesting. He says:—

"During the march on Paris, Field-Marshal Blücher had at one time a prospect of getting Napoleon into his power; the delivering up of Napoleon was the invariable condition stipulated by him in every conference with the French Commissioners sent to treat for peace or an armistice. I received from him instructions to inform the Duke of Wellington, that as the Congress of Vienna

had declared Napoleon outlawed, it was his intention to have him shot, whenever he caught him. But he desired, at the same time to know what were the Duke's views on this subject, for should he entertain the same as himself, he wished to act in concert with him. The Duke stared at me in astonishment, and in the first place disputed the correctness of this interpretation of the Viennese declaration of outlawry, which was never meant to incite to the assassination of Napoleon. He therefore did not think that they could acquire from this act any right to order Napoleon to be shot, should they succeed in making him a prisoner of war. But be this as it may, as far as his own position, and that of the Field-Marshal with respect to Napoleon were concerned, it appeared to him that, since the battle they had won, they were become much too conspicuous personages to justify such a transaction in the eyes of Europe. I had already felt the force of the Duke's arguments before I most reluctantly undertook my mission, and was little disposed to dispute them. 'I, therefore,' continued the Duke, 'wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do; such an act would hand down our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, that we did not deserve to be the conquerors of Napoleon; the more so as such a deed is now quite useless, and can have no object.'

If Napoleon was made aware of the tender dispositions of Blücher towards him, we can readily understand his anxiety to escape from France, and the comparative security with which he must have felt himself surrounded, when treading the quarter-deck of a British seventy-four. It was not easy to divert Blücher from the object he had doggedly taken up, but the Duke prevailed and won him over. Gneisenau's final communication to Baron Muffling on the subject marks the yielding deference paid to the English general, while the Prussian authorities acknowledge no sympathy with his moral convictions:—

"TO THE MAJOR-GENERAL BARON VON MUFFLING.

"I am directed by the Field-Marshal to request your Excellency to communicate to the Duke of Wellington, that it had been his intention to execute Bonaparte on the spot where the Duc D'Angoulême was shot; that out of deference, however, to the Duke's wishes, he will abstain from this measure, but that the Duke must take on himself the responsibility of its non-enforcement. It appears to me that the English would feel embarrassed by the delivery of Bonaparte to

then, your Excellency will therefore only direct the negotiations, so that he may be delivered up to us. When the Duke of Wellington declares himself against the execution of Bonaparte, he thinks and acts in the matter as a Briton. Great Britain is under weightier obligations to no mortal man than to this very villain; for by the occurrences whereof he is the author, her greatness, prosperity and wealth, have attained their present elevation. It is quite otherwise with us Prussians. We have been impoverished by him. Our nobility will never be able to right itself again. But be it so! If others will assume a theatrical magnanimity, I shall not set myself against it. We act thus from esteem for the Duke, and—weakness.

(Signed) "COUNT VON GNEISENAU.

"Senlis, June 29th, 1815 "

This is unquestionably a very unique official document, and shows the lasting rancour which the excesses of the French in Prussia had implanted in the memories of her children and warriors. Our "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," know nothing of these little episodes of war, by practical experience, or they would listen with less unction to the harangues of peace-demagogues, who would fain persuade them that a standing army is an unnecessary evil, and that the soldier's calling is as unholy as it is wasteful and superfluous. An individual case of retaliation on the part of a Prussian officer, occurred within the writer's knowledge, soon after the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1815. He was billeted on a French family, who treated him with great kindness, and he conducted himself with reciprocal decorum.* After two or three months, the eldest son of the house, who had been taken prisoner in the retreat from Moscow, returned from Russia, and came home. The Prussian and he recognised each other at the first glance, and scarcely acknowledged acquaintanceship by a cold inclination. Dinner was announced. The Prussian, for the first time, found fault with everything, swore at the servants, flung the dishes about as wildly as Petruchio does in the farce, broke plates, glasses and decanters, dashed down his chair, and finally, drew his sword and began gesticulating like a madman, declaring that he would summon in his troop and inflict chastise-

ment on the whole family. The women screamed and fainted. The father wept and implored, but the young Frenchman sat pallid, silent, and appalled. The English officer interfered, and tried to pacify his brother lodger, who, he thought, was seized with sudden insanity.

He became collected in a moment, and resumed his habitual mildness. "Madam," said he, addressing the lady of the mansion, "pardon me, while I explain my strange conduct. Your son, who stands there, was an inmate of my father's house in Berlin for two months. He was received as I have been by you, with kindness and respect, and all his wants anticipated; but his daily conduct, without the slightest provocation, was such as I have now exhibited; let him deny or resent this as he pleases. I leave your house, now that he has returned to it, and he knows where to find me." So saying, he left the room. The young Frenchman was too conscious of the truth of this charge to take any further steps in the matter, or evince the slightest resentment. On the march up to Paris after Waterloo, the Prussians occupied the finest chateaux and most comfortable farms; and in the morning before their departure, generally burned the stables, broke the furniture, and particularly wreaked their vengeance on the ornamental glasses and large mirrors with which French mansions are so amply provided. The English army, who followed in their track, found the marks of their predecessors in visible desolation wherever they arrived. When the restoration of the pictures and statues in the Louvre was determined on, the French government entreated the Duke of Wellington to prevent their dispersion; but here he exercised the same conscientious integrity with which he had interdicted personal outrage on Napoleon. He refused peremptorily to interfere. As the French, he said, had seized these masterpieces of art by force of arms and as trophies of conquest, they had a just right to disgorge them when the tide of success turned back into another channel. It was an opportunity for teaching them a great moral lesson, which ought not to be neglected. But again, when Blucher, in an ebullition

* The writer's brother, a young officer in the staff corps, was quartered in the same house.

of drunken frenzy, determined on blowing up the bridge of Jena, and actually ordered a body of engineers, sappers and miners, to get under arms for that purpose, the Duke once more restrained the barbarism of his colleague, and convinced him that the destruction of a monument could neither re-write nor falsify the pages of history, and that Jena was more creditably balanced by Rossbach on the one side, and Waterloo on the other. During the occupation of Paris in 1815, and the early part of 1816, the Prussians literally lived at free quarters, exacted what they pleased—well knowing that in any complaint they would be supported by their own authorities, and that even a gross outrage would be unlistened to, or glossed over. The English were coerced within the strictest bonds of discipline; and a complaint on the part of a Frenchman, however slightly founded, was redressed on the instant. If you even laughed at your landlord—which it was almost impossible to avoid, as he was generally in a state of excitement, gesticulating like a galvanised frog on the least provocation—you were certain to be reprimanded by your commanding-officer for a violation of international decorum. We could enumerate some amusing cases which came within our personal knowledge; but we reserve them for a more appropriate opportunity. On the whole, the Prussians were hated, but treated with respect and attention, at a very slight disbursement; while the English paid heavily for small accommodation, and were looked upon as fools, for passing by opportunities which they might fairly have used to their own advantage. But it has been ever thus from remote antiquity. We pay all, fight all, and lose all, by mistaken magnanimity, which nobody understands or reciprocates—when all is in our power.

"Three Years with the Duke of Wellington in Private Life," generally supposed to be written by Lord William Lennox, is a light, agreeable volume, more exclusively anecdotal and domestic than either of the works we have already noticed. Referring back to a period when the author was in the morning of life, it well expresses the admiration and respect of youth for a reputation and renown which filled the world with its loud report, and was then on the topmost pinnacle of cele-

brity. The author was attached to the Duke's family for three years, and bears ample testimony to the kindness and consideration with which he treated youth and inexperience. He mentions more than one instance of his uncommon patience in regard to his horses—a point in which most men are particularly tenacious. On a particular occasion the young aid-de-camp had lamed the Duke's favourite hunter, for which, in an agony of terror, he expected summary dismissal. The Duke heard the story patiently, and only remarked, "You're not to blame—you did your best. But" (the thought of Othello's remark—"never more be officer of mine," came across the anxious mind of the delinquent) "but," continued the great chief, "I can't afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses; so, in future" (the listener quaked, and thought the dreaded climax was coming), "so in future you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare; and, if you knock them up, you must afterwards mount yourself." The writer adds, "I left the hero of a hundred battles with but one sentiment, that of overpowering gratitude; and felt that Wellington was as good in all the kindly offices of social intercourse, as he was great in the more extended duties of the field." Anecdotes such as these may serve to unmystify those who, from a habitual misconception, fancy that the great soldier was always "the Iron Duke," and never had his moments of social familiarity, or his intervals of friendly consideration.

This little volume, in some minute details, is incorrect both in chronology and matter; but as they touch no point of historical interest, we pass them by with only a general notice. In one or two instances, we find passages which supply information soaring beyond familiar gossip. A letter to Sir Charles Stuart, on the subject of the meditated execution of Bonaparte, by Blücher, corroborates what we already find in the statement of Baron Muffling, and in nearly the same words. The Duke says, in a communication, dated June 28th, 1815—

"I send you my despatches, which will make you acquainted with the state of affairs. You may show them to Talleyrand if you choose. General — has been here this day, to negotiate for Napoleon's passing

to America; to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think that the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. Blücher wishes to kill him; that I shall remonstrate against, and shall insist on his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners, and that I was determined, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint another executioner, who should not be me."

In every transaction of his life, public or private, we never find the Duke swerving or hesitating for a moment on any point when he had once satisfied himself that he was right on principle.

There has been more than one attempt made by celebrated writers, English as well as foreign, to throw discredit on the Duke of Wellington, for not interfering, with his all-commanding influence, to save the life of his late opponent, Marshal Ney, a gallant soldier, "the bravest of the brave," who had fought hundreds of battles for France, and had never drawn his sword against his country. Even warm admirers of the Duke have condemned him for this tacit acquiescence, and have called it the only blot on his character. Lord Byron, who was what Dr. Johnson calls "a good hater," and who lost no opportunity of disparaging, and speaking unjustly of the Duke, from political animosity, goes so far as to write—

"Glory like yours, should any dare gainsey,
Humanity would rise, and thunder 'Ney.'"
* "Query, Ney?—Printer's Devil."

This is pungent, and calculated to gain converts. On this important point, opinions are still, and are likely to remain, much divided. We yield to no one in admiration of the Duke, in profound respect for his memory, and in deference to his sound judgment; but we wish he had made a private request to Louis XVIII., and said, "Give me Marshal Ney as a personal boon." We think, for once, (and he seldom made a mistake) that he lost an opportunity. Ney damaged his cause, and diminished sympathy by the unnecessary and utterly theatrical flourish of volunteering to bring Napoleon to the feet of Louis XVIII., in an

iron cage; but the rhodomontade was not more bombastic, and at the time was quite as honest as that of many of his brethren in arms, and associates in politics, who afterwards falsified their promises and oaths with less sincerity. For example, we would have given a thousand Talleyrands and Fouchés for a single Ney. Napoleon declared, and justly, at St. Helena, that the greatest political and social mistake he ever committed was not hanging Fouché on his return from Elba, and Sir Walter Scott says, and with equal truth, that the most wonderful event of that eventful epoch was, that Fouché, who by turns betrayed and sold everybody, contrived at last to die peaceably in his bed. Had this world's retribution fallen on him, he should have been hanged on a gibbet higher than that of Haman. Ney was first ordered to be tried by a court of marshals, of which Massena was appointed president. He declined to fill the office, and broke up the court, representing that he had quarrelled with Marshal Ney while the latter was under his command in Portugal, and that the quarrel was never made up—he was, consequently, incapacitated from sitting on him as an unprejudiced judge. The next court ordered, contained generals and colonels, who pronounced themselves incompetent to try an officer of such superior rank. The case was then turned over to the Chamber of Peers, of which the old Duke de Richelieu (long an emigrant in Russia, and recently returned to France), in virtue of his age and rank, was president. He refused to preside. "During the war of political opinions under the first French Revolution," said he, "I was twice condemned to death. The living generation has vindicated my character and principles; posterity may do equal justice to Marshal Ney." A third time the proceedings were suspended; but a more pliant president was at last hit upon, and the trial proceeded to conclusion, within the short space of three days, when the gallant hero of the Moskwa was capitally convicted of high treason, by a majority of 139 out of 160, and sentenced to the full punishment of death, without appeal; the sentence to be carried into execution within four and twenty hours. Accordingly, on the following morning, at day-break, December 7th, 1815, the tragedy was

consummated in the gardens of the Luxembourg. Ney met his fate like a hero. *Le brave des braves* died as he had lived—a gallant soldier. On the 8th of December, the earthly remains of the Marshal were interred in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. We were quartered in Paris at the time, and remarked, with astonishment, how little public excitement was produced by the whole proceedings. They were hurried over, perhaps, under an apprehension that the people might rise, or the army refuse to carry the sentence into effect. What could either do, when Paris was bristling with 300,000 foreign bayonets? Ney was shot by veterans like himself, who had faced death under his dauntless leading, in innumerable fields of glory. It has been generally said that he was as fully entitled to the benefit of the 12th Article of the Convention of Paris, as any who afterwards received pardon and indemnity from the restored government. A fair examination must decide against him. Lord William Lennox defends the Duke of Wellington, on the true interpretation of this very 12th Article, on which Ney himself founded his defence. He introduces a letter from the Duke, in reply to an appeal from the Marshal for his intercession, which we believe has never before been made public, and is a valuable document, clear and straightforward, according to the habitual practice of the writer. We subjoin this letter, as being of the highest interest:—

“Paris, Nov. 15th, 1815

“MONSIEUR LE MARESCHAL.—I have had the honour of receiving the note which you addressed to me on the 13th instant, relative to the operation of the capitulation of Paris in your case. The capitulation of Paris of the 3rd of July last, was made between the Commander-in-Chief of the allied and Prussian armies on the one part, and the Prince d'Eckmühl, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, on the other, and related exclusively to the military occupation of Paris. The object of the 12th Article was to prevent any measure of severity under the military authority of those who made it, towards any person in Paris, on account of any offices they had filled, or any conduct, or political opinions of theirs; but it never was intended, and never could be intended to prevent, either the existing French Government, under whose authority the French Commander-in-Chief must have acted, or any French Government which

might succeed to it, from acting in this respect as it might seem fit.

“I have the honour to be, Monsieur le Marechal, your most obedient, humble servant,

“WELLINGTON.”

Strange, indeed, are the conventional forms of society. The great, all-powerful conqueror signs himself, “your most obedient, humble servant,” in reply to the unfortunate accused, who applies to him to save his life, but which his sense of duty prevents him from doing. That the Duke was conscientiously right on public grounds, is as clear as the sun; that he might have strained a point from private considerations, is a different view of the matter, which will admit of endless controversy, and much variety of opinion. We often wish he had done so, and close the discussion and the volume, with the following observations of the author, in which we heartily concur:—

“That Ney was legally guilty, admits of no doubt; but, under all the circumstances of the case, how much more noble would it have been if, instead of taking away the life of this brave man, the king (Louis XVIII.) had ordered all the troops in and about Paris to assemble in the Champ de Mars to hear the sentence read, and then, appearing in the centre of the congregated soldiery, to have given a free pardon to one who had served France with so much honour and distinction. This act of mercy would have been received by all with but one feeling—gratitude!”

Maurel's pamphlet is an anomaly: a Frenchman who, without prejudice or national pique, renders full justice to the character and military pretensions of the foreigner who wrested the chaplet of glory from their own great conqueror, and proved the bitterest opponent of France, the greatest check on her ambitious career since the days of the Black Prince and Marlborough. We cannot readily turn to any pages in which a more accurate summary of the life and career of England's great captain is to be found. Lord Ellesmere says in his preface, “I am much mistaken in my estimate of M. Maurel's work, if it do not take rank, now and hereafter, among the most accurate, discriminating, and felicitous tributes which have emanated from any country, in any language, to the memory of the Duke of Wellington. His work will speak for itself, but those who

read, while they admire, may be glad to know that the author is a gentleman of high private character, as well as established literary reputation." This is sufficient to stimulate the curiosity of our readers, which we shall only further excite by two short extracts wherein the author near the close of his *brochure*, exhibits marked specimens of his style and opinions. He says, in speaking of the Duke's Peninsular war:—

"In these severe campaigns, he had passed through all the trials that could be prescribed by fortune—he had carried on defensive war, and he had completely succeeded. He had carried on a war of ambuscades and surprisals, and he had also succeeded; he had assumed the offensive, and still he had succeeded. He had marched boldly forward without incurring any disaster, and he had conducted long retreats without being broken. He had fought with superior numbers at Vimiero, at Oporto, at Vittoria, at Nivelle, and at Toulouse, and in all these cases he had gained the victory. He had engaged with equal numbers at Salamanca, at Pampeluna, at San Marcial, and at others, and here again he had been victorious. He had fought with inferior numbers at Talavera, at Busaco, at Fuentes d' Onoro, and still victory had smiled upon his arms."

After having triumphed over generals of middling capacity, he had become steelled for his encounter with men of first-rate ability, and lastly with the stars of the Empire. His successful encounters with Junot, Victor, and Sebastiani, prepared the way for harder won laurels wrested from Soult, Ney, and Massena, the *darling child of victory*. The following estimate is as just and impartial as if it had been penned by Napier or Alison:—

"The horror which Wellington entertained of disorder, pillage, and all excess of any kind, and his inflexible rigour in maintaining discipline, obtained him the name of the 'Iron Duke.' There is much truth in this expression, but it must not be taken too much *au pied de la lettre*. It would give a false idea of the character of the man. It is only true when it is applied to a certain order of serious misdemeanours of such a nature as to endanger the public security, or the safety of his army. In other cases, never did a warrior show himself more chary of the lives of his soldiers, and never did a commander mitigate the labour, privations, and fatigues of his troops with more feeling care; in fact, never did a

general take more pains or trouble to secure the well-being and comfort of his army."

Contrast this with the habitual, selfish disregard of Napoleon for discipline and human life, his utter recklessness of all considerations of humanity which impeded the torrent of his personal ambition; and the two portraits present very opposite pictures, which reflect little to the advantage of the French Emperor. The eulogy of Maurel would be almost suspicious, were it not uttered after the grave has closed on the subject by which it is inspired, and the voice of flattery cannot sooth the "dull cold ear of death."

Lord Ellesmere's "Discourse" is a delightful tribute from a personal friend and public admirer. We have in this, traits of social benevolence, and many anecdotes of the Duke's private opinions and views with regard to his most brilliant public actions, equally new and interesting. We find now, corroborated from authority, what we have often heard before, that he considered Salamanca his most scientific battle, and was more proud of that brilliant field than even of the last great achievement of his military career, the crowning day of Waterloo. In speaking of the movements which led to the result of Salamanca, the Duke himself would say, "there has been nothing like it since the time of Frederic the Great." Of his failure at Burgos (his only failure), he spoke without reserve, and with full candour. "It was all my own fault," he said to Lord Ellesmere in conversation, "the place was very like a hill-fort in India. I had got into a good many of these, and I thought I could get into this. The French, however, had a d—h clever fellow there, one Dubreton, and he fairly kept me out." Lord Ellesmere suggests a parallel between Wellington and the great Spanish captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, which has already, to a certain extent, been carried out in an article in the *Quarterly Review* by Mr. Ford, author of the "Handbook of Spain." The subject is fertile, and the selection good, and may admit of still further amplification. But closer and more brilliant comparisons have been, and may still be discovered.

Many lectures have been delivered by orators both lay and clerical, while

the eloquence of the pulpit has been abundantly impressive. Above thirty printed sermons on the Duke's death and funeral are already before the public, including many from high dignitaries of the church, whose worth is equalled by their reputation and abilities. The whole collection would form a valuable study for succeeding generations. In whatever light we contemplate the character of the great chieftain we have lost, whether collected from the homily of the preacher,

the philosophy of the historian, or the affectionate memorial of the personal friend, we see in him, through every phase of his long and active career, a mighty instrument fitted to the work for which he was designed; who having completed his mission with unexampléd constancy and success, was finally borne to his rest, to lie by England's Naval bulwark, in the most honoured sepulchre which a nation's gratitude has ever given to departed greatness.

ON THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF THE HEBREWS IN GENERAL, AND THEIR TEMPLE MUSIC IN PARTICULAR.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

WE now proceed to the consideration of that portion of our subject

which, to the Bible-reader, must always appear most interesting—viz.,

THE MUSICAL SERVICE IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, ESPECIALLY AS IT WAS AT THE TIME OF DAVID AND SOLOMON.

LIKE everything else, the music of the Hebrews, and their temple music in particular, developed itself from small beginnings, and for a long time appears to have remained in a state of rudeness and imperfection, for want of peace and patronage from above—two things, without which fine art has rarely been known to rise and flourish in any country. There can be no doubt that Moses took the model of his external arrangement of divine worship, as far as regards the musical performance, from the Egyptians. Amongst this ancient nation, music had, from time immemorial, constituted an important and essential element of devotion and public worship; the temples of Osiris resounded from morning till night with hymns and songs, accompanied upon musical instruments, and a special order of the priests (like the Levites of Moses) was appointed to conduct, and properly carry out the musical performance. The instruments, also, which were employed in the temple music of the Egyptians, were the same as those in use amongst the Levites previously to the time of David, and they ascribed to the trombone in particular the same

peculiarly sacred and solemn character as the Jews, whilst timbrels, and other light pulsatile instruments, were only considered fit for women, and not allowed in the temple, except on occasions of public rejoicings—as, *e. g.*, on the celebration of the feast of Diana, when (as at the Jewish feast of the harvest) women and children were permitted to take part in the singing of the hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

But, although music was undoubtedly a favourite art with the Jews, and although Moses had made especial provision for its cultivation and proper performance during the service, still the succeeding times of incessant aggressive or defensive war under Joshua and the judges must have interfered with, and effectually prevented its progress. In fact, the want of peace, of proper instruction, and also of a suitable *locale*, appears to have kept it in a most languishing state, until it received a sudden impulse from that most important religious institution, of which we have already spoken in the general history of Hebrew music, viz., the prophetic schools founded by Samuel.

From this time there was no lack of singers and instrumentalists capable of performing the musical portion of the service in a manner worthy of its high and sacred purpose, or giving instructions to others, if a greater number of performers should be required. Hence, the possibility of such a sudden and astonishing rise to a state of internal excellence and external grandeur, as we see the music of the temple take under David and Solomon. Although the accounts of Josephus, and the tales of the Talmudistical writers are full of palpable and often ridiculous exaggerations, still it is certain, that no nation of antiquity could show anything to equal the music of the temple at the time of these kings, either in point of quality or external grandeur; and that the provisions made for the efficient training of a number of vocal and instrumental performers, and the proper management of the musical portion of divine worship, were more complete and more systematically planned than those of the most musical nations of modern Europe.

We shall hereafter give some account of the organisation of the Levitical body, the rules and regulations of the temple service, and the different established modes of performance; here we will only mention, that King David not only appointed singers, instrumentalists, and masters "skilled in music" (1 Chron. 25), but introduced several instruments in the Levitical orchestra, which had been previously excluded from it, as—e. g., the small triangular harp and the cymbals. It was he who composed the most beautiful of those lyric effusions which will for ever remain the inimitable patterns of holy song; and he did not even deem it beneath his royal dignity, on solemn occasions, to join in the performance, or lead the chorus of singers, that went before the ark of the covenant.

Solomon was as great a lover and patron of music as his father had been, and we have already stated what he did towards the improvement of the performances in the temple.

The division of the empire under Solomon's successors, and the consequent intestine struggles, as well as the wars with other nations, must prove injurious to the cultivation of music, no less than of all other arts

and sciences. The temple service not only lost its former splendour but also deteriorated in quality, and as the manners of the Jews grew more corrupt, music found its chief supporters and best performers no longer in the house of God, but in the halls of rich *bon-vivants*, or public places of revelry. —(Isaiah, v. 12, Amos, vi. 5, 6.)

Under Ahaz, who gave himself up to the worship of idols, and "filled the house of God with uncleanness," the holy song ceased altogether, and although Hezekiah restored for a short time the true form of worship, and made the Levites once more "sing praise with gladness, with the words of David, and Asaph the seer," still his very next successor again erected altars to Baalim, and the desertion of the rulers and people from the service of Jehovah — of which the corruption of the temple music was a natural consequence — ultimately caused both to be delivered into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, who "carried away" to Babylon all those who had escaped from the sword." Seventy years did they remain in the Babylonian captivity, sighing for the home of their fathers, and remembering with tears the days of former glory. They had no longer a heart to sing the songs of Zion — "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we thought of Zion; we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" — (Psa. cxxxvi. 1-4.)

When they were restored to the land of inheritance, they had still two hundred and forty-five singers amongst them, and Ezra did his best to re-establish the service in the house of the Lord as it had been in the days of David. But the glory of former times had departed. The Levites had been called together "to praise the Lord after the ordinance of David, king of Israel;" but "many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers that had seen the first house, wept with a loud voice, . . . so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping." — (Ezra, iii. 12, 13.)

In the above sketch of the historical development of the Hebrew temple

music, we have purposely confined ourselves to the merest outline, in order to reserve as much space as possible for the examination of the nature of this music, and the manner in which it was performed by the singers and instrumentalists in the temple. Very few expounders of Holy Writ have thought it necessary, or—for reasons already indicated—been in a position to enlighten their readers on this subject, although it is, in reality, one of much greater interest and importance than anything else connected with the history of Jewish art, science, and customs, inasmuch as the Bible itself everywhere represents singing and instrumental music as so intimately and necessarily connected with the true public worship of Jehovah, that the latter appears to have been considered incomplete, imperfect, and almost worthless, without the other. Whenever mention is made of the institution or improvement of the temple service, there “the instruments which David invented,” “the harp, psaltery, and lute,” “the singing of praise in the words of David and Asaph,” &c., &c., are specially and emphatically noticed; and it is, therefore, strange—not to use a stronger term—that whilst authors and teachers devote books and sermons to the examination of the most unimportant details in the life, discipline, and customs of the Jews, or spend a vast amount of time and labour to discover a hidden meaning in the description of the different ornaments or vessels of the temple, the art of sound, which formed an integral part of the public worship of Jehovah, without which, in fact, no real temple service could be performed, should have met with so little attention from those who profess to explain the word of God. Luther says—“A minister who does not know music is not worth looking at.” Although not everyone will subscribe to this dictum, still it will appear, even from the following *unscientific* remarks, that without a knowledge of ancient music, a number of expressions relating to the performance of the psalms and other religious compositions must always remain unintelligible. We, therefore, flatter ourselves that we shall not only please the readers of these pages, but do some service to the cause of Biblical exegesis in general, by throwing as clear a

light upon this much-neglected subject as our present state of knowledge and our limited space will allow. For this purpose we shall divide the subject into five heads, and consider separately—1st, The organisation of the appointed body of performers (the Levites); 2nd, The place of performance; 3rd, The pieces performed; 4th, The instruments employed in the temple; and 5th, The mode of performance.

1. THE LEVITES.—The whole management of the musical portion of the Jewish service was confided to the children of Levi, who, as already observed, received a careful musical instruction from masters appointed for that purpose. It is an error to suppose, as some have done, that none but those of the tribe of Levi were allowed to practise music. This may be seen from Exod. xv. 20; 1 Sam. xviii. 67; Judges, vi. 34; Neh. vii. 67; Ps. lxxviii. 25, and many other passages in the Bible. But all Jewish historians and expounders of the law agree, that none but real Levites were allowed to take a part in the musical performance in the temple, *at least not as singers*; for there are some doubts respecting the instrumental performers, especially on account of the Zipporeans and Pegareans, and some of the inhabitants of Emmaus, who officiated as instrumentalists after the return of the Jews from Babylon, and which some assert to have been real Levites, whilst others contend that they did not belong to their tribe, but were merely admitted amongst them in order to supply the great want of instrumentalists. In the Talmud (*Tract. Erachin*, c. ii. sec. 4) they are called *servants of the priests*.

Moses had ordained that no Levite should be allowed to officiate in the temple before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, and that his functions should cease with his fiftieth year, probably because his voice was supposed to have, by that time, lost its freshness and flexibility. David, however, extended the time of service from twenty-five to thirty years, the Levites being allowed to enter upon their office with the twentieth year of age. The number of Levites appointed by David to sing and play in the temple was four thousand. These were divided into twenty-four classes, each of which had its own leader, who superintended the

instruction and conducted the performers, and who was called *Menatzeach*, or "chief musician." The *menatzeachs* of the different classes were again placed under the control of three principal directors, each of which presided over one of the three principal departments of instrumental performance. The first three directors appointed over the Levites were Heman, who managed the department of wind instruments; Ethan, who presided over the stringed instruments; and Asaph, under whose direction stood the performers upon cymbals and other pulsatile instruments.—(1 Chron. xxv. 2-6.) The chief of all the Levites (Chenaniah) had the management of the vocal department (1 Chron. xv. 22).

The musical service in the temple was performed by the different classes in a regular order of rotation, each class being on duty for a week, when another took its place.—(2 Kings, xi. 5-7.) Thus every Levite had to be in Jerusalem two weeks in the year, enjoying a rest of twenty-three weeks between each period of service. During the two weeks of service he was, however, not constantly employed in the temple. On ordinary occasions only twelve singers and twelve instrumental performers (*viz.*, nine harp players, two performers upon the nabel or psaltery, and one cymbalist) were required to attend; for this reason each class of musicians was again divided into companies, who relieved each other by turns, so that every Levite enjoyed some intervals of repose, even whilst on duty, and although the service in the temple never ceased from morning till night. The great number of performers also made it possible, without a hardship to individual Levites, to comply with that remarkable ancient law which prohibited, by penalty of death, the exchange of duty between members of different classes. The object of this law was to compel every Levite to appear in Jerusalem at least twice a-year. The three great festivals which occupied three weeks of the year were not included in the ordinary time of service, and the attendance at them was not compulsory, but considered as a matter of honour and holy zeal. In addition to these stimulations, the right to a share in the remains of the numerous offerings was held out as an inducement for the Levites to

attend, hence there was never a lack of performers on any of these occasions.

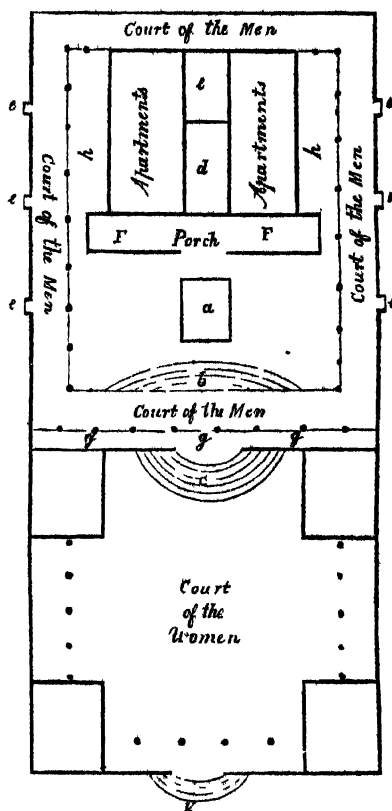
During the week of service, the Levites dwelt in a range of chambers situated between the court of the women and the court of the men (court of Israel). The aspect of these chambers was towards the east, where the altar was situated, and the whole court of the Levites, along which these chambers extended, was fifteen feet higher than the court of the women. On the same level, and in a line with the dwelling-chambers of the Levites, was a large vaulted room where they had to deposit their musical instruments when off duty, as they were not allowed to take them into their own rooms.

2. THE PLACE OF PERFORMANCE.—The narrow court of the Levites which contained their private chambers and the musical store-room, extended across the inner temple, and divided, as already observed, the court of the women from that of the men. Along the western side of the court of the men, opposite to and in a line parallel with the chambers of the Levites, ran a stone wall about four feet high. This wall divided the court of Israel from the innermost temple. The Levites having crossed the court of Israel and ascended the wall on the other side by means of steps cut out at different places, found themselves upon a semi-circular platform, whence they looked down into the quadrangular court where the priests ministered at the altar. This platform was the highest and hindermost step of an amphitheatrical gallery which was called *Douchan*, and which was the appointed place of performance on ordinary occasions. The douchan consisted of five of such semicircular platforms, each about four feet wide and one foot higher than the one before it, the foremost being the lowest and on a level with the court of the priests. On some occasions, however, the Levites did not perform upon this gallery, but upon the steps which led from their court down into the court of the women. Of these steps there were fifteen, which the Levites ascended during the performance, singing one entire psalm upon each. The psalms selected for these occasions were those from the hundred and twentieth to the hundred and thirty-fourth of our collection, which for this reason were designated

by the name of *Hamaaloth*, or “songs of the steps” (not “songs of degrees,” as in the authorised version). The

subjoined diagram shows the respective positions of the different places here mentioned:—

- REFERENCES.
- a. The Altar
 - b The Douchan or Orchestra of the Levites
 - c. Steps on which the Hamaaloth was performed
 - d The Holy Place
 - e Holy of Holies
 - f Rooms in the Porch.
 - g Court and Chambers of the Levites.
 - h Side entrances to the Court of Israel.
 - k The Beautiful Gate
 - l Pillars.



3. THE SACRED SONGS OF THE LEVITES.—All the hymns, and other sacred songs performed in the temple were, of course, intended for the praise and glory of Jehovah. A rich treasury of holy sentiment, particularly suited, and mostly intended for this purpose, was contained in the psalms of David; and as these effusions of the sweet royal singer were, at the same time, the most beautiful specimens of sacred lyric poetry which the Hebrews possessed, almost all songs performed by the Levites were selected from amongst them, as occasion and circumstances required, and the proper melodies and mode of performance taught to the Levites by the *Menatzeachs*, or class-leaders. Every day and every kind of service had its appointed psalms, and

each psalm its prescribed mode of performance. Hence the many strange and often almost unintelligible superscriptions over the psalms. During the ordinary service, whilst the burning of the perpetual offering was going on, the Levites sang the 24th Psalm on the first day of the week; the 48th on the second; the 82nd on the third; the 94th on the fourth; the 81st on the fifth; the 93rd and 94th on the sixth. On Sabbath, the 92nd Psalm was regularly performed, besides several others. During the burnt and drink offering the Levites often also sang the last hymn of Moses (Deut. xxxii.); and during the evening offering the first hymn of Moses (Exod. xv.) Part of the latter was also frequently sung on week-days. The two grande

performances of the Levites were the *Hammaloth*, already alluded to, and the *Hallel*. The former, comprising fifteen psalms (Ps. cxx.—cxxxiv.), one for each step leading from the court of the women to that of the Levites, was performed with many ceremonies every evening of the eight days of the feast of Tabernacles, immediately after the evening offering. The *Hallel* (literally, "he has praised") comprised Psalms cxlii. to cxlviii. These were sung on the day following the first night of the Passover, on the first and last days of the first feast of harvest (Pentecost), and every day during the feast of Tabernacles. The *Hallel* was also sung during the feast of the Dedication of the Temple, which, after the time of Judas Maccabeus, was celebrated in the winter, from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh of the month of Chislev (November). During the feast of Tabernacles, which of all feasts was celebrated with the greatest pomp, the Levites also sang Psalms cv., xcii., l., xciv., lxxxi., v., and lxxxv., one on each of the seven days. After the return of the Jews from Babylon, portions of Jeremiah's Lamentations were often substituted for the psalms of the day.

4. THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS USED IN THE TEMPLE.—Not all the instruments known to and played upon by the people were admitted into the temple. Of the wind instruments, only the silver trumpets, curved horns (trombones), and flutes (*chalil* and *nehabhim*) were allowed to be used. The usual stringed instruments were harps, lutes, and psalteries, without which scarcely ever a psalm was sung. Of the many pulsatile instruments, of which the Jewish women were particularly fond, none but cymbals were admitted upon the douchan. The *migrephah*, which the Talmudists mention as one of the sacred instruments, was not employed during the service, but merely to give a signal to the Levites to assemble upon the orchestra. It has already been stated, that at least twelve singers, and as many instrumental performers, were obliged to attend on all ordinary occasions. On feast-days this number was greatly increased, and the priests also joined in the performance.—(2 Chron. v. 12.) No other but real sacrificing priests, i. e., descendants of Aaron, were permitted to blow upon trumpets. Of these there were always two employed to give different signals

to the Levites and the people; when there were more trumpet-players, they joined in the performance of the symphonies and interludes, these being the only portions of the temple music in which the performers upon brass instruments and horns took a part. The most solemn and grand of all instruments were the trombones, of which seldom more than seven were employed. Of the flute-like instruments, the smaller kind (*chalil*) was used to accompany the melody in the higher octave; and the larger one (*nehabhim*) in unison. There were frequently a great many of them, especially when the *Hallel* was sung, from which the former instruments (*chalil-halil*) derived its name.

5. THE MODE OF PERFORMANCE.—We have already had occasion to observe, that the nature of the musical instruments in use amongst the Hebrews, as well as many other historical, physical, and psychological reasons forbid the idea of a real harmony, in the modern sense of the word, having been known to or practised by either the sacred or profane musicians of Israel. This, however, does not exclude the possibility, that they were acquainted with, and made use of, those most simple harmonic combinations (octaves, fifths, and fourths), which, not only the natural difference between male and female voices, but even the harmonic resonance of every single sound, whether vocal or instrumental, must, at an early time, have suggested to everyone who bestowed the least attention upon the nature of musical sounds. All ancient nations, of whose music we have any knowledge, sang and played not only in unison, but frequently in two simultaneous series of sounds (parts), of which the high one was the melody or air, and the other the lower octave; now and then interspersed with a fourth or fifth. This kind of natural harmony was known to the Jews also; and the Levites in particular employed it as a regular and established form of art, distinguishing the unison or purely melodious performance from that in two parts, by the artistic terms "*Alamoth*" and "*She-minith*."

The musical signification of these two terms we are enabled to define with great precision and certainty from a passage in the fifteenth chap-

ter of the first book of Chronicles (v. 20 and 21). In this passage some of the Levites are described as performing "with lutes (uabals not psalteries, as in the common version) upon *Alamoth*," and others "with harps upon *Sheminith*." The literal meaning of *Alamoth* is "virgin" or "young woman" (see Ps. lxxviii. 26; Cant. i. 3; Ezra. vii. 14); in a musical sense it must, therefore, signify a female or treble voice; or (on account of the prefix "*Al*," which indicates a rule or precept), a strain for high or treble voices. Modern musicians would call this "singing in alto," and the term *Alamoth* is, therefore, equivalent to our "alto voice," or "alto part," accordingly as it is applied either to indicate a peculiar class of voices, or one of the two series of sounds of a two-part composition. In contradistinction to the higher class of voices, or the upper part (melody) of a song, the deeper voices and the lower part were termed "*Sheminith*," which means "the eighth" or *octave*. That this eighth or octave must be the one *below* the melody is plain, not only from the circumstance that it is placed in juxtaposition with the word *Alamoth*, which can be no other but the upper voice or part, but also from the statement of the inspired writer that it was "sounded upon harps;" the harps being of a lower compass than the lutes. The above passage should, therefore, have been rendered thus: "Whilst Zechariah, Aziel, and other performers upon lutes, accompanied the melody of the singers in unison, Matthithiah, Elipheiah, and their brethren played the lower octave (or bass part,) upon harps." This explanation will also enable the reader to understand the meaning of the superscriptions of Ps. vi. and xli. "*Neghinoth*" being the general term for stringed instruments, the expression "on *Neghinoth*, upon *Sheminith*," implies that the melody of the psalm was to be accompanied by all the stringed instruments in the lower octave. In the superscription of the 46th Psalm, the term *Alamoth* stands by itself, and therefore most likely applies to the performance in general; meaning that the singers, as well as the instrumentalists, were to confine themselves to the air, without adding an accompaniment in the lower octave. Modern composers would

have indicated this by writing over the music, "chorus and band in unison."

Having thus been led to the consideration of the superscriptions or titles of the psalms, we will embrace the opportunity to notice a general difference in the performance of these compositions, indicated by the words "psalm" and "song." The word psalm is derived from the Greek verb "*psallein*," which means not merely "to sing," but to sing to an instrumental accompaniment; and the instrument called "psalter," received its name from its being the favourite instrument upon which the Greek and Roman singers accompanied themselves. Hence, those lyric compositions which are especially marked as "psalms," were never sung without an instrumental accompaniment. That mere "singing," and "singing psalms," were considered as two different things, appears from Ephes. v. 19; Ps. xlvii. 6; and many other passages; and as the difference between those compositions, which are designated as psalms, and those which are termed songs, does not consist in a difference between their contents (of this every one may soon convince himself), it must be a difference of form, the inference being, that for the proper performance of the real psalms, an instrumental accompaniment was indispensable; whilst the "songs" did not necessarily require such an accompaniment. Probably the whole performance of the psalms was a more musically developed one than that of the songs; the latter being delivered in a more free and half declamatory (*recitativo*) style of singing. This agrees with the opinion of Hilarius, Enthymius, Chrysostomus, and Basilus; according to whom, the superscription "a psalm and song," which we find over Psalms xxx., lxxv., lxxvii., and others, indicates that the sacred song was to be performed, first, in a strictly musical (*cantabile*) style, with a full instrumental accompaniment, and afterwards in the form of an alternating recitativo; and *vice versa*, when the superscription was a "song, a psalm," as over Ps. xlviii., lxxvi., lxxxiii., &c. In this case, the expression "a psalm or song," would indicate that the hymn, or sacred song, might be executed in either form.

It has already been stated, that the usual instruments of accompaniment

were the harp, lute, and cymbals, but that flutes were occasionally added to support the melody, as, e. g., in the Hallel. Sometimes, however, the stringed instruments were required to be silent, and none but flutes to be employed in the accompaniment. This was indicated by the word "*Nehiloth*" (derived from *chalil*), the general term for instruments of the flute kind. For such a mode of performance only very few melodies or songs would be suited, hence we find it prescribed only for one psalm, viz., the sixth. When none but stringed instruments were to be used, the composer wrote over his psalm, "upon *Neginoth*" (Ps. iv., liv., lxi., lxvii., &c.)

The melodies of the psalms, and the proper mode of performance, were taught to the Levites by the class-leaders, or *menatzenachs*, who also conducted the performance during the service. Some of the melodies, undoubtedly, were well known, and required no particular training of the singers or instrumentalists; others, however, might be new or more difficult, and, therefore, require the particular attention of the leader; in which case the psalm was dedicated to him in order either to recommend it to his special care, or to leave him the choice of a suitable melody. Hence the frequent occurrence of the expression, "to the chief musician." When a musical arrangement of great importance or intricacy was necessary, e. g., in psalms to be performed on grand occasions, it was not left to the discretion of the mere class-leader, but confided to the special care of the chief of all the Levites. This we see from the superscriptions of Ps. xxxix., lxii., and lxxvii. Some of the melodies to which the psalms were sung were old national airs; others were of a foreign origin. The former were generally named after the commencement of the song to which they had been originally invented, the first two or three words of the song serving (as is still the case with the melodies of the German chorales) as the title by which they were known, e. g., "*Akashith*," "destroy not" (Ps. lvii.); "*Ajeleth-Shahar*," "the hind of the morning."—(Ps. xxii.) Those melodies adapted from other nations were frequently named after the place whence they had been derived. Of this, two instances occur in the superscriptions of the 8th and

69th Psalms, which appear to have given a good deal of trouble to musical historians and expounders of Holy Writ, and which therefore deserve a short notice.

The 8th Psalm has this superscription, "To the chief musician upon *Gittith*," and the term *Gittith* occurs likewise over Ps. lxxxi. and lxxxiv., and at different other places in the Old Testament where musical matters are spoken of. Some of the earlier commentators have considered it to be the name of a musical instrument, but this interpretation agrees neither with the connexion nor the grammatical construction of the word. For this reason others have taken it to indicate the place where the psalms thus marked were usually sung, and at the instance of the LXX. translated it by "*winepress*." But they overlooked that the expression "*Bacchus tune*" was used by the Greek musicians to distinguish a peculiar tonal mode or scale, namely, the so called *Phrygian* (upon *E*), and that, therefore, the Alexandrine translators also, most probably, took the term in this sense, wishing to indicate a peculiar air or melody known amongst the Jews by the name of the "tune of the *Gittites*," i. e., a tune which the inhabitants of Gad were accustomed to sing. This view of the case assumes a strong appearance of probability, when it is recollected that David, the composer of those psalms, resided a considerable time amongst the *Gittites*, from whom he might have learned the air, and afterwards communicated it to the Levites. Another melody of foreign origin was that indicated by the term—

"*Shoshannim*," which is found in the superscriptions of Ps. xlv., lx., lxix., and lxxx. Some have derived this word from *schosch*, which means "six," and believed it to be the name of an instrument with six strings. There is, however, no trace of such an instrument having been in use amongst the Hebrews; and Dr. Schilling, in his "*Essay on Hebrew Music*," has established the fact beyond a possibility of doubt, that the word *Shoshannim*, like the one just explained, was the name of an air or scale. According to the explanation of that learned antiquarian, the word *Shoshannim* was derived from *Shusan* (a lily), and this again from the Persian word *Susan*, which means also a lily, but was at the same time

the name of a town situated in the province of Elam, and celebrated for the abundance of lilies growing in the neighbourhood. From the inhabitants of this town the Jews are supposed to have learnt the air which they afterwards distinguished by the name of *Shoshannim*, or "tune of Susan."

In order to relieve the unavoidable monotony which must necessarily arise from a continual succession of melodies in unison or double octaves, even if occasionally interspersed with a fifth or fourth, the Jews, like all other nations of antiquity, were at an early time led to the introduction of *alternating choruses*. The first instance on record of a performance of this kind, is that of the incomparably grand and beautiful hymn of victory sung by Moses and the children of Israel after the passage through the Red Sea, and "answered" by Miriam the prophetess, and "all the women with her" (Exod. xv.) Another case of this kind is mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel (v. 7), and there are several other passages which show that a division of the singers and instrumentalists into two choruses, responding to each other, was a common practice amongst the Jews. That the Levites also availed themselves of this means of imparting variety and animation to their performance, appears from Ezra, iii. 10, 11, (where a description is given of the manner in which they performed Psalm cxxvi.) as also from the superscription of Psalm lxxxviii. The word *Mahalath* is derived from *machal* (Lat. *miscuit*); and as "*Leannoth*" is synonymous with "*Nehiloth*," the superscription of the last-named psalm, "A psalm for the sons of Korah to the chief musician upon Mahalath Leannoth," might have been made more intelligible if it had been rendered thus:—"A psalm for the children of Korah, to be performed by two alternating choruses, with a flute accompaniment, according to the direction of the class-leader."

By means of these double choruses the performance was made to assume a dramatic appearance, and some psalms seem to have been expressly composed and arranged for such a purpose, as, e. g., that most exquisitely beautiful song of consolation in dia-

logue form, which comprises the forty-second and forty-third psalms of our collection, and in which the touching lament of the soul "panting after God," is relieved at regular intervals by a refrain of five short stanzas, rendered thus by Moses Mendelssohn:—

"Why so oppressed, my heart?
Why dost thy pulse beat quick?
O, put thy trust in God!
For Him I shall yet praise,
My Saviour, my God!"

But the Levites not only sung in alternating choruses, but also were acquainted with that powerful resource of musical expression, the combination of solo-singers and chorus; as is quite evident from the construction of the ninth, eighteenth, twenty-first, and several other psalms. Nay, some of the psalms are so arranged, that they could not be effectively performed without the aid of *two* solo-singers, and *two* choruses; as, for instance, Psalm xxiv., which, in order to be effectually rendered, would require an arrangement like this —

Coro I. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;

Coro II. The world, and they who dwell therein.

Solo I. Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord;

Solo II. Or who shall stand in his holy place?

Coro I. He who has clean hands, &c.

Coro II. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, &c.

Solo I. This is the generation of them who seek Him.

Solo II. Who seek thy face, O God of Jacob!

C. I., & II. Lift up your heads, O ye gates! &c.

Solo I. Who is the King of Glory?

Coro I. The Lord, strong and mighty;

Coro II. The Lord mighty in battle.

C. I., & II. Lift up your heads, &c.

Solo II. Who is the King of Glory?

C. I., & II. THE LORD OF HOSTS, HE IS THE KING OF GLORY!

We find, lastly, that symphonies or interludes between the verses or distinct portions of the psalms, were likewise known to, and in great favour with, the Hebrews. It was principally for this purpose that the brass instruments, as trumpets and trombones, were employed; two of the former being

...for the occasion, as directed to the Psalmist (chap. vii. on perpetual offerings).—"Now, when the singers and instrumentalists had finished their strain, and whilst they were taking breath, the trumpets were sounded in answer to them, the people all the while bowing their heads. To this end, two priests standing by the basin of fat, upon the steps of the altar, were always ready, with two silver trumpets, to fill the ears and hearts of the worshipping multitude with delight." Such interludes, or final symphonies, when they were to be performed by the whole orchestra, and not the two priests alone, are frequently indicated by the word "Selah," which, according to the most learned interpreters, is derived from *salal*, i. e., "to raise," "to lift up," being a call upon the instrumentalists to bring the performance to a climax, by a powerful and energetic ritornell or symphony. "We have ended our song—selah! and now let the mighty sound of trumpets and cymbals lift up the soul of the pious worshipper to heavenly joy." Thus, as Dr. Schubart observes, a modern poet would probably express what the sacred composer indicated by the word Selah.

With this last explanation we bid our reader good-bye, hoping that we shall have succeeded not only in giving him a tolerably correct idea of the manner in which the appointed musicians to Jehovah performed the "songs of Zion," but also in throwing a new and, in many respects, interesting light upon a number of expressions and phrases which, though forming an integral part of Divine revelation, and therefore intended to be studied, are too frequently dismissed with a careless guess at their meaning, or, because they present some difficulty, supposed to be of no importance, or even declared to be spurious additions. As regards the effect which the performance of the inspired strains of David and other holy singers must have produced, the reader will have observed that many of the resources which a modern composer has at his command, were inaccessible to the chief musicians of the Levites. Such a variety of melodious phrasing, such diversity of rhythmical grouping, such fine gradations of light and shade, of piano and forte, legato and staccato, and, above all, such wonderful harmonic effects as our orchestras are able to produce,

were beyond the capability of the Levitical chorus and band. But this deficiency was, to a great extent, compensated for by the extraordinary massiveness of the performance, especially on grand occasions. Everything connected with the Hebrew worship was calculated for grandeur of effect, and so was the music of the Levites also. In the vast spaces of the temple the voices of a thousand singers mingled with the sounds of numberless harps, lutes, and wind instruments, must have told with an effect of which we have no conception, and of which we can only form a faint idea from the description of the Bible itself. This description, surpassing everything that has ever been said or written about a musical performance, will be accepted as an appropriate conclusion to our article.—

"And the Levites (which were the singers), all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. And it came to pass as the trumpets and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever, that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud, FOR THE GLORY OF THE LORD HAD FILLED THE HOUSE."

A. H. W.

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H. Ventzky.—*Von den Instrumenten u. Tonzeichen der alten Hebräer.*

A DINNER OF HERBS.

COURTEOUS READER, you who kindly partook of the "Basket of Fruit" that we gathered for you last autumn, and who since accompanied us through the desolate fields and wintry garden to seek for a bouquet of the "Flowers of February,"† will you receive the offering we now present to you, though it be not of sweet fruits nor lovely flowers.

It is now the season for vegetables in their profusion and their perfection: now, therefore, we would fain invite you to a simple dinner of herbs and roots, such as are caused to grow for the service of man. Cooling, pleasant herbs, they temper the luxury of our savoury meats; their culture affords a healthful, cheerful, and useful occupation, out in the open air of heaven, amid the songs of free birds, and the odours of fresh blossoms; and they remind us of the improvement of man, when, advancing beyond the mere hunter or herdsman, dependant on wild chance-found plants to season his animal food, he began to lay out gardens, and to learn somewhat of horticulture and botany.

A great monarch (Charlemagne) was so sensible of the advantage of gardening to the minds and bodies of his subjects, that he thought it not unworthy of his imperial dignity to issue decrees for the planting of gardens, and even to prescribe by name the herbs that should be set therein, and among which

we read of sage, rosemary, rue, wormwood, and fennel.

If then, reader, you will not despise our invitation to this vegetarian fare, we shall endeavour to diminish, as much as possible, the insipidity of our herbs and roots, by bringing forward whatever we can remember of classic or historic associations belonging to them. "What!" you will say, "ugly, coarse roots—unsentimental, common kitchen herbs!—have they any such associations?" Yes; they are not quite destitute of interest beyond that of the *cuisine*. In their garden-plot they have their robe of green leaves, and their coronet of blossom; and in history and legend they are not devoid of reminiscences, though, we grant, not rivalling in variety, abundance, or romance those of fruits and flowers, so much more the favourites of the painter and the poet. The wise king has commended a dinner of herbs, seasoned with good-will, above a more substantial feast with enmity hovering round the board. So with an entire good-will, we shall tax our memory to furnish you with some amusement in anecdotes, and some scraps of intervening song.

For the sake of the estimation in which it was held of old, we shall first set before you the CABBAGE, which, though now exiled in great measure to the tables of rustics, was highly regarded by the ancients. Pliny has ex-

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for October, 1852, No. CCXXXVIII.

† DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, February, 1853, No. CCXLII.

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told its wholesome qualities; Chrysippus, a Greek physician of Gnidos,* wrote a large book in its praise; Nicander, another Greek physician, called it divine (*μῆστιν*). In Rome it was considered a specific against the plague; and Cato the censor (not he who died at Utica), during a pestilence fed his household upon it as a preservative from infection. The Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians began their repasts with cabbage, believing it to prevent intoxication. In the banquets of the Athenians, upon the birth of a child, *crambe*, or colewort, formed an important part of the good cheer, and was even given to the mother, as a restorative. It appears from some fragments of the Greek comedians, that it was usual among the Ionians to swear by the colewort. Ancient mythologists ascribe a strange origin to the cabbage. Jupiter, say they, was one day so much perplexed in attempting to reconcile two contradictory oracles of destiny, that a profuse perspiration burst out upon his brow, and from the drops as they fell, the cabbage sprang up.

Formerly cabbages* were esteemed by English herbalists, as efficacious in the early stage of consumption. A cabbage is sculptured at the feet of the effigy of Sir Anthony Ashley, on his tomb at Winborne, St. Giles, Dorsetshire, in memory of his having revived in England the culture of that vegetable, which, before his time, was annually imported from Holland, though it had been formerly well known to our Saxon ancestors, who called the month of February, sprout-kail, or the sprouting of the cabbage. The different varieties of cabbage all have their origin from the *crambe maritima*, or sea-side cabbage (sea-kale) which is still found wild in some parts of England, and especially in the neighbourhood of Dover. Broccoli was brought from Italy to France at the end of the sixteenth century, and thence to England. Cauliflower (that most delicate species of cabbage), which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the finest of all the flowers in the garden, was brought from Cyprus to Italy, and thence to France and England, at the close of the seventeenth century.

There has been from time immemorial in Scotland, some rural superstition ascribing fatidical properties to the cabbage, even as Nicander called it, *μῆστιν*, the divine, or the sooth-saying, for the Greek word signifies both. In the witching hours of night, on All-hallows'-E'en, the rustics try their matrimonial fortunes by pulling up cabbages by the root, haphazard and darkling, in the kail-yard. The taste of the pith, sour or sweet, betokens the temper of the future spouse; the shape of the stalk, straight or crooked, the figure; and the absence or presence of clay adhering to the root, a fortune, or no fortune in the match.

The term "cabbage," by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, *cablest*, i. e., wind-fallen wood; and their *hell*, wherein they store the *cabbage*, from *helan*, to hide.

When Diocletian the Roman Emperor had grown weary of persecuting the Christians, and satiated with the pomps of the purple, he abdicated, and retired to rural life at Salona,† where his favourite amusement was rearing vegetables. Being importuned by his former colleague in the empire, Maximianus, to seek the restoration of his imperial rank, he refused, saying, in his letter, "If I could but show you the fine cabbages I have reared myself, at Salona, you would no longer talk to me of empire."

The house of Raconis, in Savoy, adopted as their cognizance a cabbage, which was called, in old French, *cabus*; and added as a punning motto, "*Tout n'est*," which, joined to the cognizance, can be read, "*Tout n'est cabus*," (Everything is not cabbage), or "*Tout n'est qu'abus*" (Everything is but abuse); but the pun cannot be preserved in a translation.

Inelegant as is the cabbage in our eyes, it holds proudly up its erect branch of yellow cruciform flowers, when it is running to seed, and thus is more handsome in its old age than in its youth; an advantage it possesses over the human family.

As the cabbage has fallen from its high estate among emperors, nobles, and physicians, and has become but a

* In Caria.

† In Dalmatia.

peasant vegetable, we will associate with it our translation of a rural German song:—

THE CONTENTED MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN MARTIN MILLER.

"Was frag Ich viel nach geld und gut?"

Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?

It is enough for me

That heaven hath sent me strength and health,

A spirit glad and free:

Grateful these blessings to receive,

I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow!

House, herds, and gold have they;

Yet life's best joys they never know,

But fret their hours away.

The more they have, they seek increase;

Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,

To me it seems so fair:

It countless pleasures hath for all,

And none denied a share.

The little birds on new-fledged wing,

And insects revel in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods, and plains

In beauteous hues are clad;

And birds sing far and near sweet strains,

Caught up by echoes glad.

"Rise," sings the lark, "your tasks to ply;"

The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,

And all like gold appears,

When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,

And fields have ripening ears,

I think these glories that I see,

My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,

And say in joyful mood,

His love, indeed, is Father's love,

He wills to all men good.

Then let me ever grateful live,

Enjoying all He deigns to give.

Now *en revanche* for the ugly cabbage, we will turn to the delicate Asparagus, with its pretty Greek name (*asparagos*, a young shoot not yet opened into leaf). Is there not much beauty in a bed of asparagus run to seed? The tall, slender, feathery, green sprays, with their shining bead-like berries, have an air of great elegance, especially when begemmed by the morning dew. Asparagus was first cultivated in England about 1662. Some species of the wild Asparagus are still found in Wales,

in the Isle of Portland, and near Bristol. Tavernier mentions having found some enormous asparagus on the banks of the Euphrates; and Pliny mentions asparagus cultivated at Ravenna, three of which would weigh a pound.

Asparagus is an especial favourite with our Gallic neighbours. Of the French philosopher, Fontenelle, an anecdote is related, which shows how completely his *gourmandise* could conquer all natural emotions of the mind!

One day a brother literati, with whom he had lived in habits of friendship for many years, came to dine with him. The principal part of the meal was to consist of asparagus, of which both host and guest were extremely fond, but they differed in their tastes as to the mode of dressing it; the latter preferred it with butter, the former with oil. After some discussion, they came to a compromise; the cook was ordered to make two equal divisions, and to dress one share with oil, and the other with butter. This knotty point being settled, the friends entered into some literary conversation. In the height of their discourse, the guest fell from his chair, suddenly struck with apoplexy. Fontenelle hastily summoned all necessary assistance, but in vain; for despite of every exertion to restore him, the invalid expired. What were the reflections of our French philosopher on this abrupt and melancholy termination of long-standing friendship? Awe? Sorrow? Religious aspirations? No! but a happy recollection that now his own taste could be fully gratified, without the necessity of any deference to that of another. He left the corpse, and running to the head of the stairs, called out to his cook—"Dress it all with oil—all with oil!" ("*Tout à l'huile—tout à l'huile!*") It is not surprising that a man so exempt from the wear and tear of human emotions as Fontenelle, lived to be upwards of ninety-nine years of age. He was for forty years Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and died in 1756.

Wild asparagus was held in reverence by the Ioxides, a colony in Caria, in remembrance of their ancestress, Perigone. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a robber of gigantic stature, dwelling in the Peloponnese, who was surnamed the Pine-bender, from the species of cruelty he prac-

tised on all whom he defeated. He used to bend down two pine trees till they met; then he tied a leg and an arm of the captive to each tree, and suddenly letting the pines fly back to their natural position, the unfortunate victim was torn asunder. This monster was conquered by Theseus, and put to death in his own manner. On his defeat, his young daughter, Perigone, fled away, and hid herself amid a brake of wild asparagus, praying the plants, in childish simplicity, to conceal her, and promising never to root them up, or burn them. She lay among them so well sheltered that she escaped discovery by Theseus, till she was induced by the conciliatory tone in which he called upon her in his researches, to come forward to him. He subsequently married her; and their grandson, Ioxus, founded in Caria a colony who kept in memory the pledge of Perigone to the plants that had given her refuge.

The wild asparagus being full of prickles, yet agreeable and wholesome to eat, its sprays were used by the Bœotians as wedding garlands, to signify to the bride, that as she had given her lover trouble in wooing her, so she ought to recompense him by the pleasantness of her manners in wedded life. We will accompany this reminiscence with the address of a dying poet to his beloved wife, which we translate from the Italian:—

THE DYING POET TO HIS WIFE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF REDAELLI.

(Odi d'un uom che more, &c.)

Hear my last accents spoken,
Thus in my dying hour;
And keep, as mem'ry's token,
My gift, this wither'd flower.

How dear to me this blossom
Thy thought can scarce divine;
I stole it from thy bosom
The day that made thee mine.

Long on my heart I wore it,
Pledge of affection's vow;
Ah! to thy heart restore it,
The pledge of sorrow now!

With love by time unshaken,
Remember when from thee
This wither'd flower was taken,
And when restor'd by me.

TURNIPS are taken as an emblem of benevolence. Gullim says, that in

heraldry they are symbolic of persons who relieve the wants of others. Columella writes that husbandmen are more religious than other men, for when they sow turnips they pray that they may grow for themselves and for others; the latter part of the petition is unnecessary in these days, when turnip fields seem to be considered common property, and are more unconscionably plundered than any other. Turnips came to us from Hanover. Though they have been produced in England of prodigious size, these are quite surpassed by monsters of which Pliny speaks (Lib. xviii. c. 13), that attained the weight of ninety pounds each. A turnip-field in blossom, with its tall branches of pale yellow flowers, forms a pleasing variety in the rural landscape.

This vegetable reminds us of the content and integrity of Curius Dentatus, who, after being three times consul in Rome, subduing the Samnites and Sabines, and expelling Pyrrhus from the Roman territories, retired to cultivate his little farm with his own hands, in cheerful poverty. Ambassadors from the Samnites came to offer him a large present of gold, to induce him to enter into the service of that nation. They found him sitting by the fire, in his humble cottage, preparing turnips for his supper. He rejected all their offers with firmness, and pointing to the turnips, said, "A man who can be satisfied with such a meal, has no need of gold. I consider it much more honourable to subdue the owners of it, than to possess it myself."

The CARROT came to us at an early period from Flanders. The roots of caraway boiled, were often used as a substitute. When the carrot was more rare than at present, it was at one time a fashion among ladies to wear its graceful foliage in their caps and bonnets, and in their hair. The wild carrot (whose seeds enjoy some reputation as medicinal) is called by the English peasant, bird's-nest, from the hollowed and fibrous appearance of its cymes of small white flowers, when withered.

BEANS, that rank with us among the "ungentle" vegetables, had a high share of honour in ancient times; indeed, Pliny (Lib. xviii. c. 12) ascribes to them the highest honour (*maximus honos*) amongst legumes, because bread

can be made from their flour. Boiled beans and bacon, an aliment thought by the Romans to conduce to strength, were offered on 1st of June to Carna, wife of Janus, the goddess of the vitals, in her temple on Mount Cœlius, at Rome. In the *ludi seculares*, or secular games, celebrated every hundred and tenth year, the Roman people carried to the Temple of Diana, on Mount Aventine, offerings of beans, with wheat and barley. In the Regifugium, or commemoration of the expulsion of Tarquin, the Roman chief-sacrificer offered oblations of bean-flower and bacon; and then the people hurried precipitately away, in order to denote the hasty flight of Tarquin.

In the divination by the casting of lots, called by the Greeks *cleromancy*, black and white beans were put into an urn to be drawn as the lots: hence the black and white balls used by moderns in balloting. Beans were used by the Greeks in the election of civic magistrates; and in the Roman saturnalia, that time of license and holiday, a king was chosen by the drawing of a bean by lot, from which is derived the custom of putting a bean into the twelfth cake, which constitutes him who finds it in his slice, king of the revels.

The celebrated Roman family of the Fabii—several of whom bore the surname of Maximus, and among them the great General called "*the Shield of Rome*," derived their name from an ancestor renowned for his successful cultivation of beans (in Latin, *fubæ*).

When Cains Marius was obliged to fly from Rome to Africa, and was about to sail from Ostia, he sent his young son to his father Mutius to obtain provisions. While at his grandfather's farm, a party of horse, who were in pursuit of young Marius, came in sight. The servant of Mutius had the presence of mind to conceal the lad under a load of beans in a cart, and to drive away slowly, as if taking his load home, by which means he saved the fugitive's life.

Pythagoras forbade his disciples the use of beans, for which prohibition various reasons have been given. Some suppose that it was to signify that they should not accept of official situations; the election to which was expressed by giving a bean. Others say, that it was in honour of the sacred lotus of Egypt (in which country the

philosopher learned his doctrines), and when he returned home he substituted for the lotus, which did not grow in Greece, the bean, as bearing some resemblance to the seed of the lotus. Another conjecture is, that Pythagoras believed the souls of the dead to be contained in beans, whose fragrant, papilionaceous white flowers were held to be funeral, on account of the black marks upon them; no other flower having spots so perfectly black. For this reason beans were thrown upon graves to propitiate the manes of the dead. From this association of beans with death, the Roman Flamen Dialis was forbidden to touch them, or even to pronounce their name, by which he would be reputed defiled. Beans, in the middle ages, were given as funeral doles, and on Mid-Lent Sunday were consecrated and given away. One species of bean, the scarlet-runner (*phaseolus coccineus*), has the merit of producing the most beautiful flower, by many degrees, in the kitchen-garden; its exquisitely brilliant scarlet hue, and elegant papilionaceous blossom would be esteemed an ornament to the flower-garden also, were it not for the fastidiousness of fashion.

As the bean, of which we have before spoken (*vicia faba*), was deemed funereal, we will appropriate to it a suitable strain:—

IN MEMORIAM.

M. E. M.

And thou art gone! The envious grave
Hath hid thee from my weeping eyes;
Thy heart so warm, so true, so brave,
There silent, cold, and mouldering lies;
Thy voice (sweet music once it made)
Is hush'd, no more to charm mine ear;
Quenched is thy glance that brightly play'd;
All's lost, so beautiful, so dear.

Oh! what a pang of loneliness
Comes o'er me when I murmur, "lost!"
Gone from me in my heart's distress,
When love like thine was needed most.
My cup, the draught of grief doth brim,
The dreams of Hope no longer please;
The very light of life is dim,
And tuneless are its melodies.

Yet not within thy narrow tomb
My throbbing heart may buried be,
Mourning within that rayless gloom
Beside thy frail mortality.
There vainly were my sorrows told,
No answering voice to sooth my care;
Thy dust alone the tomb doth hold,
Thy living spirit is not there.

Above the grave my heart shall rise,
 To seek thee in that blessed sphere
 Where the glad spirit never dies,
 Where all unknown are sigh and tear.
 Oh, loved one, now in realms of bliss,
 What treasure hast thou been to me !
 'Tis meet that where the treasure is,
 E'en there the heart shall also be.

The butterfly blossoms of the *PEA* crowned the Roman Lares, and mingled in the bouquet of the goddess Flora. Pise, the cognomen of the Calpurnian family, celebrated in Roman history, is derived from *pisum* a pea. Of this family were the Consuls Lucius Pise and C. Calpurnius Pise, who made the famous Calpurnian laws; the former, the law against persons in authority extorting money by threats; the latter, the law against the political intrigues of magistrates, and the military Calpurnian law. Of the same race also was Pise, bled to death by order of Nero, for having conspired against him. A pea is put in the twelfth cake to designate the Queen, in contradistinction to the bean, the lot of the King, the reason for which we have before mentioned.

The wild sea-side pea (*pisum maritimum*) is found in several parts of Europe. During a dreadful dearth of provisions in 1555, this pea appeared in profusion on the Suffolk coast, between Oxford and Aldbrough; and its produce saved many poor families from dying of hunger: their necessities must have been very great, as the seed of this pea is so bitter, that even birds neglect it. This vegetable has a creeping perennial root, striking deeply into the sand; its seed is smaller than that of the esculent pea.

There was a curious old superstition that woman should not be allowed to touch CUCUMBERS, when growing, as the yellow bell-like flowers of these tender vegetables would wither if handled by females; and that if a woman walked three times (with her hair dishevelled) round cucumber-beds infested by caterpillars, the latter would all die! Ancient herbalists recommended the pulp of the cucumber beaten with milk, for inflammations of the eyes.

Tartary is thought to be the native country of the cucumber, but it is said that no modern travellers have met

with it anywhere indigenous. It was early known in England; then lost during the Yorkist and Lancastrian wars; but restored in the reign of Henry VIII. The cool and juicy cucumber of Egypt stands first among the vegetables—the want of which was so bitterly lamented by the Israelites in the barren wilderness.

In an old historical legend of Spain, a cucumber plays an unfortunate part as the occasion of violent passions, base treachery, and a deplorable loss of human life. In the tenth century, Don Gonzalo Gustos,* Lord of Salas† and Lara, was married to Donna Sancha, sister of Don Ruy (or Rodrigo) Velasquez, himself related to the house of Lara; and by Donna Sancha Gustos had seven sons, known in Spanish history as the Infants of Lara; for in early times the title “Infant” was not restricted to Spanish royalty. These were brave, handsome, and accomplished cavaliers; and all received knight-hood on the same day from their father's kinsman, Don Garcia Fernandez. Their maternal uncle, Rodrigo Velasquez, who was nephew to Garcia Fernandez, married Donna Lambra de Burueca, heiress of Barbadilla. The wedding was solemnised at Burgos with great festivity; crowds of guests were invited to it, and among them the seven Infants of Lara, with their governor and preceptor, Don Nuno Salido.

On the arrival of the young knights, their mother, Donna Sancha (who had preceded them), requested them to remain quietly in the house, and not go out to the grand square where the cavaliers were engaged hurling canes at a mark (a game learned from the Moors), as she feared that among the great multitudes assembled some disorders would arise. Her sons obeyed her wishes, but their governor went out to the plaza to see the sports. Many cavaliers threw at the mark, but in vain; till a knight of Cordova, named Alver Sanchez, a cousin-german of Donna Lambra, struck it successfully. Donna Lambra, a haughty and violent woman, exclaimed exultingly to the ladies around her, “Senoras, all of you, choose your lovers at

Sometimes written Bustos.

† Salas is a town in Old Castile, on a rising ground, seven leagues from the city of Burgos. Lara, also in Old Castile (four leagues from Burgos), a town with a strong castle.

home; one knight of Cordova is worth thirty of the house of Lara." Donna Sancha, who was sitting near the bride, replied to her, "Do not say that, since you have married Don Rodrigo of the house of Lara." Donna Lambra answered insolently, "Hold your tongue, Donna Sancha, you merit no attention; you, who have borne seven sons like a sow." At these words Don Nuno Salido quitted the square, much troubled in mind, and returned to the house. Six of the Infants of Lara were playing at chess and backgammon, but the youngest, named Gonzalo Gonzales, was sitting alone in a veranda, and he seeing the vexation on his governor's countenance, plied him with questions till Nuno told him the occurrence, requesting him, however, to take no notice of it, at least at that time. But the young man's indignation was not to be restrained. He mounted his horse, rode to the plaza, and perceiving a mark at which several persons were throwing without effect, flung his cane, struck it, and then exclaimed to the ladies around the bride, as a parody on the words of Donna Lambra, "Let all of you . . . (using a very coarse word) . . . choose you lovers at home; for one knight of the house of Lara is worth forty, yea fifty of the knights of Cordova." Donna Lambra, full of rage and confusion, immediately returned home; and finding the bridegroom, uttered many falsehoods to him, complaining that all the Infants of Lara had insulted her grossly, and threatened to tear her clothes; to put their hawks into her dove-cot, to beat her female attendants, and to kill the males in her presence; and she vowed that unless her husband avenged her she would turn Mahomedan, and go to live among the Moors. Don Ruy Velasquez, giving his bride too easy credence, without seeking an explanation from his nephews of Lara, promised her an ample vengeance.

In order to effect this, both husband and wife agreed to dissemble their feelings towards the Infants, whom they invited to accompany them on a visit to Barbadilla, the residence of Donna Lambra. One evening, after having spent the morning hawking on the

banks of the river Arlanza,* Donna Lambra and the seven brothers repaired to the garden to enjoy its shade; and Gonzalo Gonzalez, whom Lambra especially hated, was amusing himself at a fountain, bathing his falcon. The lady of Barbadilla privately gave orders to one of her servants to take a large cucumber, to steep it well in blood, and then to strike it in the face of the young Gonzalo. The choice of a cucumber, as the instrument of outrage, was particularly galling to a Spaniard—it being considered peculiarly an Oriental vegetable, and a favourite with the Moors—steeping it in blood, to mark the face of Gonzalo, was an emblematic insinuation that he had Morisco blood in his veins, the greatest insult that could be offered to a proud Castilian, besides being a covert reflection on the honour of his mother. The cucumber, as symbolic of an Oriental origin, is used typically in a contemptuous sense in Spanish proverbs, *e.g.*—"Let him who reared the cucumber, carry it upon his back;"† that is, "Let him who rears a spoiled child, put up with its ill-condition." And, again, "I hated the cucumber, and it grew upon my back;"‡ said when anything that a man most dreads or dislikes, befalls him.

Donna Lambra's servant obeyed the order of his mistress, who promised to protect him from its consequences; and having steeped a cucumber in blood, he came up suddenly, and struck the young Gonzalo in such a manner as to leave his face all smeared with gore. The seven Infants, all boiling with rage at this gross affront from a menial, drew their swords and pursued the man, who fled to the side of his lady, and caught hold of her robe for protection. The brothers demanded redress from Donna Lambra, but she bade them defiance; and they, carried away by their increased indignation, killed the domestic at her feet; and taking their mother, left Barbadilla, and returned home. Donna Lambra hastened to her husband, incensed him by a falsified narrative, in which she concealed the insult offered to Gonzalo; and represented the murder of her servant, while clinging to her robe,

* In old Castile.

† "Quien hizo el cohombro que se le trayga al hombre."

‡ "Aborreci el cohombro y nacio me en el hombre."

as a gratuitous and cruel outrage on the part of the brothers de Lara, and again insisted on revenge.

To satisfy this wicked desire of his wife, Don Rodrigo Velasquez (who affected to know nothing of what had occurred) began by requesting his unsuspecting brother-in-law, Don Gonzalo Gustos, the father of the Infants, to go to the Moorish court at Cordova, on an embassy of amity, to Almanzor, viceroy for the Moorish king, Hisssem, to thank him, in the name of Don Rodrigo, for some favours he had bestowed on the Castilian. Gustos consented; and Rodrigo sent by him a letter to Almanzor, in which he described his brother-in-law and his sons as the most deadly and unscrupulous enemies of the Moslems, and recommended the viceroy to put Gustos to death. But the Moor, more humane and more honourable than the nominal Christian, shrunk from slaying his guest in so perfidious a manner, and contented himself by making the Spaniard his prisoner, treating him at the same time with much courtesy and kindness.

Don Rodrigo next affected to the seven young knights, a desire to make an incursion into the Moorish territories, in order to obtain the release of their father, and requested them to accompany him, to which they joyfully acceded (contrary to the advice of Nuno Salido, who suspected some treachery), and they set forward with an escort of only two hundred horsemen; and being joined by Velasquez and his troops, reached the plain of Almenar, where they fell into an ambushade of ten thousand Moors, posted there by preconcert between Almanzor and the perfidious Velasquez. The latter urged his nephew to attack the enemy, declaring that he knew them to be only the dregs of the Moors, who would fly at once if vigorously charged; and enlarging upon the support that he and his soldiers would give to the band of the Infants. But he had secretly sent a small party to the Moorish commander, desiring him to give no quarter to the cavaliers of Lara, or to any of their men. This atrocious embassy was overheard by Nuno Salido, whose suspicions had led him to follow the messengers unperceived; and he cried aloud, publishing the wickedness of Don Rodrigo, and warning his beloved pupils to be on

their guard against him. The Moorish army surrounded and attacked the Infants and their small force, who fought with the energy of despair, and performed prodigies of valour, while Velasquez and his soldiers stood aloof, passive spectators of the dreadful scene. But the disproportion between the Moors and the band of the Infants was too enormous for the latter to make head against their assailants—ten thousand against two hundred! All of those that followed the banner of Lara were slain; and amongst them the brave old Nuno Salido, and Gonzalo, the youngest of the brothers.

Then the six surviving Infants remained standing alone, wounded, and disconsolate, yet undismayed, and calmly awaiting death. But they were suddenly and unexpectedly succoured by a body of three hundred men from Velasquez' banner; these abhorring their leader's cruelty and treachery, and filled with pity and admiration for his valiant and betrayed nephews, galloped forward to their rescue. The battle was then renewed between the Moors and the Spaniards; but though the latter fought as though each were endowed with the spirit and the strength of ten, their efforts were in vain against the overwhelming majority of the enemy. The noble-hearted three hundred were killed, and again the six Infants were left alone, weary and covered with blood. They were taken prisoners by the bands of two Moorish captains, Galva and Viera, who, respecting their extraordinary valour, brought them into a tent, and on hearing their story, and the villany of their uncle, showed them every kindness. But the detestable Rodrigo, on finding that his unhappy kinsmen still lived, reproached the Moorish commander with this breach of agreement; and the latter ordered Galva and Viera to put their prisoners to death, which these captains humanely refused, saying it would be disgraceful, particularly in so atrocious a case. The representations of Rodrigo, however, prevailed with the Moorish commander; the Infants of Lara were taken from the merciful hands of Galva and Viera, and decapitated on the battle-field, and their heads, together with those of Gonzalo their brother, and of Nuno Salido, were sent to Cordova.

Gustos, the father of the ill-fated knights of Lara, who was still a pri-

soner at the Moorish court, on learning the fate of his children, burst into excessive lamentations, and reproached Almanzor so bitterly for his barbarity in seconding the horrible designs of Velasquez, that the viceroy, touched with pity and remorse, gave Gustos the only reparation in his power, his liberty; and the bereaved parent returned home to Salas, to his afflicted wife, Donna Sancha. The remains of the Infants and their governor were restored by the Moors to Gustos for Christian burial in the Convent of St. Peter of Arlanza, where their tombs were extant for several centuries. Great was the exultation of Donna Lambra at the accomplishment of her dreadful wishes—but an unexpected avenger of her victims was growing up.

While Don Gonzalo Gustos was at Cordova, he had gained the affections of a Moorish princess, the sister of Almanzor; and she became the mother of a son born in strict privacy after Gustos had returned home. The boy, whom she called Mudarra, was brought up at the court, where his parentage was kept a profound secret. But when he was in his sixteenth year, having had a quarrel one day with a noble Moor, named Aliator, with whom he was playing at chess, Almanzor, in whose presence it occurred, reprimanded Mudarra, and reproached him as one of dishonourable birth. Mudarra hastened to the princess, whom, from the manner in which she had always treated him, he suspected to be his mother, told her the words of the viceroy, and implored her to inform him of his real origin. She complied, and related to him the history of his father, and the tragical fate of his half-brothers, with which Mudarra was so much affected that he vowed to punish their unnatural uncle; and he requested permission to go to Salas, in order to become known to his father, and to comfort him. To this request his mother acceded; and he proceeded to Salas handsomely equipped, and accompanied by a small escort.

Old Gonzalo, who had never ceased to mourn for his slaughtered sons, joyfully welcomed and acknowledged

Mudarra, who immediately renounced Mahommedanism, was baptised into the Catholic Church, and declared himself ready to espouse the quarrel of his father. He sedulously sought for an opportunity of falling in with Don Rodrigo; and having met him one day, while out hunting, he defied him to single combat, overthrew him, and, refusing to grant him more mercy than he had granted to the Infants of Lara, slew him on the spot. Mudarra then marching with a force against Velasquez' Castle at Barbadilla, took it; and having got Donna Lambra into his power, in retribution for all the blood she had so inhumanly caused to be shed, he ordered her to be stoned to death, and her corpse to be burned.

The maternal love and grief of Donna Sancha were gratified by the posthumous affection testified by Mudarra for the memory of his half-brothers. She forgave the former infidelity of her husband, and adopted his son as her own, and her heir. She signified this adoption by a singular ceremony, performed in public. She took a shirt to attire Mudarra; but instead of putting it upon him in the usual manner, she caused him to get into it through one sleeve, which was purposely made very large, so that his head came out at the top of the sleeve, and at the collar. Hence came a Spanish proverb, "To enter at the sleeve and come out at the collar," which is now used to express a person who, being once taken into favour, gains a complete ascendancy. Hence, also, comes the adage, "To creep up a person's sleeve;" expressive of getting intimately into favour. Mudarra, at his baptism, assumed the name of Gonzalo Gonzalez, in memory of the youngest of the Infants of Lara. He is said to have displayed many fine qualities; and he became ultimately heir to all the possessions of the house of Lara, and is the ancestor of the noble and eminent family of the Larriques de Lara.

The exact date of the death of the seven Infants of Lara is uncertain; but it occurred between A. D. 967 and 993. This tragedy has been made the subject of a long series of Spanish* roman-

* Towards the end of Don Quixote Sancho Panza, in a dispute with his master, quotes the concluding lines of the last of the Romances, without, however, in any way alluding to the story, "Here shalt thou die, traitor and enemy of Donna Sancha." It is Mudarra's speech to Rodrigo, when he slays him, "*Aquí moriras traydor enemigo de Donna Sancha.*"

cés, which narrate minutely all the details in simple versification, having only the assonance of the vowels at the second and fourth lines of the stanza instead of rhyme; and Tempest engraved at Antwerp, in 1612, a collection of forty copper-plates from designs by Van Veen, illustrative of the story. None of the romances are short enough for insertion here; but we will translate, as a specimen, from one of them, the grief of Gonzalo for the slaughter of his sons:—

THE LAMENT OF GONZALO.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Después que Gonzalo Gustos
Dexo el Cordoves palacio."

From Cordova Gonzalo fled,
Home from its palace walls:
Amid the statutes of the dead
He dwelt in Salas' halls.

He wearied mem'ry musing there;
He blam'd his feeble arm,
By time unnerv'd—Time, chronicler
Of all his grievous harm.

"Ah, lonely tree!" thus would he say,
"Trunk void of branch and fruit,
The cruel spoiler hew'd away
The saplings from thy root.

"Time was when there were seven that thou
Thine own didst proudly call:
How blest with one thou'dst deem thee
now—
One, weakest of them all.

"My sons! my fancy find ye here
Each hour—to lose again;
Thoughts of the absent, oh, how dear!
Till I behold ye slain.

"The blood is fresh—the little still
In my veins wildly flows,
When the base author of my ill
His baneful aspect shows.

"Woe! to the land where bitter foe
Is arbiter of fate,
With power to strike a ruthless blow
On victims of his hate.

"Rather than on my native ground,
Among the Moors I'd be;
For, oh! my sons, with them I found
Some hearts that pitied me."

So Gusto's mourn'd reclined in chair,
Beside a lattice set;
The long locks of his snowy hair
With falling tears were wet.

ONIONS together with GARLIC, were held in such estimation by the Egyptians, that they swore by these vege-

tables as divinities.* The satirist Juvenal ridicules them for their superstition, and calls them a happy people in whose gardens their deities grow—

"Porrum et cæpas nefas violare, aut frangere morsu,
O sanctos gentes! quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
numina."

The Egyptian onion being a very fine vegetable, was forbidden to the priests of that country, as too great a luxury. Some have thought that the priests did not eat the onion from some superstitious dislike. But the bulb they hated was the red squill, because it was dedicated to Typhon, their evil deity. Our English name of onion is derived from the Latin *unio* (one); because the bulb is solitary, and throws out no offshoots.

Garlic was highly esteemed among the Greeks. The Athenians believed that it counteracted the effects of bad air. Garlic, with flour and honey, was the fare set before Machaon, in the royal tent of Nestor (*Iliad*, book ii.) The herb *moly*, given by Mercury to Ulysses to protect him from the enchantments of Circe, is believed to have been the garlic, called *allium magicum*.—(*Odyssey*, book x.)

Garlic was sacred to the Roman penates, but the goddess Cybele admitted no one to her rites who had recently eaten garlic.* Horace's third epode is an execration of the strong-scented herb. We must remember the tale in the "Arabian Nights," that delightful book of our youth, in which the merchant is so severely punished by his lady wife for entering her presence with unwashed hands after eating a ragout of garlic. Pliny tells an easy mode of doing away with the unpleasant smell of garlic, by eating with it beet-root roasted in the ashes. There is a sweet-scented garlic (*allium odorum*), a native of the south of Europe. In the Levant garlic is hung over the doors of houses to avert sorcery; a relic, among the modern Greeks, of the veneration of Mercury's moly with its anti-Circean virtues. Our wild garlic, with its pretty, white, star-like flower, is an ornament to our woods, as far as the sense of sight goes, at least.

The LEEK, the national badge of the Welsh, is worn by them in their caps on St. David's day (March 1), in commemoration of a victory gained by

* Pliny, lib. xix. c. 6.

their ancestors on that day over the Saxons. According to tradition, the scene of the battle was close by a garden of leeks belonging to an old Welsh peasant, who advised his countrymen to pull up the leeks and wear them as cognizances, to distinguish them in the *mêlée*; a precaution by no means superfluous, in days when uniforms were unknown. Legendary tales afterwards exalted the peasant into an apparition of St. David, the tutelar saint of Wales, whose advice and assistance led his *protégés* to victory on his patron day. St. David was the son of a prince in that part of Wales now called Cardiganshire: he early embraced the monastic life, and founded a strict rule—hard labour, spare diet, and as constant a silence as could be maintained consistently with duties. He died about A.D. 544.

The vegetable originally used as the Potato was the production of the *convolvulus batata*, or *batata edulis*, which grows wild in the Malayan peninsula, and has a creeping perennial root, angular leaves, and pale purple flowers about an inch long. At every joint it puts forth tubers (the edible part). These plants were introduced from South America by Captain Hawkins Gerardo, who cultivated them in his garden, in London, in 1597, and called them potatoes (from *batata*). They are impatient of cold; but are still cultivated in the south of France and Spain. They have the disadvantage of being difficult to preserve, as they are apt to grow mouldy. These are the potatoes of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. They were supposed to be restoratives for persons of decayed constitutions, and of advanced age; wherefore, Falstaff says, "Let the sky rain potatoes."—(*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v. scene 5.)

The present potato, which has derived its name from the old *batata*, was brought to Ireland from Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, about 1589, and planted in his lands near Youghal. At a meeting of the Royal Society, 1698, Sir Robert Southwell, the President, stated, that his grandfather was

the first person in Ireland to whom Sir Walter Raleigh gave tubers of the potato. They were called Virginian potatoes, to distinguish them from the *batatas*, called Spanish potatoes. So late as 1629, potatoes in England were roasted, peeled, sliced, and put into sack with sugar, and were also candied by confectioners. They were introduced into France, 1742, but were long held in contempt, as only fit for the use of very poor people.

The potato, though a most useful, is a very unromantic vegetable. Yet there is a reminiscence of interest attached to it. In the imperial gardens of Schonbrunn, near Vienna, where poor young Napoleon, the sometime King of Rome, spent the greater part of his short and semi-captive life, there was a plot of ground appropriated for his own amusement, which he tilled with his own hands. Instead of the fruits and flowers in which a boy might be expected to delight, he cultivated only potatoes, whose white, or purple wheel-shaped flowers he endeavoured to train into tufts, or bouquets, of some grace. When his crop was ripe, he always presented it to his grandfather the Emperor of Austria, for his own table.

As the potato is now considered peculiarly the vegetable of Ireland, we shall accompany it with our translation of an Irish song, addressed by a peasant to a fair cousin with whom he was in love. The name of the writer is unknown to us, but the song was very popular in Munster, in the days now gone by, when the country people sang like the birds. The girl sang as she milked her cow, or sat at her spinning-wheel; the peasant sang at the plough, or following his cart along the road; the herdsman sang as he sat on a stone watching his four-footed charge, and the mother sang to her child. But since the blight of sadness that has fallen on the spirit of the people, and that is maintained by the daily parting from their fast-emigrating friends, we have remarked that, go where we will, we never hear the sound of Irish song:—

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

A bhean ud shíon, a lar an tochair glais.

Maid of the low green valley, throughout all Erin's isle
There is no girl whose beauty can thus my heart beguile.
If death were here before me, I could not hinder'd be
But that my hand would offer a wedding ring to thee.

Maid of the low green valley, my tongue must freely tell
The story of the true-love that in my heart doth dwell.
We too are kin already : Oh ! wouldst thou but agree
To draw the tie still closer, 'twere happier lot for me.

My Mary ! would it grieve thee to see thy lover pine ?
Look on me !—clear as crystal are those blue eyes of thine :
Thy neck is fair as plumage that on the swan we see :
Thy breath like fruit's sweet odour, thy form like young ash tree.

Oh, were we in the wild wood, where thrushes sing their song,
Where to the grass are drooping the branches green and long,
My love would I discover, so warm, so tenderly,
That thou my truth perceiving, wouldst give thy hand to me.

The LETTUCE was called among the ancients the food of the dead ; because when Adonis, the beloved of Venus, was mortally wounded by a wild boar, the weeping goddess laid him upon a bed of soft and tender lettuces, whose milky juice possesses soothing and narcotic qualities. In a fragment of the Greek dramatist, Eubulus, one of the personages, says, "Do not serve me with lettuces, for they say Venus concealed her dead lover, after his death, among lettuces." In the ceremonies of the Adonia, dedicated to the memory of Adonis, a figure representing him was borne about upon a bier, accompanied by women lamenting, as for his death, and tearing their hair. These mourners carried lettuces, planted in small baskets filled with earth, which they threw into the sea, or a neighbouring lake or river, as offerings to Adonis, at the end of the ceremonies, which generally lasted for two days.* Adonis, who is an historical character, with some fabulous additions, and whose name among the Syrians was Thammuz, was killed in June, called by the Hebrews the month of Thammuz. To the idolatrous mourning in honour of Adonis Ezekiel alludes (chap. viii.)—"I saw women weeping for Thammuz." And when Isaiah speaks (chap. xviii.) of the people who sent ambassadors by the sea, "even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters," he seems to indicate the casting of the baskets of lettuces upon the waters, that were to bear them to Adonis.

A lettuce once caused the death of a young and beautiful princess. Cambyzes, King of Persia and Media, son of the great Cyrus, having dreamed that his brother Smerdis was seated on a throne, and that his head reached to the skies, conceived a jealous and su-

perstitious fear that his brother would dethrone him, and accordingly caused him to be privately assassinated, and then married his sister, contrary to the laws of the kingdom and of nature. The reluctant victim of this repugnant marriage never ceased to lament her murdered brother, Smerdis ; and one day, when at table with Cambyzes, she took a remarkably fine lettuce, and stripped off the leaves, leaving only the stalk, and then asked Cambyzes his opinion of its appearance. He replied, that in taking off the leaves she had robbed it of all its beauty. "It is thus," she replied, "with our family since you have deprived it of its greatest ornament." The tyrant, in a rage, struck her repeatedly with such a degree of violence, that as she was *en-cinte*, her death shortly ensued, and released her from her sorrows.

Lettuces were eaten by the ancients at the close of their repasts, as from their cooling qualities they were considered antidotes to the heating effects of wine. The bitter herbs which the Jews ate at the Passover, are thought to have been wild lettuce, succory, tansy, chamomile, and dent de-lion. The Jews are believed to have been the inventors of the salad compounded of oil, vinegar, and mustard, to render their bitter herbs palatable. The Irish, two centuries ago, made their salads of sorrel, woodsorrel, and beet, chopped with vinegar, beer, and a little sugar, but no oil or salt.†

We may here mention other salad herbs. The sweet *CHERVIL* (*cerefolium*), formerly prized for its warm aromatic qualities, was so great a favourite with the Emperor Tiberius, that he exacted from the Germans a large quantity of it annually as a tribute. It is a native of Austria and Silesia.

* In some parts of Greece and Egypt they were extended to eight days.

† In the middle ages the compound for dressing salad was sold by the apothecaries.

The **ROCKET** (*eruca sativa*) is used in salad in Italy, though its smell is disagreeable, like rancid bacon; and in Holland the yellow stone-crop is eaten with lettuce.

The garden **CRESS** was thought by the ancients to make those who ate it strong and brave; wherefore it was much used by gladiators.

The **MUSTARD**, which is the companion of the cress in salad, is the *sinapis alba*; the herb that produces the flour of mustard is the *sinapis nigra*, whose present name is derived from the French word *moutarde*, and that is a corruption from a motto. Philip II., Duke of Burgundy (who acquired the surname of *le Hardi*, or the Bold, at the battle of Poitiers, when he was but sixteen), granted armorial bearings (or an augmentation) to the city of Dijon, the capital of his duchy, and added, as a motto, the old French words, "*Moult me tarde*;" "It seems long to me;" or, "I long much;" signifying his regret at his absence from Dijon while he was Regent of France, during the insanity of Charles VI., his nephew. The mustard (or *sinapis*) of Dijon and its environs being in much repute, the dealers in that article stamped the motto of their city on the pots in which it was sold. In time the middle word *me*, either for brevity, or originally, perhaps, by accident, was omitted, and the inscription ran, "*moult tarde*;" then the words joined together were used to express the name of the article, as *moutarde*; and hence the English mustard. Philip returned to his beloved Dijon to rest. On his death, 1404, he was buried there, in the Chartreuse which he had founded.

The death of the Emperor Claudius was occasioned by a strongly poisoned ragout of **MUSHROOMS**, served to him by his wife, Agrippina. The mushrooms used for this wicked purpose were of the species *agaricus cesareus*, or imperial mushroom. Nero, in his exultation at succeeding to the Roman empire, by the destruction of Claudius, called these mushrooms "the ragout of the gods," in allusion to the absurd fiction of the deceased emperor being elevated to the rank of a divinity by his apotheosis.

Mushrooms bear a conspicuous part in mediæval mythology, from their connexion with the fairies, these most beautiful of all the creations of the poetic fancy, that have faded away before the "march of intellect," like the

morning stars paling and disappearing before the sun. The large flat mushrooms served them for tables in their merry feasts, and the smaller and rounder for stools; and in the circles that marked where they had danced their graceful rounds, the fairy-ring mushroom (*agaricus oreades*, or *pratensis*) sprang up. The sudden growth of this fungus in such regular circles seemed unaccountable to our ancestors, save by the agency of supernatural beings.

The ancient **TRUFFLE** was the wild red truffle of Italy; but the Romans also got the white truffle, called the Lybian, from Africa. Pliny believed truffles to be a mere excrescence of the earth, and related an anecdote of a Carthaginian governor who found a coin in the centre of one; but, doubtless, the fungus grew over the coin, and thus enclosed it. In Athens (after the people had become corrupted by luxury) the freedom of citizens was given to the children of one Cherips, because their father had invented a new ragout of truffles. As these fungi never appeared over ground, it would not be possible to discover them but for their strong odour, which is particularly powerful just before thunder, when the air is filled with moisture, from which circumstance the country people, in some places, call them "thunder-roots."

The garden **ANGELICA** was formerly blanched and eaten as celery, raw or stewed, but is now solely appropriated to the candy of the confectioner. Its name is derived from the many excellent qualities with which its thick brown root (white within) and its seeds, succeeding the pale purple umbels, were supposed to be endowed, as antidotes to poison, pestilence, ague, pleurisy, and a long list of *et cetera*, now we believe obsolete. It is, however, still highly esteemed in Norway, where bread is sometimes made from the powder of its dried roots. In Lapland, the poets crown themselves with garlands of its leaves and flowers, and fancy they receive inspiration from its odour.

Having now exhausted our reminiscences regarding the larger and more important vegetables which furnish, in themselves, good and pleasant food for man, we will pass on to the lesser herbs, that are only used as seasonings and accompaniments to his repasts.

PARSLEY, in the minds of the ancient

Greeks, was associated with a tragical event. When the army of Adrastus, king of Argos, was proceeding to besiege Thebes, one day, when passing through Nemea,* the troops suffered much from thirst, the springs having been dried up by the heat of the weather. They met with a nurse carrying Archemorus (also called Opheltes), the infant son of Lycurgus, the king of the country, and begged her to show them where they could find water. She readily consented, and laying down the child upon the grass, that she might walk the faster, she brought them to the fountain of Langa; and while they were drinking from it, she related to the leader her own melancholy story. She was the celebrated Hypsipyle, daughter of Thoas, king of Lemnos, and had saved her father's life when the Lemnian women, by common consent, murdered all the men in the island, during one night, from jealousy of their preference of the female slaves. Hypsipyle, pretending she had slain Thoas (whom she sent privately to Chios), was chosen queen of Lemnos. But the truth being discovered after some time, the Lemnian women drove her into exile. Being taken by pirates in her wanderings, she was sold to Lycurgus, and from a queen fell to the station of a slave—a sad but not uncommon reverse in those fierce and turbulent ages. After receiving the thanks and the commiseration of the Argives, Hypsipyle returned for her young charge, and to her horror found him expiring from the bite of a serpent that had coiled itself round him. The Argives slew the reptile; and in memory of the ill-fated young prince, instituted the Nemean funeral games, to be observed every third year. The victor received a crown of parsley, that herb being fabled to have sprung from the blood of Archemorus. The judges of the games were attired in black as

mourners; and at first, none but military men were admitted to contend at them, because the institution originated with soldiers: hence parsley was regarded as funereal, and strewed on graves. The saying, "He has need of parsley," signified a person at the point of death; and a present of parsley implied a wish for the death of the person to whom it was given. Parsley being accounted sacred, was given by the Corinthians, as the crown of the victor in the Isthmian games; the prize was originally a garland of pine branches, and after some time it was restored, replacing the parsley crown, which, in the Isthmian games, was of the herb withered, but in the Nemean, fresh and green.

Plutarch relates, that Timoleon, at the head of the Corinthian troops, ascending a hill, from the top of which the enemy's camp could be discovered, met some mules laden with parsley, which the soldiers took as a sinister omen, because the herb was funereal. But Timoleon, in order to restore their spirits, told them that it was, on the contrary, a favourable augury, prophetic of triumph, as the crowns of the victors in the Isthmian games were of parsley. He then took some of the herb and crowned himself with it; and all his soldiers cheerfully followed his example.

It is said that parsley, rubbed upon a glass goblet, will break it; we own we have never made the experiment. Parsley is a native of Sardinia, and came to us about 1548. In Sardinia, grows a plant of the *ranunculus* species, there called wild parsley, which, when eaten, causes that involuntary convulsive grin, termed the *sardoniac* laugh, from the Sardinian herb.

On account of the united military and funereal recollections associated with the parsley, we shall accompany it with an appropriate translation from the Greek Anthology—

ON AN EAGLE STANDING ON THE TOMB OF A YOUNG WARRIOR.
FROM THE GREEK OF ANTIPATER.

(Ορνι, Διὸς κρονίδας διακροε, τὴν χαλκὴν εἶδος, κ.τ.λ.)

"Oh, bird of Jove! why stand'st thou fiercely here,
Upon this trophied tomb, to honour dear?"

"I come, a speaking type, that e'en as I
Excel all birds that cleave the azure sky,
So he who slumbers in this hallowed earth
Excel'd all youths in valour and in worth.

Let timid doves perch on the coward's grave,
The glorious eagle loves and seeks the brave."

* In the Peloponnesus.

SAGE was anciently considered so rich in medicinal qualities that there was a Latin adage, "Why does any man die in whose garden sage grows?" (*Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto?*) Among its other virtues it was supposed to strengthen the memory, and to quicken and invigorate the senses. Its Latin name, *salvia*, is derived from *salvus*, i. e., in good health. Our English name comes from the French, *sauge*. The leaves of sage were used in divination by leaves, called by the Greeks, *botanomancy*. The inquirer wrote the letters of the alphabet contained in his name, and in the question he would ask, upon the leaves which he exposed to the wind; and all that remained after the rest had been blown away, were taken up and joined together, and whatever sense could be collected from them was believed to be the answer to the inquiry.

THYME was amongst the Greeks the emblem of activity (because it grows on the tops of steep, as though it had climbed thither), and they applied it in ointments to the knee and the neck, to invigorate those parts. Its Latin name, *thymus*, is derived from the nearly similar Greek word, signifying courage, strength. The woody and fragrant sprigs of the herb were burned in the temples as incense. In a Greek epigram of Dioscorides, he calls it "the Muses' pungent thyme." Partridges, storks, and wood-pigeons eat it to heal any wounds they may happen to receive: and the tortoise is said to make use of it as a preservative from the bite of the serpent. With bees the tiny purple blossoms are especial favourites. The honey of Mount Hybla is said to have owed its high reputation to the wild thyme growing there in abundance.

MINT was said by mythologists to be the metamorphosed form of a beautiful nymph—*Mintha*, the daughter of *Cocytus*, changed into this aromatic herb by *Proserpine*, who was jealous of the admiration with which *Pluto* beheld her. *Ovid* alludes to the fable in the eleventh book of his *Metamorphoses*—

"An tibi quondam
Femineos artus in olentes vertere menthas
Persephone licuit."

The graceful feathery FENNEL, which an old superstition in Ireland considers an herb of such unlucky omen that it ought never to be planted in a garden, was, on the contrary, so much

esteemed by the Romans, that it was used to crown the victors in the arena; and was eaten by the *Athletæ*, in the belief that it increased their strength. According to *Elian*, the serpent cleanses the films off his eyes by eating wild fennel. *Culpepper* tells us that fennel is boiled with fish "to consume the phlegmatic humour which fish most plentifully afford;" he also commends it as tending to improve the pallidness of the face after illness.

MARJORUM was the subject of mythological transformation. *Amaracus*, a page of *Cynarus*, King of Cyprus, was so afflicted at having accidentally broken a vase which he was entrusted, and thus spilling a very precious ointment which it contained, that he died of grief, and the pitying gods changed him into the fragrant marjorum. This herb was used by the Greeks in ointment applied to the hair and eyebrows. *Hymen* was represented as crowned with marjorum; we will add a small leaf to his garland—

TOGETHER.

M. E. M.

O, wedded love's a blessed thing!
Through life enduring ever;
Pure gold, like its own hallow'd ring,
It rusts or cankers never.
The gold at times may dim—one light
Touch, soft as downy feather,
Restores its sheen; and smooth and bright
It binds two hearts together.

Oh! happy they, to whom one joy,
Together felt, is double;
And, when the ills of life annoy,
Grief shar'd seems lessen'd trouble.
In vain the angry north-wind blows
O'er close-twin'd mountain heather;
So storms of care uproot not those
Who bide them well together.

Aye blest are they who, hand in hand,
Through youth, through age, are moving
Still onward to that better land
Where all are lov'd and loving.
Then let the grave its portal ope,
They've borne life's varied weather
And cheerfully, in faith and hope,
Lie down to rest together.

OF CAPERS we can only remember that *Zeno*, the stoic philosopher, commonly swore by the caper shrub. The English substitute for capers, are the berries of the *nasturtium*, or great Indian cress. *Elizabeth Christina*, daughter of *Linnaeus*, first noticed the

sparks of electric light which the nasturtium flower occasionally emits, and which are only visible in the evening. The nasturtium has of late obtained the name of *tropaolum*, or trophy flower, from the Latin *tropaum*, a trophy, because its helmet-shaped flowers, with their bright yellow and divided petals, marked with crimson patches, suggest the idea of golden helmets, pierced and stained with blood.

BORAGE, with its pretty blue round flowers, comes from Aleppo; it was unknown to the ancients. In the middle ages, it was believed to be a cordial, excellent to drive away melancholy, whether eaten in salad, or put into wine (the latter most probably). Its supposed exhilarating qualities were celebrated in a Latin adage:—

"Ego, borage,
Gaudia semper ago."

Thus Englished:—

"I, borage,
Bring always courage."

But *gaudia* means *joy* rather than courage. The Latin name, *borage*, is a corruption of *cor-ago*, "I bring heart." It is still occasionally put into a tankard with cider, or wine and water, to make the beverage called "Cool-cup;" for, as the herb contains a good deal of nitre, it has cooling properties; but its joy-producing powers seem to have long since forsaken it.

In old times, before horticulture was scientifically practised, and when gardens were chiefly confined to the possession of the better classes and the religious orders, men were glad to find in the woods and fields wild herbs to vary and flavour their repasts. The mealy-leaved goose-foots (*chenopodium*) were boiled as spinach, particularly those rustically called "fat hen," and "Good King Henry." The latter is said by the French, to be named after Henry IV., who paid some attention to botanic gardens; and by the English it is claimed for Henry VI., who was fond of a rural life, and better fitted for it than for royalty.

CHICKWEED (*alsine media*) is quite as good as spinach. Young shoots of hop, boiled, serve as a substitute (rather a poor one) for asparagus; as also the roots of rampion bell-flower, and those of Solomon's seal (so called

from some fancied marks on the root, like the engraving on a seal), are still used in Turkey occasionally as asparagus. The young leaves of the wild white campion, or bladder behen, when boiled, have some flavour of peas, and furnished food for the starving peasants of Minorca, when the locusts destroyed all their harvest in 1685. The roots of the water betony (*scrophularia aquatica*) gave food to the famished French Protestant garrison of Rochelle, when so vigorously besieged by Cardinal Richelieu, 1629. The heads of large thistles, and the unexpanded buds of the sun-flower have been cooked as artichokes. The earth-nuts, or pig-nuts (called in Ireland, fairies' potatoes), when roasted, are little inferior to chestnuts. The very charlock and nettles provide the peasants with a dish of greens in times of dearth.

Then the hedges gave aromatic and pungent herbs for seasoning: the PEPPERWORT and SAUCE-ALONE, or Jack-by-the-hedge (*erysimum alliarum*), eaten with salt fish; and the HEDGE MUSTARD and TREACLE MUSTARD. The LAMB'S LETTUCE (*valerianella olitoria*), with its tiny lilac flowers (called by the French, *salade de chamicre*, monk's salad), was termed by our ancestors, white pot-herb. The ARUM, that adorns the wood, with its long purple finger (thence familiarly called ladies' fingers), affords from its dried roots a flour often used as sago, and to make bread in times of scarcity, though its bright orange berries are a strong poison.

When we take up a botanical work and see what vast numbers of herbs and roots have been created for the service of man; all that daily supply his meals with not only wholesome, but even dainty fare; all that, though less pleasant to the taste, help him to food in a day of need; all that possess medicinal virtues to heal and alleviate his maladies; and all that supply his flocks and herds with nourishment, shall we not, indeed, acknowledge that when "the earth brought forth grass, and the herb yielding seed after its kind, God saw it, and it was good?" Shall we not be ready to join in the canticle, "Oh! all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"

M. E. M.

A HUNTER IN THE PRAIRIES.*

WHO, that has tried, would compare the feeble luxury of timid indolence to the wild delight of the true sportsman, as his strong frame battles with the fierce elements, endures toil, and braves danger in the consciousness of iron vigour, and with the ardour of the successful chase? How gladly does even the gloved and booted *elegant*, after dissolving at the opera, doing duty at ball and dinner, and getting "used-up" at everything throughout the season, seek the more rugged life of the moors, and recruit his exhausted frame and languid energies upon the mountain heath! Of a truth, man must earn not only his bread, but his pleasures—his capacity for enjoyment—"in the sweat of his brow."

But yield ye, ye recreant shooters of partridge and of grouse; enlarge your notions of sport and danger; we offer you a new field of excitement—a new remedy for *ennui* and indigestion. Allow us to introduce to you a gentleman, who, like yourselves, has frequented the fashionable *salons* of the gay world; who has been reared in luxury, and has cultivated the refinements of art, but who will tell you of more daring feats, and of nobler game than is to be found in our too civilised islands. So! the introduction is made, and, we doubt not, you and Mr. Palliser will get on agreeably together. It will be refreshing to hear of any spot of the globe that has not yet been be-travelled, be-shot, and be-booked. Better again, to find a gentleman who did not go forth, pencil and paper in hand, to write a journal, and, of *malice prepense*, to indite a book; that is, to dilute a few facts with a vast amount of after-thought and imaginative comment; or swell out a trifle into a *soufflé* of three volumes. Our hunter is exactly the reverse. He went to shoot, and accordingly he shot. He went to see new and odd things and people, and he saw them. He now shortly tells, with simplicity, what he has himself done and seen, and has

thus unconsciously written a pleasant book.

Happily, he is no professor of writing. He narrates with an absence of art that has a graphic reality, the great charm of all travels. We feel that what we read is true, and this air of truth, so far from tending to matter-of-fact dryness, makes interesting much that might not be so, if we suspected it to be apocryphal. It is particularly essential, too, where there is so much that is novel. Since G. Cumming's wholesale *battues*, we have had no story of adventurous sporting of this kind. Probably, many may have performed similar feats, but what use has it been to us, who sit at home at ease, if either they did not commit their tale to writing, or if Mr. Murray did not transfer it to the all-diffusing type? We have, doubtless, had plenty of passages of the Rocky Mountains, but none of these, that we are aware of, have yet touched on this northern region; or, if they have, it is but as a passage to a further goal, not as their final object.

After the ordinary tour in the States, which is dismissed in a few pages, but with some graphic touches, Mr. Palliser hunts in the Arkansas and the Illinois, and then ascends from St. Louis, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, about two thousand miles along the Missouri, to the Yellowstone river, where is laid the scene of his best adventures. The dates and times of his movements are not given with the precision they should have been, and it is exceedingly difficult to make out anything like a regular account of his erratic movements. It would seem as though in the savage life which he had to lead, hours, days, and dates were wholly lost, and were only now and then recorded when occasionally he emerged into some outskirts of civilisation. However, it is plain that he crossed over early in 1847, that his story covers a space of about two and a-half years, of which about half was devoted to the pursuits of the chase.

* "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies." By John Palliser, with Illustrations. Small 8vo. London: John Murray. 1853.

In Cairo, on the Missouri, he conceives that he has discovered the original "Eden," described by Dickens in "Chuzzlewit," and where Mark Tapley had a most favourable opportunity of "coming out strong under circumstances." Without doubting the reality of his discovery, we think he might easily have multiplied such instances along the dreary Mississippi. At New Orleans pleasure and hospitality seem to have reigned supreme amongst its semi-continental people; and ere we bid adieu to the courtesies of life, we may give a sketch of a trifling incident that marks peculiarly the easy manners of the place. On his first arrival, he fails to distinguish his own lodging under the light of the uncertain moon:—

"After a little hesitation, I entered that which I thought most probable to be the right one, and passing through the *porte cochère*, I went up stairs, found doors and windows all thrown open; and I continued for some time wandering through rooms where the gilding of beautiful pictures glanced in the moonlight. I had not gone far when I felt I had mistaken the house. Curiosity, however, induced me to wander a little further before retracing my steps. My situation forcibly reminded me of the account of Don Alphonso, in *Gil Blas*, when driven by the storm to take shelter in the old Spanish house, through which he continued wandering from room to room, amidst splendid furniture, partially lighted by expiring lamps, until he reached the apartment of Seraphine, where he found the beautiful widow sleeping heavily and uneasily, through the sultry Spanish midsummer night. These reflections, however, were quickly interrupted by a lady's voice, calling out, 'Who is there?' I replied hastily, informing her of my having taken apartments in the Rue Royale that morning, and also of having forgotten both the number of the house and the name of its owner. 'Was it Mr. So and So's, or was it Colonel S.,' she kindly suggested; but quite in vain, nothing could bring it back to my memory. 'Well!' at length she replied, 'as my brother is gone to the country, you can sleep in his room to-night. Take the first turn at the foot of the steps, cross the large landing-place, and go into the room at the head of the large stairs. Stay: I will give you a light.' After a short pause, I heard, at the other side of the closed door, a crackling noise, announcing the ignition of a lucifer match, and immediately afterwards a lighted candle made its appearance, as well as a very pretty little jewelled hand, neatly pressed at the wrist with a very pretty little lace frill. Having taken the proffered candle, I thanked my hostess, and easily found

my way to the room she had described, where I slept most comfortably. In the morning I was awakened by an old negro woman, who brought me a cup of coffee, returning, before my toilet was completed, with a pair of handsome ivory-backed hair-brushes belonging to her mistress, together with her compliments to know if I had slept well."—pp. 32–34.

With the deer-hunting in the Arkansas his book may be said to commence. His first efforts are of a more simple description, being a few shots at a "deer-lick," or place where the deer come to seek some natural deposit of salt. This, however, is soon varied by a process, called "pan-hunting" at night, which reminds us of an analogous kind of warfare waged against the fish in the Mediterranean, the picturesque effect of which must always catch the traveller's eye:—

"An iron pan attached to a long stick, serving as a handle, is carried in the left hand, over the left shoulder; near where the left hand grasps the handle is a small projecting stick, forming a fork on which to rest the rifle in firing. The pan is filled with burning pine knots, which being saturated with turpentine, shed a brilliant and constant light all round, shining into the eyes of any deer that may come in that direction, and making them look like two balls of fire.

"The night was most favourable, being pitch dark, and after creeping about for some time, I beheld, from the light thrown from my pan, a pair of shining balls of fire moving up and down a short distance off. At first I took them for fireflies; but, on more attentive observation, I saw, by their simultaneous motion, that they must be the eyes of a deer. After groping a little farther in that direction, the eyes again appeared, and as they began to approach, the distance between them seemed gradually to increase, like the lamps of a travelling-carriage to a spectator watching its progress towards him, till the animal came so near that I could trace his outline; so, holding my pan steadily on my shoulder with my left hand, I raised my rifle with the right, the barrel resting in the notch before-mentioned, and suspecting that at night, from not being able to determine the blind sight, one is apt to shoot high in catching the front one clearly, I aimed so low that I could hardly, from force of habit, persuade myself to pull the trigger. When I fired, the deer gave a convulsive bound into the shades of night, and I thought he was lost.

"I had resumed my hunting-pan and rifle, and was leaning against a tree, when, like some phantom, the faint dusky outline of an

enormous stag walked noiselessly up, and was actually passing me. It made me, from the high state of excitement in which I then was, almost superstitious enough to fancy him the departed shade of an ancient denizen of these princival forests. I fired rapidly as he passed in front of me. On receiving the ball, he rushed violently off; but, from the way in which I heard him thresh the bushes, I knew I had a good chance of finding him at daybreak. I had hardly loaded again, when three or four pairs of glowing eyes presented themselves, glancing about in several directions. I fired a chance shot at one, which fortunately brought the animal down on his tracks: hearing him struggling on the ground, I feared, by the sound, that he was not for one moment safe, I then threw down rifle and pan, and rushed up knife in hand. It was fortunate that I did so, for the stag was recovering, and just as I had seized him with my left hand by one of his horns, which being then only in the velvet, it broke in my grasp, so that I was compelled to drop my knife, and hold on to him with both hands, hollering loudly for assistance, till the animal tore the front and sleeve of my shirt with his fore-feet, and made such a powerful fight, that had it not been for Thibault, who came up, attracted by my shouts, and stabbed him through the heart, I should not only have lost my stag, but have got the worst of it into the bargain."—pp. 43-50.

Five capital bucks were the produce of this first night. Presently we have our traveller beginning in right earnest, making his solitary bivouac in the forest, shooting, skinning, and cutting up his own supper, with an awkwardness that subsequent practice makes him now look on with contempt, and finally, killing a panther that ventured to make too close an acquaintance with him. Henceforth we may fairly consider him as having passed through the ceremony of savage initiation.

A visit to the Mammoth caves forms a short episode: he there walks some twenty miles up and down hill, and across rivers, catches fish without eyes, and altogether passes a most subterranean day. *Chacun à son goût*; it seems that some people find a peculiar luxury in interring themselves alive in such a place by way of raising their spirits:—

"The temperature is always uniform, uninfluenced by that of the external air, which renders them, consequently, comfortable in winter, and delightfully cool in summer. The air inside is very pure; so much so, that invalids have tried the experiment of remaining for weeks under ground, and notwithstanding the inevitable gloom that must

have attended their sojourn in such a dreary abode, have found themselves greatly invigorated, and their appetites much increased. One gentleman recovered in a most wonderful manner, after a residence of several months in a cottage there, which was pointed out to me. The young ladies had, the year before, voted it too hot to dance above-ground, and had actually planned and given a subterranean ball; choosing a very fine cavern, spacious enough, but not too large to admit of its being properly lighted, and having a boarded floor laid down for the occasion."—p. 72.

Our traveller now commences the ascent of the Missouri, aided by an intrepid little steamer, which once a-year faces the rapid current for 2,000 miles to Fort Union, a great depot of the Fur Company's trade, and again descends, freighted with the costly skins collected during the past winter. Taking advantage of this for but 500 miles, he then abandons such civilised refinements for a more primitive and independent mode of travelling.

His party is formed of hardy hunters and trappers, and every variety of wild men, moving together on horseback; at night camping on the ground, and by day hunting the game on which they live. Occasionally this exposed them to some deficiencies in the commissariat that were not always supplied by any very delicate luxuries. Thus Mr. Palliser receives an invitation from the chief of an Indian tribe to a "dog-feast;" he accepts gladly the "at home," and despite some qualms of conscience and of stomach, does not fail to assure us that often afterwards, when assailed by the pangs of hunger, he turned to the remembrance of this feast with envious regret.

Their larder, however, was in general supplied with more palatable food, and Mr. Palliser waxes positively eloquent in his glowing description of the flavour of buffalo meat. He mentions some remarkable instances where both it and the oxen beef were tried by Indians, Europeans, and Americans together, and where the verdict was decided and unanimous in favour of the wild animal. He several times recurs to this topic, and quaintly concludes an excellent description of the buffalo's appearance and habits, with the criticism of a practised purveyor—"Taken altogether, they are a curious and interesting animal, and uncommonly good eating!"

About the end of October he reaches Fort Union, and here commences his buffalo hunting; first as an amusement, and soon as a necessity. The nature of the sport may be shortly told:—

"The first object in approaching a herd of buffalo should be to get as near as possible before charging them; then, rush in with your horse at full speed, single out one animal, and detach him from the herd, which you will soon do, and after a turn or two be able to get a broadside shot, when you should endeavour to strike him behind the fore-shoulder. While reloading slacken your horse's speed to a hand gallop. The general method of loading is to empty the charge from the horn slung round your neck into the palm of your hand, whence you can more easily pour it down the barrel; you then take a bullet wet out of your mouth, and throw it down upon the powder; by which means you avoid the necessity of using a ramrod, a most inconvenient process when riding fast on horseback. I found it from experience better to dispense with both powder-horn, ramrod, and copper caps altogether, and use a light self-priming flint gun, carrying the powder loose in the skirt pockets of my shooting-coat, and thereby having no further delay than to thrust my hand in for it, and empty it down the barrel of my gun; accuracy in quantity at such close quarters being of small importance."—pp. 111, 112

But winter soon set in, wrapping the plains in universal snow, and binding all things in the rigid chains of that dreary region's iron frost. With its first cold broke out an epidemic among the inhabitants of the Fort, which soon placed both hunters and doctor *hors de combat*. The garrison, of nearly fifty souls, thus became dependant on our traveller's prowess, and we have a narrative of fearful slaughters and hardships, which, perhaps, nothing but necessity could have enabled a denizen of Merriam-square and May Fair to have encountered. He had not only himself to slay the game, but to skin and cut it up, and carry back the available meat. On one occasion, he certainly had the assistance of some Indian ladies, but we doubt if their feminine accomplishments imparted much delicacy to the process:—

"It was quite a party of pleasure for them, and by the way in which they performed the cutting up, that operation seemed to afford a considerable share of their enjoyment. They skinned and sliced slowly and delibe-

rately, doing it in a most scientific manner, and with evident relish, dabbling in the blood, and actually drinking it, the youngest laughing at my aversion, and offering me some in the palms of her hands."—p. 135.

Lest our readers should fancy that bison are shot like grouse, and are quiet, defenceless creatures, we select a specimen of one keen encounter:—

"I soon came in sight of mine. He was standing a little way off on the open plain, but the skirting willows and brushwood afforded me cover within eighty yards of him, profiting by which I crept up, and taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bull gave a convulsive start, moved off a little way, and turned his broadside again to me. I fired again, over one hundred yards this time; he did not stir. I loaded and fired the third time, whereupon he turned and faced me, as if about to show fight. As I was loading for a fourth shot he tottered forward a step or two, and I thought he was about to fall, so I waited for a little while, but as he did not come down I determined to go up and finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirty paces of him, till I could actually see his eyes rolling, I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of the heart, as I thought, but to my utter amazement up went his tail and down went his head, and with a speed that I thought him little capable of, he was upon me in a twinkling. I ran hard for it, but he rapidly overhauled me, and my situation was becoming anything but pleasant. Thinking he might, like our own bulls, shut the eyes in making a charge, I swerved suddenly to one side to escape the shock, but, to my horror, I failed in dodging him, for he bolted round quicker than I did, and affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn myself sideways as I sustained the charge, in the hopes of getting between his horns, he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake. My rifle stock was shivered to pieces by one horn, my clothes torn by the other; I flew into mid-air, scattering my prairie hens and rabbits, which had hitherto hung dangling by leathern thongs from my belt, in all directions, till landing at last, I fell unhurt in the snow, and almost over me—fortunately not quite—rolled my infuriated antagonist, and subsided in a snow drift. I was luckily not the least injured, the force of the blow having been perfectly deadened by the enormous mass of fur, wool and hair that clothed his shaggy head-piece."

This recreation was varied by a guerrilla warfare against the wolves, from whom he stripped their skins, as spoils of war, and bore them off, not as trophies, but to barter for tobacco,

and other remnants of semi-civilisation. A huge dog, Ishmah by name, half-wolf himself—no doubt on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief—formed his companion in these solitary forays. How they managed to bivouac is worth hearing:—

"The woods along the banks of the river afforded me timber, already fallen and in every stage of decomposition, wherewith to light a fire at night; and when I stood and looked about me to choose a convenient spot near an ice-hole, Ishmah used to gaze into my face as if he could read my thoughts, and whine, as much as to say, 'I am tired, too.' When I tramped down the snow, cut and strewed the willows, and proceeded to collect the wood, he used to watch me eagerly, and prick up his ears when he saw me take the flint and steel from my pouch, and the dry inner bark of the cotton-wood tree from my chest, in which to kindle the spark. The fire secure and burning well, I turned my attention to him, unharnessed him, unpacked his travail, and placed it aloft against the side of a tree to protect the leather straps from the voracity of the wolves. This done I spread my bed, and filled the kettles with water, took a handful of coffee-berries from my bag, which I roasted in the cover of the kettle, then wrapping them up in a piece of leather, I pounded them on a stump, and put them in the smaller kettle to boil, reserving the large one for the meat. These culinary proceedings Ishmah used to regard with the most intense interest, turning back, from time to time, as the eddies of pungent smoke from the damp fuel compelled him to avert his eyes. When supper was at last cooked and despatched (quickly enough on his part, poor fellow, for his share was sometimes very scanty), he sat up close beside me as I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee; and when at last I got into bed, he used to lie down at the edge of the robe, with his back close up against my shoulders, and so we slept till morning. As soon as it was daylight we rose, Ishmah submitted patiently to be harnessed, and we resumed our march."—pp. 155-156.

Ishmah's poor relations, the famishing wolves, were sometimes excessively troublesome, and used to entice him to join their wild gambols, so as once closely to jeopardise our traveller's life:—

"One day, after a long march, I was looking out for a convenient camping-place, when a she-wolf crossed the ice at some distance from where I was standing. In spite of all my exertions and threats, Ishmah immediately gave chase, and they continued their gambols until I attempted to approach

them, when, of course, the wolf made off at full speed followed by my dog with his travail behind him, loaded with everything I then possessed in the world. I followed shouting after him in vain until he entirely disappeared from my view, after which I continued running on the tracks, till darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself a long way from timber, out on the broad prairie, alone on a vast barren waste of snow stretching around me on every side.

"My sensations were anything but enviable, on reflecting that I was about one hundred miles from any known habitation, and nearly one hundred and fifty from my destination, destitute of robe and blankets, with but very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch. In short I was in a pretty considerable sort of a 'fix,' and had nothing for it but to make tracks again with all speed for the timber. Fortunately I found my way back to the river without much difficulty. It was a beautiful moonlight night, which enabled me to collect some fallen wood, and having lighted a fire, I seated myself beside it, and began to consider the probabilities of my ever reaching a trading post alive, in the event of Ishmah not returning, and how I should economise my ammunition and increase my rate of travelling, so as to effect this object. My prospects were dismal enough, nor did I feel cheered as the cold north breeze froze the perspiration which had run down my forehead and face, and formed icicles in my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head in dismissing from my mind one project after another. At last, resigning myself to my fate I took out my pipe, determined to console myself with a smoke, when, alas! on feeling for tobacco I found that was gone too. This was the climax of my misfortunes. I looked to the north star and calculated, by the position of the Plough, that it must have been about ten o'clock, the time at which, in England, we have our knees under the mahogany surrounded by friends, discussing a bottle of the best, and awaiting the summons to tea in the drawing-room. I tried to see a faint similarity to the steam of the tea-urn in the smoke from the snow-covered wood on my dreary fire, and endeavoured to trace the forms of sweet familiar faces in the embers, till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white crêpe dresses round me, when, hark! I did hear a rustle—it approaches nearer, nearer, and I recognise the scraping of Ishmah's travail on the snow; another moment and the panting rascal was by my side! I never felt so relieved, and laughed out loud from sheer joy, as I noticed the consciousness he showed by his various cringing movements of having behaved very badly. I was too well pleased, however, at his appearance to beat him, particularly when I found nothing of his harness and load either missing or injured in the

slightest degree. Even the portion of meat which I had secured from the last deer I shot was untouched; so that I had nothing to do but unpack the travall, make my bed, and cook our supper."—pp. 157-59.

But the best hunter cannot always insure game, or unfailing success, and our traveller had soon to observe an involuntary fast for more than two days. His feelings the second night are well described:—

"I felt very hungry indeed, and was, besides, very tired. I slept feverishly, awakened at intervals from visions of the most rare and delicious dishes placed before me. I dreamed I stood before the hospitable mansion of an old friend, who led me, in spite of my incongruous costume, into his brilliantly-lighted parlour, and placed me down to a table loaded with all the delicacies of every season and climate under heaven, including two soups and a turbot! At last when powdered footmen removed the richly-chased covers off these exquisite delicacies, I started up wide awake, to look on nought but snow, and finally I solaced myself with a pipe. On the day following I hunted long and hard till considerably after noon without success. The painful sickening sensation of hunger had now quite left me, and I suffered much less on the third than on the second day. Strange to say I had not the least apprehension for the future, but felt perfectly confident the whole time, that sooner or later I should fall in with game. At last I came to some fresh tracks of deer, and soon made out that the animal had not only been walking quietly, but was in the willows close by; this I rightly guessed by the zig-zag direction of the tracks; for deer before lying down, walk slowly from side to side, as if hesitating where to stop. I remained perfectly still for some time, looking intently with an eye sharpened by hunger, and at length observed something stir in the willows; it was a deer; evening was advancing, and he was going out to feed. I waited anxiously as he came on, slowly, most fortunately towards me, until he approached to within about 100 yards, and then stopped. I drew up my rifle, and would have fired; but he came still nearer, feeding slowly forward till he was scarcely sixty yards off, when I took a steady deliberate shot as he turned his flank towards me. I heard the bullet crack against the shoulder; he rushed a short distance back, and rolled over in the snow."—pp. 161-63.

But as shops are not more plentiful than *restaurants*, he has to undertake a march of seventy miles to make a purchase of copper caps, where that necessary of his wild life is said to be

procurable. The party is nearly frozen to death, sleeping under a north-eastern snow storm, without a fire, and then nearly perishes for want of food; but these are ordinary incidents, and of what value are they when compared to a box of copper caps? After all, men soon cease to be very particular, and their standard of comfort becomes wonderfully low. Thus we find it very simply told us—"It continued to pour all night; but we hardly suffered any inconvenience from the rain, and on the whole, with the exception of having nothing to eat, were *very comfortable*!"

Next follows a succession of bold and daring shots, and some most triumphant expeditions some hundred miles up the Yellowstone river, in which the rifle deals death with terrible precision amongst hosts of antelopes, wapiti, beavers, buffalo, and grosse corne, which last are neither more nor less than wild sheep. It does not sound very romantic or sportsmanlike to go sheep-shooting—in fact, it is apt to recal to our minds here, certain very stringent laws about sheep-stealing; but these animals are as wild and nimble as the chamois, and use their huge horns much as the boar would his tusks. So vast a slaughter soon overloads the party with the trophies of victory, and they determine to build a boat to transport, by water, their growing pile of furs and skins. This is soon done most effectually, though mayhap not with the beauty, or after the recognised rules of Lambeth or Putney. They make a framework of willows, kill a couple of bulls, flay them, and stretch the reeking hides upon the frame, lashing them on with elk-skin cord. In the prairies, men have not leisure to serve an apprenticeship to trades; they must improvise, and be satisfied without any very high artistic finish. Thus our traveller's next occupations are those of a shirt maker and a tailor, rather *à la* Robinson Crusoe:—

"I was at this time very badly off for clothes. My large winter grey woollen shooting-coat (or capote) was completely worn out; over and over again I had patched it with pieces of blanket, but still the rents were made worse, and at last it went utterly to pieces. I had, however, with me an elk-skin, which had been uncommonly well dressed by one of the men while I was at Fort Union; this I took and cut into a hunting-shirt with loose sleeves, sewing it up partly

with buffalo sinew and partly with thread procured at the Fort; the dressed skin of a small deer furnished the pockets in front, and it was subsequently ornamented for me with porcupine work by some Indian women on my return to the fort. The fit was not of much consequence, as my belt confined it round me. I found this a most effective hunting-shirt, for no brushwood could tear it; and it now hangs up among my other trophies as fit for service as ever. Although it was a simple thing in itself, to cut out and make the hunting-shirt, yet it took me three days, inasmuch as I was obliged first to smoke the leather in order to prevent its shrinking and hardening like parchment every time it got wet; next to cut it out without the help of scissors, and with my hunting-knife only; and, lastly, to sew the strong, tough material together without a thimble, which was very tedious indeed."—pp. 230, 231.

When in want of materials for any garment they sallied forth from their Sartorial occupation, and shot and skinned a suitable animal, in the same way that we should here send to the shop to buy an extra half-yard of stuff:—

"We continued along little watercourses, and trying the brushwood on the hill Bourcharville got a shot at a black-tailed buck, but missed him, as I did also a doe. After a good deal of hard work, we shot a black-tailed doe each: the meat was not very good, so we did not burden the horses with it, but brought the skins to camp. On the morrow I occupied myself in dressing them, with Bourcharville's assistance, and the following day finished and smoked them, and began to cut out. The celebrated Rout, of Portsmouth, who was once known to affirm that he passed sleepless nights over the cutting out of trousers, could not have taken greater pains than I did with mine; still I wasted the cabbage to such an extent, that before the completion of my work, I had to sacrifice another deer at the shrine of the Sartorian god."—pp. 233, 234.

It was in these identical habiliments, as nearly as possible resembling the "Man Friday," that our traveller a short time after had to run the gauntlet through the fashionable promenade of St. Louis, and was, of course, pounced upon by all his acquaintances, as he was endeavouring to slink along to some depot of more civilised garments! Soon now he begins to turn his face homewards, descends the Yellowstone in his canoe, and the Missouri in a more orthodox skiff, is surprised by a party of Indians, who retreat be-

fore the uplifted mouths of the steady rifles, and kills a bear and divers other animals, for which we must refer the curious to the book itself. But as the time of departure draws nigh, he remembers that he has not yet stood face to face with the "grisly bear," the monarch of the savage tribe, the lion of the prairies. To retire without this pleasure is impossible; and, as they have not sought him, he must even seek them, and attack them in their lair in the Turtle Mountains. *En route*, he is roughly handled by his old friends, the buffaloes, and only escapes the thundering charge of a ferocious bull, by the novel feat of leaping over him on horseback, when in full career. At length his bearish aspirations are fully gratified:—

"At length I came to the putrid carcase of a bull, and on the mud all around saw the tracks of a large old bear, some of which led from the carrion along the dry water-course, and looked very fresh. I drew my shot charges, and rammed down a couple of bullets, and followed the tracks over an undulating prairie, till at a distance I descried a very large bear walking leisurely along. I approached as near as I could without his perceiving me, and, lying down, tried Dauphin's plan of imitating the lowing of a buffalo calf. On hearing the sounds, he rose up, displaying such gigantic proportions as almost made my heart fail me; I croaked again, when, perceiving me, he came cantering slowly up. I felt that I was in for it, and that escape was impossible, even had I declined the combat, so cocking both barrels of my Truelock, I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up, upon which the bear, with an indolent roaring grunt, raised himself once more upon his hind legs, and just at the moment when he was balancing himself previously to springing on me, I fired, aiming close under his chin: the ball passing through his throat, broke the vertebra of the neck, and down he tumbled, floundering like a great fish out of water, till at length he reluctantly expired. I drew a long breath as I uncocked my left barrel, feeling right glad at the successful issue of the combat. I walked round and round my huge prize, surveying his proportions with great delight; but as it came on to rain, I was obliged to lose no time in skinning him."—p.p. 275, 276.

Man is not in good odour with this formidable animal, for though it will fearlessly attack him when the wind blows from the bear to the man, let it but catch the scent of the man, and it will turn and flee, if not previously goaded into

rage. This makes great caution necessary in seeking to approach them. Despite this difficulty, and the inevitable danger, our traveller was not satisfied till he had secured five of enormous size. And now the annual incursion of civilised invention affrights the desolate prairies, and the shriek of the steamer is heard on the waters of the Missouri. He must depart, or remain another year. His spoils and trophies are piled on board, and if the Prisoner of Chillon "regained his freedom with a sigh," we may well fancy the regret with which the hunter forsook the freedom of the prairie, to return to the restrictions of a more refined society. The downward current and the powerful engine soon bear him a couple of thousand miles, back to St. Louis again. Once more on beaten ground, he wisely refrains from telling an often-told tale. A variety of trips are merely intimated, and adventures are recounted only where there is something pleasant to record. Yet the sport is not all at an end, and even duck-shooting near New Orleans produces something uncommon. Here is a moonlight shot at an alligator:—

"Seeing that the wind was favourable, I desired the negro to steer close alongside; and we soon passed within eight or ten yards of the brute, on which I gave him a shot in the head, which I thought had done for him. We lost not a moment in securing him; the nigger got out and fastened a rope round over the forepart, and a hitch round the tail, and after a good haul we threw him into the boat, an undertaking that gave us enough to do. We had hardly completed our task, and taken a horn in honour of the event, when—even while congratulating ourselves on our success in safely stowing him along the bottom of the boat—up rose his ponderous tail, descending in the following second with a slash that made the knees of the boat shake again.

"'By golly, master,' said our black boatman, 'I wish him nubber had come into this boat;' and we heartily wished our prize in his more congenial element again, as lash after lash of his ponderous tail followed in rapid succession, breaking up the thwart, which one after another went flying about, either striking us or falling into the water, accompanied by groans from blacky; who grasped his shins with his hands in sure indication of the utmost nigger uneasiness. I was utterly perplexed—not daring to fire for fear of swamping the boat—and unable with my knife to pierce through his tremendous scales. Fortunately, however, our squalid little Yankee craft stood the leviathan

shocks, and at length the alligator safely expired; when we drew a long breath again, put up our helm, and reached the squatter's hut again before the moon disappeared. Next day we hailed a tug steamer, which picked us up, and took us back to New Orleans."—pp. 312, 313.

We shall take leave of the bold hunter, the former fashionable of the gay world, and our now author, at a ball given in some public gardens, to celebrate the marriage of—a German butcher! No position seems unsuited to him, or to be taken amiss; and our readers will ere this have discovered that he tells every kind of adventure alike naturally and agreeably:—

"The proprietor kept most excellent German wines and had a very large ball room attached to his establishment, and a splendid orchestra of brass instruments in his pay. He gave the entertainment and provided the capital supper, on condition that all except the bridal party should pay for the wine they drank. At about nine o'clock in the evening dancing commenced, the orchestra playing Strauss's and Lanner's quadrilles and waltzes to perfection, besides all the best and latest polkas, and galops, not excepting the celebrated Railway and Sturm march. Urged by these I became so exhilarated as to run down and seek the lady of the establishment, who was busy in the lower regions superintending the culinary operations of her handmaidens. My proposal of dancing the Sturm march galop with her was at first received with utter astonishment; but after a little persuasion her pretty features relaxed into a smile, and she began to make excuses as numerous as the dishes she was preparing. Her husband would be angry at the work being neglected; perhaps the maids would want to dance too, if she once began, and so on. A little persuasion, however, soon removed these obstacles, and at last, upon my protesting, in reply to her question, 'Are you serious or are you laughing at me?' that I would quit the premises forthwith if she did not comply—"Lieber herr ja!" she said, 'look at my dress.' 'Well, take off your apron,' I replied. She laughed, and turning to one of the maids, bid her bring water, soap, and towel, 'and the cap with the ribbons,' adding, as she smoothed her beautiful hair, and looked coquettishly at me, 'You know there is no reason for looking uglier than one really is!' At last the cap was adjusted; but just as we reached the ball-room the galop was drawing to a conclusion. This, however, I had foreseen, and in consequence of a message previously dispatched to the orchestra, the moment our hostess and I entered, the Sturm march raged with redoubled fury, and soon

bore us off flying before the gale. A glance from her husband, however, caused my Cinderella to dive into the lower regions again before the termination of the dance, exclaiming, as I caught the last glimpse of her, 'Well, perhaps after supper.' I continued to wander about, and turned my attention to the bride, but she was 'hässlich' plain, so I consoled myself with supper, and sent a dozen of wine to the orchestra, which I afterwards heard had been presented to them with the compliments of the great English lord from the 'Felzen Gebirgen.' After supper I regained my beautiful hostess, who, in addition to a more becoming change in her dress, had donned a pair of newer shoes that did not come off every moment in dancing. Shortly after we reappeared, the Hockheimer was finished in the gallery, whence, in gratitude or honour to me, 'God save the Queen' rang out its thrilling harmonies from seventeen brass throats. I felt so

touched by the compliment, that I think I should have sent another dozen aloft but for the expostulations of my fair partner, who was apprehensive of its influence on the music. I remained so late that all the omnibuses had returned to town except the one destined for the conveyance of the orchestra, with whom I took my place at two in the morning, to return to the planter's house. In conversation with them I happened to ask if they knew a favourite polka of mine. 'Oh, ja!' and in an instant all the brass instruments were blazing away in the confined space of the crowded omnibus. Fortunately, however, before the drum of my ear gave way the axletree tree did, and down we came with a jolt that put an end to harmony; off rolled one of the wheels, and — '*chacun pour soi*' — each had to make his way home as well as he could." — pp. 301–303.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COUNT DE GABRIAC.

I HAD often heard that the day which should see the count restored to us, would be one of festivity and enjoyment. Again and again had we talked over all our plans of pleasure for that occasion; but the reality was destined to bring black disappointment! We were returning in sadness from the toll-house, when a messenger came running to tell of the count's arrival; and my mother, leaving me with Raper, to whom she whispered a few hurried words, hastened homewards.

I thought it strange that she had not taken me along with her, but I walked along silently at Raper's side, lost in my own thoughts, and not sorry to have for my companion, one little likely to disturb them. We sauntered onward through some meadows that skirted the river; and at last, coming down to the stream, seated ourselves by the brink, each still sunk in his own reflections.

It was a bright day of midsummer: the air had all that exhilaration peculiar to the season in these Alpine districts.

The stream ran clear as crystal at our feet; and the verdure of grass and foliage was in its full perfection. But one single object recalled a thought of sorrow, and that was the curtained window of the little chamber wherein Herr Robert lay dead.

To this spot my eyes would return, do what I could; and thither, too, sped all my thoughts, in spite of me. The influence which for some time back he had possessed over me, was perfectly distinct from that which originates in affectionate attachment. Indeed all his appeals to me were the very reverse of such. His constant argument was, that a man, fettered by affection, and restricted by ties of family, was worthless for all purposes of high ambition; and that for the real successes of life, one must sacrifice everything like individual enjoyment. So far had he impressed me with these notions, that I already felt a kind of pleasure in little acts of self-denial, and rose in my own esteem by slight traits of self-restraint. The compara-

tive isolation in which I lived, and my estrangement from those of my own age, favoured this impression, and I grew by degrees to look upon the sports and pleasures of boyhood, with all the disdainful compassion of an old ascetic.

I remember well how, as I lay in the deep grass and watched the rippling circles of the fast-flowing river, that a sudden thought shot through me. What if all this theory should prove but a well disguised avarice — that this passion for distinction be only the thirst for wealth — these high purposes of philanthropy but another scheme for self-advancement! Is it possible that for such a price as this, I would surrender all the enjoyments of youth, and all the budding affections of coming manhood!

"Mr. Joseph," said I, suddenly, "what is the best life?"

"How do you mean, Jasper? Is it, how shall a man do most good to others?" said he.

"Not alone that; but how shall he best employ his faculties for his own sake?"

"That may mean for his personal advancement, Jasper, for objects purely selfish, and be the reverse of what your first question implied."

"When I said the best, I meant the wisest," replied I.

"The wisest choice is that of a career, every duty of which can be fulfilled without the sacrifice of kindly affections, or the relinquishment of family ties. He who can adopt such is both wise and happy."

"Are you happy, Mr. Joseph?" asked I, "for I know you are wise."

"Far more happy than wise, Jasper," said he, smiling. "For one like me, life has borne many blessings."

"Like you!" exclaimed I, in surprise, for to my thinking he was a most enviable mortal; I knew of no one so learned, nor of such varied acquirements. "Like you, Mr. Joseph!"

"Just so, Jasper; I, who have had neither home nor family, have yet found both; I, whom no ties of affection encircled, have lived to feel what it is to be cared for; and I, that almost despaired of being sought to any one, have found that I can be of use to those whom it is my chief happiness to love."

"Tell me your history, Mr. Joseph, or, at least, tell me something about yourself."

"My story, my dear Jasper, is but the history of my own day. The least eventful of lives would be adventurous if placed alongside of mine. I began the world such as you see me, poor, humble-minded, and lowly. I continue my journey in the same spirit that I set out. The tastes and pursuits that then gave me pleasure are still the same real sources of enjoyment to me. What were duties are now delights. Your dear mother was once my pupil as you are now; and it is my pride to see that she has neither forgotten our old lessons, nor lived to think them valueless. Even here have I seen her fall back upon the pursuits which occupied her childhood; ay, and they have served to lighten some gloomy hours too."

Raper quickly perceived, from the anxiety with which I had listened, that he had already spoken too much; and he abruptly changed the topic by saying—

"How we shall miss the poor Herr Robert! He had grown to seem one of ourselves!"

"And is my mother unhappy, Mr. Joseph?" said I, recurring to the former remarks.

"Which of us can claim an exemption from sorrow, Jasper? Do you not think that the little village yonder, in that cleft of the mountain—secluded as it looks—has not its share of this world's griefs? Are there not the jealousies, and the rivalries, and the heartburnings of large communities within that narrow spot?"

While he was yet speaking, a messenger came to summon me home. The countess, he said, was waiting dinner for me, and yet no invitation came for Raper. He seemed, however, not to notice the omission, but taking my hand, led me along homeward. I saw that some strong feeling was working within, for twice or thrice he pressed my hand fervently, and seemed as if about to say something, and then subduing the impulse, he walked on in silence.

"Make my respectful compliments to the count, Jasper," said he, as we came to the door, "and say that I will wait upon him when it is his pleasure to see me."

"That would be now, I'm sure," said I eagerly.

"Perhaps not so soon; he will have so much to say to your mother. An-

other time;" and, hurriedly shaking my hand, he retired.

As I slowly, step by step, mounted the stair, I could not help asking myself, was this the festive occasion I had so often pictured to myself?—was this the happy meeting I had looked forward to so longingly? As I drew near the door I thought I heard a sound like a heavy sob; my hand trembled when I turned the handle of the lock and entered the room.

"This is Jasper," said my mother, coming towards me, and trying to smile through what I could see were recent tears.

The count was seated on an easy chair, still dressed in the pelisse he had worn on the journey, and with his travelling-cap in his hand. He struck me as a handsome and distinguished-looking man, but with a countenance that alike betrayed passion and intemperance. The look he turned on me as I came forward was assuredly not one of kindness or affection, nor did he extend his hand to me in sign of salutation.

"And this is Jasper!" repeated he slowly, after my mother. "He isn't tall of his age, I think."

"We have always thought him so," said my mother gently, "and assuredly he is strong and well grown."

"The better able will he be to brave fatigue and hardship," said he sternly. "Come forward, sir, and tell me something about yourself. What have they taught you at school?—has Raper made you a bookworm, dreamy and good-for-nothing as himself?"

"Would that he had made me resemble him in anything!" cried I, passionately.

"It were a pity such a moderate ambition should go unrewarded," replied he, with a sneer. "But to the purpose. What do you know?"

"Little, sir, very little."

"And what can you do?"

"Even less."

"Hopeful, at all events," rejoined he, with a shrug of the shoulders. "They haven't made you a scholar. They surely might have trained you to something."

My mother, who seemed to suffer most acutely during this short dialogue, here whispered something in his ear, to which he as hastily replied—

"Not a bit of it. I know him better than that; better than you do. Come,

sir," added he, turning to me, "the countess tells me that you are naturally sensitive, quick to feel censure, and prone to brood over it. Is this the case?"

"I scarcely know if it be," said I. "I have but a slight experience of it."

"Ay, that's more like the truth," said he gaily. "The language of blame is not familiar to him. So then, from Raper you have learned little. Now, what has the great financier and arch-swindler Law taught you?"

"Emile, Emile," broken in my mother, "this is not a way to speak to the boy, nor is it by such lessons he will be trained to gratitude and affection."

"Even there, then, will my teaching serve him," said he, laughingly. "From all that I have seen of life, these are but unprofitable emotions."

I did not venture to look at my mother, but I could hear how her breathing came fast and thick, and could mark the agitation she was under.

"Now, Jasper," said he, "sit down here beside me, and let us talk to each other in all confidence and sincerity. You know enough of your history to be aware that you are an orphan; that both your parents died, leaving you penniless, and that to this lady, whom till now you have called your mother, you owe your home."

My heart was full to bursting, and I could only clasp my mother's hand, and kiss it passionately, without being able to utter a word.

"I neither wish to excite your feelings, nor to weary you," said he, calmly, but it is necessary that I should tell you, we are not rich. The fact, indeed, may have occurred to you already," said he, with a disdainful gesture of his hand, while his eye ranged over the poverty-stricken chamber where we sat. "Well," resumed he, "not being rich, but poor; so poor that I have known what it is to feel hunger, and thirst, and cold, for actual want. Worse again," cried he, with a wild and savage energy, "have felt the indignity of being scoffed at for my poverty, and seen the liveried scullions of a great house make jests upon my thread-bare coat and worn hat. It has been my own choosing, however, all of it!" and as he spoke, he arose and paced the room, with strides that made the frail chamber tremble beneath the tread.

"Dearest Emile," cried my mother, "let us have no more of this. Remember that it is so long since we met. Pray keep these sad reflections for another time, and let us enjoy the happiness of being once more together."

"I have no time for fooling, madame," said he sternly; "I have come a long and weary journey about this boy. It is unlikely that I can afford to occupy myself with his affairs again. Let him have the benefit—if benefit there be—of my coming. I would relieve you of the burden of his support, and himself of the misery of dependence."

I started with surprise. It was the first time I had ever heard the word with reference to myself, and a sense of shame, almost to sickness, came over me, as I stood there.

"Jasper is my child; he is all that a son could be to his mother," cried Polly, clasping me in her arms, and kissing my forehead, and I felt as if my very heart was bursting. "Between us there is no question of burthen or independence."

"We live in an age of fine sentiments and harsh actions," said the count. "I have seen M. de Robespierre shed tears over a dead canary, and I believe that he could control his feelings admirably on the Place de Grève. Jasper, I see that we must finish this conversation when we are alone together. And now to dinner."

He assumed a half air of guile as he said this, but it was unavailing as a means of rallying my poor mother, whose tearful eyes and trembling lips told how sadly dispirited she felt at heart.

I had heard much from my mother about the charms of the count's conversation, his brilliant tone, and his powers of fascination. It had been a favourite theme with her to dilate upon his wondrous agreeability, and the vast range of his acquaintance with popular events and topics. She had always spoken of him, too, as one of buoyant spirits, and even boyish light-heartedness. She had even told me that he would be my companion, like one of my own age. With what disappointment, then, did I find him the very reverse of all this. All his views of life savoured of bitterness and scorn—all his opinions were tinged with scepticism and distrust: he sneered at the great world and its vanities; but

even these he seemed to hold in greater estimation than the humble tranquillity of our remote village. I have him before me this instant, as he leaned out of the window, and looked down the valley towards the Spluzen Alps. The sun was setting, and only the tops of the very highest glaciers were now touched with its glory; their peaks shone like burnished gold in the sea of sky, azure and cloudless. The rest of the landscape was softened down into various degrees of shade, but all sufficiently distinct to display the wild and fanciful outlines of cliff and crag, and the zig-zag course by which the young Rhine forced its passage through the rocky gorge. Never had the scene looked in greater beauty—never had every effect of light and shadow been more happily distributed, and I watched him with eagerness, as he gazed out upon a picture which nothing in all Europe can surpass. His countenance for a while remained calm, cold, and unmoved, but at last he broke silence and said—

"This it was, then, that gave that dark colouring to all your letters to me, Polly; and I half forgive you as I look at it. Gloom and barbarism were never more closely united."

"Oh, Emile, you surely see something else in this grand picture?" cried she, in a deprecating voice.

"Yes," said he, slowly—"I see poverty and misery—half-fed and half-clad shepherds—figures of bandit ruggedness and savagery. I see these, and I feel that to live amongst them, even for a brief space, would be to endure a horrid nightmare."

He moved away as he spoke, and sauntered slowly out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street.

"Follow him, Jasper," cried Polly, eagerly—"he is dispirited and depressed—the journey has fatigued him, and he looks unwell. Go with him, but do not speak till he addresses you."

I did not much fancy the duty; but I obeyed without a word. He seemed to have quickened his pace, as he descended; for when I reached the street, I could detect his figure at some distance off in the twilight. He walked rapidly on, and when he arrived at the bridge he stopped, and, leaning against the balustrade, looked up the valley.

"Are you weary of this, boy?" asked he, while he pointed up the glen.

I shook my head in dissent.

"Not tired of it!" he exclaimed.—
 "Not heart-sick of a life of dreary monotony, without ambition, without an object? When I was scarcely older than you I was a *guard-du-corps*; at eighteen I was in the household, and mixing in all the splendour and gaiety of Paris; before I was twenty I fought the Duc de Valmy and wounded him. At the Longchamps of that same year I drove in the carriage with La Marquise de Rochvilliers, and all the world knows what success that was! Well, all these things have passed away, and now we have a republic, and the coarse pleasures, and coarser tastes of the '*canaille*.' Men like me are not the *mode*, and I am too old to conform to the new school. But you are not so; you must leave this, boy; you must enter the world, and at once, too. You shall come back with me to Paris."

"And leave my mother?"

"She is not your mother; you have no claim on her as such; I am more your relative than she is, for your mother was my cousin. But we live in times when these ties are not binding. The guillotine loosens stronger bonds, and the whisper of the spy is more efficacious than the law of divorce. You must see the capital, and know what life really is. Here you will learn nothing but the antiquated prejudices of Raper, or the weak follies of — others."

He only spoke the last word after a pause of some seconds, and then moodily sank into silence.

I did not venture to utter a word, and waited patiently till he resumed, which he did by saying—

"The countess has told you nothing of your history—nothing of your circumstances. Well, you shall hear all from me. Indeed there are facts known to me with which she is unacquainted. For the present, Jasper, I will tell you frankly that the humble pittance on which she lives is insufficient for the additional cost of your support. I can contribute nothing; I can be but a burthen myself. From herself you would never hear this; she would go on still, as she has done hitherto, struggling and pinching, battling with privations, and living that fevered life of combat that is worse than a thousand deaths. Raper, too, in his own fashion, would make sacri-

fices for you; but would you endure the thought of this? Does not the very notion revolt against all your feelings of honour and manly independence? Yes, boy, that honest grasp of the hand assures me that you think so! You must not, however, let it appear that I have confided this fact to you. It is a secret that she would never forgive my having divulged. The very discussion of it has cost us the widest estrangements we have ever suffered, and it would peril the continuance of our affection to speak of it."

"I will be secret," said I, firmly.

"Do so, boy; and remember that when I speak of your accompanying me to Paris, you express your wish to see the capital and its brilliant pleasures. Show, if not weary of this dreary existence here, that you at least are not dead to all higher and nobler ambitions. Question me about the life of the great world, and in your words and questions exhibit the interest the theme suggests. I have my own plan for your advancement, of which you shall hear later."

He seemed to expect that I would show some curiosity regarding the future, but my thoughts were all too busy with the present. They were all turned to that home I was about to leave—to the fond mother I was to part from—to honest Joseph himself—my guide, my friend, and my companion; and for what? An unknown sea, upon which I was to adventure without enterprise or enthusiasm.

The count continued to talk of Paris, and his various friends there, with whom he assured me I should be a favourite. He pictured the life of the great city in all its brightest colours. He mentioned the names of many who had entered it as unknown and friendless as myself, and yet, in a few years, had won their way up to high distinction. There was a vagueness in all this, which did not satisfy me, but I was too deeply occupied with other thoughts to question or cavil at what he said.

When we went back to supper, Raper was there to pay his respects to the count. De Gabriac received his respectful compliments coldly and haughtily: he even interrupted the little address poor Joseph had so carefully studied and committed to memo-

ry, by asking if he still continued to bewilder his faculties with Greek particles and obsolete dialects? and then, without waiting for his reply, he seated himself at the table, and arranged his napkin.

"Master Joseph," said, he half-sarcastically, "the world has been pleased to outlive these follies—they have come to the wise resolve that, when languages are dead, they ought to be buried; and they have little sympathy with those who wish to resuscitate and disinter them."

"It is but an abuse of terms to call them dead, count," replied Joseph. "Truth, in whatever tongue it be labelled, does not die. Fidelity to nature in our age will be acknowledged as correct in centuries after."

"Our own time gives us as good models, and with less trouble to look for them," said the count, flippantly. "Your dreamy book-worm is too prone to delve in the earth, and not to coin the ore that he has discovered. Take Jasper there, you have taught him diligently and patiently—I'll be sworn you have neglected him in nothing, so far as your own knowledge went; and yet, before he shall have been three months in Paris, he will look upon you, his master, as an infant. The interval between you will be wide as the broad Atlantic; and the obstacles and crosses, to overcome which will be with him the work of a second, would be to you difficulties insurmountable."

"To Paris! Jasper go to Paris!" exclaimed my mother, as she grew deadly pale.

"Jasper leave us!" cried Raper, in a tone of terror.

"And why not?" replied the count. "Is it here you would have him waste the best years of youth? Is it in the wild barbarism of this dreary valley that he will catch glimpses of the prizes for which men struggle and contend? The boy himself has higher and nobler instincts; he feels that this is but the sluggish existence of a mere peasant; and that yonder is the tournament where knights are jousting."

"And you wish to leave us, Jasper?" cried my mother, with a quivering lip, and a terrible expression of anxiety in her features.

"To forsake your home!" muttered Raper.

"Ask himself, let him be as frank

with you as he was half-an-hour ago with me, and you will know the truth."

"Oh! Jasper, speak!—leave me not in this dreadful suspense!" cried my mother; "for in all my troubles, I never pictured to my mind this calamity."

"No, no!" said Raper; "the boy's nature has no duplicity—he never thought of this!"

"Ask him, I say," cried the count; "ask him if he wish not to accompany me to Paris."

I could bear no longer the power of the gaze that I felt was fixed upon me, but, falling at her feet, I hid my face in her lap, and cried bitterly. My heart was actually bursting with the fulness of sorrow, and I sobbed myself to sleep, still weeping through my dreams, and shedding hot tears as I slumbered.

My dream is more graven on my memory than the events which followed my awaking. I could recount the strange and incoherent fancies which chased each other through my brain on that night, and yet not tell the actual occurrences of the following day.

I do remember something of sitting beside my mother, with my hand locked in hers, and feeling the wet cheek that from time to time was pressed against my own—of the soft hand as it parted the hair upon my forehead, and the burning kiss that seemed to sear it. Passages of intense emotion—how caused I know not—are graven in my mind; memories of a grief that seemed to wrunch the heart with present suffering, and cast shadows of darkest meaning on the future. Oh, no! no!—the sorrows—if they be indeed sorrows—of childhood are not short-lived; they mould the affections, and dispose them in a fashion that endures for many a year to come.

While I recall to mind these afflictions of the actual events of my last hours at Reichenau, I can relate but the very slightest traits. I do remember poor Raper storing my little portmanteau with some of the last few volumes that remained to him of his little store of books—of my mother showing me a secret pocket of the trunk, not to be opened, save when some emergency or difficulty had presented itself—of my astonishment at the number of things provided for my use, and the appliances of comfort and convenience which were placed at my disposal—and then, more forcibly than

all else, of the contemptuous scorn with which the count surveyed the preparation, and asked "if my wardrobe contained nothing better than these rags?"

Of the last sad moment of parting—the agony of my mother's grief

as she clasped me in her arms, till I was torn away by force, and with my swimming faculties I thought to have seen her fall fainting to the ground—of these I will not speak, for I dare not, even now!

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARIS IN '95.

OUR journey was a dreary and wearisome one. The diligence travelled slowly, and as the weather was dull and rainy, the road presented nothing of interest, at least of interest sufficient to combat the grief that still oppressed me. We were upwards of a week travelling before we reached Paris, which I own presented a very different aspect from what my ardent imagination had depicted. The narrow streets were scarcely lighted—it was night—the houses seemed poor, and mean, and dilapidated; the inhabitants rude-looking and ill-dressed. The women especially were ill-favoured, and with an air of savage daring and effrontery I had never seen before. Gangs of both sexes patrolled the streets, shouting in wild chorus some popular chant of the time; and as the diligence did not venture to pierce these crowds, we were frequently delayed in our progress to the "bureau," which was held in the Rue Didier of the Battignolles, for it was in that unfashionable quarter in which my first impressions of the capital were conceived.

"Remember, boy, I am no longer a count here," said my companion, as we got out of the conveyance. "I am the citizen Gabriac, and be careful that you never forget it. Take that portmanteau on your shoulder, and follow me!"

We treaded a vast number of streets and alleys, all alike wretched and gloomy, till we entered a little "Place," which formed a "*cul de sac*" at the end of a narrow lane, and was lighted by a single lantern suspended from a pole in the centre. This was called the Place de Treize, in memory, as I afterwards learned, of thirteen assassins, who had once lived there, and been for years the terror of the capital. It was now but scantily tenanted, none of the rooms on the ground floor being inhabited at all; and in some instances an entire house

having but one or two occupants. The superstitious terrors that were rife about it (and there were abundance of ghost stories in vogue) could scarcely account for this desertion; for assuredly the fears of a spiritual world could not have proved formidable to the class who frequented it; but an impression had got abroad, that it was a favourite resort of the spies of the police, who often tracked the victims to this quarter; or at least here obtained information of their whereabouts. Plague itself would have been a preferable reputation to such a report, and accordingly few but the very poorest and most destitute would accept the shelter of this ill-omened spot.

A single light, twinkling like a faint star, showed through the gloom as we entered, where some watcher yet sat, but all the rest of the "Place" was in darkness. Gabriac threw some light gravel at the window, which was immediately opened, and a head, enveloped in a kerchief by way of night-cap, appeared.

"It is I, Pierre," cried he; "come down and unbar the door!"

"*Ma Foi*," said the other, "that is unnecessary. The commissaire broke it down yesterday, searching for 'Torchon,' and the last fragment cooked my dinner to day."

"And Torchon; did they catch him?"

"No, he escaped; but only to reach the Pont Neuf, where he threw himself over the balustrade into the river."

"And was drowned?"

"Doubtless, he was."

"I scarcely regret him," said Gabriac.

"And I, not at all," replied the other. "Good night;" and with this he closed the window, leaving us to find our way as best we could.

I followed Gabriac, as he slowly groped his way up the stairs and reached

a door on the third story, of which he produced the key. He struck a light as he passed in, and lighted a small lamp, by which I was enabled to see the details of a chamber poorer and more miserable than anything I had ever conceived. A board laid upon two chairs served for a table; and some wood-shavings, partially covered by a blanket, formed a bed; a couple of earthenware pipkins comprised the cooking utensils, and a leaden basin supplied the provisions for the toilet.

"Lie down there, and take a sleep, Jasper, for I have no supper for you," said Gabriac; but his voice had a touch of compassionate gentleness in it which I heard for the first time.

"And you, sir," said I, "have you no bed?"

"I have no need of one. I have occupation that will not admit of sleep," said he. "And now, boy, once for all, never question me, nor ask the reasons of what may seem strange or odd to you. Your own faculties must explain whatever requires explaining—or else you must remain in ignorance;" and with these words he passed into an inner chamber, from which he speedily issued forth to descend the stairs into the street, leaving me alone to my slumbers. And they were heavy and dreamless ones, for I was thoroughly wearied and worn out by the road.

I was still asleep, and so soundly that I resisted all efforts to awake me till a strong shake effectually succeeded, and, on looking up, I saw Gabriac standing by my side.

"Get up, boy, and dress. These are your clothes," said he, pointing to a uniform of dark green and black, with a sword-belt of black leather, from which hung a short, broad-bladed weapon. The dress was without any richness, still a becoming one, and I put it on without reluctance.

"Am I to be a soldier, then?" asked I, in half shame at disobeying his injunction of the night before.

"All Paris, all France, is arrayed at one side or the other just now, Jasper," said he, as he busied himself in the preparation of our coffee. "The men who have ruled the nation by the guillotine have exhausted its patience at last. A spirit, if not of resistance, of at least self-defence, has arisen, and the little that remains of birth and blood amongst us has associated with

the remnant of property to crush the hell hounds that live by carnage. One of these bands is called the battalion of 'La Jeunesse Dorée,' and into this I have obtained your admission. Meanwhile, you will be attached to the staff of General Danitán, who will employ you in the 'secretariat' of his command. Remember, boy, your tale is, you are the son of parents that have died on the scaffold. You are the nephew of Emile de Gabriac, brother of Jules Louis de Gabriac, your father; whom you cannot remember. Your life in Switzerland you can speak of with safety. You will not talk of these matters save to the general, and to him only if questioned about them."

"But is this disguise necessary, sir? May I not assume the name I have a right to, and accept the fate that would follow it?"

"The guillotine," added he, sarcastically. "Are you so ignorant, child, as not to know that England and France are at war, and that your nationality would be your condemnation? Follow *my* guidance or *your own*," said he, sternly, "but do not seek to weld the counsels together."

"But may I not know in what service I am enrolled?"

"Later on, when you can understand it," was the cold reply.

"I am not so ignorant," said I, taking courage, "as not to be aware of what has happened of late years in France. I know that the king has been executed."

"Murdered!—martyred!" broke in Gabriac.

"And monarchy abolished."

"Suspended—interrupted," added he, in the same voice. "But I will not discuss these matters with you. When you have eaten your breakfast, take that letter to the address in the Rue Lepelletier, see the general, and speak with him. As you go along the streets, you will not fail to meet many of those to whom your duty will at some later period place you in opposition. If they by look, by dress, by bearing, and manner captivate your imagination, and seduce your allegiance to their ranks, tear off your colours, then, and join them, boy; the choice is open to you. *My* charge is then ended; we are not, nor ever can be aught to each other again."

I saw that he would not be questioned by me, and forbearing at once

being imposed on both parties on account of their dereliction from established rule. Should the husband refuse to take back his wife, he was at liberty to give her leave to follow the bent of her inclination, but on no account was her sale sanctioned"—p. 32.

After enumerating so many eccentric usages, we must add, that notwithstanding these, the Mairs have strong domestic affections, and a high sense of honour. Colonel Dixon represents them (p. 33) as "faithful, kind, and generous;" with a strong clannish attachment to each other. "They are," he says, "very regardless of life, and always ready to take their own or those of others for trifling causes. They are, moreover, much attached to their families, and the dishonour of their wives is avenged by death alone."

Colonel Hall was equally successful in abolishing slavery, which, though generally exempt from the character of ill-usage, prevailed extensively, and was necessarily productive of many evils. In addition to its ordinary source, war, or the seizure of people in forays, and who were not redeemed, there were three modes and varieties of slavery peculiar to the Mairs. The first of these was denominated "Chotee Kut" .—

"A man suffering great oppression, proceeds to one of the chiefs, solicits his protection, and cuts off his 'Chotee,' the lock of hair preserved by the Hindoos on the top of the head, saying—'I am your Chotee-kut; preserve me from oppression.' The chief places a turban on his head, and renders him all the support in his power; keeping him in his own village. On the demise of the Chotee-kut, his property lapses to the chief, unless any of the relatives of the deceased reside in the same village. The chief, in return for this protection, receives a fourth of his gain, arising from all plundering expeditions.

"Another kind of bondage is called 'Bussee,' which differs only from 'Chotee-kut,' from a written engagement being entered into, instead of cutting off the lock of hair. All castes may become Bussees, while Chotee-kut cannot be provided from amongst those who lean to Mahommedanism.

"Oonglee kut," is a third kind of servitude. It is of a milder form than those mentioned, since the duty and respect paid, are those of a son towards a father. Nor is any power exercised over life and property. The ceremony of Oonglee-kut is performed by cutting off the little finger, and giving some of the blood to the chief whose protection is accorded. It extends to all castes."—p. 33.

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Those three forms of voluntary bondage were traced by Colonel Hall to the condition of the country as he found it. "A poor man," says the work before us, "could not obtain justice, and being unable to bear up against his powerful oppressors, desperation drove him to seek shelter from some chief; and as he possessed no means of remunerating his protector, he relinquished what is prized by all, his personal liberty, rather than live under grievances too keen for endurance."

Many of the social features which we have noticed, and most of the miseries of Mairwara, were connected with its physical character. The hills of the country, like the flats of Holland, required that certain precautions should be taken before they were fairly habitable. The object of the Dutch, however, was to exclude, while that of the Mairs must be to retain, the water. The measures needed to secure a supply of that essential element, called for both labour and expense, but without these industry could not be established, order could not last, the labours of Colonel Hall would be unavailing, and his plans visionary. This was, probably, the first reflection which he made in Mairwara, as it could hardly fail to strike any observant person who mounted its hills or crossed its valleys.

The country is, as we have said, mountainous; there are no rivers or perennial rivulets, and as the rain runs off with extreme rapidity, the soil is but partially saturated. The rains, too, are precarious, bad seasons being the rule, and good the exception. The whole amount of rain in good seasons rarely exceeds twenty-two inches, and usually ranges from eight to twelve. In 1832 no single shower fell, and the province experienced all the miseries of a famine. The cattle perished, and numbers of the Mairs fled to Malwa, while those who remained had, in many cases, only the alternative of death by starvation, or life by plunder. In ordinary seasons, too, a break of twenty-five or thirty days without a shower often induced results almost as disastrous. Some villages were destitute of water, even for domestic purposes, during the hot months, and their inhabitants were compelled to emigrate to more favourable localities until the rains returned. At other places the people had to carry water from a distance of two miles. Thus were the

labours of the inhabitants interrupted, their minds unsettled, and their amendment rendered hopeless, unless it could be shown them that it was practicable to provide against such calamities. Colonel Hall then saw at once that the great want of the district was water, and that it must be his first object to construct tank-embankments, and to teach and encourage the people to sink wells, and to make dams, weirs, "narrees," and every other appliance and form of reservoir of which it was possible to avail themselves, either for the purposes of irrigation or for the preservation of water. All this was, in his position, attended with peculiar difficulty. The peasants he had to deal with were at that period, idle, indolent, untrained to labour, and without confidence in themselves, and he knew that the Government would not at first sanction any large outlay on tank-embankments, or other public works which they might require as experimental.

A tank in Mairwara is a very different thing from what it is in Europe, or even in Bengal. In Europe, it means a small reservoir for holding water, known chiefly in ships and manufactories. In Bengal, it is a rectangular excavation, of no great size, filled by rain, and used either for ornament or for bathing. In Mairwara it is a lake—an artificial lake or spread of water,—formed by embanking up a stream with earth or masonry, or both combined, for the purposes of irrigation, or to serve as a fountain-head to the springs of wells. The native name is tulao, or tulab, and tulaos are distinguished from the smaller reservoirs of Bengal by the circumstance, that the latter are excavations, while in Mairwara the water is retained by a bund or embankment, and spreads over and above the land. It is remarkable that Mairwara, where such works are indispensable, is admirably adapted for their construction. To the making of a tulao, it is necessary that the face of the country should possess an irregular, uneven surface, traversed by hollows and corresponding elevations. The bund is thrown across the low grounds, whereby the water is obstructed in its passage, and being collected into a

body, it constitutes a tulao, or tank. Mairwara has precisely the features here described, and, besides, usually affords other facilities, in the provision of stone and lime, and a supply of wood for calcining. Still, though these needful works are happily attended in that country with less than their ordinary cost elsewhere, they necessarily involve, in labour and other ways, a large expenditure, which as we have intimated, Colonel Hall could hardly expect the Government to authorise very freely, until he was enabled to exhibit their value and importance. Under these circumstances, he was obliged to proceed more gradually than he could have wished, and the marvel is, how he advanced the industry of the country so rapidly as materially to aid him in carrying out his reforms, and raising its character and condition.

During the time he was in Mairwara, Colonel Hall constructed seven of these vast irrigation lakes, or tank-embankments, besides repairing others of large extent, which had never been available for agricultural purposes; and he succeeded in leading the people to sink wells, and to avail themselves of smaller works, and inexpensive contrivances for husbanding the rain. His great tank-embankments are models of work of that description. One of these, the "Gohana tank-embankment," was selected by the Government of Agra for an example, and its plans and details are given in the "Sketch" (p. 164). "It forms," says Captain Baird Smith,* "a very beautiful lake, securing 250 acres of cultivation, giving food and occupation to fifty-nine families, and amply repaying the State's outlay." It has now stood five-and-twenty years, in a climate well calculated to test its stability, and is likely to last as long as the hills around it. The Mairs saw by the result of these works that it was in their own power to guard against the hazards of the seasons; and learned to expect with confidence the return for their labours. Thus was the main impediment to their industry removed; and thus, with ancillary reforms, and the constant inspection and unfailing encouragement of their benevolent governor, and supported by the convic-

* V. the valuable and interesting work on "Italian Irrigation," by Captain R. Baird Smith. Vol. i. p. 418.

tion that the East India Company was interested in their advancement, were these wild mountaineers of 1820—these Ishmaels of the hills, these outlaws, uncivilised, half-famished, and unclad, transformed into peaceful, happy peasants, living in security and comfort on the fruits of their own industry; and when, after thirteen years of incessant labour, Colonel Hall was warned by broken health to bid them a long farewell, he had the deep satisfaction of knowing that he left the poor Mair trained to good habits, formed to good principles, "clothed, and in his right mind:"—

"Thirteen years' continued and undivided attention to the affairs of the district had," says Colonel Dixon, "impaired Colonel Hall's health. Taking into consideration the great anxiety of mind which was induced, and the constant labour and expense that were necessarily imposed on him in training the wild tribes of the hills, and substituting regularity and order for anarchy and disorder, the result was by no means a matter of surprise. A more arduous undertaking, in which the exercise of temper and conciliation, combined with firmness, were essentially requisite, could not be well imagined. The reform he had to introduce could not be effected in a moment. Time and confidence were indispensable to its gradual advance and ultimate permanency. The customs of a country had to be changed; and honest labour and settled habits of thrift to be exchanged for an uncertain, predatory life. The difficulties to be encountered were extremely formidable; yet, all were met with patience, and subdued through perseverance. His exertions had been attended with signal success. The regret of the people was great on hearing that he was about to leave them. The question in their minds was, who should take the kind interest in their welfare that had been manifested by him, during the thirteen years of his administration.

"Whatever may have been since effected in ameliorating the condition of the people, or in advancing them in the arts of civilised life, it is to Colonel Hall that the credit is due for having laid the foundation of these good works."—*Sketch*, p. 82.

Colonel Hall gave up his charge in 1835, and the East India Company, with their customary judgment, selected in Captain, since Colonel Dix-

on, the person who, of all others, was probably the best qualified to succeed him. The new superintendent applied himself at once to working out the measures and developing the plans of his predecessor; and as the Indian Government was, by this time, well acquainted with their advantageous results, there was but little difficulty in obtaining its sanction to the construction of large tulaos at the public expense, and to making advances in certain cases for minor improvements. In his first year Colonel Dixon erected two tulaos, and as he evinced the zeal and ability that were expected from him, he was soon enabled to proceed more rapidly; so that up to 1847, the date of his last report, the number of tank-embankments and weirs in Mairwara, amounted to 290—of these seven were constructed, and some others repaired* by Colonel Hall; the remainder being all erected under the direction of his successor. This refers only to works of the larger class, besides which there was, since the date of Colonel Dixon's appointment, a positive increase of 3915 in the number of wells, and a like progress in the minor appliances for irrigation. Thus was the primary object of Colonel Hall carried out, and the province prepared against the contingencies of famine.

The attention of Colonel Dixon was not confined to irrigation works. He converted wide tracts of jungle land into fruitful fields, and observing that the improved condition of the people rendered it desirable that an impulse should be given to the encouragement of trade, that there was scarcely a merchant settled in Mairwara, that the Rajpoot towns monopolised the dealings of the peasantry, to their serious loss, that an open market and a bazaar were needed, and that capital, whereby cultivators might procure advances of cash on fair terms and so accelerate advancement, was much required, he came to the resolution of meeting these wants by building a town. Accordingly, in 1836, he founded the town of Nya Nuggur (new city), which has answered all his expectations. Traders and mechanics flocked to oc-

* The "Sketch," in several places, states that Colonel Hall made or repaired several tanks. This is a mistake. He constructed seven tank-embankments of the larger class, and, besides, repaired others.

cupy his handsome shops, neighbouring villages replaced their mud hovels by solid habitations resembling those of the new city; and rival bazaars arose in various parts of the country. The population in 1847 consisted of 1955 families, and the average annual value of the merchandize imported, exported, and passed through the city in the three preceding years, amounted to £147,191. Provision has been made for amply supplying the inhabitants with water; trees give their refreshing shade in the chief streets, at the gateways, and in the roads which approach the town; and by having broad streets parallel to each other, intersecting the town from north to south and from east to west, ventilation has been ensured, and health preserved. Uniformity in the buildings, and regularity in their construction have been attended to; and in 1838, a rampart wall, six feet wide, twelve in the bastions, seventeen feet high, and twenty-one in the bastions, and two miles in circuit, was carried round the town. The work of all this rampart is so good, that Colonel Sutherland, on seeing it in his tour of inspection, observed that "the building the town wall of Nya Nuggur was enough to immortalise one man."

Another of Colonel Dixon's many successful efforts was the establishment of an annual fair at Nya Nuggur, by which an opportunity for more general intercourse was afforded to those secluded mountaineers. We can imagine the interest with which he and his predecessor must alike regard this picture of the first fair:—

"The fair was numerously attended by the people, decked out in their best attire, and accompanied by their minstrels. Clans kept apart by the feuds of ages, now met on one neutral spot, and greeted each other. Opportunity was then afforded for forming a judgment as to the industry or sloth of particular sections. The dress of the industrious shone conspicuous, while shame and a firm resolution to amend, characterised those whose appearance was shabby. The females of the industrious classes were extremely well dressed. Seated on the flat roofs of the bazaars in clusters, or moving about the fair, they more resembled the wives of Sahookars in appearance and attire than the matrons and daughters of the wild predatory race of Mairs. By this simple ex-

pedient of holding a fair, were the people of two purgnahs gathered together at one spot; the condition of each village, indeed of each separate family, was freely imparted to each other; the sedulous had their reward in self-approbation, in having made so good an appearance, and then returned home confirmed in their habits of thrift. The wives of the slothful were the only sufferers amidst the gay and happy multitude. Plunder and robbery were interdicted, and the only certain road to independence was application to labour. Their lords and masters were importuned to improve their condition, and thus example had been highly beneficial. Much good feeling had thus been generated amongst the people; while all returned home, intent on amendment."—*Sketch*, pp. 120-1.

The fair is regularly maintained, and is attended by 8,000 or 10,000 Mairs as well as by Rajpoots, and others from the adjoining provinces.

The building of a town and the establishment of the fair were so far successful movements; but there is a circumstance connected with them which leaves our praises not unmingled with regret. Colonel Dixon—"the subject," as he says, "having received mature deliberation"—thought proper to dedicate the fair to an Hindoo idol, "in whose wonderful deeds," as he again says,† "the people place implicit faith," and moreover, he erected the effigies of this idol, or hero-saint, mounted on a horse, sculptured in stone, in the centre of his town. If Colonel Dixon could do nothing for the furtherance of true religion, he ought not, at all events, to have lent the sanction of his station and of the Government he represents to the encouragement of idolatry. This was, according to the phrase of a great diplomatist, "not only a crime, but an indiscretion." Nothing has so strongly excited public feeling against the East India Company, nothing in their near hour of trial will so much endanger their continuance, as their alleged discouragement of Christianity; and the mere fact of their uncalled-for idol at Nya Nuggur may be a fresh item in the long list of charges against them.

The progress of the Mairs was not unheeded by their neighbours. The Ajmeer chiefs complained that their tenants were leaving them, tempted by better terms in Mairwara. Their su-

* *Vide* "Sketch," p. 118.

† *Ibid.* p. 118.

perintendent wrote to this effect to Colonel Dixon, who, in reply, showed that the cause of these emigrations lay not in invitations from him, or reduction in assessments, but in irrigation works and field improvements; and that, if the Ajmeer chiefs adopted these, their people would not leave them. Eventually Colonel Dixon was directed to proceed to Ajmeer, and introduce there the irrigation works and field improvements which had been so successful in Mairwara. This he did, to the great advantage of the district, although from the inferior fertility of Ajmeer, and other causes, the results were not altogether so striking, either in production or in revenue, as in Mairwara.

"The Mairs," says the "Sketch," "have been singularly fortunate in the authorities who have been appointed to rule over them. Colonel Hall, C.B., devoted thirteen years to the amelioration of their condition. He taught them the arts of civilised life, and the duties of a soldier. The present incumbent has striven to follow in the steps of that able officer."

Colonel Dixon is truly entitled to the high praise of having emulated alike the zeal and the success of his predecessor, and it is manifest that the Mairs have been fortunate in their rulers; both in having two successive superintendents of rare administrative talents, and, during so long a period, but the two. One of the infirmities of our Asiatic empire—incidental in a great measure to its being ruled by Europeans—is the frequency of change in its provincial governments. A superintendent has hardly become acquainted with his position, when he is transferred by promotion, or compelled to leave by sickness. Thus, Ajmeer has had its rulers changed eleven times in twenty-three years, while the happier Mairwara has, in thirty-one years, known no other governors than Colonels Hall and Dixon.

It is, we trust, evident that we have no desire to disparage the high claims of Colonel Dixon; but there are in his quarto volume some perplexing passages to which it is right to refer, especially as they have already occasioned overt misapprehension.

Colonel Dixon embodies in his text, and adopts the following extract from a report made by Colonel Sutherland,

a high authority, who visited Mairwara on a tour of inspection in 1841, and wrote as follows for the information of the Governor-General of India:—

"Much was achieved for the peace and agricultural prosperity of Mairwara by Colonel Hall, C.B., and the people have a lively sense of the benefits which they derived from his administration. The high degree of prosperity which it has now attained, arises, however, from the system introduced by Captain Dixon. He may be said to live amongst the people. He knows minutely the condition of each village, and almost of its inhabitants individually; is ready to redress not only every man's grievances, but to assist them to recover from any pecuniary or other difficulty in which they may be involved. It may be supposed that such a system could not be of any extensive application; but from what I have seen here, and from my experience elsewhere, I am satisfied, that in unimproved countries, if men of Captain Dixon's energies and disposition could be found, this system of management may be of very extensive application. Captain Dixon has no European assistance, but his native establishment is so admirably disciplined and controlled, that whether in the construction of tanks, in the assessment of the revenue, or the administration of justice amongst this simple and primitive people, these establishments conduct all matters to almost as happy an issue as he could himself. I described at some length, in the fifteenth paragraph of my Khalsa report on the condition of Ajmeer, the system pursued by Colonel Dixon, and I need here only repeat, that it is simply to take from all classes alike the money value of a third share of the produce, to assist them to the utmost extent, on the part of Government, to obtain water for irrigation, and to assist them individually with money, or by a remission in the share of produce, according to the work to be done in the accomplishment of all objects acknowledgedly remunerative and useful."—*Sketch*, p. 72.

This passage is sufficiently perplexing. It speaks of a system introduced by Colonel Dixon, to which the prosperity of the district is ascribed, while it names, expressly, two systems, and describes a third. Our complaint concerns not style, but facts, and, in making it, we join in every eulogy on the energy of Colonel Dixon. He did all that might become a man, and all that was left for him to do; but he did not introduce either of the two systems named, or the third, described in this extract—they being all in successful operation when he took charge of Mairwara.

As we impugn this passage, we desire to be distinct.

First, we are told that the prosperity of Mairwara arises "*from the system introduced by Captain Dixon. He may be said to live amongst the people. He knows minutely,*" &c. Surely, Colonel Dixon knows, and Colonel Sutherland ought to have known, that all this was, for thirteen years, the system and practice of Colonel Hall.

Secondly, as to the system, not expressly named, but described. "*Captain Dixon has no European assistance; but his native establishment is so admirably disciplined,*" &c. Now, Colonel Dixon knows perfectly well that this identical establishment was trained to his hand by Colonel Hall; trained, too, from a class who were, at that time, habituated to falsehood and fraud, and that—what is unusual in administrative changes in India—he had not to part with a single member of it.

Thirdly, the second system actually named, and the third, described above, is—"To take from all classes alike the money value of a third share of the produce; to assist them to the utmost extent on the part of Government to obtain water for irrigation," &c.

The money advances for irrigation works were, as we have seen, greatly extended in the time of Colonel Dixon, and he was thereby enabled to accomplish all that he did so well; but public works of the same description had been erected, and advances made, in like manner, in the time of Colonel Hall; and it was in consequence of the beneficial operation of these works, and their proved results, that the system of advances was extended. It was a rule of the Indian Government at that time, not to sanction advances for agricultural improvements, until their value and importance had been thoroughly ascertained. On this account, Colonel Hall was not enabled

to proceed as rapidly with irrigation works as his successor; but the system was the same, and its value was tried, established, and strikingly exhibited, in the improved condition both of country and people, before Colonel Dixon ever built a tank.

Thus are the three averments in that short extract all inaccurate. Colonel Sutherland was, no doubt, justly pleased with the activity of Colonel Dixon, and the condition of his province, and possibly, in an excess of official felicity, forgot for a moment that he ever had a predecessor.

We have good reason for remarking on this extract. Mr. Kaye, in his recent book* on "The Administration of the East India Company," takes his account of Mairwara from the "Sketch;" does much injustice to the claims of Colonel Hall; and cites this passage in a note, as one of his main authorities. In the heading of his chapter on the "Progress of Civilisation," we have "Dixon and the Mairs," but not the name of Colonel Hall. The latter is afterwards introduced to us as "Captain Hall, of the 16th Bengal Native Infantry,† an officer who, in the Quartermaster's department, had exhibited considerable ability and force of character," and the moral and administrative reforms are mostly referred to him; but the irrigation-works are as wholly ascribed to Colonel Dixon as if his predecessor had never once thought about them. "He (Dixon) saw at once what was the great want of the country. Eager to develop the productiveness of an unyielding soil, and to stimulate the industry of an unyielding people, he addressed himself to this great matter of the water supply, and left untried no effort to secure it."‡ "The financial results of the experiment were highly favourable: the moral results were more favourable still."§ . . . "His (Dixon's) name will live as the regenerator of the Mairs. It is no

* "History of the Administration of the East India Company." By John William Kaye. One vol. 8vo. Bentley, London, 1853.

† Had it been "Bengal Artillery," it would seem that Colonel Hall might have had a better chance of a good word from Mr. Kaye. That gentleman thinks proper to inform us, in a note (p. 472), that it has been hinted to him "*from more quarters than one, that he has displayed something like a tendency to overrate the achievements of officers belonging to the Bengal Artillery;*" and expresses a natural presentiment that the charge will be brought against him, in reference to Colonel Dixon.

‡ Kaye's "History of the Administration of the East India Company."—p. 468-9.

§ *Ibid.* p. 469.

small privilege to the compiler of such a work as this to chronicle, even in a few imperfect pages, the recent annals of Mairwara, and to show how a wild and lawless people were reclaimed by a single European officer, taken from an expense-magazine.*

The readers of Mr. Kaye's very clever book—for such it is—may admire his style, but, as we have shown, they have some reason to distrust his authority.

The extract on which we have been observing is from a report made by Colonel Sutherland, embodied, indeed, and adopted in the "Sketch;" but we have now to ask the reader's attention to another, which is altogether Colonel Dixon's own. After recording the retirement of Colonel Hall and his own appointment, Colonel Dixon proceeds to say:—

"It was manifest that water was the great desideratum, and that the first step towards improvement must be to provide for its supply. It was the one thing necessary to bind the inhabitants to the soil, to attach them to our form of government, and to admit of our moulding them into the habits of life we desired. It was evident that on its provision, which would ensure the ripening of the crops, depended future prosperity. It has been said the rains are light and uncertain, but though the fall, in reference to more favoured climes, is small, still, well arrangements matured and carried out for retaining all the rain that fell on the soil, there was a confident promise sufficient would be reserved for the purpose of the cultivator.

* The plan was easy of conception; the difficulty was to carry it out. Its enforcement involved the outlay of considerable sums of money. The people at that time were too impoverished to afford any gratuitous assistance. Measures involving an immediate expenditure for what might have been considered a problematical benefit, were not likely to be favourably entertained by the Government. Colonel Hall, during his thirteen years' administration, had made and repaired seven tulaos. The benefit to the people and the return of revenue had been great, but the outlay had been inconsiderably small. To have progressed at the slow rate which then prevailed, would have been to have protracted the final completion of all the works of irrigation that were necessary, to an indefinite period. The superintendent had been recently appointed. His character might not be sufficiently known to the autho-

rities to warrant a deviation from the then established rule, which was, to discourage advances or outlays on agricultural purposes. Still, some essay towards effecting improvement was imperative. The subject was brought to the notice of the Government; such circumstances as favoured the project being duly set forth. The proposition was favourably entertained, and sanction accorded. The requisition embraced the construction of two tulaos. The work contemplated was inconsiderable in respect to what was to be accomplished—to place the country in a position to withstand a season of drought. But as the Government had vouchsafed its sanction, there was a confident expectation its support would be continued, and more liberally extended to the outlay of larger sums, on the utility, alike to the people and to the State, of works of irrigation being made palpably manifest. The question of the support of the Government having happily been answered in the affirmative, it became necessary to arrange systematically for the spread of improvement throughout the district. The expense of the larger works, it was evident, must be borne by us; but there was no reason for allowing the inhabitants to remain inactive. It was desirable to enlist their hearty co-operation in the fulfilment of contemplated improvements."—*Sketch*, pp. 85 6.

We submit that the impression which this passage is calculated to convey is, that although Colonel Hall built a few tanks in thirteen years, Colonel Dixon was the first who saw the real value of irrigation works, and gave the impulse to their construction, that, when he took charge of the district, the advantages arising from these might have been regarded as "problematical" by the Government, and their utility as not yet made "palpable." This is, accordingly, the impression imbibed, not only by Mr. Kaye, but also by Captain Baird Smith, who, in his valuable book on "Italian Irrigation,"† gives an abstract of Colonel Dixon's book; and it appears again in a notice of the "Sketch," in the February number of *Blackwood's Magazine* of the present year. *Blackwood* and Smith give each their need of praise to Colonel Hall, but the reader will rise from the perusal of both with the conviction, that the order of the respective merits of Colonels Hall and Dixon, refers the social reforms to the former, while the irrigation works

* Kaye's "History of the Administration of the East India Company."—p. 472.

† "Italian Irrigation." By Captain Baird Smith, Bengal Artillery. 2 Vols. Blackwood: Edinburgh. 1852.

and agricultural improvements are the fruits of "a new system"—"a new era," introduced by the latter:—

"For thirteen years," says Captain Baird Smith (vol. i. pp. 404), "Colonel Hall devoted himself to the social amelioration of the Mairs; to the abolition of demoralising and pernicious customs; to the substitution of honest labour and settled habits of thrift among the people, for an uncertain predatory mode of life. Though it was reserved for his successor to develop irrigation works as a great engine for the improvement of the country and of the people, it was Colonel Hall who first tamed the wild race, who substituted law and order for anarchy and disorder, and so laid the foundation of all subsequent ameliorations."

Let the reader compare this passage with another in the next page (p. 405), when, after speaking of the appointment of Captain Dixon, he adds:—

"It soon became manifest to the new superintendent that *water* was the great desideratum in Mairwara, and that the first step," &c.

The same views are re-produced in *Blackwood*, a magazine which, we need hardly say, is not more esteemed for its ability than for the straightforward character of its articles. In the number for February, 1853, p. 208, after enumerating the moral and social reforms of Colonel Hall, it adds:—

"In 1835, ill-health drove Colonel Hall to another climate, and he was succeeded by Captain, afterwards Colonel Dixon of the Artillery; with him began a new era in the history of Mairwara.

"It soon became manifest to the new superintendent, that *water* was the great desideratum in Mairwara," &c.

And so it is assumed throughout both the abstract of the "Sketch" in Smith, and the article on Mairwara in *Blackwood*, that the merit of the irrigation movement, without which, as we have already observed, all other reforms would be unavailing, belongs, not to Colonel Hall, but to Colonel Dixon.

We do not impute to these writers any intentional disparagement of the claims of Colonel Hall. They have, probably, been misled by a want of clearness in their only book of authority, the "Sketch." Colonel Dixon makes

many acknowledgments of the services of his predecessor: but, it so happens, that these are vague, save in their reference to social reform, and that when compared with other passages of his work, they leave those very impressions which have been taken up by every author who has referred to it.

It is but justice to Colonel Dixon to add, that the errors of his work may arise from its being prepared amidst absorbing duties; from its having passed through the press while he was far away; and from its having been originally made up, less for the public than for the Indian Government, who were well acquainted with the real facts. However this may be, it is certain that when Colonel Hall left Mairwara, the importance of tank-embankments in that province was not "problematical," nor had their "utility" to be made "palpable." This officer had availed himself of every means in his power to encourage irrigation works, and had made their results palpable in the changed aspect of the country, and the improved condition of its people. In proof of this we can adduce the independent testimony of an accomplished observer, who had no disposition to describe the doings of the East India Company too favourably. The French naturalist, M. Victor Jacquemont, visited Mairwara, and wrote of what he saw as follows; we cite from the "Letters from India,"* 2nd vol. p. 285, first English edition:—

"I have seen the superb Jaypore and the delightful Ajmeer; and during my very short stay in the latter, I have contrived to visit Mairwara, the former abruzzie of Rajpootana. It was well worth eighty miles of riding, in little more than twenty-four hours. I saw a country whose inhabitants, since an immemorial time, had never had any other means of existence but plunder in the adjacent plains of Maywar and Meywar; a people of murderers, now changed into a quiet, industrious, and happy people of shepherds and cultivators. No Majpoot chiefs; no Mogul emperors had ever been able to subdue them. Fourteen years ago, everything was to be done with them, and since six or seven years, everything is done already. A single man has worked this wonderful miracle of civilization—Major Henry Hall, the son-in-law of Colonel Fagan, of whom I have written to you at Dehlie.

*"Letters from India, during the Years 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831; undertaken by Order of the French Government." By Victor Jacquemont. 2 vols. London: Churton. 1834.

"As I know it will be gratifying to your feelings and to your opinions on the subject, I shall add, my dear friend, that Major Hall has accomplished this admirable social experiment without taking a single life. The very worst characters of Mairwara he secured, confined them, or put them in irons at work on the roads. Those who had lived long by the sword, without becoming notorious for wanton cruelty, he made soldiers; they became in that capacity the keepers of their former associates, and often of their chiefs; and the rest of the population was gained to the plough.

"Female infanticide was prevalent with the Mairs, and generally through Rajpootana; and now female casualties among infants exceed not male casualties—a proof that the bloody practice has been abandoned, and scarcely has a man been punished for it. Major Hall did not punish the offenders; he removed the cause of the crime, and made the crime useless, even injurious to the offender, and it is never now committed.

"Major Hall has shown to me, on the field, the corps which he has raised from amongst these former savages; and I have seen none in the Indian army in a higher state of discipline. He was justly proud of his good work, and spared no trouble to himself that I might see it thoroughly in the few hours I had to spend with him. Upwards of one hundred villagers were summoned from the neighbouring villages and hamlets. I conversed with them on their former mode of life; it was a most miserable one, by their accounts. They were naked and starving. Now, poor as is the soil of their small valleys, and barren their hills, every hand being set to work, there is plenty of clothes and food; and so sensible are they of the immense benefit conferred on them by the British Government, that willingly they pay to it, already, 500,000 francs, which they increase as their national wealth admits of it.

"Often I had thought that gentle means would prove inadequate to the task of breaking in populations addicted, for ages, to a most unruly, savage life, such as the Greeks; for instance; yet the Klaphtes were but lambs compared to the Mairs—and the Mairs, in a few years, have become an industrious and well-behaved people.

"I see by the Bombay papers, that M. Capo d'Istria has been murdered. I wish Major Hall were his successor; for now I have the greatest confidence in the efficacy of *gentle means*; but a peculiar talent, too, which is a gift of nature, is required in the

ruler, without which, the most benevolent intentions would prove useless."

In connexion with Jacquemont's most interesting letter, we transcribe, from a printed document, a note addressed to Colonel Hall, by the late Lord Metcalfe, then Governor-General of India:—

"Allahabad, 10th February, 1835.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—Many thanks for your kind letters. I have read your interesting report regarding Mairwara.

"Your management there will immortalise you. It has already brought your name before the public with proud distinction. Jacquemont says you ought to be king of Greece.

"You have my wishes to be whatever you may desire to be.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"C. T. METCALFE."

Jacquemont visited Mairwara in 1831. Colonel Hall left that province in 1835. Thus it appears that four years before this officer left the Mairs, he had changed them "*into a quiet, industrious, and happy people of shepherds and cultivators*;" that he had "*gained them to the plough*;" that "*there was plenty of food and clothes*;" that, at this period, he had accomplished their reformation—had "*worked this miracle of civilisation*." Colonel Dixon, we gladly repeat, evinced the most enduring zeal; reclaimed large tracts; induced new settlers; extended irrigation works; built a town; and, as was said of him by a competent authority, "*did enough to immortalise one man*." Still *the system* he pursued so well, had been introduced and proved by his predecessor.

The testimony of Jacquemont would alone establish the claims of Colonel Hall. We persuade ourselves that there was no actual intention of impugning them; but as they have been, in fact, impugned, our duty, and our desire, is to defend the right.

In closing our paper, we must express a hope, that the "*Sketch of Mairwara*" may soon appear in a more popular form, making known to widening circles of the public, the fruitful labours of Colonel Hall.†

* Jacquemont, again referring to Major Hall, says (vol. ii. p. 291):—"There are few Major Halls to work the miracles he has done."

† In the article on Mairwara in the February number of *Blackwood*, already referred to, there is the following passage:—

"While we look with a natural national pride on the great result which has subjected a vast continent to British rule, it is delightful to feel that, in so many cases, the details of this

POE AND POETRY.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

WHAT shall we say of the personal character and the private life of Edgar Allan Poe? Shall we unnecessarily

"Draw his frailties from their dread abode"—

cruelly recapitulating the circumstances of his mortal career, and, turning away from those results of his existence which are imperishable, apply ourselves to that portion of it "that doth fade"? Or shall we not better leave his defects as well as his merits (and he was not destitute of the latter), as an individual responsible being, reposing in that awful and ineffable asylum (again to us the language of the poet of "the Elegy")—

"The bosom of his Father and his God?"

If the poet had, in his writings, carried out the moral eccentricities of his conduct; if he had been cradled into poetry by an early, continuous, but not systematic proof of the "wrong;" and if he thus taught in "song" what he had "learned" in dissipation, the case would be very different. If the lyrics of Poe were immoral as they are beautiful, and if to the fascination of their melody had been superadded the fatal allurements of a pandering to the passions, then indeed it would be a paramount duty of the critic to point out the polluted sources from which he drew his inspiration, and the degraded channels in which his life-stream ran. But with Poe the very reverse of all this is the fact. If, as Garrick said of

Goldsmith (referring to that nervous confusion or timidity which frequently saves men of genius from becoming that pre-eminently social bore—a great talker)—

"He wrote like an angel and spoke like poor Foll"—

so it may be said of Poe, with even greater truth, that however he may have *lived*, he certainly "*wrote* like an angel;" if spotless purity of thought, and an ethereal spirituality of fancy may be considered to be the probable characteristics of the style of those celestial beings; if they were so unhappy as to be condemned to *write* poetry instead of living it.

The mysterious connexion of good and evil, in human nature, was perhaps never more curiously exemplified than in the case of our poet; and it is difficult to believe that the insane acts of recklessness of which we read, the apparent ingratitude to others, the suicidal destruction of his own happiness, the "unenjoying sensualism" of intoxication, could all emanate from the same individuality, which in happier moments delighted to construct those singular labyrinths of his prose fictions, which the clue of his own clear intellect could alone lay open; and those angelic utterances of song to which we have alluded, and which we are about to introduce more particularly to the reader.

The beautiful autobiographical passage in the "*Adonais*," wherein Shel-

rule will bear such close inspection; that in the remote corners of that far-off land, solitary Englishmen and Scotchmen, in isolated commands, spend long years in the practical performance of works which must command the respect and approbation of the purest philanthropy."

With the general sentiment here expressed we can have no quarrel; but why introduce "Scotchmen" and leave out "Irishmen"? Have our countrymen done so little in India as to deserve no notice? Were the Wellesleys ineffective in the East? Had the Marquis of Hastings no administrative talents? Or was the name of Gough undistinguished at Moodkee, at Ferozeshah, at that Oriental Waterloo, the sanguinary Sabraon, or in the closing triumph of Goojerat? We might point to Sir Henry Pottinger, and many others, Irish born, who hold at this moment high positions in India; but it is enough for us to show the peculiar felicity of the occasion on which this strange observation occurs. *Blackwood* ignores our country at the conclusion of an article, which owes its whole and sole interest to the talents and the toils of Colonel Hall, a native of Ireland! We, however, forgive our contemporary, as it was through this same offending passage that our attention was first directed to the subject of *Mairwara*.

* "The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe, with a Notice of his Life and Genius." By James Hanney, Esq., with twenty Illustrations, &c. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

ley describes the peculiarities of his own mental organisation, and the antagonism of opposing elements therein, seems not inappropriately to express the two agencies that made the life of Poe appear so inconsistent with his poetry. He was, says Shelley, speaking of himself—

"A purd-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked; a power
Girt round with weakness."

What malign influence first drew this fatal cestus of infirmity around the moral energy of Poe, it is now difficult to say. That he felt it himself keenly is plain from the few bitter words which he has appended to the collected edition of his poems by way of preface. The allusion to his own opinion of the imperfections of these poems, we have no doubt, perhaps unconsciously included the short-comings and more important defects of his life, though as usual he throws the blame upon circumstances, which in candour he should have stated were in a great degree the result of his own misconduct. Alluding to the necessities of life which prevented him from applying himself to poetry with that entire devotion which would have resulted in something more commensurate with his ideas of the grandeur and dignity of the Muse, than those lyrics, which though inexpressibly sweet to us, were probably, to an intellectually proud spirit like his, but the lisplings of a poetical childhood: he says:—

"Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making at any time any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited with any eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations of mankind."

That true poetry is "a passion," an impulse, an inspiration—a something that "cannot at will be excited" is unquestionably true; but we doubt very much that to a passionate nature like that of Poe, the elysium of leisure to which, like all poets, he looked forward as the period when his great work was to be produced, would have eventuated in the splendid results which his imagination had conceived. His own poems are almost decisive on this point. The only really valuable ones are those which seem to

have been struck off like brilliant sparks from the glowing anvil of life. The inferior ones, which we read once from curiosity, but to which we seldom return again, are those written at a very early period of life, when it may be supposed he had some portion of that fatal leisure, enough to allow his passion to grow cold, and his happy improvisations to be lost in diffuse, and occasionally imitative harmonies. Repose, amid the stagnant competencies of life, like slumbering on the Pontine marshes by midnight, is death to some spirits. The collision of circumstances, and even the lowering of impending evils, not unfrequently strike from some hearts rays that illuminate the whole heaven of poetry, as the rushing together of two thunder-clouds lights up the darkness, and awakens the echoes of the night.

A few lines will be sufficient to mention the principal events of Poe's short and unhappy life, without entering into those painfully-minute details to which we have adverted. He was born at Baltimore, in Virginia, in the year 1811. His present editor remarks that the name is not a common one in England, and considers the poet to have been connected, though remotely, with a "highly respectable family of the same name in Ireland." His father, David Poe, it is stated, having "married an enchanting actress of uncertain prospects," adopted the precarious profession of his wife. They both, however, died young, leaving three children—of whom, we believe, Edgar was the eldest—totally unprovided for.

A rich and benevolent gentleman, named Allan, who had no children of his own, adopted the destitute Edgar, and brought him to England, where he placed him at school for five years. At the expiration of this period, in the year 1822, he returned to America, and was first sent to the academy at Richmond, and subsequently to the university at Charlottesville. His "eccentricities" (to use the mildest phrase) here commenced, and soon reached such a climax as to exhaust even the patience of his patron, who really acted, all through the wayward course of his adopted son, with more than the affection and forgiveness of a father. The evil taint in the mind or heart of Poe here became painfully distinct. He satirised his benevolent and indulgent benefactor, wrote him a sharp and un-

grateful letter, and then adopted the heroic determination of assisting the Greeks in their effort to shake off the Turkish yoke! He accordingly sailed for Europe; but instead of making his way to the "Isles of Greece," and finding glory or a grave, like Byron, on—

"The sullen, silent shores of Missolonghi:—"

the first place we hear of him turning up at is St. Petersburg. By the assistance of the American minister in that city, he was enabled to return to his native country. He was again received into favour by Mr. Allan, was entered by him as a cadet in the military academy, and terminated a very brief connexion with that institution by being "cashiered!"

"It seems to have been about this time," says Mr. Hannay, "that he published, while still a boy, his first volume of poems—those comprised in his later collection as "Poems written in Youth." There are, of course, obvious traces of imitation—adoptions of the metres of Scott—imitations of the verse of Byron; but there is the keenest feeling for the Beautiful, which was the predominant feeling of Poe's whole life; there is the loveliest, easiest, joyfullest flow of music throughout. There is, too, what must have been almost instinctive, an exquisite taste, "a taste which lay at the very centre of his intellect, like a conscience."

These poems had a considerable success, which, however, seemed to have little effect on the conduct or circumstances of the poet, as the next event of any importance which took place in his life was his enlisting as a private soldier! Coleridge did the same thing in his "hot youth," under the appropriate name of Mr. Comberbach, or Cumberback; and we do not hear whether it was the same incapacity for equestrian evolutions that led to the release of the American, as of the English poet, from the service of "the great god of war." After disappearing from the sight of his friends in this way for some time, he suddenly reappeared, "thin, pale, and ghastly, with the mark of poverty branded upon him," and being thus trained into an appropriate appearance

and condition for the profession he at last adopted, he commenced life regularly at last as "a literary man." Having reached the splendid success of making about one hundred pounds in a year—that tempting bait which literature or "the trade" holds out to men of brilliant minds and cultivated intellects—he conceived himself in a position to marry. He accordingly married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, "as poor as himself"—to use the language of one of his biographers, but who was, we firmly believe, all that his present editor describes her to be, "a most amiable, loveable, and lovely person."

This was the bright spot that gleamed in the desert of poor Poe's life. We hear of their humble but elegant little home; his assiduous attention to whatever literary work the periodicals of the place supplied him with; we get a brief respite from the sad catalogue of eccentricities and irregularities, at other times so overloaded—all, we have no doubt, owing to the gentle and refining influence of the dear being by his side. She must have been (to use the language of one who has condescended to verse too seldom)—

"No petted plaything to caress or chide
In sport or strife
But his best chosen friend, companion, guide,
To walk through life—
Linked hand in hand."

But alas! the clasp of this dear and sustaining hand was soon to be severed by death; and the poet, now left wholly to himself (for they had no children), and uncontrolled by the unfelt and almost invisible influence of the guardian angel of his home, relapsed into all his former errors; if, indeed, he did not become infected by new. That he was a devoted and attached husband is proved by the fact that even the death of her daughter did not diminish the affectionate interest, or lessen the active services, which his mother-in-law ever felt for Poe, and continued to offer to him during the remainder of his life. He always called her "his mother," and the beautiful sonnet which he dedicated to her, after the death of his beloved Virginia, shows that to her, at least, he was not ungrateful:—

"TO MY MOTHER.

"Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of 'Mother,'

Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—
 You, who are more than mother unto me,
 And fill my heart of hearts, where death installed you
 In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
 My mother—my own mother, who died early,
 Was but the mother of myself; but you
 Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
 And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
 By that infinity with which my wife
 Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

The loss of his wife, however destructive of the happiness, and injurious in its consequences to the conduct and character of the poet, was, nevertheless, the sad source from which have flowed over the world those few sweet, stream-like, melodious wailings,

"So musical, so melancholy,"

which have rescued the name of the mourner and the minstrel from oblivion. This is the "one fatal remem-

brance," the "one shadow," that under varying names and differing circumstances, is to be met with in almost all the subsequent poems of Poe, and which give a mournful beauty and interest to the otherwise monotonous brilliancy of his poetry, like cypresses in an Italian cemetery.

Take, for instance, the second stanza of Poe's most celebrated poem, "The Raven":—

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
 Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

 Nameless here for evermore."

We shall return to this poem and this subject presently, when we terminate our faint outline of the poet's life; and this we must do in the words of the editor of the present edition:—

"Poe had been lecturing on 'the Universe,' in 1848, and producing his strange great book 'Eureka.' In the Autumn of 1849 he had, after a sad fit of insane debauchery, made one vigorous effort to emerge. He joined a temperance society—he led a quiet life, and his marriage was talked of. But on the evening of the 6th October, 1849, a Saturday evening, passing through Baltimore to New York, accident threw him among some old acquaintances. He plunged into intoxication, and on Sunday morning he was carried to an hospital, where he died that same evening, at the age of thirty-eight years."—p. 23.

It is a singular coincidence, when we recollect the astonishing resemblance that exists, not only between the entire genius, but, alas! some of the misfortunes of Edgar Allan Poe, and one with whose name our readers are at least familiar—we mean James Clarence Mangan—that death should have visited both these twins of melody and misfortune in a public hospital, in the one year, and with an interval only of about ten weeks—our unfortunate but rarely-endowed coun-

tryman having terminated his mortal career on the 20th day of June, 1849, in the Meath Hospital in this city.

We have spoken of the extraordinary resemblance between the poetry of Poe and that of Mangan, and we shall presently adduce some instances of it. At present we shall merely express our regret, notwithstanding our pride in his genius, that the latter poet had the misfortune of being an Irishman. We do not know whether he would have fared better in the flesh, poor fellow, if our wish had been granted in time; but he easily might. At any rate, his "remains" would have been taken more reverent care of. Had he the good fortune of being an American, a judicious selection of his writings would long since have been made, and though he never would have obtained the popularity of Longfellow, we are confident that his poems would have been collected and preserved by some enterprising publisher in some such tasteful shrine as Messrs. Addey and Co. have raised to the memory of Poe, in the elegant little edition before us.

The most celebrated poem of our author is "The Raven"—one of the most fantastic, but melodious fantasias that ever the eccentric imagination of

a poet composed to the accompaniment of words. The music of it haunts us ever after we have once heard it. There is something elfin and dream-like about it, and it sounds in our memory like the strain heard by the poet of Khubla Khan in his vision:—

'A dæmæd with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora'

This is its usual effect upon most readers. On those who have themselves a portion of "the gift and faculty divine" its influence is still more striking. They cannot rest until they set

'And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
This it is, and nothing more'

The exquisite artifice of the first line (for it was no accidental combination that produced so fine an effect) is equalled, if not surpassed, by Mangan,

'Tis the glorious 'Carlus Magnus, with his gleamy sword in hand,
And his crown entwined with myrtle, and his golden sceptre bright,
And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the night"

—German Anthology, v. 1. p. 191

With another extract from this singular poem of Poe we shall pass on to others that are, perhaps, not so generally well known. It will be perceived he again alludes to his lost wife—

"Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe—an I forget this lost Lenore'
Quoth the Raven, 'Never more'"

Poe has devoted one poem, without any disguise or mystification whatever, to a recollection of his home, his happiness and his loss—that brief moment in his dark and clouded life, when

"Heaven showed a glimpse of its blue."

Written on the same distressing theme on which Longfellow's exquisite "Footsteps of Angels" is composed, it equals it in tenderness and grace, while it surpasses it in melody and originality. Sad as the living poet must have been in tracing this affectionate *In Memoriam*—this tribute to his departed wife—he, with growing fame and honour, and nascent consolations—what must have been the wretchedness of poor Poe, as he sang

some of their own thoughts to the same fairy-like music, and tell the tale to some willing or unwilling auditor. In that case the reader or listener, like the wedding-guest in the "Ancient Mariner" of the poet we have just quoted, has no option—

"He cannot choose but hear."

We have already given a stanza from this poem: the entire is too long and too well known for quotation; but we shall give a few lines, taken unconnectedly, as specimens of the harmony to which we have alluded. What elaborate melody is there not in the first lines of the following stanza!—

in his noble German ballad, "Charlemagne, and the Bridge of Moonbeams." Take the following three lines as a specimen.—

"Even she, his loved and lost Ameen,
The moon-white pearl of his soul,"
as Mangan says, in a poem of kindred beauty and power, "The Last Words of Al-Hassan".—

this mournfullest yet sweetest of elegies over his dead happiness and hopes, never to return or revive! How truly could he have realised the picture drawn by our own poet—

"When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear!"

This lyric we give without abridgement; some there are who will scarcely read it without tears:—

"ANNABEL LEE.

"It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

"I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more
than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

"And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen* came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

"But our love it was stronger by far than
the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever discover my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

"For the moon never beams, without bring-
ing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the nighttide, I lie down by
the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and
my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

With Poe, words cease to be mere conventional representatives of ideas; they speak with "most miraculous organ"—they are musical notes. Surely, in the following lines, we are not reading a clever description of "The Bells." Are we not listening to the very harmonies which they describe? We can

only give the first and second divisions of the poem:—

"THE BELLS.

"Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically
wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the
bells.

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony
foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!"

"Lenore" is another tribute to "the one loved name." We can give but the first stanza. There is the perfection of rhythmical art in the fourth line. Mark how the words glide into each other, like summer streams meeting in an unruffled lake. The accumulated alliteration, at the termination of the same line, is managed with consummate skill—

'Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for ever,
Let the bell-toll! a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear? Weep now or never more!
See on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her doubly dead in that she died so young."

* Viz., the angels—a graceful fancy.—Ed.

Again, we have the same sad and bitter recollection, and melancholy foreboding that we meet everywhere in the poetry, perhaps more explicitly expressed in the following lyric than elsewhere:—

“TO ONE IN PARADISE.

“Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love—
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers;
And all the flowers were mine.

“Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the future cries,
‘On! on!’—but o’er the past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

“For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o’er!
‘No more—no more—no more’—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore),
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

“And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams

Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams;
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!”

Our readers must have remarked in the passages already quoted a peculiar habit of the poet—it can scarcely be called an artifice, it seems so appropriate and unforced—namely, the frequent repetition of a favourite line in most of the poems, which, with slight variations and those principally the substitution of one harmonious adjective for another, appears and reappears sometimes with an eccentric, but always with a melodious effect. It is this peculiarity of Poe’s verse which so strikingly reminds us of Mangan’s, although we think that the resemblance between the two men went much farther and deeper, and that this similarity in the mode of expression, original in each, clearly indicates a mental or psychological affinity.

Two or three additional examples from Poe will, perhaps, set this resemblance in a more striking light, when followed by a few stanzas from the scattered melodies of Mangan. We take the shortest specimens we can meet with:—

“EULALIE.

“I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride,
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

“Ah less—less bright
The stars of the night,
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapour can make,
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie’s most unregarded curl.
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie’s most humble and careless curl.

“Now doubt—now pain,
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long,
Shines bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky—
While ever to her dear Eulalie, upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie, upturns her violet eye.”

We take these stanzas from the beautiful lines entitled—

“FOR ANNIE.

“My tantalised spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

“For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
About it of pansies—
A rosemary odour
Commingled with pansies.
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

from the risk of offending him, I ate my meal in silence.

"I am ready now, sir," said I, standing up in front of him.

He wheeled me round by the arm to look at me in my new dress. He adjusted my belt, and arranged my sword-knot more becomingly, muttering to himself a few words of approval at my appearance, and then said, aloud—

"Salute all whom you see in this uniform; boy, and bear yourself haughtily as you pass the 'canaillie.' Remember that between you and them must be the struggle at last, and show that you do not blink it."

He patted me good-naturedly on the shoulder, as he said this, and, with the word "Go," half-pushed me from the room.

I soon found myself in the open air, and having inquired my way to the Rue Lepelletier, walked rapidly along, endeavouring, as best I might, to disguise the astonishment I felt at so many new and wonderful objects. As I emerged from the meaner quarter of the Battignolles, the streets grew finer and more spacious, and the dress of the people and their appearance generally improved also. Still there was none of that splendour of equipage of which I had heard so much. The carriages were few, and neither rich nor well appointed. The horses were poor-looking, and seemed all over-worked and exhausted. The same tired and worn-out air pervaded the people too. They all looked as though fatigue and excitement had finally conquered them, and that they were no longer capable of endurance. At the bakers' shops that I passed, great crowds were assembled, waiting for the distribution of bread which the Government each morning doled out to the population. I watched these, and saw, to my amazement, that the ration was a small piece of black and coarse bread, weighing two ounces, and for this many were content to wait patiently the entire day. In my curiosity to see this, I had approached an old man, of a strong, athletic appearance, who, leaning on his staff, made no effort to pierce the crowd, but waited calmly till his name was called aloud, and even then received his pittance, as it was passed to him from hand to hand. There was something of dignity in the way he subdued every trace of that anxious impatience so perceptible around him,

and I drew nigh to speak to him, with a sense of respect.

"Is that meant for a day's subsistence?" asked I.

He stared at me calmly for a few seconds, but made no reply.

"I asked the question," began I, with an attempt to apologise, when he interrupted me thus:—

"Are you one of the Troupe Dorée, and ask this? Is it from *you*, who live in fine houses, and eat sumptuously, that comes the inquiry, how men like *me* exist?"

"I am newly come to Paris; I am only a few hours here."

"See here, comrades," cried the old man, in a loud and ringing voice to the crowd, "mark what the 'Sections' are doing; drafting the peasants from the provinces, dressing them in their livery, and arming them to slaughter us. Starvation marches too slowly for the wishes of these aristocrats!"

"Down with the 'aristos,' down with the 'Troupe!'" broke in one wild yell from the multitude, who turned at once towards me with looks of menace.

"Ay," continued the old man, waving his hand to maintain silence, "he dared to taunt me with the pittance we receive, and to scoff at our mendicancy!"

"Down with him! down with him!" cried the crowd; but interposing his staff like a barrier against the mob, the old fellow said—

"Spare him, comrades; he is, as you see, only a boy; let him live to be wiser and better. Come, lad, break that sword upon your knee; tear off that green cockade, and go back to your village again!"

I stepped back, and drawing my sword, motioned to those in front to give way.

"I'll cut down the first that opposes me!" cried I, with a waive of the steel round my head, and at the same instant I dashed forward.

The mass fell back and left me a free passage, while a chorus of the wildest yells and screams burst around and about me. Mad with the excitement of the moment, I shook my sword at them as I went, in defiance, and even laughed my scorn of their cowardice. My triumph was brief; a stunning blow on the back of the head sent me reeling forwards, and at the same instant the ranks of the mob closed in, and hurling me to the ground, trampled and jumped upon me. Stunned,

but not unconscious, I could perceive that a battle was waged over me, in which my own fate was forgotten, for the multitude passed and repassed my body without inflicting other injury than their foot-treads. Even this was brief, too, and I was speedily raised from the earth, and saw myself in the arms of two young men in uniform like my own. One of them was bleeding from a wound in the temple, but seemed only to think of me and my injuries. We were soon joined by several others of the troop, who having returned from a pursuit of the mob, now pressed around me with kindest questions and inquiries. My name, whence I came, and how long I had been in Paris, were all asked of me in a breath; while others, more considerate still, sought to ascertain if I had been wounded in the late scuffle. Except in some bruises, and even those not severe, I had suffered nothing, and when my clothes were brushed, and my shako re-adjusted, and a new cockade affixed to it, I was as well as ever. From the kind attentions we met with in the shops, and the sympathy which the better-dressed people displayed towards us, I soon gathered that the conflict was indeed one between two classes of the population, and that the Troupe were the champions of property.

"Show him the Rue Lepelletier, Guillaume," said an officer to one of the youths, and a boy somewhat older than myself now undertook to be my guide.

I had some difficulty in answering his questions, as to the names and the number of my family who were guillotined, and when and where the execution had occurred; but I was spared any excessive strain on my imagination by the palpable indifference my companion exhibited to a theme now monotonously tiresome. He, however, was communicative enough on the subject of the Troupe and their duties, which he told me were daily becoming more onerous. The Government, harassed by the opposition of the National Guards and the Jeunesse Dorée together, had resorted to the terrible expedient of releasing above a thousand prisoners from the galleys, and these, he assured me, were now on their way to Paris, to be armed and formed into a regiment. Though he told this with a natural horror, he still spoke of his own party with every confidence. They comprised, he said, the courage,

the property, and the loyalty of France. The whole nation looked to them as the last stay and succour, and felt that the hope of the country was in their keeping.

I asked him what was the number now enrolled in the Troupe? and, to my astonishment, he could not tell me. In fact, he owned that many had of late assumed the uniform as spies, and General Danitan had resolved that each volunteer should present himself to him for acceptance before receiving any charge, or being appointed to any guard.

I had not time for further questioning when we arrived at the hotel of the general, when my companion having given me full directions for my guidance, shook my hand cordially, and departed.

As I ascended the stairs I overtook an elderly gentleman in a grey military frock, who was slowly making his way upwards by the aid of the balustrade.

"Give me your arm, lad," said he, "for this stair seems to grow steeper every day. Thanks; now I shall get on better. What has torn your coat-sleeve?"

I told him in a few words what had just occurred in the streets, and he listened to me with a degree of interest that somewhat surprised me.

"Come along, my lad. Let General Danitan hear this from your own lips;" and with an agility that I could not have believed him capable of, he hurried up the stairs, and crossing a kind of gallery, crowded with officers, of different grades, he entered a chamber where two persons in military undress were writing.

"Can I see the general, Francois?" said he, abruptly.

The officer thus addressed coolly replied, that he believed not, and went on with his writing as before.

"But I have something important to say to him—my business is of consequence," said he.

"As it always is," muttered the other, in a tone of sarcasm, that fortunately was only overheard by myself.

"You will announce me, then, Francois?" continued he.

"My orders are not to admit any one, captain."

"They were never meant to include me, sir—of that I'm positive," said the old man; "and if you will not announce me, I will enter without it;"

and, half dragging me by the arm, he moved forward, opened the door, and passed into an inner room.

General Danitan, a small, dark-eyed, severe-looking man, was standing with his back to the fire, and in the act of dictating to a secretary, as we entered. An expression of angry impatience at our unauthorised appearance was the only return he vouchsafed to our salute; and he continued as before, his dictation.

"Don't interrupt me, sir," said he, hastily, as the old captain made an effort to address him. "Don't interrupt me, sir. Which difficulties," continued he, as he took up the thread of his dictation—"which difficulties are considerably increased by the obtrusive habit of tendering advice by persons in whose judgment I place no reliance, and whose conduct, when they leave me, is open to the suspicion of being prejudicial to the public service. Amongst such offenders, the chief is a retired captain of the 8th regiment of Chasseurs, called Hugues Le Bart."

"Why, general, it is of me—me myself—you are speaking!" broke in the captain.

"An officer," continued the other, perfectly heedless of the interruption, "into whose past services I would strenuously recommend some inquiry; since, neither from the information which has reached me with regard to his habits, nor, from the characters of his intimates, am I disposed to regard him as well affected to the Government, or in other respects, trustworthy. How do you do, captain? who is our young friend here?" continued he, with a smile and a bow towards us.

"In what way am I to understand this, general? Is it meant for a piece of coarse pleasantry?"

"For nothing of the kind, sir," interrupted the other, sternly. "That you have been a witness to the words of a confidential communication is entirely attributable to yourself; and I have only to hope you will respect the confidence of which an accident has made you a participator. Meanwhile, I desire to be alone."

The manner in which these words were uttered was too decisive for hesitation, and the old man bowed submissively and withdrew. As I was about to follow him the general called out—

"Stay!—a word with you. Are you the captain's *protege*, boy?"

I told him that our first meeting only dated a few moments back, and how it had occurred.

"Then you are not of the 'Troupe?' You have never worn the uniform till this morning," said he, somewhat severely.

I bowed assent.

He turned hastily about at the moment and said something to his secretary, in a low voice, of which I just could catch the concluding words, which were far from flattering to the corps in whose livery I was dressed.

"Well, boy, go back and take off those clothes," said he, sternly; "resume your trade or occupation, whatever it be, and leave politics and state affairs to those who can understand them. Tell your father——"

"I have none, sir."

"Your mother, then, or your friends, I care not what they be. What letter is that you are crumpling in your fingers?" broke he in, suddenly.

"To General Danitan, sir."

"Give it me," said he, half-spatching it from me.

He tore it hastily open and read it, occasionally looking from the paper to myself, as he went on. He then leaned over the table, where the secretary sat, and showed him the letter. They conversed eagerly for some seconds together, and then the general said—

"Your friends have recommended you for a post in the 'chancellerie militaire;' is that your liking, lad?"

"I should be proud to think myself capable of doing anything for my own support," was my answer.

"D'Artans, see to him; let him be enrolled as a supernumerary, and lodged with the others. This gentleman will instruct you in your duty," added he to me; while, with a slight nod towards the door, he motioned me to withdraw.

I retired at once to the antechamber, where I sat down to think over my future prospects, and canvass in my mind my strange situation.

Troops of officers in full and half-dress, orderlies with despatches, aides-de-camp in hot haste, came and went through that room for hours; and yet there I sat unnoticed and unrecognised by any, till I began to feel in my isolation a sense of desertion and loneliness I had never known before.

It was already evening when D'Ar-
tans joined me, and taking my arm fa-
miliarly within his own, said—

"Come along, Jasper, and let us dine
together."

The sound of my own name so over-
came me, that I could scarcely restrain
my tears as I heard it. It was a me-
mory of home and the past, too touching
to be resisted!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF THE SECTIONS.

THERE could not have been a readier
process of disenchantment to me, as to
all my boyish ambitions and hopes, than
the routine of my daily life at this pe-
riod. I was lodged, with some fourteen
others, in an old Pension in the Rue
des Augustins, adjoining the bureau in
which we were employed. We repaired
each morning at an early hour to our
office, and never left it till late in the
evening—sometimes, indeed, to a late
hour of the night. Neither the manners
nor the habits of my companions in-
spired me with a desire to cultivate
their intimacy. They were evidently
of a low class by birth; and with tastes
even inferior to their position. They
construed my estrangement to the true
cause, and did not scruple to show that
I was not a favourite amongst them.
In ridicule of my seeming pretensions,
they called me the "Count," and
never passed me without an obsequious
mock salutation, which I returned as
punctiliously, and not appearing to
detect its sarcasm. With experience
of life and mankind, isolation is prob-
ably a condition not devoid of certain
pleasures—it may minister to a kind of
proud self-reliance and independence
of spirit; but to a boy it is one of un-
alloyed misery. There is no heavier
infliction than the want of that free
expansion of the heart that comes of
early friendship. Youth is essentially
the season of confidence; and to restrain
its warm impulses, and dam up the flow
of its affections, is to destroy its best
and highest charm. I will not ven-
ture to assert that I was not myself
much to blame for the seclusion in
which I lived. I probably resented
too forcibly what I need scarcely have
noticed, and felt too acutely what, at
worst, were but trifling annoyances.
Some of this may be attributed to me
constitutionally, but even more to the
nature of my bringing up. All my
boyish impulses were stimulated by
affection; whatever I attempted, was
in a wish to gain praise; all my an-

bitions were, to be loved the more. In
my loneliness I sought out M. de
Gabriac, but in vain. His lodging on
the Place was now occupied by an-
other, who could give no tidings of him
whatever. I wrote to my mother and
to Raper, but without receiving a
reply. I then tried M. Jost, and re-
ceived a few lines to say, that my
friends had taken their departure some
months before from Reichenau, but in
what direction he knew not. This
letter put the finishing stroke to my
sense of utter desolation. It was in-
deed not possible to conceive a more
forlorn and friendless being than I now
was. By my superior in the office I
was held in little favour or esteem. I
was indeed, in many respects, less ca-
pable than many of my colleagues, and
it is not impossible that my apparent
pride may have contrasted with my
real deficiency. All these causes
pressed upon me together, and made
up a series of annoyances which came
very little short of downright unhap-
piness.

My circumstances, too, were not cal-
culated to dispel these gloomy ten-
dencies. Beyond our maintenance,
which was of the very humblest kind,
our whole pay was five hundred francs
yearly, and as this was paid in paper
money, it reduced the actual amount
more than one-fourth. By the very
strictest economy, and by many an act
of self-denial, I was enabled to keep
myself out of debt, but it was an ex-
istence of continued watchfulness and
care, and in which, not even the very
cheapest pleasure found a place. My
colleagues, indeed, talked of cafés, res-
taurants, excursions, and theatres, as
of matters of daily habit, but in what
way they compassed such enjoyments
I knew not. The very freedom of their
language on these themes cast an air
of contemptuous mockery over my hum-
bler existence that assuredly did not
diminish its bitterness.

My inexpertness frequently com-

pelled me to remain in the office long after the rest. The task allotted to me was often of greater length, and many times have I passed a considerable part of the night at my desk. On these occasions, when I had finished, my head was too much excited for sleep, and I then sat up and read—usually one of the volumes Raper had given me—till morning. These were my happiest hours; but even they were alloyed by the weariness of an exhausted and tired intellect. So thoroughly apart from the world did I live—so completely did I hug my solitary existence at this period, that of the events happening around I positively knew nothing. With cafés and their company, or with newspapers, I had no intercourse; and although at moments some street encounter, some collision between the mob and the National Guard, would excite my curiosity, I never felt interest enough to inquire the cause, or care for the consequences.

Such incidents grew day by day more common firing; was frequently heard at night in different parts of the capital, and it was no rare occurrence to see carts with wounded men conveyed to hospital through the streets, at early morning. That the inhabitants were fully alive to the vicinity of some peril was plain to see. At the slightest sign of tumult, at the least warning, shops were closed and shutters fastened, doors strongly barricaded, and armed figures seen cautiously peering from casements and parapets. At one time a single horseman at full gallop would give the signal for these precautions; at others, they seemed the result of some instinctive apprehension of danger, so rapidly and so silently were they effected. Amid all these portents, the daily life of Paris went on as before. It was just as we hear tell of in the countries where earthquakes are frequent, and where in almost every century, some terrible convulsion has laid a whole city in ruins, the inhabitants acquire a strange indifference to peril till the very instant of its presence, and learn to forget calamities when once they have passed.

As for myself, so accustomed had I become to these shocks of peril, that I no longer went to the window when the uproar beneath betokened a conflict, nor even cared to see which side were conquerors in the affray. It was in a mood of this acquired indifference

that I sat reading one evening in my office long after the others had taken their departure; twice or thrice had loud and prolonged shouts from the street disturbed me, but without exciting in me sufficient of curiosity to see what was going forward, when, at last, hearing the rumbling sound of artillery trains as they moved past, I arose and went to the window. To my surprise, the streets were densely crowded, an enormous concourse filling them, and only leaving a narrow lane through which the wagons could pass. That it was no mere procession was clear enough, for the gunners carried their matches lighted, and there was that in the stern air of the soldiery that bespoke service. They wheeled past the church of St. Roch, and entered a small street off the Rue St. Honore, called La Dauphine, where, no sooner had they passed in, than the sappers commenced tearing up the pavement in front of the guns, and speedily formed a trench of about five feet in depth before them. While this was doing, some mounted dragoons gave orders to the people to disperse, and directed them to move away by the side streets; an order so promptly obeyed, that in a few minutes the long line of the Rue St. Honore was totally deserted. From the position at La Dauphine to the Tuilleries I could perceive that a line of communication was kept open, and orderlies passed at a gallop frequently from one side to the other. Another circumstance, too, struck me: the windows, instead of being crowded by numbers of eager spectators, were strongly shuttered and barred, and when that was impossible, the glass frames were withdrawn, and bed mattresses and tables placed in the spaces. Along the parapets, also, vast crowds of armed men were to be seen, and the tower and battlements of St. Roch were studded over with soldiers of the National Guard, all armed and in readiness. From the glances of the artillerymen beneath the groups above, it required no great prescience to detect that they stood opposed to each other as enemies.

It was a calm mellow evening of the late autumn. The air was perfectly still, and now the silence was unbroken on all sides, save when, from a distance, the quick tramp of cavalry might be momentarily heard, as if in the act of

forcing back a crowd, and then a faint shout would follow, whose accents might mean triumph or defiance.

I was already beginning to weary of expectancy, when I perceived, from the movement on the house-tops and the church tower, that something was going forward within the view of those stationed there. I had not to look long for the cause, for suddenly the harsh sharp beat of a drum was heard, and immediately after the head of a column wheeled from one of the side streets into the Rue St. Honore. They were grenadiers of the National Guard, and a fine body of men they seemed, as they marched proudly forward, till they came to a halt before the steps of St. Roch. Handkerchiefs were waved in salutation to them from windows and housetops; and cheering followed them as they went. A single figure at the entrance of "La Dauphine," stood observing them with his glass; he was an artillery officer, and took a long and leisurely survey of the troops, and then directed his eyes towards the crowded roofs, which he swept hastily with his telescope. This done, he sauntered carelessly back and disappeared.

The grenadiers were soon followed by the line, and now, as far as my eye could carry, I beheld vast masses of soldiery who filled the street in its entire breadth. Up to this all was preparation. Not a sight, or sound, or gesture indicated actual conflict, and the whole might have meant a mere demonstration on either side, when suddenly there burst forth a crash like the most terrific thunder. It made the very street tremble, and the houses seemed to shake as the air vibrated around them; a long volley of musketry succeeded, and then there arose a din of artillery, shouts, and small arms, that made up the infernal chaos. This came from the quarter of the river, and in that direction every eye was turned. I hurried to the back of the house in the hope of being able to see something, but the windows only looked into a court surrounded by tall buildings. Ere I returned to my place the conflict had already begun. The troops of the National Guard advanced, firing by sections, and evidently bent on forcing their passage up the street: and their firing seemed as if meant in declaration of their intentions rather than aggressively, since

no enemy appeared in front; when, no sooner had the leading files reached the opening of La Dauphine, than the artillery opened with grape and round shot. The distance could scarcely have exceeded forty yards, and the withering fire tore through the dense ranks, forming deep lanes of death! Smoke soon enveloped the masses, and it was only at intervals I could catch sight of the moving body, which still moved up! There was something indescribably dreadful in seeing the steady march of men to inevitable destruction; and even their slow pace (for such was it of necessity, from the numbers of dead and dying that encumbered their path) increased the horror of the spectacle. A deadly musketry poured down from the tower of St. Roch upon the gunners.

The whole fire from housetops and windows was directed at them; but, fast as they fell, others took their places, and the roll of the artillery never slackened nor ceased for an instant. The shot rattled like hail on the walls of the houses, or crashed through them with clattering destruction. Wild and demoniac yells, death-shouts, and cries of triumph, mingled with the terrible uproar. Above all, however, roared the dread artillery, in one unbroken thunder. At last the column seemed to waver—the leading files fell back—a moment's hesitation ensued—a fresh discharge of grape, at less than pistol range, tore through them; and now the word was given to retire. Shouts and cries poured from the housetops and parapets. Were they of encouragement or derision?—who can tell? The street now presented the horrid spectacle of indiscriminate carnage—the guns were wheeled forward as the troops retired, cavalry charging on the broken masses while the guns were reloading.—the cavalcade of death rode past at a walk, the gunners firing steadily on, till the word was given to cease. The smoke cleared lazily away at last, and now no living thing was seen to stir in front: the long line of the Rue St. Honore presented nothing but the bodies of the dead. The housetops and parapets, too, were speedily deserted; for the houses were now forced by the infantry of the line, who, at every moment, appeared at the windows, and waved their shakos in token of victory. As I looked, a crash recalled my at-

tention behind me; and now the door of the bureau was in ruins, and four soldiers, with their bayonets at the charge, dashed forward. On seeing me alone and unarmed, they only laughed, and passed on to the upper story.

"Are you in charge here?" asked a young corporal of me.

"I belong to the bureau," said I, in reply.

"Place your books and papers un-

der lock and key, then," said he, "and make your way to head quarters."

"Where?"

"At the Tuilleries. There goes the Commander-in-Chief," added he, mechanically saluting, as a staff of officers rode by beneath.

"Who is that pale man in front, with the long hair?" asked I.

"General Bonaparte," was the answer, "and few can handle artillery like him."

"THE STORY OF MAIRWARA," AND "THE LABOURS OF COLONEL HALL."

In the "History of British India," we occasionally meet with passages which, while varying from its epic tone, commend themselves to our judgment as not less deserving of admiration than the spirit-stirring triumphs of that brilliant narrative. Amongst the most engaging of such episodes is the "Sketch of Mairwara." It tells of a wild and warlike race, famed for the ferocity of their forays—a nation of Rob Roys and Robin Hoods—or something worse, partly Mussulmans, partly Hindoos, but so much laxer in their observances than either of these persuasions, as to be disavowed by both. Their mountain fastnesses were for ages the Adullam caves of the neighbouring lowlands, and, accordingly, their community grew up, recruited from the worst characters of the cities of the plain. Thus circumstanced, they became an organised robber-state, and continued for centuries, idle, independent, and unsubdued, plagued at frequent intervals by pestilence, or peeled by famine, until the year 1821, when they came into contact with our arms, and were reduced to subjection. Soon afterwards their districts were confided by the East India Company, with little either of interference or of aid, to the management of an officer, whose appointment affords a fresh instance of the marked discretion with which such selections are usually made, and who, in the perfect accomplishment of a task of signal difficulty, es-

tablished his claim to be rated amongst the ablest officials of that well-served government. This was Colonel Henry Hall, C.B., at that time a captain acting with the army in Malwa and Rajpootana, under Sir David Ochterlony, and whose services and gallantry had attracted the notice, and elicited the commendations of his distinguished commander. Through the exertions of Colonel Hall, the robber system was put down, a native battalion was formed, roads were made, the passés were opened, traffic was encouraged, and a regular government was, for the first time, established throughout Mairwara. The Mairs—for so are these people named—were won over to abandon their demoralising habits, and by their own acts, in their own councils, to abolish their pernicious usages. Slavery was prohibited; infanticide, which it had been found so difficult to check elsewhere, was completely put an end to, and their peculiar and most barbarous of all savage customs, that of selling their mothers and wives, was wholly given up. A form of trial by jury was introduced, a jail was erected, and maintained without cost to the Company, and a system for the administration of justice was established, which was inexpensive, and so efficacious that, since the year 1824, the punishment of death has been in no instance inflicted, and but three persons have been transported. To secure a supply of water—the great want of these districts—

* "Sketch of Mairwara." By Lieut.-Col. C. J. Dixon, Bengal Artillery. 4to. Smith, Elder, and Co. London: 1850.

and to husband it for the purposes of irrigation, the people were encouraged to sink wells, and taught to construct tank-embankments. Agriculture was improved, much waste jungle-land was brought into cultivation, new villages were built, and, in fine, through the labours of Colonel Hall, unremittingly pursued with quiet devotion for thirteen years, this people, once so wild, were reclaimed to fixed habits of industry and order, and are now living in security and comfort, defraying the charges of their own establishments, and yielding, willingly, a remunerating tribute to their benefactors and protectors, the Supreme Government. This is the sketch of a "Sketch," the *crème de la crème* of the "Sketch of Mairwara," made to bespeak the interest of our readers. As, however, we apprehend that their attention will not be very readily accorded to a far-off district, with an unknown heathen name, and that, possibly, our glowing picture of these happy valleys may have less the appearance of reality than of romance, we think it well to add that the "Sketch of Mairwara" comes before us with unusual vouchers, as well for the substantial accuracy and unexaggerated truth of its averments, as for the importance of the labours which it records. The work was prepared by Colonel Dixon, the successor of Colonel Hall, in pursuance of an order of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and printed at their expense, "chiefly," as the minute conveying their order states, "for the purpose of being circulated among all public officers who may have an opportunity of rendering similar services in other quarters." The better to secure the full effect of so good an example, it was ordered that the book should contain scientific plans, sections, and drawings of the most material works executed, founded on actual survey and measurement, without which their nature could hardly be understood, the difficulties encountered appreciated, or sufficient information given to enable others to construct like works in similar localities. The drawings of the specimens selected are accordingly given, with minute details of the mode of construction, rates of work, mode in which used, and all other circumstances. These details, however, embarrass the narrative, and with the plans, drawings, and illustra-

tions, render the book too high-priced for extended circulation. The main object of the Directors—the instruction of their own officers, may in this manner be best attained; but, besides instructing, it is good to encourage officers, a maxim which no public body can be more ready to assent to, than the Court of Directors. We, therefore, with all respect to them, submit that they may do more justice both to the individuals whose names are so honourably connected with Mairwara, and to themselves, by the simple step of having this cumbrous "Sketch" denuded of its quarto honours, disencumbered of work-details and expensive attributes, and reduced to the compass of a railway volume. Thus may the labours of Colonel Hall meet, in the earnest applause of the public, the reward which will be at once most grateful to him, and most stimulating to others; thus, too, may the millions know that, besides gathering those laurels of which we are all so justly proud, extending our commerce, affording occupation, and amassing wealth, the East India Company, far from meriting the taunt of being indifferent to the internal condition of the country, is actively employed in improving it, and has been, for a length of time, unostentatiously engaged in the silent ministry of doing good.

Mairwara forms a portion of that mountain chain known by the name of the Arabala Hills, and running N.N.E. from Goozerat, to within a few miles of Delhi. It is bounded on the north by Ajmeer, separates Meywar on the east from Murwar on the west, and to the south has the hill possessions of Meywar. The territory is about a hundred miles in length, with a breadth of from twenty-five to thirty:—

"There are no rivers in this tract, and as the rain descending from the hills made its way to the plains with the force of a mountain torrent, agriculture was extremely precarious, since the crops only received advantage from the rain while falling. It will be shown, in due course, the arrangements that have been made to obviate the want of water for purposes of cultivation, by damming up the mountain streams, whereby the calamities arising from drought have been reduced to a minimum point. The soil, composed of the debris of the hills, mixed with decayed vegetation, is extremely fertile; the return from a beegah of wheat or barley being from ten to twelve mounds, while in

Marwar, and Meywar, immediately below the hills, the produce only ranges from six to eight mounds. The arrangements adopted in the hills, of diking up the fields with walls of dry stone, whereby moisture is retained, and the decayed vegetation washed down from the hills arrested, conduce much to the fertility of the soil. The portion of the country now most productive, was, before the subjugation of the Mairs, a dense jungle, infested with wild beasts, and scarcely ever traversed by man, save along the foot-paths, which served as roads communicating between the few villages dispersed through the hills. At the time the army penetrated the tract, no single village was inhabited in what is now denominated Purgunah Bhacław, now consisting of twenty-five villages, only two of which had retained their inhabitants."—p. 2.

The Mairwara territory now under our control, belongs in unequal portions to the East India Company, to Meywar, and to Marwar. On the subjugation of the Mairs, the villages which had paid allegiance to these states were given up to them; but some of them proving too refractory, were subsequently made over to our management. The district, as at present constituted, consists of nine purgunahs, or divisions: of these, four belong to our Government and form, properly, part of the British territory of Ajmeer. They embrace one hundred and forty-three villages, and sixty-three hamlets, of which only eighteen were inhabited when the country first fell into the hands of Colonel Hall. Meywar owns three divisions, comprising seventy-six villages and thirteen hamlets. Their land is fertile, and has been much improved by the provision made for irrigation. Marwar has but two divisions, with twenty-one villages and four hamlets. These are mostly placed in mountain fastnesses, and have but little available land. One of the early objects of Colonel Hall was the making of roads.

"Formerly there was no carriage-road from Abou to the southward, to Khurwahi in Ajmeer, northwards across the hills. Over the passes of Dewair, Chapulean, Peeplee, Mundawur, and Kot-Kuran, a traffic on camels and bullocks could only pass under the protection of large military escorts. Commerce was, in consequence, subjected to much expense and interruption. The communication from Goozerat, or Marwar to Meywar, if not effected over these ghattas, was extremely circuitous, being carried on either through Ajmeer to the north, or al-

together to the southward of the Arabala range. The reduction of the hill-tribes permanently open these lines of intercourse, thereby materially conducing to the interests of the adjoining state. Colonel Hall opened a road passing through the cantonment of Beawr, for cattle, over the Arabala range, in 1826. On the formation of the town of Nya Nuggur, in 1836, this pass was made practicable for wheeled carriages. It is now undergoing considerable improvement, and, with other plans, being carried out, the communication between Marwar and Meywar has been so much facilitated, that the route by Nya Nuggur has now become the great line of intercourse between the northern portion of Marwar to Malwa and the Deccan. The arrangements for protecting trade and travellers through the Mairwara hills are so good, that a robbery is a matter of very rare occurrence. When such cases happen, the onus of satisfying the injured parties rests with the village where the injury has been committed. Various other intermediate passes have been opened, and are frequented by all sections of the community without fear or apprehension. The heretofore much-dreaded Mair hills offer convenient routes of intercourse between the two great principalities of Meywar and Marwar, through their whole length; and life and property are much more secure, from the responsibility which devolves on the people, than while traversing any of the states of Rajwara."—pp. 3-4.

Whatever we know of the history of these mountaineers, was collected by Colonel Hall, from a comparison of such records as they possess with the depositions of their chiefs. The Mairs were no clerks, but though unacquainted with reading or writing, it was their usage to employ itinerant historians, who marked down the main events of their career. Through these sources, their origin has been traced to the twelfth century; and it appears, that as they grew in numbers, they became troublesome to the states around them, and were in consequence the objects of some very formidable expeditions; all of which, however, had the one result of being unsuccessful. This, their courage, their martial character, and the difficulties of their mountain fastnesses, render quite credible. From the year 1754 to 1800, repeated movements were made against them by princes of the Singh family. In 1807, Balah Rao, a Mahratta, led a force of 60,000 men against them; but their whole population rose in arms, and attacking this numerous army, compelled it to retire. In 1810, and

again in 1818, they were assailed by other powers, who experienced the like fortune of defeat, and thus a long series of successes increased their confidence both in themselves and in the impregnability of their position.

In 1818, the city of Ajmeer, some twenty-five miles north of the frontier of Mairwara, was occupied by the British forces, who soon became aware that they were in the neighbourhood of marauders, whose audacity made it unsafe for any one to go beyond the city walls after sunset. They were called, as we were told, Mairs, and lived by levying blackmail on the cultivators and chiefs around. It was at that period that we first heard of their existence. A young officer, on his own entreaty, obtained leave to go amongst these mountaineers and sketch their unknown hills. This was Captain, now Colonel Hall, who was thus the first European who trod their virgin soil, and whose name in the hereafter, was to be for ever associated with the history of their race.

An agreement was entered into with these Mairs, by which they bound themselves to abstain from plundering. This they observed only as long as they could not help it, and it became necessary to use compulsion. The hazardous task of gaining a knowledge of the features of the country and other information before attacking it, was undertaken by Captain Hall.

"With a view (says Colonel Dixon) to gaining the knowledge of the features of the country, so necessary for the successful conduct of military operations, a party of four officers, accompanied by a strong escort, of a company of infantry, a troop of cavalry, and a number of Hurkaras proceeded from Nusseerabad, via Loolooa, Shamgurh, in Mairwara. Of this party was Colonel (then Captain) Hall, of the Quartermaster-General's department, who afterwards was entrusted with the charge of the district, and who commenced the then apparently hopeless task of improving the morals of the Mairs. There was also an officer of engineers, and the party was accompanied by Devce Singh, the Thakoor of Mussooda. Having proceeded thus far without molestation, they attempted to penetrate by the Jak Ghatta to Dilwara, but the Mairs collected in force and occupied the pass in front of them, and they were obliged to alter their route, and passed *via* Soorajpooora to Kluurwah, where they halted for the night. Some considerable robberies were committed during the night, and a chuprassie was re-

ported to have been wounded; but no serious attack was made upon them, and the necessary local information having been gained, the party returned to Nusseerabad."—p. 19.

In this passage there is a small mistake. The escort was merely for Colonel Hall while reconnoitring, but wishing to see and learn more than he could, while so attended, he left the escort, and entered Shamgurh, the chief town of the Mairs, accompanied only by an officer of engineers. Their escape was providential, the Mairs being well aware that we were contemplating an attack upon them, and having, at the moment, actually sent an agent to inspect and report upon the British force. The account which their messenger gave on his return, does not do much credit to their intelligence department:—

"The first thing (says Colonel Dixon) which he saw was a number of Sepoys undressed, bathing and eating; and observing so many of them with the Junee, or Brahminical thread, across their bodies, he conceived the idea that the regiments were composed chiefly of Brahmins, seeing that in Rajpootana the distinction is almost entirely confined to that caste; and held them in light esteem accordingly. He next saw them in the evening, dressed in their red coats, and drilling on their respective parades: the exhibition seems to have fairly puzzled him, and on returning to his friends he reported that the British regiments were composed of Brahmins and women."

The Mairs had, before long, an opportunity of improving their acquaintance with these Brahmins and women. In 1819, a Sepoy force, with some light guns, mounted on elephants, was brought against them, and a simultaneous attack was made on two of their strongholds, Loolooa and Jak. The plan, which was framed by Colonel Hall, was perfectly successful, and the Mairs were again allowed to enter into an agreement binding themselves to good conduct for the future; this, however, they did not much regard, and in another year they were in open arms against us. It had by this time become manifest that all attempts to advance the prosperity of our possessions in Rajpootana would be unavailing, until the Mairs were reduced to order; and it was accordingly resolved on—first, to subdue, and then, if possible, to keep them quiet. Their subjection was attended with more of

difficulty than was probably expected; while the keeping of them quiet—to all appearance almost impracticable—was thoroughly accomplished through "that more excellent way" which was pursued by Colonel Hall.

In pursuance of this determination, at the close of 1820, a British force again marched against the Mairs, and, attacking them at Huttoon and Burar, met on each occasion a very spirited resistance. At the former place, the well-directed fire of their matchlocks taught us to regard them with respect; and at Burar, they twice charged our artillery sword in hand. These places, however, were both captured; and Bhoput Khan, the leader of the Mairs in this last movement, fled to Ramgurh, situated in the midst of these fastnesses:—

"Certain information having about this time been received to this effect, a detachment of eight companies, with a party of cavalry, marched off in the evening, as soon as it was dark, and proceeded all night through a most difficult country, where, in many places, the pathway would not admit of two men marching abreast; and even for one the road was so difficult, that a mile-and-a-half an hour was about the rate accomplished by the detachment. However, struggling on, they arrived at and surrounded Ramgurh by dawn. Just as arrangements were being made for an attack, the inhabitants discovered the unexpected danger that impended over them, and the alarm was given; but it was too late. No time was lost on our part; and the troops, penetrating into the town on all sides, killed and wounded 150 men, and took about 200 pri-

soners. Bhoput Khan, of Huttoon, was among the former."—*Sketch*, p. 23.

This surprise in their own stronghold, attended as it was with the loss of their leaders, ought to have been a decided blow to the Mairs; but they were slow at comprehending a defeat, and in another week encountered us again. The lesson they received on that occasion concluded the campaign.

We have felt it to be but justice to these undisciplined mountaineers to show that, in their several conflicts with our troops, they made a resistance worthy of their fame for courage—worthy of men who encounter tigers with no other weapon than a sword, and of whom it has been remarked, that they never boast. It is, also, we think, a matter of some interest to note that Colonel Hall, who was afterwards the true regenerator of the Mairs, was the first British officer who entered their territory, and that he took a prominent part* in every service against them.

These successes, which took place in January, 1821, were followed by the formal submission of the Mairs, who have never since rebelled against our rule. Before, however, that rule could be fairly established, there were difficulties to be overcome, which originated in the too generous spirit of the East India Company. On the conquest of Mairwara, many of its towns and villages were claimed by the neighbouring Rajpoot states of Mewar and Marwar, as of right belonging to them. Their claims rested, in fact, on but slender grounds, but they

* The surprise at Ramgurh was arranged and conducted by Colonel (then Captain) Hall. In announcing the capture of this place, the officer who commanded on the occasion refers particularly "to the arrangements of Captain Hall, of the Quartermaster-General's department," by which "the detachment was brought to the scene of operation exactly at the most eligible moment—a matter of great importance to the success of the enterprise." A postscript adds, in accordance with the passage cited from Colonel Dixon, that "this decided operation was effected after a night-march of thirteen hours, through a trackless and, then thought, impassable country."

The dispatch of the officer who commanded on the occasion of our final encounter with the Mairs, and which is dated January 24th, 1821, refers as follows to Captain Hall:—

"If I omitted to notice the valuable services rendered on this occasion by Captain Hall, the Deputy-Quartermaster-General, who accompanied the detachment, I should fail in my duty. The very correct nature of the information he was in possession of, enabled him to conduct the detachment directly upon the enemy, who were found to occupy (as he had previously informed me they did), in very considerable numbers, the whole length of an extensive and high-range of difficult hills, the detachment driving them before it, but previously having to extend itself for a distance of more than two miles along the foot of the range, and under the observation of the enemy. The exertions of Captain Hall when the attack commenced were equal to the previous intelligence with which he had conducted the detachment to the scene of action; and he led in person one of our parties, ascending the most difficult part of the range, and driving before him the enemy."

were unfortunately admitted, and the districts made over. Thus the Mairs, who had never before known any ruler, were, in the first instance, placed under separate governments, part of their territory being ceded to Marwar, part to Mowar, while the remainder was affixed to the British province of Ajmeer. There was, in consequence, no controlling authority to enforce order, no unity of purpose to effect remedial measures. Confusion was the natural result. The criminals of one jurisdiction found shelter in another—punishments were arbitrary and severe—and the country was infested by organised banditti. We may add, that the political agent who was in charge of Ajmeer, had already enough to engage his best attention. The obvious remedy for such a state of things was the subjection of the territory to one authority, and the vesting that authority in some officer of known ability. This was at length arranged. The Meywar and Marwar villages were, in 1823-4, placed, for a certain number of years, under our management; and in 1822, Captain Henry Hall, now Colonel Hall, C.B., was selected by the Marquis of Hastings, for the important appointment of superintendent, political and military, in Mairwara.* Within six months after, the predatory bands were broken up, their leaders captured, the passes were opened, and traffic permitted to proceed without impediments. Single constables took the place of armed troops for all purposes of police and revenue; "and thus," says Colonel Dixon, "under the guidance of one master hand, a regular government was for the first time established."

The hand of Colonel Hall, though often unseen, was indeed guiding every step of progress in Mairwara. In the

suppression of the border combinations just mentioned, as well as in the more important proceedings which affected the social organisation, or the political condition of the country, he was active. It was, as we have before observed, his principle to effect as much as possible through the instrumentality of the Mairs themselves, that so they might feel each act to be their own, and not one to which they were in any way compelled. To bring this to pass, however, much of previous effort was needed, to lead them more fully to appreciate the evils of existing circumstances, as well as the advantage of the proposed change.

One of the early acts of Colonel Hall was the formation of the Mair battalion. He saw that these hardy mountaineers would make good soldiers, but his first advances towards enlisting them met with small encouragement. The elders heard his invitations to enrol their sons as sepoys, with coldness and distrust; and when at length recruits came forward, the first proceeding to which it was necessary to submit them, was that of being washed with soap and water. A high authority soberly assures us, that "every Chinaman goes unwashed from his cradle to his grave:"† and in this particular, the Mairs may be said to emulate the children of the flowery land. They scarcely ever bathe, or change their clothes from the day they are first put on until they are fairly worn out. Many, after having served a short time, returned to their villages, duty and subordination being, as they thought, incompatible with their feelings of independence. Recruits, too, went back to their homes at night, and on its being made known to them, that they must either stay in their quarters or give up the service, a new

* It appears that Captain Hall was, on the earnest recommendation of Sir David Ochterlony, the president in Malwa and Rajpootana, "lent" from the Quarter-master General's department, for this service; and in noticing the appointment and the formation of the Mair battalion, Colonel Dixon speaks of the complimentary tone in which the Governor-General was pleased to invest this officer with his political and military authority. "The prominent feature," he adds, when speaking of the order to raise the Mair battalion, "was the option accorded by the Government to the commandant, of retaining command of the corps after it had been raised, and reported disciplined by the general officer of the division; or of returning to the Quarter-master General's department, with the benefits of any promotion to which he would have succeeded, had he never quitted it." Such condescension and kind consideration on the part of the Government, are matters of extremely rare occurrence.—*Sketch*, p. 41.

† This is stated on the authority of Dr. Wilson, who had charge of our hospitals in China. V. "Medical Notes on China." By John Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., Inspector of Naval Hospital and Fleets.

report got abroad, well calculated to render enlistment still more unpopular. It was said, and no doubt thought, by some of the elders, that the real object of our Government was to collect the youth of the country, nominally to be enrolled as sepoy, but actually to be made away with, so that we should receive no opposition save from the old people. Apprehension and distrust, however, yielded to forbearance and consideration, and before long service in the corps was eagerly sought after. From the reports of some reviewing officers of distinction, referred to in the "Sketch," it appears, that in their opinion, "the Mairwara local corps would stand the test of comparison with some of the best-disciplined regiments in the service; and Colonel Dixon speaks of occasions, on which the conduct of this battalion in the field, under his command, fully supported these high anticipations. We, however, desire to view this corps in another phase, as an agent in civilisation, and in this respect, it appears to have realised the warmest hopes which even Mr. Kaye" would entertain of the good-working of a landwher system." "The corps," says Colonel Hall, in an extract from his report on Mairwara, dated December, 1834, cited in Colonel Dixon's work, "has contributed materially towards reforming the Mair population. The regularity of conduct, punctual discharge of duty, cleanliness, and unqualified submission required; the good faith observed in all transactions; the congenial subsistence offered to many; the full confidence reposed, and the kind treatment shown, could not fail of conciliatory effect; besides, on the other hand, being a body for coercion, which the population must have been well-convinced of, was fully qualified from bravery, fidelity, and local knowledge, to inflict ample punishment, should the necessity be imposed." In addition to habits of order, the young men acquired in the battalion dexterity in useful labour, in the digging of wells, the construction and repairing of embankments, weirs, and other works of the first importance in their locality; and as the period of service was not long, and discharges

were easily obtained, these acquirements became rapidly diffused, exhibiting their results in the improved appearance both of the country and its inhabitants:—

"Until 1835, many of the Mair corps were accustomed to take their discharge after three years' service—their intention in entering the corps being to save sufficient money for the purchase of a couple of bullocks. Having attained the object of their ambition, they would return to their villages to take up the occupation of husbandmen. Since that period, Tukavee advances have been freely imparted to all persons to whom it was desirable to afford pecuniary aid for agricultural purposes. Still discharges from the corps are frequent. The construction of works of irrigation, by which waste land is brought into productive fertility, when taking place at the villages inhabited by the sepoy, induces them at once to seek their discharge, and become cultivators. Havildars and naicks, with the pension establishment only a few years in prospective, have been induced to quit the corps, and apply their energies to the tilling of the land. Thus the battalion is the school in which the youth are taught obedience and the arts of civilised life. Remaining with it sufficiently long to have attained confirmed habits of civilisation, they return to their homes to impart their knowledge to their village, and themselves become tutors. In this manner has the corps proved an instrument of great utility, in disseminating knowledge, and conducing to aid us in the social advancement and improvement of the rural population."—pp. 45-6.

Another of the civilising agencies introduced by Colonel Hall related to the administration of justice. Prior to the subjugation of the Mairs, the sword most usually decided controversies and redressed wrongs. Every man stood on his own strength, or that of his kindred. Loss of life ensued, and feuds were generated. The only peaceable modes of adjudication resorted to were various kinds of superstitious ordeals. Colonel Hall established a form of punchayut, or jury elected by the parties, for the determination of all complaints of wrong, excepting cases of crime, which has been found to work well. The course of procedure is in some respects singular, but it is admirably suited to the character and condition of the people, considerations which have

been too often lost sight of by the paper reformers and Bentham of our day :—

"The complainant presents a written petition in Oordoo, in which is embodied the particulars of his grievance. At the close of his complaint he expresses his willingness, or otherwise, to have his case settled by punchayat. An order is then passed for the attendance of the defendant. On his appearing, the complaint is explained to him, when he delivers in a counter statement, signifying, at the same time, by what mode he wishes to be tried. Should each party desire a punchayat, each names his respective arbitrators, the number of whom is alone limited by the pleasure of the contending parties. Sometimes the jury consists of twelve members on each side. Generally speaking, on the score of economy, each restricts its quota to three or four members. Objection to members on account of nearness of kin, or other reasonable grounds, are allowed, and substitutes are named to supply the place of those challenged or rejected. The complainant and defendant then enter into engagements to abide by the decision of the punchayat, except in case of disapproval, by paying a fine to the Government, when a new trial is allowed. In like manner, the arbitrators bind themselves by engagements to do strict and impartial justice in the case submitted to their decision; in failure thereof, a stated sum is forfeited. All preliminaries having been arranged, the case comes under investigation. Each party finds its arbitrators in food, which varies in quality according to the means of the parties. On the decision of the case, the expense devolves on the losing side. As the elders are chiefly selected, from their respectability and unfettered knowledge of right, for this duty, delay in coming to a decision is not unusual; influenced, perhaps, by the circumstance that they are found in food whilst engaged in such investigation. Feelings of pride, and the imagined honour of their clan, more frequently induce delay, when matters between two opposite sects are under discussion. Punchayats have taken a month or five weeks to consider the questions at issue. Having at length come to a decision, their opinion, recorded in writing, is read and explained to the complainant and defendant, who approve or disapprove of the decree of the 'punch' accordingly as their feelings prompt them. Their decision, generally speaking, is unanimous. When otherwise, the opinion of three-fourths of the members is necessary to make their decrees binding. Although dissentients are at liberty, on paying the stipulated fine, regulated in reference to the largeness of the case at issue, to demand a fresh trial, this privilege is rarely claimed. The Maets, when allowed time for consideration, are open to reason, and they well know,

when there is a large majority opposed to them, cogent reasons exist for this decision—the more particularly as these arbitrators, or a portion of them, have so decided the case. The superintendent will generally know when the decision of a 'punch' is not consonant with the usages of the people. His explanation is received willingly by the arbitrators, when any deviation from common usage is pointed out to them. In this way, by observing a temperate, conciliatory tone towards the jury, a slight modification of their decree not unfrequently has the desirable effect of bringing round a razecnamah on both sides."—*Sketch*, pp. 77–8.

This extract will be sufficiently intelligible, notwithstanding its hard terms of Eastern law. It shows that the system was selected, not for its symmetry, but for its suitability to the people. They had before a punchayat, but it was rarely resorted to, because there was no authority to enforce its decrees. This imperfect tribunal, remodelled by Colonel Hall, has been found to answer so well, that for the last twenty-six years, that is, during the whole period of our rule in Mawwara, no appeal has been made beyond the superintendent of the district.

Minor offences are punished by imprisonment; serious crimes, by transportation or death. Death has never been inflicted from the first pacification of the country in 1824, and in the long period that has since intervened, but three persons have been transported. These simple, inland people, however, look on the punishment of transportation beyond sea with far more of terror than that of death. "Their imagination," says Colonel Dixon, "fails to depict the state of suffering and privation experienced by those who are consigned to 'Khala Pance.' Their state is that of complete uncertainty. Hence the criminals that have been transported live vividly in the recollection of their friends; and hence it is that this punishment is regarded more awfully than death, which at once removes the subject of all doubts about him."

It is a peculiar and striking feature in the penal system of Colonel Hall, that offenders are compelled to make good the value of stolen property, and further, to provide for the expenses of their own support whilst in gaol, as well as to defray their share of the expenses of conviction. In some instances poverty precludes this; but as

a general rule, prisoners are required to arrange these contingencies, and if unable to liquidate them at once, to bind themselves to contribute a fixed sum at each successive harvest. This is practicable in a country where every peasant is more or less a cultivator, and has some share of the lands of his village :—

"The system," says Colonel Hall, in his report, already cited, "is efficacious notwithstanding its mildness. Besides being a direct preventative of crime, it has tended usually to soften the character, to remove atrocity, to enlist the feelings of the country, and consequently its active support in aid of the police, and to render resistance to capture, even by a single *chuprassee* (constable) very rare. In such a country two thousand policemen would be ineffectual without the cordial support of the inhabitants; so that their good will is of primary importance."

The inhabitants of Mauwara are, as we have before observed, separated nominally into two religious divisions, Moosulmans and Hindoos, but they intermarry, and, save that the former practise circumcision, and bury their dead, their customs are almost identical. The Hindoos are the least sectarian of all who anywhere profess that ancient infidelity. They wholly disregard the set forms of ablution, preparation of food, and others. They pay no religious reverence to the idols worshipped by the orthodox of their persuasion elsewhere, but have their own deities. Their principal food is Indian corn and barley bread; they eat, without hesitation, of sheep, goats, and even cows, have no interdiction as to the use of spirituous liquors, but never touch hog's flesh, deer, fish, or fowls.

The most remarkable and pernicious of the Mair customs were, the sale of women, female infanticide, and an extensive system of slavery. Women were looked upon as property to be disposed of or transferred, with the same facility as cattle or land. On the death of a father, the mother lapsed to the son as part of the paternal inheritance, and he could sell her at his pleasure, provided he adhered to the rules of his clan. A wife might be disposed of at any time. These usages arose from no defect of natural affection, which we are assured this people possess as much as others, but from an equity of their own, having its origin

in their marriage contracts. On a marriage engagement taking place, the first step, the most needful, and the most strictly enforced of all, was, that a certain sum—and in reference to their condition, a high one—should be paid to the wife's father. From this flowed the right of sale, whether as wife or mother, it being regarded as no more than an equivalent for the sum invested in the original purchase. Strange as such a practice may seem, it will, no doubt, appear still more singular that it was never regarded by the women as either a grievance or a degradation. On the contrary, they were rather flattered at being the subjects of so clear a test of value. This was their custom from time immemorial, and when spoken to about it, neither woman nor man felt it to be in the least wrong. The well-known eulogy on the French sauce, that it might tempt a man to eat his own father, has its pendant amongst the Mairs, for one of them declared without reserve, that "he had sold and eat his own mother," meaning that he had expended on himself the money he had gained by selling her. Colonel Hall traced this demoralising practice, and that of infanticide, to their cause, and dealing with that cause, succeeded in putting them down. "The measures," says the work before us, "which were adopted in view to the complete prohibition of female infanticide, and the marked success which characterised these proceedings, are fully detailed in Colonel Hall's report, under date 31st July, 1827." Colonel Dixon then gives the principal paragraphs of that report, of which we transcribe the following :—

"Par. 5th. It is most satisfactory to be able to report the complete and voluntary abolition of the two revolting customs—female infanticide, and the sale of women. Both crimes were closely connected, having had their origin in the heavy expenses attending marriage contracts. The sums were payable by the male side, were unalterable, equal for the rich and poor, without any abatement whatever in favour of the latter. What first established the payment is unknown, but it was so sacred, inviolable, and even a partial deviation so disgraceful, that the most necessitous of the tribe would not incur the imputation.

"6th. Hence arose as decided a right over the person of women, as over cattle or other property. They were inherited, and disposed of accordingly, to the extent even of selling their own mothers.

7th. Hence, also, crime infanticide. The sums payable were beyond the means of so many, that daughters necessarily remained on hand after maturity, entailed immoral disgrace, and thus imposed a necessity for all female progeny becoming victims to their family honour.

8th. On the establishment of British rule, both evils gradually diminished. Females were not allowed to be transferred, except for conjugal purposes; their consent was to be obtained, and their choice consulted; kind, humane treatment was enforced, and the whole system of considering them as mere cattle was discouraged, without any indication, however, of interference with a right of property so long existing.

9th. Female infanticide was at once prohibited, and though many, no doubt, still fell secret sacrifices from the great facility of undetected destruction, yet the danger, aided by improved feeling, increased the survivors so considerably, as to force upon the Mairs a due sense of the root of the evil, and a general wish for its removal by a reduction of the regulated sum of contract, but they were averse, indeed declared their inability, to alter their long-established sacred custom themselves, and earnestly entreated it might be effected by an order of authority, binding all to obedience by heavy penalties. This was promised in a general way, in case of necessity; but as there were many points to be settled, and it was advisable to ascertain the general feeling with accuracy, as well as to avoid interference, if possible, a general punchayat was strongly urged, either to decide the matter, or, at all events, aid in the forming of appropriate regulations.

10th. After the lapse of a few months allowed for consideration, the whole was settled in public punchayat, and its resolutions were confirmed without the slightest alteration, so that the proceeding originated with, and has been carried through by, the inhabitants themselves; nor has there been a single petition against it, either pending or subsequent to adjournment.

11th. They have lowered the sum payable on marriage contracts, abolished all right of subsequent sale, and fixed a year's imprisonment, or 200 rupees fine, with exclusion of caste, as the punishment for deviation"—pp. 80-31.

We pause to admire the discretion with which Colonel Hall made this people to such an extent their own reformers, effecting as much as possible through them, so that when authority was used it was hardly apparent. It will, however, be obvious, that such results could not be attained without much both of previous arrangement and exertion:—

"Thus," says the 'Sketch,' after citing

the paragraphs we have just transcribed, "thus infanticide received its death-blow through the diminution of the expense attendant on marriage, which was now brought within the means of all sections of society. For many years past no female children had been put to death. The practice has fallen altogether into desuetude. Indeed, so greatly have the ideas of the people changed on this and other usages since the introduction of our rule, that the commission of such an act would now be viewed as a most heinous crime. Personal advantage has, however, had its weight in bringing round the desired reform. Daughters are no longer looked upon as a source of trouble and anxiety; marriage being open to the poorest classes, they are much in requisition. Hence fathers rejoice on the birth of a daughter, seeing they are more regarded as a source of wealth"—p. 31.

In the convention just spoken of, the remuneration for a bride's father was restricted to 106 rupees, and the re-marriage of widows was also provided for. Twelve days after the death of a husband, two mantles were placed before his widow—one red, the other white. If she took the former, it implied her preference for re-marriage, and the person who accepted her was bound to pay her—on, in case she had none, her brother—from 200 to 500 rupees. The money thus realised went to provide these sons or brothers with wives. If her choice fell upon the white mantle, it indicated her desire to bring up her family, and remain at the head of her own household. In these arrangements of the Mairs, we have another instance of the singularity of their sentiments. In their estimation, a widow is worth more than a maid. The remuneration on the marriage of the former varies, as we see, from 200 to 500 rupees, while, in case of that of the latter, it is fixed at the far lower rate of 106 rupees. We know not whether it will be regarded as equally remarkable that, of all the decrees made at this convention, the hardest to enforce was that which prohibited husbands from selling their wives. Our text informs us, that—

"Though infanticide had been at once checked by the decree of the punchayat, yet it was a matter of considerable difficulty to restrain husbands from selling their wives. The interference of authority was necessary on all occasions where a deviation from the decision of the elders was made known. The bargain was annulled, the wife taken back, and the money returned; a small fine

"And so it lies happily
 Batling in many,
 A dream of the truth
 And the beauty of Annie,
 Drowned in a bath
 Of the tresses of Annie."

Our last specimen of this class shall be the opening stanzas of a lament, so thoroughly Manganish in thought and expression, that we would have unhesitatingly assigned them to poor Clarence, had we met them without the writer's name attached to them, and had they been free from certain Cockney false rhymes, in the eighth stanza, which the correct and educated ear of Mangan would never have allowed him to perpetrate. It is rather annoying to find in a poet like Poe, such rhymes as "vista" and "sister" (p. 28), and "Leda" and "reader," as at p. 14. We suppose he acquired this not very elegant peculiarity of pronunciation, during the five years he spent in England, at Stoke Newington, wherever that famous locality may be:—

ULALUME.

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
 The leaves they were crisped and sere,
 The leaves they were withering and sere;
 It was night in the lonesome October,
 Of my most immemorial year.
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

"Here once through an alley Titanic,
 Of cypress I roamed with my soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul,
 These were days when my heart was vol-
 canic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek,
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

"Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied and
 sere—
 Our memories were treacherous and sere;
 For we knew not the month was October,
 And we marked not the night of the
 year—
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber,
 (Though once we had journeyed down
 here—)
 Remembered not the dark tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

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The entire poem is too long for quotation. It was probably written on the anniversary of the funeral of his "lost Lenore," to which it seems to refer. Our space permits us only to give one poem of Mangan, in proof of the singular resemblance which we consider exists between him and Poe. It is fortunately one, however, which, along with proving in a sufficiently satisfactory manner, a similarity in the mechanism of their verse, by the introduction of these wild, yet sweet repetitions to which we have referred, equals, if indeed it does not surpass, in passion, in melody, in music—the very best efforts of the muse of Poe. We omit the first and last stanzas, which, though very beautiful in themselves, give a political or allegorical meaning to what should simply be (what it really is) one of the most passionate and melodious love songs ever written:—

DARK ROSALEEN.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

"Over hills and through dales
 Have I roamed for your sake;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake—
 The Erne, at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen!

"All day long in unrest,
 To and fro do I move,
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love!
 The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my queen,
 My life of life, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
 My life, my love, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen!

"Wo and pain, pain and wo
 Are my lot, night and noon—
 To see your bright face clouded so,
 Like to the mournful moon.
 But, yet—will I rear thy throne
 Again in golden sheen;
 'Tis you shall reign—shall reign alone,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 'Tis you shall share the golden throne,
 'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
 My dark Rosaleen!

"Over dews, over sands
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's
hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

"I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!"

We think we have now established the resemblance between these two genuine poets to which we have referred—a resemblance that strikes us as a very singular literary fact, worthy of more particular investigation. Both writers have proved themselves to have been too rich in original thought and poetical power to have borrowed from the other. The poem which we have just given from the Irish poet will, we have no doubt, awaken the curiosity of many persons about his writings. They are certainly as deserving of being collected into a permanent form as those of the brilliant American, with whom we are at present more immediately concerned. As it is only fair that *he* should have the last word, we shall take our leave of Edgar Allan Poe, by quoting a simple but beautiful little ballad, which paints, under a transparent veil of allegory, that search after the impossible—that hope of reaching the region of true happiness in this life. It is an especial favourite of ours:

ELDORADO.

"Gaily bedight
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

"But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

"And as his strength
Failed him, at length
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains
Of the moon,
Down the valley of the shadow
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,
'If you seek for Eldorado!"

We have thus devoted some time to watching the brilliant, though eccentric evolutions of one of the late luminaries of the poetical empyrean of our cousin Jonathan, which, in departing, has thrown a quivering light of golden splendour over the highest regions of transatlantic song. We have now to look nearer home, and to chronicle the appearance of a dazzling meteor, will-o'-the-wisp, star, planet, comet, sun, or moon (made of green cheese, and full of maggots), whichever it will eventually prove to be, which has just shot above the horizon of our own.* Comets are so plenty now-a-days (at least so the astronomers tell us), that nothing but a tremendous collision between these swift-flying *high-comotives* would draw the attention of the unscientific world to their proceedings, or rather the unscientific world has been so often deceived—the cry of "Comet! comet!" like that of "Wolf! wolf!" has been so often raised, when no comet was to be seen—that it has grown quite sceptical upon the matter, and seems disposed to agree with Mrs. Prigg, that "there aint sich a person, or thing." We shall not chronicle the various attacks of influenza, twitches of sore-throat, avant-couriers of asthma, incipient barkings of bronchitis, which we endured some years ago in looking out for that Mrs. Harris of the starry system—Halley's comet. We have grown wiser since then; and now when Professor Airy or Mr. Hind endeavours to inveigle us out of our comfortable quarters to get a peep at

these interesting strangers, like Dr. Johnson, we can philosophically exclaim, "We can wait," until the certainty or the advantage of the introduction becomes more apparent.

As it has been in the scientific, so has it been in the poetical world. Politicians and progressists (if we may coin a word) so often announced that the "coming man" had come, that the disappointed public got angry, and declared that the expectation should have foreshadowed a woman, and that it has been realised in the person of Mrs. Stowe; while every little poetical coterie worshipped its own diminutive Saint Catherine's wheel, as the star whose rays were destined to illumine the long vacant vault of poesy. It was thus that the good, easy, incredulous world smiled at the announcement which the Herschel of "The Critic" recently made, that he had just discovered a tremendous thundering, blazing, many-tailed, no-humbog of a comet, which was advancing with all the velocity of the steam-press, and which would soon appear, shaking its horrid hair in the face of the sceptics, and, as far as popular favour went—

"With fear of change,
Peopling Laureates."

The public were, as usual, for a while, indifferent, so the critical astronomers had it all to themselves. Some of them, on turning their telescopes in the direction of the supposed luminary, were as dazzled as Herschel at the first sight of Uranus, which he described as resembling in brilliancy "a coach lamp," the critics doubtless taking our poet for a similar adjunct to the chariot of Apollo. Others went blind, and were thus prevented from examining with any certainty the material or actual nature of the phenomenon. Others, on the contrary, phoo-phooed! and said it was but one of the brilliant belts that had slipped from the loins of Saturnian Keats, or a small new satellite revolving on the ever-growing atmosphere of Jupiter Shelley. There were not a few that said it was but a fire-balloon which some urchin had let off from Mr. Tennyson's garden. A still fewer number denied its existence altogether. All of them, however, had something or another to say on the subject. What have we? We must look closely at it.

The principal poem in the collection—that one which has attracted the at-

tention we have adverted to above, and to which our own remarks shall be confined—is called "A Life-Drama." We doubt very much that this title is judiciously selected, as it raises expectations of actual portraiture of existence not certainly to be met with in the poem itself. We think "A Poet's Dream of Life," or "Truth and Fiction from a Poet's Life;" the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which Goethe has so skillfully blended in his autobiography, would more clearly indicate the nature of the work that was to follow. This would be a trifling matter if the author did not appear to be under the impression that he was really tracing the outline of one of the grandest pictures the dramatic canvas can hold, namely, "A LIFE," and not combining those shining but unsubstantial atoms "of which dreams are made." The poem is divided into thirteen scenes of unequal length, through a few of which we beg to conduct the reader, rapidly, indeed, but not carelessly.

The first scene introduces us at once to the hero Walter, a young poet, whose aspirations for

"Fame! fame! fame! next grandest word to God,"

as he himself says, are written with all the enthusiasm that might be expected from so fond an idolater of this second divinity. His soul is "followed" (a rather incorrect word)—

"By strong ambition to out-roll a lay,
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way."

Having, however, a sort of misgiving that his name, like that of Keats, "was writ on water," he tears up the paper on which he had commenced to outroll his lay, and "paces the room with disordered steps." Mr. Smith, somehow or another, has picked up these scattered sibylline leaves, and with them he commences his drama. Though having no direct resemblance, except the rhymes of the second, fourth, and fifth lines, to the opening stanza of the "Revolt of Islam," they recall it to the mind, and leave an impression that the poet intended to have adopted the measure of that poem, which at the first difficulty he seems to have capriciously abandoned. Here they are:—

"As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,
Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory,
And wakes to weep, and ever after sighs
For that bright vision, till her hair is hoary;

Even so, alas! is my life's passion story,
For poesy my heart and pulses beat;
For poesy my blood runs red and fleet;
As Moses' serpent the Egyptians swallow'd,
One passion eats the rest."

And then follow the three lines we have already quoted. There is nothing, perhaps, deserving of particular notice in this passage, except the evidence which it gives, at the very threshold of the poem, of the want of *truth* which characterises many of the similes and figures of our poet—beautiful and original as some of them unquestionably are. As they, indeed, form the principal feature of the poem—as the poem seems to have been written rather as a vehicle for their introduction, than they to illustrate it;—we must draw particular attention to them as they occur. We have very little doubt that maidens at that uncertain period of life, or phase of existence, which the poet calls "wild," occasionally

"See in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory,"
and small blame to them. "The Wild Irish Girl," we may be tolerably certain, was thus somnolently blest, and it is not impossible that she may still continue to be so, now that her "hair is hoary." But that most of the elderly "maidens" of our acquaintance, whose hair has assumed this venerable hue, have their midnight visions disturbed by apparitions of "beaming youths of glory," when their waking thoughts seem to be so charitably and happily occupied with the "babes and youths uproary" of their married brothers and sisters, we beg, for their sakes, respectfully to deny. But the poet continues—

"Poesy! poesy! I'd give to thee
As passionately my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip."

The last is one of those fine lines of which we shall find abundant examples. But what does the poet mean by his "awful joys." Dull prosers that we are, we looked at the end of the volume to see if, in any list of *errata*, this word should be printed "*lawful*;" but that would never suit "a beaming youth of glory," like the poet Walter. It is a favourite word of the author, and be sure we shall meet with it pretty frequently. The next line is also a very fine one.—

"Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fang'd moth."

Such, he says, is his life; but poesy, he continues rather affectedly, can, by a single smile, "clothe him with kingdoms." This, we must confess, is a sort of apparel "a world too wide for our shrunk shanks." We then come on the "wild maiden" again, who, it appears, has given up dreaming, and taken to something more substantial. The passage is a fine one, nevertheless:—

"O fair and cold!

As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove;
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes,
I love thee, Poesy! thou art a rock;
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die."

He then proceeds to paint the agony of that soul which, with every inclination "to hew a name out upon time, as on a rock," finds it a more difficult achievement than was at first imagined. In vain he endeavours to console himself with the philosophical reflection—

"That great and small, weakness and strength, are naught,
That each thing being equal in its sphere,
The May-night glowworm with its emerald lamp
Is worthy as the mighty moon that drowns
Continents in her white and silent light."

Not content with this beautiful description of the moon, he must, in the very next lines, give a new occupation to that luminary which has rather a ludicrous effect—

"This—this, were easy to believe, were I
The planet that doth nightly wash the earth's
Fair sides with moonlight; not the shining worm."

Why the moon should neglect the face of the earth, and apply its ablutions only to its "sides," particularly as a little farther on in the poem our globe is represented as "lying on its back," watching the silent stars? (p. 19), we are at a loss to imagine.

This position of our planet however prevents any irreverent critical Mephistopheles from suggesting another adjective in the place of the word "fair." The soliloquy is continued a little longer in the same strain, and then the poet musters up courage enough to have a peep at this celestial washerwoman while champooing the sides of the earth—

"I am fair
To feed upon the beauty of the moon."

He then throws open the casement with the most cool-blooded determination that we have ever heard of, to make as many similes and images at her expense as he can. Some people there may be to whom the following will appear very fine, but to us it is sheer nonsense, at least that portion of it that relates to the "widow." The fancy of the stars being the "hand-maidens" of the moon, is not very new. In *Troilus and Cressida* (Act 5, s. ii.), the faithless heroine swears—

"By all Diana's waiting women ;"

or, as Dryden more literally expresses it in his alteration of this play—

"By all Diana's waiting train of stars."

But with regard to the meaning of the entire passage, in its totality, the beautiful, calm joyousness of a moonlight night never really or naturally suggested the idea to the most imaginative mind. If, indeed, the figure bore any connection with the previous train of thought in the poet's mind, its introduction might be pardoned, but here its very abruptness shocks the mind of the reader almost as much as its extravagance—

"Sorrowful moon ! seeming so drowned in woe,

A queen, whom some grand battle-day has left

Unkingdomed and a widow, while the stars,
Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,
Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief!"

He then tells us that there are "men" as well as "maids who love the moon;" that Adam had occasionally an innocent flirtation with the beloved of Endymion; and that Anthony (a tremendous favourite with our poet), was once caught ogling the lady of the night, by Cleopatra, who reprimanded the hero in the following words—

"Now, by my Egypt's gods,
That pale and squeamish beauty of the night
Has had thine eyes too long ; thine eyes are mine.

Alack ! there's sorrow in my Anthony's face !
Dost think of Rome ? I'll make thee, with a kiss,

Richer than Cæsar ! Come, I'll crown thy lips."

A certain matter-of-fact bishop is said to have declared, after reading "Gulliver's Travels," that he did not believe a word of them. In the same manner we must be permitted to ex-

press our incredulity of this story. The fair Queen of the Nile would scarcely have ventured to recall the name of one, whom she had made every bit as "rich" as it was possible to make Anthony, and whose lips she had "crowned" exactly in the same way. The scene, however, concludes with some noble lines—

"I seek the look of fame ! Poor fool, so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the sphynx,
Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes."

—P. 6.

The next scene represents a sort of idyllic meeting between the poet and a lady, who is wandering about a forest with a fawn. He has been reading some book which has set him so soundly to sleep, that the lady has time to make a very exact examination of his appearance, and to make a poetical daguerrotype of him which might raise the envy of Professor Glukman. The poet lavishes his gifts with a liberal hand, for while he is described as rivalling the lady in beauty, she is made as poetical as himself; quite as apt and felicitous at a figure or a trope. As usual, there are passages of exquisite beauty side by side with affectations and extravagances such as we have pointed out. We are reminded of other poets occasionally in this scene, but still more so in the following one, where the resemblance strikes us as being more than accidental, which rather surprises us; as a certain daring, at least of illustration, is one of the characteristics of our author. The thought in the following line has, perhaps, spontaneously suggested itself to most poets—

"Each leaf upon the trees doth shake with joy."

But Mr. Longfellow has expressed it with such paramount felicity as to have made it almost exclusively his own—

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground !
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound."

The other passage we shall refer to at the proper time. As we are dividing our praise and censure pretty equally, we must support each by extracts :—

MAN AND NATURE.

"Better for man
Were he and nature more familiar friends !"

His part is worst that touches this base world.
Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
Is gross with sand."

A SLEEPING YOUTH.

"A bright and wandered youth,
Which, in the light of his own beauty, sleeps
Like young Apollo in his golden curls!
At the oak-roots I've seen full many a
flower,
But never one so fair. A lovely youth,
With dainty cheeks, and ringlets like a girl,
And slumber-parted lips."—p. 8.

GRATITUDE.

"Daises are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and
give.
This world is very lovely. O, my God,
I thank Thee that I live!"—p. 11.

A POET.

"An opulent soul
Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,
All rich and rough with storics of the gods."
—p. 13.

THE FAME-FEVER.

"Do not poets' brows throb feverous
Till they are cooled with laurels?"—p. 15.

BOOKS.

"Some books are drenched sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in
heaps
Like a wrecked argosy."—p. 17.

AN "APRIL FANCY."

"When I was but a child, and when we
played
Like April sunbeams 'mong the meadow-
flowers;
Or romped i' the dews with weak complain-
ing lambs;
Or sat in circles on the primrose knolls,
Striving with eager and palm-shaded eyes,
'Mid shouts and silver laughs, who first
should catch
The lark, a singing speck, go up the blue."
—p. 20.

POETRY.

"The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts
ride."—p. 25.

ANOTHER DEFINITION.

"A shape celestial, tending the dark earth,
With light and silver service like the moon,
Is poesy."—p. 40.

Most of these passages our readers
will admit are very beautiful; some of
them, perhaps, bordering on that
doubtful ground where fancy ends
and conceit begins, but all of them
expressed with a clearness and har-

mony that deserve and compel our
approbation. But we are sorry to say
there are many others of a very dif-
ferent description. First and foremost,
with regard to our poet's rhymed or
lyrical verses, we must pronounce them
in general complete failures. The ear
that seems so exquisitely modulated to
all the harmonies of blank verse, for-
gets its cunning altogether when a
lighter measure is attempted. Thus,
in a long poem introduced into the
present scene, and supposed to have
been written by some unknown friend
of the hero, some one whose superiority
to himself he acknowledges in the fol-
lowing rather humble confession:—

"He was the sun, I was that *squab*—the
earth!"

Or more figuratively, in the following
correct and intelligible comparison:—

"Lady! he was as far 'bove common men
As a sun-steed, wild-eyed, and meteor-
maned,
Neighing the reeling stars (!) is 'bove a
hack
With sluggish veins of mud."—p. 24.

In this poem, attempted to be written
in the metre of "Locksley Hall," the
correct flow and music of the lines are
lost at least six times. The first break
is at the fifth line, the second at the
eleventh, the third at the thirty-fifth,
the fourth at the fortieth, the fifth at
the forty-sixth, and the sixth at the
seventy-fifth line. We are thus particu-
lar to show that any charges we
bring against our author are not made
carelessly or at random, and that they
are intended for his good. The poem
itself is a sort of "life drama" within
a life drama; a dream within a dream.
The poet's friend seems to have gone
through the same phases as the poet
himself. The poet of "Rimini," in
some of the early editions of that poem,
makes one of his heroes confess, that—

"He had stout notions on the marrying score."

But *stout* as they were, they must have
been "plain X" to the opinions of the
gentleman who makes the following
candid admission:—

"In the strong hand of my frenzy, laws and statutes
snapt like reeds,
And furious as a wounded bull I tore at all the
creeds!"

A Papal Bull might have been correctly
described as tearing away at *some* of
the creeds, and getting himself occa-

sionally torn in turn; but what a sublime picture of the poet tearing away at all the creeds in this frantic way is this?—now transpiercing the Nicene, now transfixing the Athanasian, now dandling them playfully on his horns, and tickling the Augsburg Confession with the tip of his tail! But although he has “stout notions” about the creeds, he has no doubt whatever that the souls of men are very sadly used and abused in this vale of tears. A greater than our author has told us of the “base uses” to which the body may be put after death; but long before that event, see how the soul suffers:—

“In the dark house of the body, *cooking*
victuals, lighting fires,

Swelters on the starry stranger, to our nature's
base desires.

God!—our souls are *aproned waiters*! God!
our souls are hired slaves.

Let us hide from life, my brothers! let us
hide us in our graves!”—p. 33.

What a novel meaning does not the second class of souls in the first line of the foregoing quotation give to a favourite phrase in general use among our rural countrymen! How often do we not hear them say, in their genuine *patois*, “Ah! but he had a *tindher* soul;” meaning, of course, one of those ill-treated souls whose occupation in this life is “lighting fires!” As to the second division, we suppose that the poet meant only to convey that some souls, like politicians of whom we have heard, were only “waiters” upon Providence!

As to the “lady” who is introduced into this scene, and with whom the poet of course falls in love—what shall we say of her courage in addressing the following query to a youth, with all the dangerous inclination to scepticism and ringlets of which we have read above? She is asking him what will be the subject of the poem, which he pretty plainly indicates he is about to astonish the world with—

“Wilt write of some young wanton of an isle,
Whose beauty so enamoured hath the sea,
It clasps it ever in its summer arms,
And wastes itself away on it in kisses?”

—p. 38.

Moore had a much better couplet, on the same subject, in his early poems. Speaking of some “young wanton of

an isle” (thanks to God, it can't be “Old Ireland”), he said—

“It lay in the giant embrace of the deep
Like a *liebé* in *Hercules'* arms.”

These lines, though much more felicitous than Mr. Smith's, he had the good taste to expunge in the collected edition of his poems—an example which, here and elsewhere, our author may follow with advantage.

The poem, however, which the poet intends to write, is really a comprehensive work. It is, as the lady says—

“As wide and daring as a comet's *spoom*.”

It is to begin before the creation of anything, and end after the destruction of everything, containing—

“The tale of earth,
By way of episode or anecdote.”

What is this after all, but a poetical version of the famous Welch pedigree, in the middle of which the genealogist parenthetically mentions, “about this time the world was created?” The scene concludes, of course, with another allusion to Marc Anthony and Cleopatra.

As might have been expected, the poet has fallen in love with the lady, and the third scene describes him as anxiously looking forward to their next interview. She has asked him to have a poem ready for that occasion, or as she expresses it in her truly feminine way—

“Wilt trim a verse for me by this night week?”

Just as she would say to her milliner, in an easy colloquial tone—

“Canst trim a cap for me by this night week?”

He feels quite satisfied of his own love, but he is not so certain of hers. If she would but return his affection what would he not do for her? We have heard of many generous promises made under similar circumstances, but never anything like the following. These promissory notes generally drawn at “three months after marriage,” and too easily “accepted” by the fair *fiancée*, are in most cases protested against at the expiration of that period; but our present lover puts any fear of that out of the question. He will begin at the beginning:—

“Would she but love me I would live for her.”

He says (what a pity it was not “with

her," perhaps a more generous offer), but—

"Were she plain night I'd pack her with my stars."

Well, the idea of a lover making his mistress up into a brown paper parcel, and superscribing the package with the admonitory notice, "brittle ware," or "this side to be kept uppermost," is certainly new. But he will do more:—

"My spirit, poesy, would be her slave,
I would rifle for her ocean's secret hoards,
And make her rough with pearls."

We trust, for the poor lady's sake, that none of the latter rough ornaments will attach themselves to her eyes.

It is in this scene occurs the passage, which we have stated so closely resembles a celebrated one which we shall presently lay before the reader, as to take it out of the class of accidental coincidences. Every reader of poetry is familiar with the beautiful passage in Shelley's "Alastor," beginning—

"There was a poet whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence
reared."

He is described as—

"A lovely youth——
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate
notes,
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have
pined,
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes."

The entire passage is too long for quotation, as is the corresponding one in Mr. Smith's poem, but a few lines will point out the resemblance we have referred to. He too describes,

"A lovely youth in manhood's very edge.—
The sun-burnt shepherds stared with awful
eyes,
As he went past, and timid girls upstole
With wandering looks to gaze upon his face."

And again—

"But there was one among that soft-voiced
band
Who pined away for love of his sweet eyes."

In these lines the very words of Shelley are adopted, but the resemblance runs through the entire episode, which fills more than five pages. As in "Alastor," we have the same wanderings amid the various aspects of nature, the same curiosity and interest awakened—the same instinct that

urges their steps to the sea-shore—the same dream or vision of

"A maiden singing in the woods alone,"

the same rapture and the same vague and mysterious termination. That there are beautiful lines and thoughts here as elsewhere through Mr. Smith's poem we freely admit, but these do not atone or account for his giving an abridged and more prosaic version of what Shelley had already done so inimitably well. Shelley, who described the voice and music of his ideal maiden in the following lines—

"Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought: its music
long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes,
held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues,"

would never have gone bird-nesting for an illustration like our own poet—

"More music! music! music! maid divine!
My hungry senses, like a jinch's brood,
Are all a-gape."—p. 48.

Walter and the lady meet in the fourth scene on the banks of a river. Before repeating the promised poem he again alludes to his departed friend, "the feeder of his soul," pointing out the places where they had read the poets together, where they had drank

"The breezes blowing in old Chaucer's verse,"
or hung

"O'er the *fine pants* and trembles of a line,"

they being, we suppose, the unavoidable *breaches* or *inexpressible* modulations of the verse. The lady becomes impatient for the tale, which the poet will only recite beside a certain well, where once

"A prince had woo'd a lady of the land,
And when, with faltering lips, he told his
love,
Into her proud face leaped her prouder
blood;
She struck him blind with scorn, then with
an air,
As if she wore the crowns of all the world,
She swept right on and left him in the
dew."—p. 56.

We do not know how it is, but we always read this last line—

"She swept right on and left him in the
dumps."

as we think the condition of his feelings, and not the position of his feet, ought to have been described. We cannot dwell upon the poem which Walter reads to the lady, and in which he paints his own, and as it turns out, his unsuccessful love for herself. Her fate is sealed. After his declaration she exclaims—

"O Sir! within a month my bridal bells
Will make a village glad. The fainting
earth
Is bleeding at her million golden veins,
And by her blood I'm bought. The sun
shall see
A pale bride wedded to grey hair, and eyes
Of cold and cruel blue; and in the spring
A grave with daisies on it."—p. 79.

We must not, however, omit mentioning that the principal character in the poem recited by Walter, is a young Indian page—"a cub of Ind," as his proud mistress calls him, and certainly the most precocious "cub" that we ever had the misfortune to meet with or read of. This "lustrous Leopard," another pet epithet for Young Ebony, though generally candid enough to declare—

"How poor our English to his Indian darts!"

was satisfied to put up with his haughty mistress as his mistress, if she had no objection. How the modest proposition was received may be imagined. At first, she mocked and sneered at him, principally, as it would seem, for his having

"A chin as smooth as her own."

But fearing, we suppose, that the youth would promise to use a double quantity of bear's grease for the future, she orders him off

"Go now, sir go,"

As thence she warned him with arm-sweep
superb,
The light of scorn was cold within her eyes."

The whole of this episode, we must say, appears to us extravagant and unreal, with a decided smack of minor theatrical ranting. We cannot further pursue our minute analysis of the poem. The story can be told in a few words. The lady, who marries the old gentleman with the eyes of "cruel blue," keeps her word, and dies exactly at the time she promised. Walter is, of course, much grieved; goes on a pilgrimage to her grave, and is rather angry that the daisies have not yet co-

vered the fresh, red earth. He is shortly after induced by another friend of his, a new "feeder of his soul," to go down to Bedfordshire with him on a visit to an old gentleman, named Mr. Willmott, who has a charming daughter of the still more charming name of Violet. This old gentleman must have had the most extraordinary notions of propriety, as the first evening they are all assembled in his comfortable parlour, and in his daughter's presence, he sets the two young men singing "roaring songs" which, without the wit or melody, have a thousand times the warmth and amateness of those of Mr. Thomas Little. Miss Violet obligingly joins in this family concert. Such a beginning, of course, speedily brings on an appropriate termination. The young lady and the young visitor Walter, mutually seduce each other (we know not which is most or least to blame) on "the lawn," probably opposite the very window where the good Mr. Willmott is reading the morning's *Times*. Remorse seizes on Walter; he flies away; he has serious notions of throwing himself from some rural "Bridge of Sighs," but thinks better of it; writes a great poem, and then rushes headlong into dissipation, exactly in the way Byron has described the class of people, who

"First write a novel, and then play the devil."

He disappears for three years; returns; makes an honest woman of Violet, and the last we hear of them is their going in together into their house to avoid the night dews, with a degree of matrimonial quiet perfectly delightful, after the fever of unrest in which author, hero, heroine, and reader have been so long kept.

Before concluding our observations on this remarkable poem, we must adduce a few more passages in support of the opinion we have expressed both of its beauties and of its defects. A fatiguing brilliancy, a straining after novel and singular combinations, is, no doubt, one of the most obvious characteristics of our author, but that he can err in the very opposite direction is equally true. In addition to the passages of this kind already given, we must offer a few others. In the first one, we have our old friend, Marc Anthony, again:—

— "Gods! I cried out, Anthony, Anthony! This moment I could scatter Kingdoms like halfpence,"—p. 164.

A BOUNCE.

"Give me another kiss, and I will take
Death at a *flying leap*."—p. 165.

HOW POETS GECK.

— "Lord! how poets *geck*
At Fame, their idol."—p. 138.

A SHELLEY IDEA.

"What *oysters* were we without love and
wine!"—p. 129.

A THUMPING SONG.

"I sang this song some twenty years ago,
(Hot to the ear-tips) with *great thumps* of
heart."—p. 129.

THE RUBS OF LIFE.

"How frequent in the very thick of life,
We *rub clothes* with a fate that hurries past."

Edward and I

See Violet each day, *her silks brush both*."—
p. 123.

A GIGLET.

"This *giglet* shining in her golden hair."—
p. 66.

If we reversed the twirl of the kaleidoscope, it must be admitted that a shower of glittering and beautiful thoughts and fancies would fall continuously before the eye! We must enumerate a few:—

"In mighty towns,
The stars are nearer to us than the fields."
—p. 154.

"See the moon
Lies stranded on the pallid coast of morn."
—p. 149.

A TRUE POET.

"He was one
Who could not help it, for it was his nature
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
To leaf itself in April."—p. 18.

"He had parted with his dearest friends,
High aspirations, bright dreams, golden-winged
Troops of fine fancies that like lambs did play
Amid the sunshine and the virgin dews,
Thick, lying in the green fields of his heart,
Calm thoughts that dwelt like hermits in his soul;
Fair shapes that slept in fancifullest bowers,
Hopes and delights. He parted with them
all."—p. 160.

It were easy to multiply passages of greater and certainly of more striking beauty even than these, but it is unnecessary. We have said enough to show, that if we cannot be blind to the defects of our author, we are not insensible to his great and unquestionable merits. He has gained two important results by his present publication. He has obtained a hearing, and he has awakened expectation—two memorable triumphs which neither Shelley nor Keats (the influence of whose writings in the best portions of his book is perceptible), ever achieved during their lives, though now, as he himself truly says:—

"The fame that scorned them while they lived,
Waits on them like a menial."

We look with hope and curiosity for his next work. Let it be a simpler, if a loftier temple, to the true divinity of song, to whose service and worship we think he is called. To do this he must, in the first place, turn away from his pagan idolatry of *images*, becoming as it were the iconoclast of his own fancy. He must abandon the affected jargon of little cliques and coteries, and use the universally received language of good sense and good taste. He must divest his mind of an idea that seems very strongly impressed upon it in the present poem, that *not only*

"It is love, 'tis love, 'tis love
That makes the world go round,"

but that the same powerful passion is the one thought and sole occupation of everything in creation, from the sun, moon, and stars, which are perpetually ogling each other, to the waves and winds, that are eternally kissing and embracing, as well beings of their own species as everything else within their reach, in the most ardent and extraordinary manner. In this respect, his present poem is but an expansion of Shelley's little lyric, "Love's Philosophy":—

"See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another."

Finally, he must be less liberal with his brilliants, or distribute them with more judgment. Were they all even of the first water, he must recollect that diamonds were never so valueless as in the "Valley of Diamonds" itself.

SONGS FOR SUMMER.

A BATH.

I.

O Summer! Summer, with the golden crown!
 Thou comest o'er the wolds with fiery feet
 The white-skinned Naiads languidly lie down
 Amid thy sultry heat.

II.

O! now to bathe in some sweet marble fount
 In those fair gardens Epicurus founded.
 Where in bright streamlets icy waters mount,
 By myrtle trees surrounded.

III.

O! in a bath which old Boccaccio
 Made murmur to the air with gentle cadence,
 Where oft with zoneless waists and cheeks aglow,
 Came Florentine fair maidens.

IV.

But no! we have the sea, the flashing sea,
 And tread the wide expanse of silver sands
 We hear old poet Ocean chanting free
 His tales of alien lands.

V.

Strip to the wooing wind. From rocks romantic
 Plunge in the fresh, green, laughing, quivering brine:
 Sate thee with kisses of the fair Atlantic,
 And then—go home and dine.

A PIC-NIC.

I.

The lake is calm. A crowd of sunny faces
 And plumed heads, and shoulders round and white,
 Are mirrored in the waters. There are traces
 Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.
 Lie empty hampers round; in shady places
 The hungry throw themselves with ruthless might
 On lobsters, salads; while Champagne, to cheer 'em,
 Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near 'em.

II.

Green leagues of park and forest lie around;
 Wave stately antlers in the glimmering distance;
 Up from the dusky arches comes a sound
 That tells the story of old Pan's existence.
 And now in song the summer wind is drowned;
 Now comes a call that conquers all resistance—
 A dance upon the turf! up, up, instant!—
 Away with quarried pie and stained decanter.

III.

Small hands are linked, and dance divinest tresses,
 And agile feet fly down the pleasant glade in
 A merry measure; through the deep recesses
 How gaily trip they, youth and laughing maiden.
 The shaken turf is swept by silken dresses,
 The woodland breeze with many a jest is laden,
 And lips are curled, and haughty heads are tossed, too,
 As none could picture them but Ariosto.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

A DAY-DREAM.

I.

I see a castle of the olden time—
 A turret chamber, whose quaint windows look
 Over the great oaks in their forest prime.
 So high, the thunder of the falling brook
 Is all unheard—so high, the dusky rook
 Throws in swift shadows from his passing wing.
 Within, in fair confusion, many a book,
 Lute, virginals, and every faery thing
 Which ladies of those days chose for sweet dallying.

II.

But the bright beauty that is sleeping there—
 In the full moonlight sleeping! As she lies,
 Her veined eyelids are so very fair
 That a rash gazer might believe her eyes
 Were living light. The silent midnight skies
 Seem as they watched her slumbers. While they fly on
 In their majestic march, which never dies,
 The Pleiades protect her: great Orion
 Looks nightly on her couch, stern as a guardian lion.

III.

Fair-breasted one! whose lily hand I see
 Resting upon the silken coverlet;
 While now thy young Crusader thinks of thee
 In Palestine, do thy sweet dreams forget?
 No—on thy sleep his vows are lingering yet;
 The trysting tree is o'er thee—its great boughs
 With dew, as thy blue eyes with tear-drops, wet:
 And thy young soldier his plumed helmet bows.
 O moment of delight! O ever-binding vows!

IV.

Ah, woe to man! The Lady Geraldine,
 Her knightly lover, and her father old,
 Are faded into Time's dim hyaline,
 Which not a single shadow doth enfold
 To tell of them. The stern baronial hold
 Has fallen long before the storm's bleak breath,
 And of its glory there is nothing told.
 Darkness our dreamy life encompasseth,
 And we are shadows all, and nought is real but death.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

LOTOS-EATING.

Who would care to pass his life away,
 Of the Lotos-land a dreamful denizen—
 Lotos-islands round a waveless bay,
 Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Who would care to be a dull newcomer,
 Far across the wide sea's blue abysses;
 While, about the earth's three thousandth summer,
 Passed divine Ulysses?

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,
 From my windows a delicious seawiew;
 Southdown mutton, somebody to cook—
 "Music?" I believe you.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—
 But of elmwood many a massive splinter,
 Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,
 For the nights of winter.

Now and then a friend, and some sauterne;
 Now and then a neck of highland venison.
 And for Lotos lands I'll never yearn,
 Maugre Alfred Tennyson.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE LAST RETROSPECTION.

Farewell, bright sun! thou goest to thy rest,
 And I to mine. When thou dost rise again,
 This busy heart—thus racked and aching head—
 Shall feel and throb no more,—those failing eyes
 Shall never watch thee sink behind the roofs,
 And fill with tears to think of other times,
 When they beheld thee fading from a sky
 That overhung green hills and leafy woods.
 'Tis my last gaze on thee—I perish here,
 An idle weed, cast, by the tide of life,
 To wither on a bleak and desolate shore.
 No heart, in this wide city's wilderness,
 Will think the light of day less bright and fair,
 That I shall see it not—no loving tears
 Will fall upon my coffin—not a soul
 Will ache and sicken at its own strong life,
 When all which made that life seem beautiful
 Lies low with me in my cold silent grave.

Ah me!—far, far away from these close streets
 There lies a spot, hidden in waving boughs,
 Where the thrush carols and the swallow flits
 Through the long summer-day—where waters gleam
 Between high bowery banks, whose willows droop
 To kiss the ripples.

There, by that broad stream,
 Under the alders, at the wicket-gate,
 My mother stands, starting at each quick tread
 That echoes loudly on the quiet road;
 Her poor heart throbbing wildly, as the birds
 Flutter among the branches overhead.
 But all in vain—my foot shall never more
 Sound on the garden-path—never again
 Shall my hand raise the latch—no more at eve,
 When the clear sky is flushed with sunset clouds,
 And the slant rays bronze the old gnarled oaks,
 Shall I sit with my sisters 'neath the arch
 Of blossomed jessamine, and watch the glow
 Fade from the river, and the evening star
 Shine through the warm blue of the beauteous heav'n,
 No more my foot shall wander through the woods,
 Where the shy hare, that couched amid the fern,
 Scarce started, as I passed her silent haunt,
 So well she knew me;—and I lay reclined
 In lone green nooks, where less adventurous step
 Than mine had never been.

Where blue-bell tufts
 And violet clusters cast an azure gleam
 Through the long waving grass—the humming bees
 Droned in the sycamores and spreading limes,
 Lulling me into soft, delicious sleep,
 Broken by the loud cuckoo's gladsome cry
 Ringing through hawthorn glade and hazel copse.
 Night after night, the gentle moon may shine
 Into my vacant room, as she was wont,
 And cast her silver flags upon the floor,
 Chequered with tremulous shadows of the leaves
 And flowers that cling around the latticed pane—
 But the wild dreamer who lay wakeful there,
 Watching her beauty—and with charmed ear
 List'ning to all the sounds of whispering boughs
 And singing waters, till the stars waxed dim—
 Shall rest in the oblivion of the grave.

I thank thee, God! that my beloved ones
 Have hope to cheer them.

When the day wears on
 And brings not me, they'll look with stronger trust
 On to the morrow. May they never know
 That their poor wanderer, their pride, their hope
 Shall meet their eyes no more. May they not know
 That wanting one kind hand to close mine eyes,
 To wipe the damps of anguish from my brow,
 Or moisten the parched fever of my lips
 I died alone.

Oh, misery for me!
 Why did I trust thee, golden fruit, that gleamed
 In what I thought the fairy land of life?
 Why did I put my faith in baseless dreams,
 And leave the quiet haven of my youth
 For their deceitful promise?

I have seized
 The fruit, and found it wither in my grasp;
 I've proved my dreams, and they have left me thus.
 Fame! ah, I know it now! 'tis but a word
 To lure the victim onward to his doom—

The bread of life to the ambitious heart,
Which breaks for lack of it.

I flung my heart
A gauntlet to the world—how was it met?
With cold indifference and blighting scorn.
Pride, with his thrice-mailed hand and iron foot,
Dashed it to earth, then ground it in the dust—
And it arose no more.

Blessed be death !
Since I have seen my youth's illusions fly
Ere youth itself was gone. Blessing and peace
On my dear home, and those who dwell therein,
Is the poor friendless outcast's latest prayer.
There is a long, long night before my soul,
And a bright endless day beyond that night ;
There is another land where we shall meet,
And this world's bitter taunts can wound no more.

A SUMMER-EVE LANDSCAPE.

BY J. A.

'Tis evening, and the summer sun, fast sinking in the west,
Throws many a bright and golden bar above the mountain's crest ;
From far away the waterfall sends back its mellow'd sound,
But in the grove there reigns a calmness soothing and profound ;
Along its grassy margin winds the smooth and gentle stream,
Now faintly tinted over with the sun's departing beam ;
From out the teeming meadows fragrant odour seems to float,
And the linnet sweetly warbles from her nest a final note ;
Beyond those fields our village, fring'd with vale and wooded hill,
Is peacefully reposing in the universal still.
'Twas there that joyously I passed my years of opening life,
Before the world had won me as a partner in its strife :
And there may I return e'er my final years shall close
To haunt again my childhood's scenes and share their sweet repose !

THE DYING HUSBAND.

Thou art getting wan and pale, dearest ;
Thy blush has flown away,
And thy fragile form more fragile grows
Every day—
Every gloomy day that brings
That mournful moment near
When we must part, to meet no more
On this dull sphere.

I feel the hour is drawing nigh
When I must quit this life,
And leave, I trust, for happier one
Its scene of strife.
Oh, could I steal the sting with me
'Twill bring to thy fond heart,
Without one pang, or tear, or sigh,
I could depart.

But oh ! it rends my bosom deep
 To watch thy stifled pain—
 To see thy efforts to bear up,
 And smile again.
 While, as thou raisest up my head
 And hang'st my pillow o'er,
 Thy tearful eye too plainly tells
 An aching core.

Ah ! little, little did I dream
 The grief in store for thee,
 When I invited thee to share
 My destiny.
 My heart, but young and hopeful then,
 Before me only viewed
 Bright hours of sunshine to divide,
 With roses strew'd.

How sadly false those hopes have proved
 Thy aching breast must feel—
 Torn by affection that might break
 A heart of steel.
 Had I but known this mournful fate
 Ere wedded life began,
 No breaking heart should watch to-night
 A dying man.

Oh ! what a life of misery,
 Partner of my distress,
 Thy lot has been since linked with mine :
 Worst wretchedness.
 To watch me labouring for bread,
 My brain and hand outworn,
 Till prostrated by fell disease,
 I sank forlorn.

Yet never in my fretful mood
 Did angry word or look
 Return my ill-deserved wrath
 With one rebuke.
 No ; always patient, ever fond,
 And bending to my will,
 Thy gentle spirit murmured not
 One word of ill.

The hour will soon arrive, my own,
 When I can wrong no more,
 And life for me, with all its cares,
 Will soon be o'er.
 I need not ask *thee* to forget
 Each word or thought unkind ;
 Thy loving heart I know too well—
 Thy gentle mind.

The little pledge that crowned our love,
 That smiling little elf,
 Dear to my heart because so like
 Thy own sweet self,
 Ay, bring her near me—let me look
 My last in her dear face,
 Where all her mother's gentle charms
 I fondly trace.

She will be dearer to thee now
 That I am torn away.
 Poor infant, to be fatherless
 Ere one short day.
 But thou wilt watch and guide her steps
 Into a heavenward road,
 And lead her from this world of sin,
 Nearer her God.

Nay, let not all thy bitter grief
 Be stifled and suppressed:
 Weep out thy poor afflicted soul
 On this fond breast.
 'Tis not a hopeless parting, dear—
 We'll meet in world more bright,
 And live for ever in those realms
 Of endless light.

The happiest hours that blessed us here
 Were misery and woe,
 Compared to those beyond this scene
 We yet shall know.
 Then live for that bright world of bliss,
 And feed thy drooping heart
 On hopes of that blessed hour when we
 Shall never part.

H. T. D.

TO THE BRITISH AND IRISH TELEGRAPH.

Oh, wondrous chain, thou well canst prove
 A change for better things!
 When even love, for carrier dove,
 May trust the lightning's wings;
 Prove it but needs a willing mood,
 To turn aught evil into good.

Yea, in itself, a spirit good,
 Which thou hast brought us o'er;
 That feeling of near neighbourhood,
 As England were next door;
 Nay, rather, as a friend so near,
 That we may whisper in her ear.

Here mind meets mind with rapid spring;
 It seems as thought had cast
 Betwixt our shores the magic ring
 By which she travels fast,
 And bound her geni to our will;
 What mission shall our slave fulfil?

First, ask our friends in yonder land,
 Why keep they thus apart?
 Say, even Erin's wasted hand
 Holds beauty to her heart;
 And hides her where, 'mid dewy dells,
 The green earth dimples into wells.

That 'mid our hills, as wild and free
 As one at home she seems,
 And lets her voice accompany
 The music of our streams ;
 Her mantle tangled in the brake,
 Her shadow on the silent lake.

That when the cloud's rich purple fold
 Lifts to the evening beam,
 Beneath, on couch of pearl and gold,
 Lies beauty in a dream.
 For cloudland who ? we bid thee say,
 Through Ireland lies the nearest way.

And to our Royal Lady say,
 That this, her green domain,
 Is yearning for a sunny day—
 So will she come again ?
 Then shall thy wires, with welcomes quiver,
 Our " hundred thousand " few to give her.

But shalt thou tell how ruin treads
 On yonder hearthstone cold ?—
 Of hungry mouths, and houseless heads ?
 Alas, the tale is old !
 And should'st thou *all* such tales convey,
 'Twould wear thy wires too soon away.

Of Erin's slothful hands, that waste
 Rich gifts bestowed in vain ?
 How party's bonds are o'er her cast—
 How passion shakes the chain ?
 No—ill news flies apace, we trow,
 Without such messenger as thou.

But whisper gently, as most fit,
 To men of high degree,
 That harp of tone most exquisite,
 May yet mishandled be ;
 Alas ! *our* part in Britain's song
 Hath been the discord far too long.

Some say thy chain was not the first
 That fastened us to her ;
 But thou hast made the word accurs'd
 Sound kindly. We could bear
Another chain betwixt us wove,
 Unfrayed and firm—the links of love.

And love's true type thou surely art ;
 It hath its signs like thee—
 The telegraph 'twixt heart and heart,
 Life's electricity !
 That, like thee, to the depths goes down,
 That many waters cannot drown.

Like thee, through dark and tangled places,
 Its way it can pursue—
 As delicate the touch that traces
 Its errand swift and true ;
 But, *unlike* thee, behind it cast,
 It leaves a brightness where it passed.

Not parted would our islands seem,
 Could love's lost links be found :
 The channel were a narrow stream
 In *one* fair pleasure-ground,
 Where either side for shade might thank
 The trees on the opposing bank.

What lessons England's quickened sight
 Might learn through such a chain !
 And Erin's passion-lightnings write
 A harmless message then ;
 And learn to strike the better part,
 Not Britain's head, but Britain's heart.

Twins should they be, and closely joined,
 That, like the Siamese,
 With arms around each other twined,
 Could only feel at ease ;—
 Should feel that were that band cut through,
 'Twould spill the life-blood of the two.

And England teach her sister weak
 Her firm and stately tread,
 And grateful Erin's fingers deck
 The grand, exalted head
 With gems, the richest ever set
 E'en in that glorious coronet.

When shall it be ? When each torn half
 Of Erin's self shall join—
 When love hath set its telegraph
 'Twixt Wexford and the Boyne ;
 When God is felt, and error fled,
 And prejudice is lying dead.

Then welcome, messenger of power !
 If e'er that bright day break,
 Sure we shall need thee every hour
 Some friendly word to take.
 Become, though lightning be thy dower,
 An Iris for our sake—
 Tell England how we long to prove,
 The rainbow *tints* of peace and love.

L17

Kinsale.

THE WILD BEE OF LOUGH DERG.

I floated at noon, where the sunlight looks laden,
 On waves that encircle the desolate isle,
 Where sin seeks, with penance, the conscience to deaden,
 And Summer herself feels too guilty to smile.

I heard the monotonous beat of low surges,
 That say a " Confiteor " ceaselessly o'er,
 Like thought of the past, that reproachfully urges
 The heart of the pilgrim who kneels on the shore.

I thought me, how often, when starlight has glisten'd,
 And candles burnt low on the chapel-wall white,
 Yon island's pale watchers have listen'd, and listen'd,
 Till daylight looked wan on the wearisome night,

Have listen'd, if haply some word of forgiving
 With the wail of the waters might tremblingly mix;
 Have gazed, if some look of the loving and living
 Might soften the brow of the cold crucifix.

But lo! on the wave which my shallop was crossing,
 A star, that shot forth from its beautiful sphere,
 A small golden flow'r of the greenwood-shade tossing
 On wings of the wind, at the fall of the year!

High up over head flew a wild bee. Blithe hummer,
 As lone in the air as my boat on the lake;—
 O, beautiful guest of the blossoms of summer,
 What buds are there here for thy flittings to shake?

Hast come from a home where the hill with the heather
 Is rich as the sky with its purplest of light,
 Where it, and the stars of the furzes together,
 Drink honey and wine of the dew of the night?

Hast come from a chamber all ceil'd with vermilion,
 The heart of a lily that lives by a stream,
 Where primroses grow round a grassy pavilion,
 And look at themselves in a life-lasting dream?

He is bound for some flower surpassing his lily,
 He floats over Derg, though its waters be black,
 To labour till evening, the starlit and stilly,
 And then to his home to go wearily back.

But what if the bells which the wild bee is seeking
 Lie, trampled and torn, in the deep mountain dell?
 Or what if the tints which their tissues are freaking
 Be fed from the fount of a poison-dew'd cell?

O, Faith of my country! that brightly and purely
 Wert cradled and fed in the morning of time,
 Till spreading thy wild wings, thou soughtest, securely,
 The sweet-seeming buds of a sunnier clime;

Wilt thou die in those flow'rs—the fair and deceiving—
 Or wander on weary wings joyfully back?
 Go sleep in the bud thou hast suffer'd for leaving,
 And never more fly o'er the desolate track!

I know not, dark Derg! but, at even returning,
 I saw a wild bee, with its golden-wing'd flame,
 A self-moving cresset-light starrily burning—
 My heart hail'd the omen, and call'd it the same.

I followed it on, to its palaces pendent,
 Where hush'd are its hummings the summer night through,
 Till moons, that hang o'er Meena Feargus resplendent,
 Wax ghostly and wan, in the cold morning blue.

O, thus might the faith, that now over this dreary
 And dream-haunted lake seeks the poisonous flower,
 Come back in the light of its eventime weary,
 To rest in the home of its earliest hour!

THE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

THE Dublin University Commissioners have at length brought their labours to a close. After two years expended in investigating facts, and receiving suggestions from all those whose intimate connexion with the University rendered their evidence or their opinion valuable, they have given the result to the public in a volume, rivalling in bulk either of those which have emanated from the sister universities; and as few institutions have had more reason to complain of ignorant or wilful misrepresentation, all lovers of our Irish University will hail the appearance of this Report as a bright and important era in her history. Ignorance will now be no longer excusable. Wilful misrepresentation can now be easily refuted. How far the University of Dublin has fulfilled or neglected her important trust, whether science and literature have prospered or decayed within her walls—whether and how far she has exerted herself to render her education commensurate to the wants of the age; upon all these questions, the public may now satisfy themselves. Whatever be her merits or demerits, they are at least no secret.

We need hardly remind our readers that the duty imposed upon the Commission, and which the elaborate document before us is intended to fulfil, was two-fold—namely, in the first place, to give a faithful report of the existing state of the University of Dublin; and secondly to suggest such alterations as might seem to them necessary or beneficial. With regard to the relative importance of these two duties, there can be, we suppose, but one opinion. The recommendations of the Commissioners are undoubtedly entitled to great weight, as opinions coming from men of known ability, who have devoted much time and thought to the question before them, uninfluenced by any other motive than a desire for the welfare of the institution and of the country. They are the opinions of men celebrated in their various pursuits, raised by their position above all petty jealousy, and

bringing to their allotted task habits of severe and accurate thought, formed during a long course of scientific or professional life. Still they are but opinions—the opinions, too, of men not possessing *now* any peculiar or exclusive sources of information. They are avowedly based upon those very facts which the Report lays open to the whole world. If they are obnoxious to criticism, the materials for criticism lie close at hand; for the Commissioners have done for the public what parents often refuse to do for an inquisitive child: they have made their readers as wise as themselves.

But whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the suggestions contained in the Report, there can be no doubt as to the extreme importance of the facts which are there laid open to the public. The Commissioners have brought together in their Report, a mass of evidence as to the theory and practice of education in the University of Dublin, which leaves nothing to be desired. Every branch of the varied system provided to meet the varied wants of the nineteenth century, has been subjected to a severe and careful scrutiny. Every official connected with its working has been required to give a full account of the manner in which he has discharged his trust; and it is but justice to the fellows and professors to say that no concealment of any kind appears to have been practised or attempted. Their replies to the several queries put to them are made with the full and open candour of men who feel that they have nothing to fear from publicity—that their “deeds” give them no reason to “hate the light.” But on this point we shall allow the Commissioners to speak for themselves:—

“Our proceedings in carrying your Majesty’s commission into execution, have been greatly facilitated by the spirit in which our communications have been received by the different officers of the college; and by the promptness and courtesy with which they have replied to our inquiries. Their answers, too, contain very full information on each subject of investigation, and the sug-

gestions which we have received from them afforded us great assistance, in forming our opinions on the important subjects to which they relate."—*Report*, p. 2.

This testimony borne to the fairness and candour with which the evidence of the several fellows and professors has been given, is highly honourable to them, and as such will be read with pleasure by all those who are interested in the reputation of the University of Dublin. But it has a wider and more important bearing: namely, upon the amount of weight to be given to the evidence itself—a grave question, if this evidence be destined to form the basis of subsequent legislation. The elements for such legislation are now fully before the public; and whatever difficulties (and they are no light ones) attend the task, it will, at least, be unembarrassed by unwilling or contradictory witnesses.

We have said that the facts relative to the University of Dublin which the Commissioners have brought together form the most important part of the Report before us; but for these facts we must refer our readers to the Report itself, as it would be impossible, within the limits of an article like the present, to give even the most meager summary of them. We purpose, therefore, after quoting the opinion of the Commissioners, as to the general state of the University, to direct our readers' attention to some of the more important changes which, in their Report, they recommend for the adoption of Government.

When the Commission for Inquiring into the State of the University of Dublin was originally named, and before they had as yet entered upon the duties of their office, we ventured to predict that, "if the investigation were carried on, as we hoped and believed it would, in a spirit neither bigoted nor restless, the University of Dublin would come from the ordeal with an increased capacity for usefulness, and certainly with an undiminished reputation."—(vol. xxxvii. p. 656.) The second of these predictions (it would be premature to say anything of the first) has been more than realised. Nothing can be more flattering to the University than the Report before us. With one or two exceptions, to which we shall presently allude, it is conceived in terms of very great praise.

Thus, in the general summary with which the Report concludes, the Commissioners say—

"We find that numerous improvements of an important character have been, from time to time, introduced by the authorities of the College, and that the general state of the University is satisfactory. There is great activity and efficiency in the different departments, and the spirit of improvement has been especially shown in the changes which have been introduced in the course of education, to adapt it to the requirements of the age."—*Report*, p. 92.

Besides this general commendation, many of the particular improvements introduced by the College authorities are highly approved of by the Commissioners. Thus, of the Engineering School they say:—

"The foundation and development of the School of Civil Engineering is highly creditable to the authorities of the College; and their efforts to improve the education of engineers, should, we think be encouraged in the way suggested by Dr. Apjohn, by due weight being given to the diploma in the selection of engineers for departments of the public service."—*Report*, p. 42.

Again, of the Professorships of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, they say:—

"The arrangement adopted by the Board with respect to this Professorship (that of Mathematics) and that of Natural Philosophy, requiring them to be held by junior fellows without tutorships, seems to have been successful in promoting a very high cultivation of the branches of science to which the professorships relate."—*Report*, p. 49.

The most important, we may say, indeed, the only part of the system of Trinity College with which the Commissioners profess themselves to be dissatisfied, is the mode of distributing the income which the junior fellows derive from tuition. Our readers are probably aware that the sum paid by each student under the head of tuition, is thrown into a common fund, which is subsequently divided among the entire body of tutors, according to fixed proportions, regulated entirely by seniority, and that the sum received by each individual tutor does not in any way depend upon the number of pupils which he may happen to hold. To this arrangement, which is familiarly known

by the name of the Tutorial System, the Commissioners object, that it tends to damp individual exertion—affording an amount of encouragement to indolence which some, at least, among the tutors will certainly avail themselves of. If a man knows that his own income depends upon his own exertions, he has a strong and obvious inducement to increased care and activity. But if he finds that, instead of reaping the entire fruit of such increased labour, he would only receive a very small part of it, and that whether he be indolent or active, his income will be nearly the same, he has no such inducement, and will probably be disposed to do as little as he can. If his exertions increase the number of students, he receives only one-nineteenth of the benefit; if his negligence diminishes them, he suffers but one-nineteenth of the mischief. In a word, the tutorial system is downright Socialism, which the Commissioners, as good political economists, are bound to discourage.

That these objections have very considerable weight, it would be absurd to deny; they are, indeed, so obvious, that it is impossible to give the question a moment's consideration without perceiving them. It is quite true that the tutorial system renders the income of each tutor to a great extent independent of his own labour; and by so doing, removes a strong stimulus to individual exertion. This is a serious objection. But we need hardly, we suppose, remind the accomplished logician who is at the head of the present Commission, that there is such a fallacy as the "fallacy of objections," and that before we proceed to remove a system against which such defects can be urged, we ought to be very sure that the system which we propose to substitute, is not liable to objections quite as weighty. And we ought to be doubly cautious if we know beforehand, from the nature of the case, that the objects which it is proposed to attain are, to a certain extent inconsistent with each other; and that, therefore, it is impossible to devise any system which shall be even theoretically perfect. A judicious legislator would, in such a case, be very unwilling to destroy an arrangement which has in the main worked well, knowing, as he does, that he can but replace it by another, which must be imperfect, and

which is, besides, untried. Let us consider how far these principles are applicable to the case before us.

If we desire to give efficacy to a system of education, or to any other system which is to be carried on by human instruments, we must endeavour to secure two great requisites, namely—in the first place, such a division of labour as will give to each workman the task for which he is best fitted; and secondly, such an inducement to individual exertion, as will cause him to use his best efforts in the performance of his allotted task. When the nature of the case allows both these principles to be carried out to their fullest extent, the task of legislation is comparatively an easy one. And in such a case, it would be a valid objection to any existing or proposed system, that either principle had not been carried out as far as it might have been. But it may sometimes happen, that in the case for which we have to legislate, these principles are to some extent antagonistic. Dealing with facts as we find them, we may be unable to make the reward of each workman proportioned to his individual exertions without so far giving up the division of labour as to render the system inoperative. And in such a case, it would be a hopeless task to devise any system against which strong, nay, unanswerable objections might not be urged.

Now, this antagonism between the principle of competition and that of division of labour, will exist in every case in which it is necessary to execute several different tasks with a limited number of hands. For it is essential, as every one knows, to the development of the principle of competition, that there should be a number of men able and willing to undertake the same task. We speak of competition between two carpenters or two physicians; but it would be absurd to talk of the competition between a carpenter and a blacksmith, or between a doctor and an attorney. Now, if we have a variety of different works to be done, and but a small number of men to do them, it is quite plain that we cannot devote several men to the same work without also requiring each man to execute a number of different works, and thus sacrificing the principle of division of labour. If we were desired to frame rules for a colony of a dozen

individuals, it would be "open to us," to use the parliamentary phrase, "to adopt one of two courses." We might either defend the principle of competition, by requiring each of our colonists to learn a dozen different trades, and to work successively as a mason, a carpenter, a blacksmith, &c.; or we might devote each individual to a single trade, thus giving him, in his own line, a practical monopoly. The choice between these alternatives is hardly doubtful. But we dwell too long upon a point so obvious.

Now it is not one whit more absurd to think that one man could practise successfully all the trades and professions required by a young colony, than to expect a single tutor to give efficient instruction in the several departments of the vast and varied system, to which we in the nineteenth century give the name of university education. To suppose it possible that the same man could give efficient lectures each day in classics, metaphysics, ethics, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, &c., lectures too which should be useful to the highest class of students, without being unintelligible to the lowest, is a simple absurdity. No man ever did or could perform such a task. Indeed the Commissioners themselves admit this. Thus in their Report (pp. 15, 16) they say:—

"We cannot recommend a return to the old system. It is impossible for a tutor to give adequate instruction to his pupils in all the subjects for which lectures are now provided. If he had pupils studying all these subjects, it might, as the junior fellows state, impose upon him the necessity of lecturing for upwards of twelve hours daily. If further improvements were introduced into the undergraduate course, the difficulty would be increased. In short, division of labour in lecturing seems to be essential to all progress in developing a complete system of education."

At the same time they think that—

"The present tutorial system errs on the other side, and takes away every inducement to a fellow to discharge the duties of a tutor in a manner satisfactory to the pupil or his parents. Under it the emoluments and position of a junior fellow are altogether independent of his diligence, learning, or other qualifications. The indolent and the active are rated to the same level, and it is stated that parents complain that the interest which

the tutor formerly felt in his pupils' welfare has been lessened. For these reasons—although we believe the general quality of the instruction given to the students by the public lectures has been considerably improved—we cannot advise your Majesty to establish the present tutorial system by royal statute."

The objection here urged is, as we have said before, obvious. Let us see how the Commissioners propose to remedy it. They recommend (pp. 16, 17):—

"That the fees payable to tutors should be divided into four parts; that one fourth should be payable to each tutor by his own pupils, and that the tutors should be prohibited from making any regulations as to this portion of the fee. That the other three-fourths should be thrown into a common fund, to be distributed according to some system to be settled by the board and visitors, for the endowment of professorships, lectureships, and examinerships, to which the junior fellows should alone be eligible."

In fact, if we understand them rightly, the Commissioners recommend that the task of education shall no longer be entrusted to the tutors as such, but to a number of professors and lecturers, and that the duty of the tutor shall be limited to transacting the college business of his pupils, writing to their parents, and in general "taking an interest in their welfare." Now, with respect to the professorial part of this arrangement, it is manifestly open to the very same objections which the Commissioners have urged against the present tutorial system. So far as emolument is concerned, the professor who is paid out of a common fund has no greater inducement to exertion than the tutor.

The indolent tutor under the present system would be an indolent professor under the proposed system—discharging his duty with enough of formal correctness to escape official censure, and doing no more. In the means of compelling the lecturer to do his duty, were that possible, the tutorial committee, who have the power of imposing fines, which, in a great many cases, would amount to confiscation, are quite equal to the college officer. In moral influence, the only agent which is in the present case really effective, they are immeasurably superior. They are elected by the tutors themselves, not imposed by any external power; they are men

distinguished by the zeal and efficiency with which they discharge their own duties, and having, therefore, a fair right to demand similar exertions from others. Lastly—and this is a consideration of no small weight—they are in general men who are themselves losers by the present division of the tutorial income. The negligent professor, who disregards the admonition of his college superior, will perhaps feel a twinge for his rebellion against constituted authority; but the negligent tutor who disregards the committee, knows that *he* is setting at nought the reasonable commands of men to whom he owes the bread that he eats—that, by his indolence, he is doing what he can to bring poverty upon those who are willing to share with him the fruits of their industry. A feeling more galling to any honourable mind it is impossible to conceive. With regard, therefore, to the professorial part of the Commissioners' plan, we can only regard it as a *spoiled* edition of the present tutorial system. As for the mode in which they propose to allocate the remaining fourth of the tutorial income, it is sufficient to say that it would bring back, in an aggravated form, all the disreputable practices so much complained of under the former system.* We say, in an aggravated form; for it must be remembered that the first part of the arrangement, by which it is proposed to confide the task of education, not to tutors, but to professors, deprives the junior fellow of the most honourable means of distinguishing himself as a tutor, and therefore makes it the more necessary for him to have recourse to the other and less honourable agencies alluded to.

The advantages of the tutorial system as a system of education are so obvious, that its opponents are obliged to have recourse to lamentations over the decay of a certain friendly feeling between tutor and pupil, which they assert to have existed formerly in much greater strength than at present, fostered, as they say, by the dependence

of the tutor on his pupils for his income. This feeling, so produced, the Provost states to have been "profitable for reproof and for correction" ("Suggestions," p. 291); and he appears to think that it has declined under the present arrangement. When a competent witness makes an assertion as to a matter of fact, it is difficult to contradict him; but if it be so, we must confess that our metaphysics are completely at fault. That a man who depends upon another for his support should, *by that very dependence*, be disposed to act the part of the fearless friend described by the Provost—watchful to detect faults, and courageous to reprove them, ready to exhort his pupil to unpalatable duty, not anxious to screen him from deserved censure—does appear so much at variance with the ordinary principles of human nature, that we find it exceedingly difficult to believe it, even upon the Provost's authority. If it was so, we can only regard the tutor of his time as one of those rare ethical curiosities whose return can hardly be expected, and in legislation should certainly not be reckoned on. That this dependence of the tutor on his pupil would induce the former to exert himself to acquire *popularity* we fully believe, and with our reader's permission we shall quote from the evidence before us a passage which we think to be a fair description of the manner in which this anxiety would operate:—

"The most effective way to gain popularity with a large, and not the most deserving portion of one's pupils is, never to caution *them* at Term examinations, or refuse them credit for the Term lectures; to intercede openly for them when in danger of incurring the censure of other examiners or lecturers; and if unsuccessful in such efforts on their behalf, to condemn unsparingly the act of the offending examiner or lecturer. It is plain that such conduct would greatly lower the character of the examinations and lectures; and it is also plain that the inducements to it would be much greater under the proposed plan than they are now. Si-

* The evidence of the Provost, who is not friendly to the present system, may be quoted as bearing on this point:—"The number of pupils under a tutor very often depended upon the extent of his connexions—upon his habits of life, as leading him more into society—the extent of his acquaintance with schoolmasters throughout the country; and, in times of political excitement, his conspicuousness and forwardness in taking a part in political movements. These influential causes being irrespective of a fellow's merits as a tutor, made the distribution of pupils often very unsuitable."—*Suggestions*, p. 290.

milar remarks apply to other means by which a tutor may gain popularity among his pupils, such as procuring their exemption by some excuse or other from all troublesome duties; obtaining for them remission from all punishments; and in fine, acting towards them on all occasions the part of an advocate, rather than that of a judicious friend and adviser."—*Correspondence*, pp. 380, 381.

We are not friendly to any interference with the tutorial system. We object to such interference as a hazardous experiment—as the destruction of an arrangement which has confessedly worked vast benefit, to replace it by another, untried, necessarily imperfect, having the weakness of the tutorial system without its strength. We object to such interference, because the system which the Commissioners desire to remove is supported by those whose testimony is rendered valuable by long experience in the task of education—doubly valuable by the fact, that they are pecuniary losers by the present mode of dividing the tutorial income.† Lastly, we object to such interference, because we believe that any attempt to revive, even partially, the old system, would introduce all the favouritism and jealousies which existed once, and which are now extinct, not because men are better, but because the temptation which brought these feelings into life has passed away.

We have, in the next place, to direct the attention of our readers to a point of paramount importance in the eyes of all those who, like ourselves, value the prosperity of the Established Church of Great Britain and Ireland—we mean the proposal to open the Divinity school to persons who are not students of Trinity College. That the rapid advance made by this school

within the last twenty years, its admirable system of teaching, its high and deserved reputation, should have excited, in the friends of other institutions, a desire to obtain for them a share of these advantages, is, of course, but natural; and accordingly we find, that as early as February, 1852, the Bishop of Down and Connor addressed a letter to the Commissioners, urging upon them the propriety of admitting graduates of the Queen's University to the privileges of attending the Divinity lectures, and obtaining the Divinity Testimonium of the University of Dublin. As the particular plan suggested by the Bishop has not been approved of by the Commissioners, it is not necessary that we should comment upon it at any length. But our readers will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that a prelate of the Established Church has seriously proposed that the Board of Trinity College shall accept the lectures of the dean of residences (an officer whose duties somewhat resemble those of the junior dean in Trinity College) as an equivalent for one-half of the Divinity course, together with all the preliminary religious education in the shape of catechetical lectures, term examinations, and lectures in ethics, evidences of Christianity, &c., which they require their own students to receive. We were at first disposed to regard this proposal as a grave joke or hoax, intended to try the tempers of the reverend gentlemen who were called on to accede to it; but, upon reflection, we really believe that his lordship is in earnest, and that he seriously considers the lectures of the dean of residences to be equal in value to the various lectures and examinations to which we have referred.

* The Provost ("Suggestions," p. 290) appears to think that the dependence of the tutor on his pupils for his income generated between them a species of parental feeling. As it is ordinarily the parent who supports the child, this analogy seems to imply that under the former system the tutor felt as though he were the son of his entire chamber. A curious and complicated sensation.

† The Bishop of Cork ("Correspondence," p. 382) is disposed to assign little weight to the opinions of the tutorial committee, because they are pecuniary losers by the system which they recommend. He seems to regard them as specimens of a class of men so disinterested as to "lean against the evidence that would make for their private interests." If the existence of this class be with the Bishop a matter of experience, we cannot, of course, contradict him, although to our limited intelligence it seems sufficiently startling. We can imagine that a man may support a bad system because he gains by it, or a good one although he loses by it; but that any one out of Bedlam should advocate a measure injurious to the public, because it is also injurious to himself, is, we should have thought, new to psychology.

As, however, the Board of Trinity College have been (very stupidly) unable to perceive the truth of this equation, and as the Bishop seems to apprehend that this obstinacy on their part may oblige him to admit into the ministry imperfectly-educated candidates, we trust that his lordship will pardon us if we venture, with all becoming modesty, to lay before him a proposal of our own. This we do with the more confidence, because, although we call the proposal ours, it is in fact a very obvious deduction from a principle laid down by the Bishop himself. We frankly admit that our share in the discovery (we can call it nothing less) is purely arithmetical. Let us see how the matter stands. The Bishop of Down and Connor is anxious to provide efficient theological instruction for the graduates of the Queen's University. Trinity College is so bigotedly attached to her own system, that she refuses to accept his estimate of the theological instruction already given in the new colleges. Very disgraceful to Trinity College, certainly; but we do not see why it should cause any perplexity to the Bishop. Why not extend the admirable machinery which the Queen's Colleges already possess? Why not have *two* deans of residences? It is plain that this will more than effect the Bishop's object; for, if the lectures of one dean of residences be equal to half the divinity course of Trinity College, *plus* all the instruction given to her undergraduates in the Scriptures, ethics, evidences, &c., it follows from the everlasting laws of Cocker, that the lectures of *two* deans of residences will be equal to the *entire* divinity course, *plus double* the amount of instruction given by Trinity College in ethics, &c., as aforesaid. Thus, as our readers will perceive, the new divinity school would not only be as good as that of Trinity College, but would have, in fact, a very considerable balance in its favour. Neither is the plan which we propose altogether unsupported by precedent. Trinity College has a senior and junior dean: why should not the Queen's Colleges have the same? Besides, as deans of residences receive no salary, the development of this fertile conception would not cost one farthing.

We have thus ventured to present to

the Bishop, a scheme deduced by common arithmetic from his own principles—simple, efficacious, cheap—which will enable him, at the same time, and without the outlay of a shilling, to provide for the graduates of the Queen's University all, and more than all, that he now requires, and to punish Trinity College for her stupid and presumptuous bigotry. What could his lordship desire more? In fact, the merits of this plan are so obvious, that we cannot believe that a man of his lordship's acuteness should have failed to discover it. Why, then, did he hesitate to carry it into execution? Could it have been that his lordship doubted the truth of his own principles?—or that he felt a twinge of compassion for the besotted and eclipse-doomed University of Dublin? Surely it could *not* have been, that what his lordship sought from Trinity College was, not Divinity education, but the Divinity *Testimonium*, and that, provided he could obtain the Hall mark, he was careless whether the article itself was gold or pewter.

Passing, however, from the bishop's proposal, which has disturbed our wonted gravity, we come to consider a more important document, namely, the recommendation of the Commissioners. After effecting a considerable reduction in the bishop's estimate of deans of residences by the expressed opinion, that "it can hardly be expected that the lectures of the deans of residences will become more than equivalent to the catechetical lectures or examinations in Trinity College" ("Report," p. 27), they recommend "that graduates of the Queen's University, who are recommended by the bishop, in whose diocese the Queen's College, where they have been educated is situated, should have an opportunity of pursuing theological studies in the Divinity school of the Dublin University, and should be entitled to receive such certificate as the Board might think proper to give of their having completed the two years' course in Divinity" (*Ibid*). The objection made by the Board, "that a certificate given by the College, in connexion with the Divinity courses, must convey the judgment of the governing body of the College respecting the completeness of the education received by the person

obtaining the certificate—its completeness in *artibus*, as well as in *sancta theologia*—they propose to obviate, by establishing two classes of certificates; one, the present testimonium, to be given only to those who have graduated in the University of Dublin; and another, differing from the testimonium in form, to be given to graduates of the Queen's University. This recommendation is undoubtedly free from the obvious objections which may be made to the proposal of the Bishop of Down. It does not attach the same absurd over-estimate to the lectures of the deans of residences, nor does it require Trinity College to state that a year passed in attendance upon lectures, of which she knows nothing, has been passed in the sedulous study of theology. Neither does the recommendation of the Commissioners, professedly at least, require Trinity College to place the graduates of the Queen's University upon a par with her own students. Still it appears to us that this proposal, under any form, is open to very grave objection, and we have the less scruple in expressing our dissent from it, because upon this point the Commissioners themselves are not unanimous. Mr. Cooper has not only refused to agree to the recommendation of his colleagues, but has thought it right to place on record his disapproval of it, and the reasons upon which that disapproval is founded. These reasons, which appear to us to possess very great weight, are as follows:—

"1. That in the act 8th and 9th Vict., c. 66, establishing the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, no allusion whatever is made to the University of Dublin or Trinity College; and that in the patents of incorporation of the Queen's Colleges, it is stated that they are to be established 'for students in arts, law, physic, and other useful learning,' and excluding the duty that the students 'ad colendam virtutem et religionem adjuventur,' as in the charter of the Dublin University, thus showing that no connexion was contemplated between the Queen's University and the University of Dublin.

"2. That I do not conceive that, under the terms of our commission, we have any authority to recommend changes not strictly within the limit of the 'state, discipline, and revenues of the University of Dublin, and the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity therein, and of all and singular the colleges and schools in said university.'

"3. That should I be in error in my se-

cond objection, I do not think it prudent, nor conducive to the welfare of the United Church of England and Ireland, that two distinct classes of candidates for the ministry should issue from the Dublin University."—*Report*, p. 28.

With regard to the first two of Mr. Cooper's reasons, we shall content ourselves with briefly expressing our concurrence in them. We believe that this recommendation is inconsistent with the principles upon which the Queen's Colleges were founded, and that it does *not* fall within the proper province of the University Commission. But although we fully admit the truth and importance of these reasons, they are, of course, very inferior in general interest to the third. The public are more likely to inquire whether the recommendation itself be good, than whether it be consistent with the principles of any other institution, or whether the Commissioners had any right to make it. Nor is it desirable that so grave a question should be discussed upon grounds which have even the appearance of technicality. But we dissent from the recommendation of the Commissioners, because we think, with Mr. Cooper, that it is prejudicial to the welfare of the Established Church, and because we think further, that it is unjust to the University of Dublin.

We have not the slightest inclination to undervalue the system of teaching pursued in the Queen's Colleges, or to think lightly of the benefit which the country may derive from their institution. We believe that they are calculated to serve many important purposes, and we wish them every success in so doing; but we candidly confess that we do not think the education of the clergy to be one of the ends, to the accomplishment of which their system can be very successfully directed; and believing, as we do, with Mr. Cooper, that it was no part of their original design, we cannot view the reservation which we have made as in any respect a censure. It is not necessary to consider whether the education given at the Queen's Colleges be or be not, on the whole, inferior to that given in Trinity College. Perhaps we may have our own opinions on that point; but having the fear of the Bishop of Down and Connor before our eyes, we shall not bring his lordship's wrath upon our

heads by any "unmerited" or "unprovoked observations."—*Correspondence*, p. 373.

It is sufficient that the education is *different*, and it may therefore be reasonably expected that it will not be found equally well adapted to every one of the ends which Trinity College professes to carry out. Thus in the Queen's University a degree may be obtained by a person who never saw a Bible, who never heard of such a thing as moral philosophy, and with whom Christianity, nay, Theism itself are, not exactly "open questions," but questions about which he has never thought at all. Nay more, if he be unfortunately encumbered with any information on these subjects, the degree examination in the Queen's University affords him no opportunity for making use of it.

We do not censure this arrangement, which, so far at least as regards the knowledge *essential* to the obtaining a degree, was rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case; but, between a system which renders a certain amount of religious knowledge *necessary*, and another which renders that knowledge *useless*, to the attainment of a degree, there can be, we suppose, but little difficulty of choice as to the fittest school for the education of a Christian minister. Without, therefore, instituting any general comparison between the system of the Queen's University and that of the University of Dublin, we say without hesitation that, considered as the groundwork of a clerical education, the undergraduate course of the former is decidedly inferior to that of the latter; and for this reason, we think that the recommendation of the Commissioners is open to the objection urged by the Board against the proposal of the Bishop of Down:—

"If we agree to such a proposal, we should become instrumental in sending forth a class of students who had received an education very inferior to that now given."—*Correspondence*, p. 366.

Again, we have said that the recommendation of the Commissioners is unjust to the University of Dublin; for it, in fact, requires them to give up a large portion of the inducement which they now offer to the student to receive his education in Trinity College. The existence of some such

argument was probably present to the mind of the Bishop of Down, when he insisted upon the point, that the Queen's University was "established, not in the spirit of rivalry, but as a handmaid," &c.—*Correspondence*, p. 364.

We do not know what precise meaning the Bishop attaches to the word "rivalry," but if he means to assert that there is no *competition* between two institutions whose duties are to a great extent identical, and whose income depends very largely upon the manner in which those duties are performed, we must take leave to tell his lordship that such a principle is opposed to the very alphabet of economical science. There must be such competition, and it would be very injurious indeed to the public if there were not; and such being the case, it is manifestly unjust to *compel* one institution to share with another, advantages acquired by long years of unremitting exertion. Trinity College claims no monopoly of education; but she may object, and fairly object, to a change which would oblige her to share with an institution of yesterday the reputation which the labours of three hundred years have conferred upon her.

In treating of the law school of Dublin, the Commissioners have made a recommendation in which we most heartily concur—namely, that the act of Parliament which requires candidates for admission to the Irish Bar to keep terms in London, should be repealed ("Report," pp. 31, 94). This recommendation appears to have been adopted at the suggestion of a committee of the Board, and has the sanction of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, Dr. Longfield, and Dr. Anster. That the act referred to occasions to the Irish law student a large expenditure of time and money, which might be more profitably bestowed, and thus interferes most injuriously with the formation of an efficient Law School in Dublin, seems to be denied by nobody. One, and only one argument has been, as far as we are aware, urged in defence of it. This we give in the words of the Provost, who seems to consider it decisive against the repeal of the existing law:—

"One change I should deprecate, namely, the making the professional law education

here independent of attendances at the offices and the Inns of Court in England. Such a measure would tend most seriously to keep the two countries separate."—*Suggestions*, p. 292.

With respect to this argument, we have merely to say that the Provost entirely misstates the effect which such a change would have. The tendency of the measure recommended by the Commissioners would be, we readily admit, to keep the *Bar* of this country distinct from that of England. Does the Provost wish to amalgamate them? Is he one of those who would approve of a transference of our superior courts to Westminster—or, retaining the courts, would he centralise the benchers, and give to one authority (in London of course) the right of admitting candidates to practise at either bar? We trust not. But if he does not advocate either of these most ruinous measures, what becomes of the force of his argument? For, as long as the Bar in Ireland is distinct from the Bar in England, there is no more reason that the Irish law-student should keep terms in London, than that the English law-student should be compelled to devour a certain quantity of beef and mutton in Henrietta-street. And the imposition of a rule upon one class from which the other is free, can generate no friendly union, but does, indeed, tend to produce the effect which the Provost expects from an opposite course, reminding, and most painfully, the Irish student of his own inferior position, distinct, yet not independent. Such a rule may indeed well be said "to keep the two countries separate."

Many other recommendations of great importance have been made by the Commissioners: of these, we may mention the proposals—

"That the royal statutes should undergo a complete revision, with the view of removing much that is obsolete, and enlarging, in some respects, the powers of the governing body of the university—that no distinction should be made between noblemen, fellow-commoners, and pensioners, with respect to the course of education required for the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and that the general obligation to enter holy orders, now imposed on fellows, should be abolished."—*Report*, pp. 92-93.)

With the first two of these we heartily

concur, as indeed we do with nearly all which has emanated from the Commissioners, except where we have expressed our dissent. Obsolete laws admit of no defence—they are simply and purely mischievous. Too great strictness in the rules imposed upon an institution, is a fatal bar to improvement; and, with regard to distinctions of rank, we think that the domain of science and literature should be governed upon principles absolutely republican. But the third of the recommendations which we have enumerated involves questions of very great difficulty; for while we fully admit our dislike to any system which has the effect of *forcing* any one into the sacred office of the ministry, we cannot conceal from ourselves the strong probability that the removal of this restriction would cause very considerable difficulties in the working of the Divinity school. Perhaps these difficulties would be removed, or at least greatly diminished by the adoption of another suggestion of the Commissioners, namely, that there should be established a number of septennial fellowships, to be elected to after an examination similar to the present, with one exception, namely, that a course of divinity should be substituted for the mathematics and physics of the present course. Into this very difficult question our limits will not permit us to enter, and we can only express a hope that, in a matter which so deeply concerns not the University only, but also the welfare of the Protestant Church, we may not have to regret any rash or hasty legislation.

Before we conclude, we must make a few remarks upon a general tendency which pervades the Report before us, and which we cannot but regard as indicating a false and dangerous policy—we mean, a tendency to render the constitution of the College and University even more oligarchical than it is, in practice at least, at present. This tendency appears in several passages of the Report; we shall quote one or two of the most remarkable. We do not lay much stress upon the proposal to transfer to the Board the powers at present nominally possessed by the University Senate, inasmuch as this transference would give to the Board no power which they do not, in fact, possess; at the

same time we confess that we should be disposed to give to the University Senate a real power, which is now enjoyed by the Board; namely, the election of the Chancellor. Any measure which would tend to strengthen the tie between the University and its former *alumni*—a tie which is much too weak—would be, we think, highly beneficial to both. Perhaps the passage in which the tendency to which we allude appears most strongly, is the following. After recommending the abolition of the tutorial committee, the Commissioners say:—

“The business now performed by them ought, we think, to be performed by the Board. We have recommended that the senior fellows should not be eligible to professorships; we think that they should limit their attention to the government of the college. We think, however, that they are quite able to discharge the entire of this duty, and that they ought not to entrust a large part of it to a voluntary committee.”
—*Report*, p. 16.

The policy here laid down is, we have no hesitation in saying, retrograde and mischievous. Nothing could be more fatal to the interests of education than the marked line which the Commissioners wish to draw between the governing body and the educating body. For the science of education is like every other science, essentially progressive. A system which was highly approved of in 1820, may have fallen into disfavour in 1840, and be entirely exploded in 1860. Under these circumstances, it is absolutely necessary that among those to whom is entrusted the government of such an institution as Trinity College, there should be at least some whose daily practical acquaintance with the business of teaching gives them a continued experience, not of what education was, but of what it is. Such seems to have been the opinion of the authorities of

Cambridge, when they appointed a Board of Studies, taken from among the most distinguished professors and lecturers, to preside over one of the most important departments of their academic course. Such was the feeling of the English Commissioners when they recommended that the governing bodies of Oxford* and Cambridge should be widened either by the increase of the number of Boards of Studies as at Cambridge, or by giving increased powers to the Congregation as at Oxford—and such is the principle carried out, imperfectly it is true, by the control which the tutorial committee exercise over undergraduate lectures.

This wise and enlightened policy, acted on by the heads of at least one of the English universities, sanctioned and extended by their Commissioners, and carried out in Trinity College, although neither as fully nor as directly as it ought to be, the Dublin Commissioners have thought proper to reverse. By providing, that no professorships shall be held by the senior fellows, and thus taking the work of education wholly out of their hands, they have removed all possibility of their preserving and acquiring the continued experience to which we have alluded. At the same time, they propose to remove all interference, direct or indirect, with their authority, and to give them uncontrolled power over collegiate education.

We have said “uncontrolled;” we may add, uncriticised. Every person familiar with the working of Trinity College, knows how much the progressive and liberal spirit of later years has been due to the presence within the walls of a body of men competent to form a sound opinion as to the acts of the Board, and independent enough to speak that opinion freely, either in censure or suggestion. The position and income of the tutors has been hitherto practically subject to no interference.

* The following passage from the Oxford “Report” is important, as showing the opinion of the Commissioners on this point:—“We have before shewn that the power of legislation belonged, in early times, to those who were actually engaged in giving instruction, and that causes of a temporary nature, in a great degree, determined the successive interventions by which the government of the University was reduced to a narrow oligarchy. There is no reason why an arrangement which may have been thought at one time advisable, whether from state policy or other motives, should be perpetuated for ever. . . . It is anomalous that . . . the professors and tutors have, as such, no right to suggest or amend, or even discuss any measure, how much soever it may affect the literary and educational interests of the place.”—*Oxford Report*, pp. 11, 12.

They succeed to their office according to a fixed rule, retain it on conditions prescribed by law, and receive through their own officer an income with which no other person has anything to do. This independent position, the Commissioners, as we have seen, propose to destroy, by placing three-fourths of the tutorial income at the disposal of the Board, to be paid by them to professors elected by themselves, and, we presume, removable at their discretion.

Who can look for any free criticism from a body so circumstanced; and what Board, not absolutely composed of angels, would be likely to tolerate such criticism from their own dependents? Is there no reason to fear that they will use the weapon which is thus put into their hands, to terminate so unpleasant a discipline—"ut si quis memorem libertatis vocem aut in senatu, aut in populo misisset, statim virgæ securesque etiam ad ceterorum metum expedirentur." This policy, on the part of the Commissioners, is no mere error of detail or hasty experiment. It is far worse; it is a step in the wrong direction.

But we must bring these remarks to a close. If, in commenting upon the changes which the Commissioners are desirous to introduce, we have dwelt at some length upon the few points in

which we think them to be wrong, passing hastily by the very great majority, in which they are undoubtedly right, it is because we believe that the welfare of the Established Church, and the general interests of education, will be deeply affected by all that concerns the Divinity school, the tutorial system, and the principles on which the University should be governed. And there is another reason. The University Commissioners require no aid from us. There is but little danger that the Government or the public will under-estimate recommendations which bear the stamp of such an authority. Much more is it to be dreaded that their opinion should overbear the truth where they are wrong; than fail to enforce it where they are right. And, indeed, many of the recommendations belonging to the latter class are of such obvious utility, that they scarcely require or admit of discussion.

That many of these recommendations will be carried into effect, we hope and believe. But we have ventured to point out some, less perhaps in number than in importance, from which, with all respect for their illustrious authors, we should only expect detriment—to the University, to the interests of education, and to the welfare of our common country.

* If they be not so removable, the check over the indolent professor will be much less than the present check over the indolent tutor.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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THE CROWN MATRIMONIAL OF FRANCE.

For upwards of sixty years has France exhibited to the world the spectacle of a phantasmagoria — wild, fitful, and incoherent as a nightmare-dream. The horrible and the pathetic mingled with the grotesque; things incongruous and unexpected succeeding each other with transformations as rapid as legerdemain; massacres and festivals; miseries and orgies; reckless license and stringent despotism; strange visions of murdered sovereigns, and ephemeral consuls and dictators. Dynasties changing like the slides in a magic-lantern; an emperor rising from the chaos of revolution, as from a surging sea; sinking, re-appearing, then again sinking. A long-guarded captive seating himself on the throne of his captor; a Republic with the anomaly of *Equality* for its motto, and a *Prince-President* at its head; and *Absolutism* established in honour of *Liberty* and *Fraternity*.

Partly colours glance on the sight like the tints of a quick-shaken kaleidoscope; the white of the Bourbon lilies, and the blue of the Napoleon violets; imperial purple, tri-coloured cockades, and Red Republicanism. Another shake of the kaleidoscope, and again the purple predominates. But the present *resumé* of the empire has not the *prestige* of its original, whose birth was heralded by glittering trophies, and the exciting strains of martial music. No! Here is an empire created by slight of hand amid no prouder minstrelsy than that of the violins of fêtes.

With a new slide of the magic-lantern we behold an imperial wedding, surpassing in brilliant externals even the nuptials of the Napoleon and Maria

Louisa. But the bridegroom is not Napoleon the Great, nor is the bride a daughter of the Casars. We must give the bridegroom due credit for proving that he still possesses some freshness of feeling, not yet wholly seared by *coups d'état* and diplomacy, and that he amiably prefers (for the time, at least) domestic affection to self-interest and expediency. But how long will he be permitted by the most changeable, the most uncertain people on earth, to enjoy his love-match in peace? With the populace it may be acceptable, so long as it gives them pageants to "*assist*" at, to gaze upon, and to talk about; but the alliance of an emperor of France with a Spanish countess, the subject of another sovereign, is not *glorious* enough for the other classes, who are really aristocratic in their hearts, notwithstanding occasionally short freaks of democracy. Republican governments have never *governed* the French; they are only impressed by the opposites of democracy, by the *prestige* of rank, titles, and distinction. Louis XIV., a far more mighty sovereign than Napoleon III., and who, on his firmly established throne, was servilely worshipped as the "*Grand Monarque*," never dared to avow his clandestine marriage with Madame de Maintenon. Napoleon I. showed how well *he* understood the genius of the French people, when he replaced his really beloved Josephine by the daughter of an emperor, and required his brother Jerome to put away *his* first wife, Miss Patterson, for a German princess.

Louis Napoleon himself seems to have had his misgivings as to the effect the step he contemplated would

have on the mind of the nation ; and the fall of the French funds, from the time the marriage came on the *tapis*, was full of significance. Instead of following the usual example of monarchs, and simply announcing his intended marriage, he proceeded to make his notification a *piece justificative*, full of explanations and apologies, in which his anxiety betrayed him into inconsistencies and errors of judgment. At variance with his *hereditary pretensions* as Napoleon III., he rejoiced in the character of *parvenu*, and then boasted the "high birth" of his consort. He endeavoured to frame his speech, as though he had taken for his text Ovid's maxim—

"Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et Amor."

—*Metam.* lib. ii. 846.

Yet he has laboured to overload love with the most far-fetched and dazzling majesty. He complacently instanced his grandmother, Josephine, as beloved by France, though not of royal blood; seemingly oblivious that Napoleon I. had not stooped from the throne to raise her (she had been his wife ere men dreamed of him as a monarch)—and that his policy soon compelled her to descend from the throne, and give place to a prouder bride. Louis Napoleon has promised that the Empress Eugenia will revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine: far wiser had he not touched on the topic, to remind his bride that the reward—the earthly reward—of those virtues was divorce and a broken heart; and to remind his people how easily the non-royal wife could be moved aside, whenever the interests of the crown or the nation should require it. He who has declared that "the empire is peace," has dropped ominous words of "the hour of danger," in which the good qualities of his Eugenia will shine forth; in contrast, he evidently meant, with the incapacity and selfishness of Maria Louisa, *when France was invaded by the allies*; but how utterly distasteful to the French public must that ill-judged reminder be! He spoke, in his ante-nuptial speech, of the unhappy fates of the illustrious ladies who had worn the crown of France—a suggestive theme, in which we are about to follow his lead; but from his lips the subject seemed peculiarly ill-chosen and ill-timed. Verily, his Imperial Majesty has been singu-

larly infelicitous in his selection of topics. In every country of Europe there are still men whose hearts can respond to the sentiment—

"Dulce et decorum est PRO PATRIA mori."—*Hor.*

Such men would have esteemed it more judicious to have avoided any mention of the deceased father of Eugenia de Montijo, than to have announced him as one who, in the struggle of Spain for independence, fought *against* his own countrymen, and *with* the invaders of his native land. The unnecessary allusion to the bereaved Duchess of Orleans is in such bad taste, that to comment on it would be a continuation of the fault.

But we must excuse the inconsistencies of a man too much in love to see the import of all he said: and we must not, in common courtesy, omit for his bride the customary compliment to all brides, the expression of our good wishes. We wish her happiness, and the more willingly for the sake of the good blood in her veins—the blood of worthy, sagacious, and *patriotic* Scotland (derived, *not* from her father, but from her mother, a Kirkpatrick). May the "canny drop" be allowed free circulation through her heart! Yes, we wish her happiness willingly, but *very doubtfully*; not because she has wedded a Buonaparte, for the men of that name have not the reputation of unkind husbands (even to the wives they repudiated), and she might be very happy with Louis Napoleon in another sphere; not merely because her position is trying, and apparently insecure, but because she places on her head *the crown matrimonial of France*—a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected: for, among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there are very few that it has left without a blight or a wound.

When our memory passes in review the royal and imperial wives of France, we are surprised to see how many have been divorced, how many broken-hearted, how many have left a disgraceful name behind to posterity. And among the smaller number, the innocent and the happy, how many have been snatched away by a premature death, or have been early and sadly widowed. The crown matrimonial of France has been borne, by the majority of its wearers, unworthily, unhappily, or too briefly. For some it

has been imbued, as it were, with a disfiguring stain; for others, lined with sharp, cruel thorns; for others, wreathed with the funereal cypress. If history, holding her mirror to our view,

"Bids us in the past descry
The visions of futurity,"*

with *such* a history of French queens and empresses before our eyes, it is but natural that good wishes for the bliss of Empress Eugenia should be damped by doubts and fears. By casting with us a quick and comprehensive glance over the memoirs of the royal ladies to whom we have alluded, the reader will be convinced of the great preponderance of cares, crimes, and sorrows, over peace, innocence, and felicity, in their lives. We will commence our summary with the reign of Charlemagne, as a remarkable era, and sufficiently early for our purpose.

Charlemagne, A. D. 768 (date of his accession).

His first wife was HERMENGARDE (daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards), whom he had been persuaded by his mother, Bertha, to wed, contrary to his inclinations, and whom he divorced in two years after his accession, on the plea of her ill health. She had the grief to see her father dethroned by Charlemagne, whose prisoner he died. The desolate Lombard princess died in obscurity.

The second wife, HILDEGARDE, a noble Swabian, was fair, wise, and good, but was calumniated by Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne, who (in revenge for her disdain of his own proffered addresses) accused her of criminality with a foreign knight during the king's expedition against a German tribe. Obligated to conceal herself from her incensed husband, she lived in great poverty, till her accuser, struck with remorse after a dangerous illness, declared her innocence. In memory of her restoration to her home and her good fame, she founded, in Swabia, the Abbey of Kempsten; in the annals of which religious house is written the history of her patience and her suffer-

ing (during her concealment), and her noble forgiveness of her persecutor. But her recovered happiness was brief; she was snatched by death from her numerous children at the early age of twenty-six, in 784.

FASTRADE, the third consort, daughter of Raoul, Count of Franconia, so disgusted the people by her arrogance, that a conspiracy was formed to dethrone her husband on account of her influence over him. This plot, though abortive, caused Fastrade much mortification and anxiety; and she died very young, in 794, as much hated as her predecessor had been lamented.

LUTGARDE, a German, the last consort of Charlemagne, handsome, generous, and literary,† loved her husband; and to enjoy his society, usually accompanied him to the chase. But he was faithless to her, choosing for his favourite one of the ladies of her train. Whatever mortification Lutgarde might have felt was soon terminated by death. She died young and childless (in A. D. 800), after an union of little more than four years.

Louis I. (le Debonnaire). 814.

His first wife was HERMENGARDE, daughter of Ingram, Count of Hesbay.‡ She has left an unenviable reputation as cruel and despotic. When Bernard, a petty Italian king, who revolted against Louis had been conquered, Hermengarde sentenced him and his adherents to death; and though the sentence was commuted by Louis, she caused the eyes of Bernard to be pulled out, and such tortures to be inflicted on him, that he expired in consequence. She herself died soon after her victim; having, however, been more fortunate in her lot than her predecessors, for she had enjoyed a peaceable wedded life for twenty-one years.

Her successor JUDITH, daughter of Welf of Bavaria, was an artful and licentious woman, whose bad conduct caused her step-sons (children of Hermengarde), to revolt, filling the kingdom with trouble. They published her profligacy with Bernard (the son of her husband's tutor), whom she, by her influence over Louis, caused to be created

* Quoted from the Prologue to Bland's Translations from the Greek Anthology.

† She enjoyed the friendship of the learned Alcuin (disciple of the venerable Bede), at whose persuasion Charlemagne founded the University of Paris.

‡ In the country of Liege.

Duke of Septimanie. She was taken by her step-sons, and imprisoned in a convent at Poitiers, and compelled to pronounce the vows; but was liberated by her husband when he had put down the revolt, she having solemnly sworn to her innocence. Again the young princes revolted; and Judith, again captive, was sent to Tortona, in Italy, and her young son Charles separated from her, and shut up in a monastery; the unfortunate Louis himself being confined at St. Medard; from whence he was released only on submitting to some very abject conditions. He received back his wife and her son, but soon died of grief. Judith survived him but three years; having, however, lived to see the murder of her favourite Bernard, by the hands of her son Charles, who stabbed him for revolt. She has left an odious name in the records of history.

Charles I. (the Bald). 840.

He married first HERMENTRUDE, daughter of Odo Count of Orleans. She was prudent and good, but her life was one of sorrow. Her eldest son, Louis, had an impediment in his speech; her second son, Charles, died young; her third son, Carloman, rebelling against his father, because the latter required him to become a monk against his will, was taken prisoner, had his eyes put out, and was imprisoned in the Abbey of Corbie. Her only daughter Judith, widow of Ethelbald, King of England, eloped from court with Baldwin of Flanders, causing great scandal and trouble. Hermentrude had not the consolation of her husband's affection; for Louis formed an attachment for Richilde, sister of Boson, King of Provence, and ill-treated Hermentrude, whom he sought to divorce, but found public opinion too strong in her favour. The unhappy wife died, overwhelmed with cares, A.D. 869, and was buried at St. Denis.

In three months after her death Louis married RICHILDE, who hated, and was hated by her stepsons, and fomented great disorders in the royal family. Having accompanied the king in his expedition against the countries on the Rhine, on his defeat she was

obliged to fly from Heristal in the middle of the night, without clothes or money; suffered great hardships, and lay-in by the roadside, with no one near her but one attendant. All her children (four sons and a daughter) died young. After her husband's death she lived a most licentious life, and pillaged and fired houses in her Bacchanalian riotings, until the Bishop of Rheims threatened her with excommunication unless she restrained her disgraceful conduct.

Louis II. (the Stammerer). 870.

ANSGARDE, the daughter of a Count Hardouin, was privately wedded by Louis, during the life of his father, Charles the Bald, and bore him two sons, Louis (afterwards king), and Carloman; but being of an inferior rank, Charles compelled her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to divorce her, and to espouse

ADELAIDE, daughter of Count Begon, whose life was embittered by her doubtful position: for, on the death of Charles the Bald, Ansgarde obtained from Pope John VIII. the establishment of her children's* rights, because Charles had not applied to the ecclesiastical power to sanction the divorce between her and his son Louis. Wherefore Adelaide was generally accounted only the concubine of Louis, and the deserted Ansgarde as his lawful wife. Adelaide, who suffered great uneasiness of mind, was *enccinte* at the time of Louis's death, in 879, and had a posthumous son, Charles, surnamed the Simple.

Charles III. (the Fat). 884.

He married in 877 RICHARDA, a lady of Scottish birth. She was esteemed for wisdom and virtue; but was accused by her feeble-minded and credulous husband of infidelity with his prime minister, Luitgard, Bishop of Verceil. Richarda in vain protested her innocence, offering to submit to the ordeals of fire and water: she was divorced, and retired to a convent in Alsace, which she had founded, and lived there ten years in retirement.

Charles IV. (the Simple). 893.

The life of his first consort, FREDERUNE, sister of Beuves, Bishop of

* Her eldest son, who reigned as Louis III., died unmarried, as did also his brother Carloman.

Chalons-sur-Marne, offers nothing remarkable. She had four daughters, but no son; and died 918, after a marriage of eleven years.

His second wife was OGINA,* an English princess, sister of King Athelstane. Her royalty was clouded. Her husband was dethroned by his subjects, and imprisoned at St. Quentin, where he died in great misery. Ogina, divided from him, fled to England for the protection of her only child, Louis, thence surnamed *Outremer*, or "beyond sea." On her son's recall, after thirteen years of exile, she returned to France, where she married (at the age of forty-five) Herbert Count of Vermandois, then but twenty years of age, and son of Herbert de Vermandois, who had betrayed and imprisoned her royal husband, the dethroned Charles. This ill-assorted marriage alienated the love and respect of her son, King Louis. Ogina lived happily, however, with her young husband, but only for two years, as she died in childbirth, in 853.

Louis IV. (Outremer). 936.

He married GERBERGA of Saxony, daughter of Emperor Henry the Fowler, and widow of Gilbert Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to cross the Rhine on horseback, to escape the pursuit of Louis d'Outremer, then at war with him. Gerberga defended her dead lord's fortress so gallantly, that when King Louis at length succeeded in taking it, he admired the spirit of his fair adversary so much that he offered her his hand and throne. She was loved and respected by Louis, whose friend and counsellor she was; but her lot had many cares. The king, in an expedition, was made prisoner, and remained a year in captivity; her young son Carloman died while a hostage for his father; others of her children also died young; and she survived her affectionate husband.

Lothaire. 954.

Married, in 966, EMMA, daughter of Lothaire King of Italy. She was deposed, and gave cause of scandal with Adalberon Bishop of Laon; and then poisoned her husband, in the hope of reigning in the name of her son, and

only child, Louis le Faineant, or the Idle. Louis, on his accession, threatened Adalberon and herself with punishment; but *he*, too, died by poison: and the Duke of Lorraine, uncle to the king, imprisoned both Emma and Adalberon, and treated them with severity. Emma escaped from prison in 988, but became a miserable outcast and wanderer, and died in the following year.

Louis V. (le Faineant). 986.

He married BLANCHE,† daughter of a noble of Aquitaine. She was very beautiful, but the marriage was an ill-suited one: for Blanche was animated, and Louis inert, and so much disliked her vivacity, that he often retired from her company to a country residence. She became corrupt in her conduct, and attached herself to the Count de Verdon, and afterwards to several others. At length she poisoned Louis, after a short reign of fifteen months; and in him ended the Carolingian race.

Blanche re-married with Hugh, eldest son of Hugh Capet, the next heir, for whose benefit she removed her first husband, but shortly afterwards died childless.

Hugh Capet. 987.

His queen was ADELAIDE of Guienne, who appears to have lived in tranquillity; but enjoyed her elevation to the throne only two years, dying in 989.

Robert (the Devout). 997.

His first wife was BERTHA, daughter of Conrad of Burgundy, and widow of Odo Count of Blois. But the Pope, Gregory V., pronounced their marriage invalid, because Robert had been sponsor to one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, which circumstance had constituted what the canons of Rome termed "a spiritual affinity" between them. But the royal pair were strongly attached, and refused to separate. The Pope laid France under an interdict; Robert and Bertha retired to the Castle of Vaivert, near Paris, where they were rendered miserable by crowds of their subjects daily haunting them, with piteous entreaties that they would consent to part, and so terminate the

* By some called Edguina.

† By some writers she is called Constance.

evils the kingdom was enduring from the interdict. All their friends and attendants fled from them; and they would have been utterly desolate, but for two servants who remained to aid them, but who, notwithstanding, viewed their wretched master and mistress with such horror, that they passed through the fire for purification everything which had been touched by the excommunicated couple. The king remained firm, refusing to forsake his unhappy wife; she lay-in of a premature birth from grief, and Robert being assured that she had produced a monster with the neck of a goose,* he considered this (fictitious) occurrence as a proof of the wrath of heaven, and at length consented to give her up. In two years after, Bertha, still loving, and who still called herself queen, went to Rome to solicit the new Pope (Sylvester II.) to establish her marriage; but while she was urging her suit, Robert made another alliance, and the unhappy Bertha retired to a convent, and died 1016.

CONSTANCE, Robert's second wife, daughter of William Count of Provence, was beautiful, but haughty, violent, and hard-hearted. Robert disliked her so much, that he would never term her wife or queen; and took, to console him, a mistress, Almafede, who had been betrothed to a Count de Beauvoir, at which Constance was so much chagrined, that she caused the count to be assassinated, in revenge for his having yielded his claim on the hand of Almafede. Robert, in consequence, sought to divorce Constance; but the bishops of the realm interfered to prevent him. Thirteen persons, accused of heresy, being sentenced to the flames at Orleans, in 1022, Constance chose to be present at this dreadful spectacle; and perceiving, amongst the condemned, one Stephen, who had formerly been her confessor, she was so much incensed against him, that she attacked the wretched man on his way to the scene of his torture, and thrust out one of his eyes with her staff. Her eldest and favourite son died young, leaving the succession (to her great chagrin) to her second son, Henry, whom she

hated; and she fomented strife in the royal family by her endeavours to place on the throne her youngest son, to the prejudice of Henry; and she excited her children to rebel against their father, and to quarrel among themselves, till they were obliged to fly far from her baneful influence. After her husband's death, she conspired against her son, then reigning; but was defeated, and closed an odious life at the Castle of Melun, 1032, and was buried at St. Denis.

Henry I. 1031.

He married ANNE, daughter of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, whose life with him appears to have passed in tranquillity. But after his death, having contracted with Raoul Count de Crespy, an ill-advised marriage (for which she was excommunicated, and was finally divorced), she displeased her son, the reigning monarch, and finding herself deserted by her former friends, she retired to Russia, separated for ever from her children.

Philip I. 1060.

His first wife, BERTHA, daughter of Fleuri Count of Holland, lived happily with him for many years, till his affections were alienated by Bertrade, wife of Foulquesle Requin, Count of Anjou; and, accordingly, he divorced Bertha, to make way for the beautiful but evil-disposed BERTRADE, who, being repudiated by the complaisant Foulques at the king's desire, married the latter in 1073, a step which roused the indignation of the nobles and the Pope, Urban II.; and Philip, compelled by excommunication, submitted to divorce Bertrade, and restore her to her first husband. During her short union with Philip, Bertrade had plotted to cause his son Louis to be detained a prisoner in England, whither he had gone to attend the coronation of Henry I.; but being thwarted by the good faith of the English king, she administered to Louis a poison, which he discovered in time to defeat by an antidote, but his face ever after remained colourless. Bertrade incurred reproach and contempt for continuing to receive the visits of Philip at the chateau of the Count Foulques;

* A similar legend was related of Bertha, queen of Pepin, and mother of Charlemagne, who was said to have borne a child with the leg of a goose. And, strange to say, Bertha herself is represented, in effigies still extant, with one foot that of a goose.

but after the king's death, she became a prey to remorse, and retired to a convent, where she inflicted on herself such severe penances, that she fell a victim to her austerities, and, in 1117, closed her evil and troubled life.

Louis VI. (le Gros, or, the Fat). 1108.

He married **ADELAIDE**, daughter of Humbert Count of Maurienne. She was lovely and amiable, and forms an exception to this gloomy list of regal consorts, for she lived happily and worthily with Louis. One grief, however, she felt in the premature death of her eldest son, Philip, by a fall from his horse. After the king's decease, she married Matthieu Sire de Montmorency, Constable of France, from whom, after fifteen years, she separated, to retire to a cloister she had founded.

Louis VII. (the Young). 1137.

His first wife, **ELEANOR** of Aquitaine, disgusted him by the gross improprieties of her conduct in the Holy Land, whither she had accompanied him, and where she had incurred scandal with the celebrated sultan, Saladin, and others; and even with her own uncle, Raymond of Poitiers. Louis, therefore, divorced her, and she immediately married again with Henry II. of England. But the shadow of the crown matrimonial of France rested upon her still; witness her well-known unhappiness with Henry, their mutual dislike, her jealousy, the discords she excited between her sons and their father, and her deserved and long imprisonment. **CONSTANCE**, daughter of Alphonso King of Castille, second wife of Louis, was worthy of the influence she possessed over his heart; but their happiness was very brief, being terminated in four years by the early death of Constance in childbirth. She was buried at St. Denis. The third queen of Louis, **ALICE**, daughter of Thibaut Count of Campagne, and niece of our English king, Stephen, lived peacefully, as it appears, and, surviving her husband, was regent for her son.

Philip II. (surnamed Augustus). 1186.

His first wife, **ISABEL**, daughter of the Count of Hainault, was married to him when both bride and bridegroom were only twelve years of age. Philip having afterwards quarrelled with her

uncle, the Count of Flanders, the girlish queen, then but seventeen, was accused by some malicious persons of taking part with the count against her husband, who, imbibing a dislike to her, exiled her from court, and sent her to live in a kind of disgrace at Sens. At length relenting, he recalled her; but her young and clouded life was terminated by her dying in childbirth at the age of twenty-one. Her successor was **INGERBURG**, daughter of Walde-mar King of Denmark. She was beautiful, with a profusion of fair hair, and was scarcely seventeen when married. The day after the nuptials she was crowned. During the rites Philip was observed to gaze upon her, and then to turn pale; and became so troubled, that he could scarcely be induced by his ministers to allow the ceremony to continue. But in a fortnight afterwards he called a council, and divorced the poor young foreigner, who, on learning from an interpreter what the proceedings meant, burst into tears, exclaiming in a broken dialect—"Bad France!—Rome!" implying that she appealed to Rome from the injustice of France. But Philip brutally imprisoned her in the convent of Cisoien, near Lisle, and left her in such penury, that she was often dependent on her needlework for her food. In 1196, Philip married **AGNES**, the lovely and amiable daughter of the Duke of Merania. But Pope Celestine, at the instance of Canute, Ingerburg's brother, annulled the divorce of the latter, and dissolved the marriage of Agnes and Philip. The king refused to renounce his new wife, and shut up Ingerburg in a still more rigorous imprisonment than before, at Etampes. The kingdom was laid under an interdict, and a council was called at Soissons, where the cause of Ingerburg was pleaded so earnestly, that Philip, without waiting for the termination, silently retired; and riding to the prison of the young Dane, placed her behind him on horseback, and without any attendants, or respect, carried her to Paris, and acknowledged her as queen. Agnes de Merania seeing herself abandoned, died of grief soon after, at the Castle of Poissi. After her death, Philip again cast off the so often insulted Ingerburg, and again imprisoned her; but was constrained by the Pope to release and recal her to court, where she continued to reside meekly

and patiently, ill-treated by the king, but pitied by the people. She survived her tyrant, who has incurred the odium of making three lovely, and virtuous young women undeservedly miserable.

Louis VIII. (the Lion). 1223.

His queen, **BLANCHE**, daughter of **Alphonso VIII.** of Castille (and of **Eleanor** of England), was so fair that she was called *Candide*, and was good, prudent, and pious. She enjoyed her husband's love in a happy union of twenty-six years. Yet she was not exempt from royal anxieties; for during her regency for her son (**St. Louis**), she had many troubles, cares, and difficulties, on account of the insurgent nobles and the Bretons. She had lost four sons and a daughter in infancy, and she finally died of grief at **Maubuisson**, on hearing that her son, **St. Louis**, who had gone to **Palestine**, was a prisoner in **Egypt**.

Louis IX. (St. Louis). 1226.

When only nineteen he married **MARGARET**, daughter of **Raymond Berenger** Count of **Toulouse**, who was herself but fifteen. She had every advantage of person, mind, and heart, and was ever beloved by **Louis**. But in her early days she experienced great vexation from her mother-in-law, **Blanche**, who so entirely separated the affectionate young couple, that she would not permit them even to converse together. On one occasion when **Margaret** was dangerously ill, and **Louis** had ventured to her room to inquire after her health, his mother, finding him there, took him by the hand to lead him out; and the poor invalid called to her in tears—"What, madame! will you not suffer me, either living or dying, to speak to my lord and husband?" After the death of **Blanche**, the domestic happiness of **Margaret** was unbroken, if we except her natural grief at losing six of her eleven children. But her greatest affliction was the loss of **St. Louis**, who died of the plague in **Tunis**. She died 1295, and was buried at **St. Denis**.

Philip III. (the Hardy). 1270.

His first wife, **ISABEL**, daughter of **James I.** King of **Arragon**, was only fifteen at the time of her marriage, and had a fair prospect of happiness, had

life been spared. But she died at twenty-five, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which occasioned a premature confinement. She was buried at **St. Denis**. The second queen of **Philip**, **MARY** of **BRABANT**, daughter of **Henry** Duke of **Brabant**, was handsome and intellectual, and was at first beloved by her husband. But a gulf was soon opened between them by the calumny of a man named **La Brosse**, an upstart favourite of **Philip**, who accused **Mary** of having poisoned **Louis**, the son of her predecessor **Isabel**. **Philip** imprisoned the queen, and treated her with rigour. But her brother, then Duke of **Brabant**, came forward in her defence; and after a searching examination, **La Brosse** was convicted (by the confession of one of his tools) of the young prince's murder, and was hanged. **Mary** was honourably acquitted; but she had suffered severely in mind and in health, from the trials and indignities to which she had been exposed. After **Philip's** death she lived in a close retreat from the world. One of her daughters, **Margaret**, was the second wife of **Edward I.** of **England**.

Philip IV. (the Fair). 1285.

His queen was **JOAN**, daughter of **Henry** King of **Navarre**. She had great talents, and a taste for the fine arts; and seems to have escaped, in great degree, the sorrows of the crown matrimonial of France. But she had only attained the age of thirty-three at her death. One of her daughters, **Isabel**, was married to **Edward II.** of **England** subsequently to her mother's decease.

We come now in order of time to four Burgundian princesses (two pairs of sisters), whose respective husbands filled the throne of France in succession, under the titles of **Louis X.** (**le Hutin**), **Philip V.** (**the Tall**), **Charles IV.** (**the Handsome**), and **Philip VI.** (**de Valois**). These ladies were **MARGARET** and **JOAN**, daughters of **Robert II.** Duke of **Burgundy**, consorts of **Louis X.** and **Philip de Valois**; and **JANE** and **BLANCHE**, daughters of **Otho** of **Burgundy**, and wives of **Philip V.** and **Charles IV.**

MARGARET was married when scarcely fifteen to **Louis X.** She was very handsome, and depraved in no ordinary degree. She, with her sisters-in-law, **Jane** and **Blanche**, inhabited the **Hotel de Nesle**, that stood on the

Seine,* and that has acquired an infamous celebrity from the scandalous revels of these beautiful but wicked young females, who are said to have caused the guests they admitted secretly to be hurled down a trap-door and drowned in the river, if they unfortunately recognised in their fair and anonymous entertainers the wives of their princes. Margaret and Blanche had selected two favourites, Norman knights and brothers, named Philip and Walter d'Aulnay. The latter had been attached to a Mademoiselle de Morfontaine, who, finding herself neglected, was inspired by jealousy to watch her fickle lover, and thus discovered the double intrigue, which soon came to the knowledge of the king (then Philip IV.) On the trial of the criminals, revelations especially disgraceful to the princesses were made. The brothers D'Aulnay were executed after being put to tortures too horrible to relate. Some persons proved to have been accessories to the royal intrigues were likewise put to death. Margaret and Blanche were degraded, and stripped of their inheritances; their heads were shaved, and they were imprisoned in a most rigorous manner in the Chateau Gaillard, about seven leagues from Rouen. Margaret was strangled by the hands of an executioner in her dungeon, by the king's order, in 1315, when only twenty-six.

BLANCHE remained a close prisoner for twelve years. She was then removed to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, but did not long survive her profession. Her two children pre-deceased her. She was never crowned as the consort of Charles IV., but the shadow of the crown matrimonial projected itself forwards, and fell upon her, as it were, by anticipation.

JANE was sentenced to imprisonment in the Castle of Dourdan. But she was the heiress of the province of Franche Comté, which her husband did not think it good policy to restore, as he should do if he divorced her. He therefore affected to believe her innocent of the charges brought against her, and applied to the parliament for her acquittal and restoration to her rank and honours. During the life of

her husband, King Philip V., Jane lived decorously; but her after years proved the truth of the former accusations; for her widowhood was a career of the utmost profligacy. She died in Flanders at the age of thirty-seven.

JOAN of Burgundy, sister of Queen Margaret, and wife to Philip VI. (de Valois), bore a very different character from that of her guilty relatives. She was prudent and virtuous, and was beloved by her husband, but had the grief to see his kingdom overrun by the English. The fate and the criminality of her sister must have given her many bitter pangs. She died at fifty-five, and was buried at St. Denis.

After the execution of Margaret in the dungeon of Chateau Gaillard, her husband, Louis X., took for his second wife CLEMENCE of Anjou. But she had been only a few months wedded when Louis died, leaving her *enceinte*. The violence of her grief brought on fever, and her posthumous child died in a few days after its birth. She herself died young, in retirement.

After the demise of Blanche in her cloister, her widower, Charles IV., married MARY of LUXEMBURG, daughter of the Emperor Henry VII. She was amiable, discreet, and beloved, and died in childbirth, aged only eighteen, in a year after her marriage.

The third wife of Charles, JANE d'EVREUX, his cousin, was worthy of the love and esteem he bestowed upon her. But she lost her affectionate husband by death after three years only of union. Jane lived to the age of sixty, and was buried at St. Denis. The crown made for her coronation was used to crown the succeeding queens of France.

On the death of Joan of Burgundy, the virtuous sister of the strangled Margaret, Philip VI. married BLANCHE of NAVARRE, then only eighteen. But her regal splendours and domestic affections were overthrown by the death of Philip, in a year and a-half after their nuptials; and she was left a widow and *enceinte* before she had completed her twentieth year. She had subsequently the misfortune to lose her only child, Blanche, in the bloom of youth. Queen Blanche lived in retirement, and died at seventy, and was buried at St. Denis.

John (the Good). 1350.

He was much attached to his estimable wife, BONA of LUXEMBURG; but the calamities of his unfortunate reign were a source of anguish to her, both as wife and queen. The realm was torn by civil factions, and devastated by the victorious arms of the English, under Edward III. Bona did not long survive the, to her, disastrous battle of Cressy, in which so many of the French nobles perished.

His second wife, the charming JANE D'Auvergne, widow of Philip de Rouvres Duke of Burgundy, had her share of sorrows, as queen, wife, and mother. She saw her royal husband defeated at all points by the English, taken prisoner at Poitiers, and carried to London, to endure a four years' long captivity; and the kingdom, in his absence, a prey to the horrible atrocities of the peasant war, called the *Jacquerie*. The dauphin, her step-son, treated her with disrespect, deprived her of the regency, and obliged her to retire to Burgundy. Her own two daughters died young; and when her husband was free to return to her, in 1361, it was with estranged affections, he having fallen in love, while in London, with a lady, to be near whom he returned to England and to captivity, in which he died. Grief shortened the days of his unhappy queen, who survived him but a year. She died in 1365, and was buried at St. Denis.

Charles V. (the Wise). 1369.

His wife, the accomplished and handsome JANE DE BOURBON, died in childbirth, leaving her husband inconsolable. Of her nine children, six had died before her. Dying in 1378, aged forty, she was buried at St. Denis.

Charles VI. (the Beloved). 1380.

He married the beautiful and depraved ISABEL of BAVARIA, notorious for her conjugal infidelities, her violence, cruelty, prodigality, and want of natural affection for her children. On account of her licentious conduct, the king caused her to be imprisoned for a time; his subsequent insanity, however, gave her power and liberty, which she abused. She was disgraced by her

intimacy with her husband's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and then with the Duke of Burgundy, the murderer of Orleans. Her favourite, Boisbourdan, was put to death by order of the king, issued in a lucid interval. Another, Saligny, was arrested by the dauphin, who confined his mother in a prison, whence she was delivered by the Duke of Burgundy, in arms. France was overrun by the English, and deluged with blood by intestine factions; the people were starving, the king insane, and with his children often in want of the commonest necessities. Isabel and her son, the dauphin, detested each other; she endeavoured to poison him, and failing, negotiated, in order to ruin him with the English, for the cession of France; and made a marriage between her daughter Catherine* and Henry V. of England. On the death of the lunatic and neglected king, Isabel, despised by the English, and abhorred by the French, fell into merited poverty and desolation; and when she died, none could be found to pay any regard to her remains, which were conveyed at night in a little boat across the Seine to St. Denis, accompanied only by one priest and the boatman.

Charles VII. (the Victorious). 1422.

He married MARY of ANJOU, daughter of James II. King of Naples. She was a woman of most exemplary conduct, good sense, and religious feelings, and was at first much esteemed by Charles, till he was alienated from her by his mistresses; then he treated her with the utmost disdain, and would not even speak to her; and his favourites (with the exception of the celebrated Agnes Sorel), emboldened by his example, behaved to the queen with great indignity. Yet she endured all with uncomplaining meekness, and declined the advice of her friends to withdraw from court, the scene of her griefs, lest it should injure the king with his people, who were suffering deeply from the English armies in their country; and, to add to her griefs, her son, Charles of Normandy, was poisoned. After the death of the king, Mary founded twelve *chappelles ardentes*, with twelve priests in each, to pray night

* Her daughter Isabel had been previously married to Richard II. of England, who was dethroned by the father of Catherine's husband.

and day for the repose of his soul. She died in 1463, and was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XI.

The first wife of this bad man was MARGARET, daughter of James I. of Scotland. She was witty and accomplished, but had no personal attractions, and was disliked and ill-treated by Louis. Having been calumniated, and without redress, by a gentleman named Count James de Tilly, she fell ill from chagrin, and was so weary of her sad existence, that she refused to take any remedy to save her life, saying, "Fie upon life! let no one speak of it to me any more." Mary died childless, and very young. She was never queen; but being dauphiness, was queen expectant; and the crown matrimonial had cast its dark shadow forwards.

The second wife of Louis, and his crowned queen, was CHARLOTTE, daughter of Louis Duke of Savoy. She was amiable, meek-spirited, and modest; yet her evil-minded husband treated her not merely with unkindness, but with brutality. He insulted her by his numerous infidelities, and kept her in such poverty, that her food was scanty and coarse, and her apparel mean and patched. When he was at war with the Duke of Burgundy, suspecting the queen to be well inclined to the interests of his adversary, he imprisoned the unfortunate Charlotte in the Chateau of Amboise, where she suffered still greater distresses than ever. Of six children, she buried two sons and a daughter young. Her constitution was so broken by the inroads of penury and constant vexation, that she died in three months after the decease of the tyrant. Her tomb at Clery was broken open and profaned by the Hugonots in the subsequent religious wars.

Charles VIII. (*the Courteous*). 1443.

His consort was ANNE, only child of Francis II. Duke of Brittany—a princess distinguished by brilliant advantages of mind and person. She was at first attached to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII., but was re-

quired to relinquish him, in order to marry Charles VIII., to whom she made an affectionate wife. In her early years some clouds dimmed her horizon; but subsequently her sky was calm and bright. Charles was, for some time, a negligent and unfaithful husband; and she lost all her children, three sons and a daughter, in infancy; the loss of the young dauphin, in particular, afflicted her severely. At the close of his life, Charles became more sensible of his wife's merits, and more endeared to her; and she grieved sincerely at his premature death. But her destiny was prosperous: she retained her rank as queen consort, by becoming the wife of her first love, the Duke of Orleans, who succeeded Charles on the throne; and over the heart and mind of Louis she ever preserved a strong influence. Yet she died early, in childbirth, when she had scarce numbered thirty-eight years; she was buried at St. Denis. The predecessor of ANNE, with Louis XII., had been JOAN, the sister of Charles VIII., and daughter of Louis XI., whom Louis, when Duke of Orleans, had been reluctantly forced to marry when the princess was but twelve years old. This ill-fated lady was remarkably plain, and even somewhat deformed; but wise, pious, good, and tender; and was, unhappily for her peace, affectionately attached to a husband to whom she was an object of dislike.* She was allowed, for a brief space, the empty title of queen, of which Louis XII. was in haste to despoil her, for the sake of her brilliant rival, her brother's widow, Anne of Brittany. The new king assembled a council to sanction his divorce from Joan; and the proceedings took a peculiar course, that were torture to the mind of a delicate and sensitive princess. After her divorce was pronounced, Joan retired to the Convent of the Annunciation at Bourges, where she lived in the odour of sanctity, and died at the age of forty-one.

The third wife of Louis XII. was MARY, daughter of Henry VII. of England—an unwilling and sorrowful bride, constrained to marry, in the bloom of seventeen, an infirm old king,

* Madame de Genlis's Novel, "*Jeanne de France*," of which this princess is the heroine, in representing Louis XII. as cherishing any tender feelings for her, deviates from the general testimonies of history. Scott's "*Quentin Durward*" conveys more truthful impressions of his sentiments..

while her heart was given to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Her love for Brandon, who had accompanied her to France, was discovered by the Countess of Angoulême, whose son Francis was heir to the crown, Louis having no male offspring; and the young queen had the mortification to find herself placed under a rigorous and humiliating *surveillance*, established by Madame d'Angoulême, who had determined to keep watch over her conduct. However, the death of Louis, after a brief union of only three months, terminated her restraint, and her unwelcome royalty. She wedded her first love; but numbered no more than thirty-seven years at her death.

Francis I. 1515.

His first queen, CLAUDE, daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany—amiable and mild, but not handsome—was neglected by her husband for his many mistresses. Of seven children, she lost four, and died forsaken and spirit-broken at twenty-five, and was buried at St. Denis. Her successor was the handsome and accomplished ELEANOR, sister of the Emperor Charles V., and widow of Emanuel King of Portugal. Notwithstanding all her attractions, she received neither attention nor respect from Francis; who, ungrateful to her for all her exertions to maintain peace between him and the emperor, seemed as though he studied to distress her by his public and various profligacies; and she was, in particular, deeply pained by the ostentatious appearance of the Duchess d'Etampes (Anne de Pisseleu) at court. Eleanor felt the sorrow of being separated from her first lover, Frederick, brother of the Elector Palatine—of losing an amiable, respectable husband, who loved her, and whom she esteemed—and of being parted for ever, by state policy, from her only child, the Portuguese infanta, Maria, on account of her marriage with the French king, who proved to her so unworthy a husband. After the death of Francis, Eleanor, weary of court life, devoted herself to religious observances.

Henry II. 1547.

His queen has left a detestable memory in the records of Europe. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, daughter of Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, and niece of Pope Clement VII., handsome,

talented, and wicked, in a corrupt and turbulent time, seems to us like a blood-red meteor gleaming from a black and stormy sky. By her own criminal conduct she gave a pretext to her husband for his undisguised infidelities with ladies who were more the queens of his court than his wife was permitted to be, and she was often threatened with divorce. Catherine, ambitious to reign under her son's name, wickedly strove to incapacitate her children from power by a bad education; she indulged them in idleness; early initiated them into luxury and licentiousness; and seared their feelings by bringing them to behold, as spectacles, criminals tortured and executed, and animals tormented. But as she sowed she reaped. Her sons, broken in constitution from their dissipated habits, died early, and without heirs; by which she saw the sceptre pass into the hands of Henry of Navarre, whom she detested, the husband of her daughter Margaret, who was scorned by that husband for her profligacy, the result of her education; and she saw her innocent daughter Elizabeth unkindly treated by her morose consort, Philip II. of Spain, who suspected a female brought up under the auspices of Catherine de Medicis. After the death of her husband (killed in a tournament), Catherine fomented the feuds of the Guises and the Montmorencies, that distracted France; and instigated her son, Charles IX., to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; which subsequently so preyed upon his mind, that on his death-bed he drove her from his presence with horror. His brother and successor, Henry III., being defeated by the League, and obliged to quit Paris, in consequence of his mother's intrigues and bad advice, forbade her to re-appear at the council, reproaching her with such severity, that irritation, at the words of the only child she had really loved, brought on a fever of which she died; despised for her lapses from virtue, and execrated for her many cruelties. She was buried at St. Denis.

Francis II. 1559.

This only amiable son of Catherine de Medicis, was married at fifteen to the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, who had been educated with him in France. They tenderly loved each other; but in two years after their

marriage, and one year after coming to the throne, Francis died childless, to the great grief of his young widow. Mary frequently indulged and solaced her affliction by composing little poems to his memory, and singing them to her lute. As a specimen of these effusions, we translate one of the shortest with which we are acquainted :—

When slumbering on my couch I rest,
In dreams thou still art near ;
My hand by thine is warmly prest,
Thy kind voice glads mine ear.
By night, by day, in good or ill,
Repose or toil, thou 'rt with me still.

It was with deep regret that Mary, compelled by the machinations of the queen-mother, Catherine (who dreaded the influence of her talents and her beauty at court), found it necessary to leave France, which she loved as the scene of her youthful happiness, and return to Scotland. The crown matrimonial of France had fallen from her head, yet its thorns clave to her, even when she crossed the seas ; for much of her subsequent and well-known misery is attributable to her French education, and to the manners and ideas she had learned in the French court, which had unfitted her for the more sober and decorous country of her birth.

Charles IX. 1560.

ELIZABETH, his consort, and daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was good, sensible, and pious ; but though respected by the king, she was very unhappy. The profligate court was a scene shocking to her piety and purity, and she lived in it, but not of it, a very solitary life ; seldom speaking, and then only in Spanish, her vernacular tongue. Though she bore meekly with the mistresses whom her husband paraded before her, she was deeply hurt by his infidelities. Charles, on his death-bed, confessed himself unworthy of so amiable a wife, and regretted the sorrows he had caused her ; sorrows which left such enduring traces on her mind, that though young when widowed, she retired into a perfect seclusion, refusing the proffered alliances of the kings of Spain and Portugal, and founded at Vienna a convent, in which she devoted herself to religious exercises till her death, at the age of thirty-eight.

Henry III. 1574.

His wife, Louisa, daughter of Louis Duke of Mercœur, of the house of Lorraine, had a cheerless lot. She was separated from her lover, the Count de Solm, to whom she was about to be united, and wedded a man who, though at first dazzled with her beauty, soon wearied of her melancholy and of her inanimate manners ; and the queen dowager, Catherine, by her mischievous interposition, estranged him still more from his fair bride. Louisa had the misfortune to lose her only child at its birth ; and the murder of the Guises, her beloved relatives, by the treachery of her husband, filled her with horror. She felt great indignation at the insolent conduct of Henry's mistresses at court ; and he, in revenge for her complaints, dismissed all her attendants, leaving her in a state of solitude. She sunk into melancholy, became negligent of her dress and appearance, and seemed anxious to forget she was a queen. After the murder of Henry, by James Clement, Louisa dedicated her life to religious seclusion, imposing on herself so many pilgrimages and austerities, that she shortened her days by them, and died 1601.

Henry IV. (the Great). 1589.

MARGARET DE VALOIS, his first wife, daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, corrupted at an early age from the bad examples around her, was noted for her abandoned conduct ; yet her beauty and her talents won for her much admiration and even literary homage. Political considerations occasioned her marriage with Henry of Navarre, when her heart was devoted to the Duke of Guise : an ill-omened marriage, celebrated hurriedly and without the usual regal pomp, and stained soon after with the blood of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Margaret and Henry hated each other for their mutual infidelities. To compel her to consent to a divorce, that he might marry his favourite, Gabrielle D'Étrées, Henry treated Margaret with contempt, exposed her to want, allowed his mistresses to insult her, and at last imprisoned her in the Castle of Usson, where she suffered great privations. After the death of Gabrielle, Margaret yielded her consent to her divorce, retaining, however, the useless title of queen, but seeing the real regal honours

transferred to her successor, Mary de Medicis. Margaret lived to behold the annihilation of her house, and even the extinction of the name of Valois; all her flatterers forsook her; she existed poor and neglected; and solaced herself partly in devotions, partly in revelries unsuited to her age, sex, and position; and partly in composing poems and memoirs commemorative of her many lovers, several of whom died violent deaths. She is said to have habitually worn a large farthingale with numerous pockets, and in each pocket a box containing the embalmed heart of some one of her deceased favourites. As she advanced in years she became hypochondriac and gloomy, and died at the age of sixty-three. She composed for herself an epitaph,* from the original French of which we make the following translation:—

EPITAPH.

This flower of Valois' tree, in which hath died
A name so many monarchs bore with pride,
Marg'rot, for whom fair wreaths the Muses
wove,
And laurels flourish'd in the classic grove,
Hath seen her wreaths, her laurels wither'd
all,
Hath seen at one rude stroke her lilies fall.
The crown that Hymen in too fatal haste
Upon her brow 'mid wild disorders placed,
The same rude stroke to earth hath cast;
and now
Despoil'd she lives, like wind-swept, leafless
bough.
She, noble phantom, shade of what had
been,
A wife, but husbandless—a realmless queen,
Linger'd amid the relics of life's fire,
And saw her name before herself expire.

Margaret was buried at St. Denis.

In the Anthology of Constantine Cephalus we have met with a Greek epitaph (by Antipater) on an unfortunate bride, which contains a few lines singularly applicable to the disastrous marriage of Margaret de Valois, in which both bride and bridegroom were equally unwilling, and which was peculiarly calamitous, as the prelude to, and the signal for, the carnage of St. Bartholomew. That the reader may judge of the applicability, we give our translation of the Greek lines:—

Cans't thou, O sun! this vast calamity
With patience see!—Woe worth yon nuptial
torch;
Whether it were unwilling Hymen's hand,
Or willing Pluto's, lighted up its blaze.

MARY DE MEDICIS, second queen of Henry IV., and daughter of Francis Grand Duke of Tuscany, was very unhappy. She was eclipsed in her own court by her husband's mistress, the Marchioness de Verneuil, who publicly treated her with disrespect, and mimicked her Italian accent and manner. The queen complained of the favourite's insolence, and her remonstrances caused violent quarrels between her and the king, who frequently threatened to divorce her, and illegitimise her son, the dauphin, in order to marry the marchioness. Mary's temper was soured, and her mind rendered irritable by her constant vexation and apprehension. After Henry's assassination she had the affliction to see her friends, the Marquis Concini and his wife, put to death by the order of her son; by whom, also, she herself was twice imprisoned on account of her disagreement with his prime minister, Richelieu. She witnessed the misery of her daughter, Henrietta Maria, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and she became an outcast. Dismissed from England by Cromwell; obliged to quit Holland from Richelieu's influence; denied by her son a shelter in Paris, where she had reigned, she retired to Cologne, where, deserted by all, she suffered such poverty that, in the last winter of her life, she could not purchase fuel, but was obliged to burn her scanty furniture. Her privations brought on dropsy, of which she died. We have ourselves stood in front of the plain-looking, mediocre house in Cologne, occupied by the exiled queen before she retired to the convent in which she died, and have recalled to memory the expressive epitaph composed upon her fate: we offer the reader our translation of it from the original French:—

EPITAPH.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

The Louvre saw my splendours—like a star
My husband's deathless glory shone afar:

* This epitaph is in Margaret's handwriting, in one of her MS., preserved in the "Bibliothèque du Roi" at Paris. An ecclesiastic once falsely claimed the authorship of it, the merit of which has been established to belong only to Margaret.

Two kings* my daughters wed: my son's
proud name

Shall live in light upon the page of fame.
Ah! who amid my grandeur could foresee
An exile's death, a foreign grave for me?
Cologne, thou guardian city of the Rhine!
That gav'st a tomb† to this poor frame of
mine,

If e'er the passing stranger seeks to know
The tale of all my greatness, all my woe,
Tell him, a queen lies in this narrow space,
Whose blood runs warm in many a royal
race;

Yet, in her dying hour, bereaved and lone,
No spot of earth had she to call her own.

Louis XIII. 1610.

His wife, the handsome and majestic ANNE of AUSTRIA, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, was married at fifteen to a cold, unfeeling man; and they lived in a constant state of estrangement, increased by the mischievous interference of Mary de Medicis, who took pains to incense her son against his young wife. Anne was accused of participation in a conspiracy of the Prince of Condé to dethrone Louis. She endured the humiliation of being reprimanded in open court; and was often moved to bitter tears by the sarcasms of Louis, who dismissed all her Spanish suite, and thus rendered her very solitary. Even her correspondence with her father, her only solace, was interrupted; her papers seized, and herself imprisoned for a time at Chantilly, on an accusation of Richelieu, that she revealed the affairs of France to her father. Her married life was joyless; her regency, in her widowhood, stormy. The revolt against her minister, Mazarin, forced her to quit Paris, and she endured much personal privation. At the close of her life (painfully terminated by cancer), she was consoled by the filial love of her son, Louis XIV.; but she forms no exception among the unfortunate queens of France. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XIV. (the Great). 1615.

He married MARIA THERESA, niece of Anne of Austria, and daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. Though mild, amiable, and affectionate, she never

possessed her husband's love, but was slighted for a constant succession of mistresses, whose presence in her court was a continual outrage to her feelings. She lost the greater number of her children very young, and died broken-hearted at forty-five. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XV. 1715.

His wife, MARIA CHARLOTTE LECKZINSKA, daughter of Stanislaus I., the unfortunate King of Poland; was attached to the Count d'Etrées, an officer of the garrison of Weissenburg, where the Polish king and princess resided during their exile; and she was on the point of being united to him, when her hand was demanded for the King of France. She spoke six languages, was fond of painting, and had various accomplishments. Her prospects of conjugal happiness were soon destroyed by the depraved French courtiers, male and female, who made it their task and their triumph to seduce the king from her. Her feelings were wounded by seeing his meretricious favourites appointed to places at court which brought them into contact with her. She mourned over the untimely graves of her son, the dauphin, and his young wife, and several of her children. The sad and forsaken queen endeavoured to amuse her mind by writing, drawing, and working for the poor, but she would never give fêtes. Grief for the tragical end of her father (burned to death by his robe-de-chambre taking fire), occasioned an illness of which she died, 1768. She was buried at St. Denis. *

Louis XVI. 1774.

The woes of his beautiful and most ill-fated wife are familiar to the world as "household words." The name of MARIE ANTOINETTE recalls, rapidly and vividly, as a flash of lightning, agonies so varied, so intense, so uncommon, that the mind is struck with wonder, horror, and compassion, at the hundredth repetition, even as at the first recital. As "all rivers run into the sea, yet it is not full," so the floods of affliction flowed upon her

* Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria; and Philip IV. of Spain married Elizabeth.

† Her body was subsequently transferred to St. Denis.

from all sides, yet the ocean of her misery was never full till the last moment of her cruel martyrdom; and the tale of her sufferings, like an ocean, infinite and perennial, has never been exhausted, though the theme of a thousand pens.

Napoleon. 1804.

The smooth brow to which the blood-stained diadem of Marie Antoinette was transferred, seemed for a season exempted from the ordinary fatality. JOSEPHINE was happy in her children; happy in her imperial husband's love and his glory; happy in her extraordinary elevation; happy in the respect of her court, where no unblushing rival dared, as in former reigns, to parade within the circle of the fair sovereign. But the unseen and unsuspected thorn within the crown matrimonial worked its way. Who knows not the anguish of that unmerited and ungrateful divorce, to which she was forced to consent, by the man whom she had materially served, and whom she had so affectionately loved?

Her Austrian successor could not be accounted otherwise than unfortunate, since early deprived of empire, parted for ever from a husband whose sincere wish it had been to render her happy, and bereaved by death of her amiable son, if she had but possessed ordinary sensibility. But cold, apathetic, and selfish, MARIA LOUISA evinced but little feeling for her every way blighted boy — none for his imprisoned and fallen father; and her subsequent connexion with her one-eyed chamberlain, Count Neipperg, disentitles her to our respect or sympathy. Doubtless the reader will remember how Byron has characterised her heartlessness in his "Age of Bronze," in the sarcastic lines that conclude thus:—

"Her eye, her cheek betray no inward strife,
And the ex-empress grows as ex a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare man's feelings when their own are
Jests?"

Louis Philippe. 1830.

But who shall withhold his pity from the respectable ex-queen, AMELIA, the last, and still living victim of the crown matrimonial of France? She,

in her domestic affections, was happy till the diadem pressed her temples: then, she was destined to weep over the graves of her eldest son (Duke of Orleans), snatched away in the prime of manhood, and of her lovely daughter, Marie, in the bloom of youth, with her nuptial garland just wreathed; and at last to fly into a foreign land with her husband, from the rage of his revolted nation; and to remain in exile, widowed and dethroned.

And now, reader, have we not laid before you a black catalogue of those who have worn the crown matrimonial of France? Out of sixty-seven royal and imperial consorts, there are but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; thirteen were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the remainder. All those who were buried at St. Denis—about twenty* in number—were denied the rest of the grave; their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionised populace, and then flung into a trench, and covered with quick-lime.

Does history show any parallel to this list of queens and empresses in any civilised country? With pride and pleasure we contrast with it our English history; for though several of our queens have had sorrows, the number of the sufferers is smaller, and their griefs were (generally speaking) of a more chastened kind. Nor has the English diadem been disgraced by so many examples of wickedness, nor by turpitude of so deep a dye: and how few are the divorces—none since the Conquest save in the reign of *one* king. We are not about to investigate the causes of the fatality so evidently attending the crown matrimonial of France, with whatever idiosyncrasy, so to speak, in the nation or in the court it may be connected; nor *why* the dark shadow should spread into other lands when their sovereigns ally themselves with French royalty. But we cannot help observing the remark-

* This number only refers to the royal consorts from the time of Charlemagne; others of earlier date were buried at St. Denis, and subsequently exhumed.

able fact, that the shadow has rested upon our British crown when shared with a daughter of France. The two persons among our queens consort notorious for their wickedness, were both French princesses, Eleanor of Aquitaine, divorced by Louis VII., and married by Henry II. of England; and Isabel (daughter of Philip IV. and Jane of Navarre), the faithless and cruel wife of our Edward II.—she whom Gray has apostrophised:—

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled mate."

Richard II., husband of the gentle child-queen Isabel de Valois (daughter of Charles VI. and Isabel of Bavaria) was dethroned and murdered. Henry V. survived his marriage with Isabel's sister, Catherine de Valois, but two years; and on his death, in the flower of manhood, England's glory was long obscured; and from the second marriage of the same Catherine, descended Henry VIII., the greatest tyrant that

ever oppressed this realm. Charles I., husband of Henrietta Maria (daughter of Henry and Mary de Medicis), was beheaded. Constance of Provence, Isabel of Angoulême, and Margaret of Anjou, the partners of the troubled reigns of Henry III., John, and Henry VI., though not daughters of French kings, were, nevertheless, French women.

In retracing the miseries of the unfortunate royal marriages of France, our memory has involuntarily and naturally recurred to the familiar lines of Horace, descriptive of unions of an opposite character. If any one wishes to adopt those lines, as a good augury for the new "imperial bride," whatever doubts we may feel, we will not in courtesy gainsay him:—

"Felicis ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimonitis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die."*

M. E. M.

LECTURES AT MECHANICS' INSTITUTES—LORD CARLISLE—LORD BELFAST.

"Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, a Course of Lectures by the Earl of Belfast," is the title of a volume lately laid on our table. The name is one well calculated to excite attention, and the preface, which tells us that "the lectures were delivered in the Music Hall, Belfast, in the month of March, 1852, for the benefit of the library fund of the local Working Classes' Association," is of itself enough to disarm criticism. The volume is inscribed to the Earl of Carlisle, whose exertions in aiding the education of all classes of society have done him so much honour, and have been productive of so much good. Most of our readers must be familiar with the account of his travels in America, his narrative of which was first communicated in the form of lectures at Mechanics' Institutes in the north of England,

and has since been published in one of the little books which, by their cheapness, tempt railway travellers to purchase, and which are more sure to find attentive readers than if they had been brought before the world in the sumptuous quartos of a former day. In the same unambitious form were also published his comments on the poetry of Pope and of Gray, which were first read or spoken by him before one or more of the mechanics' institutes or working men's associations.

Such readers as have the opportunity of referring to the beautiful little book entitled "Claims of Labour," or even to our very imperfect account of it, will find a statement that the effect of the changes, which society has undergone during the last two or three centuries, has been each day to separate the classes, of which it consists, from

* "Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bond unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life."—FRANCIS AND PRE'S *Horace*.

† DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Jan. 1845.

each other more and more. Look through any of the books which describe ancient manners—Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," for instance—and see how much has passed away in which a more easy intercourse between classes tended to increase the kindliness of each to the other. The very study of books tends to isolate us. The ancient Church festivities, and the parodies of these festivities, which were a part of manners as much as the more sacred solemnities—the Boy Bishop, and the Abbot of Misrule, and the Devil in the Mysteries and Mummeries—brought all persons together to the same common enjoyment. The distinctions of rank were not forgotten, but there was to all the same share in a common enjoyment. All this has passed away. Other times and other thoughts have succeeded. The Book of Sports is no longer a part almost of the religion of the people. We have no wish to recall that past; we have no doubt that, on the whole, society has gained; and so far from that gain having been at the expense of those whom we conventionally call the lower classes, it is our opinion that those classes—considered as classes—have on the whole gained, but that something of the happiness of society has, both to the rich and the poor, been lost—something for which, if it could not be preserved, it would at least be well to seek such compensation as changed circumstances enable us still to attain.

It is a delight to us to see such men as the author of the "Claims of Labour;" as the Earl of Carlisle, and, we may add, as the Earl of Belfast, active in the mission of humanity. There can be no doubt that, wherever the essays of the first-mentioned writer are known, they have been productive of great good—that they have pressed, upon the heart and conscience of many, a sense of duty, which, urged by a less earnest or less gentle monitor, would probably have indolently slumbered, satisfied with benevolent dreams, and never wakened into action. Lord Carlisle has, perhaps, even done yet more, as there is something in the living voice, and eye, and gesture, more than in the mute eloquence of books. And it is probable that his example and encouragement in parts of the country where he possesses political and territorial influence, have brought numbers to aid

in the good cause of education, who would otherwise have silently allowed the working classes to effect what they could for themselves, satisfied that they were doing fully enough, if they did not interrupt.

It would appear that Lord Carlisle has for many years delivered lectures at the several mechanics' institutes through Yorkshire; and there are few books which convey more information on topics of general literature than the little shilling volume of his addresses which the Longmans have issued in "The Travellers' Library." But of greater value than any amount of pleasure or instruction that may be derived from the book is the example thus given, and which has had many followers. Dickens and Bulwer Lytton have aided in the good cause. Robert Ferguson, son of the member for Carlisle—who is himself president of the mechanics' institute of Carlisle—has, in their hall, given, in popular lectures, the best account of Austria and its institutions that we know. We believe, but are not quite sure, that the substance of his volume of Eastern travels, which, in spite of its fantastic title ("the Pipe of Repose"), deserves to be classed with the works of Warburton and Kinglake, was first delivered in the form of lectures. Through Lord Carlisle's addresses, the cultivation of our higher nature, by means of the Fine Arts and of Poetry, is impressively urged; and there is no reason whatever why these should be exclusively the birthright and heritage of the rich. Through the Fine Arts and Poetry, rather than in any other way, is it felt that mankind are all of one blood—

"One touch of Nature doth make all men kin."

The language of our true nature is that of poetry. In one of these addresses, Lord Carlisle suggests what we think might lead to great good—the mere reading aloud of some great poem—the "Paradise Lost;" the "Iliad" in one of the English translations; a play of Shakspeare's. Why not extend this—why not a novel of Lever's, or Miss Edgeworth's? The comfort of a warm and well-lit room, with such enjoyments, will soon put an end to ale-house junkettings and such excitements.

Scotland was, we believe, the birth-place of these Institutions; but we are

not sure that their success has been as great, or their influence as beneficial as in the north of England. There is some difficulty in making them direct schools of instruction for the adult, and the education of the young is provided for or assisted in many other ways. The danger to be chiefly guarded against is, the communication of superficial information. Still, even this is better than none, and its diffusion is likely rather to cure than create idle vanity. There will, no doubt, be showy lectures on mesmerism, and phrenology, and such things—which, if they do no great good, will yet do little or no harm; and amusement is itself a good. It is wonderful to how much our strong perception of this great truth—unrevealed to statisticians and benevolent Quakers, and the race of philanthropists and antiphilanthropists—reconciles us. Even laughing at a lecture—so that the laugh be not very loud or long—is no unpleasant or unprofitable thing.

In these reunions at mechanics' institutes, we do not ask for the very best information on any subject. The better we can get, the more shall we be pleased; but as the cheerful guest will not contradict his host who is passing off a bottle of claret for Burgundy, but affirms, without giving the wine a name, that "it is good wine of its kind," so we, on these occasions, take what we can get, and are thankful. A short lecture from a lord may be better than a long one from a mechanic; still, when we go to these places—attendance on which we rather preach vehemently than practice actively—we should like sometimes to hear lords lectured as well as lecturing. The thing, however, is a good thing—a very good thing; and if of moment in Scotland and in England, of how much greater moment is it in Ireland. What Lord Carlisle, and Helps, and Ferguson, with the aid of Dickens and Bulwer Lytton, and others, are doing in England, Lord Belfast is doing in Ireland. He had, we ought, perhaps to say, been anticipated at Belfast, by Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Napier, who both delivered lectures at the same rooms, for the same objects; and in Limerick similar efforts were successfully made by the late Sir Aubrey De Vere.

We are glad to find a young Irish nobleman engaged in the good cause. Our mentioning him in connexion

with the distinguished men whom we have just spoken of, is almost forced upon us, not merely from the circumstance of all being engaged in what is substantially the same work, but because they may be said to feel themselves as co-operating with each other in it. Lord Belfast's work is, as we have said, dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle, as is also the "Friends in Council," of one of the other writers whom we have mentioned.

There can, we think, be no doubt that the bringing together the various ranks of society, has upon all a humanising influence. This has made the theatre, at all times felt—in spite of much that we could wish changed for the better, and with all its permitted license—to be, upon the whole, of no doubtful benefit to society. In one of Lord Morpeth's addresses to the Leeds Mechanics' Institute—we like to speak of him under the name by which he was known among us—after endeavouring to excite his auditors to the "exercise of active virtue," he adds:—

"I believe there is scarcely anything which might not be attained, if we could only one and all of us determine to rise up to what we might be; if it could only be felt thoroughly by every one of us, no matter how humble his place, or how contracted his sphere, that each one has his own appointed work and mission,—not, assuredly, by indulging in any puffed-up opinion of his own capacity, and endeavouring to escape from his natural place or his allotted business, but by constant and conscientious perseverance, in which he might do much, very much, to smooth all the troubled elements of the daily life around him, and to aid the general welfare and advancement of his species. I believe that there is nothing at once so ambitious, and yet so humble, as duty; and it is the true, the practical, the Christian philosophy to endeavour rightly to apportion and attempt the ambition and the humility. It is because I believe that labour affords the main occasion and chief exercise-ground of duty, and because I see what labour has already done, and stretch my eyes forward to the yet greater things which it has to do in the world, that I said that if I had lived in the olden times, I should have been ready to build temples and altars in its name. But when I give this merited praise to labour, I believe, at the same time, that, with a view to the interests of labour itself, with a view to its vigorous, and permanent, and cheerful exercise, we ought not to exact too excessive and engrossing a service; but that breaks and relaxations are desirable, and salutary, and even necessary, to its own proper deve-

lopment and support. It is, therefore, that I love to read occasionally of the expeditions made by the monster trains which convey large numbers far away from the smoke and confinement of their own streets and shops, to see whatever may be worthy of note, upon the many points of that great net-work of railways by which we are in the process of being surrounded,—to the crowded quays of Liverpool or the gothic aisles of York; and I should not repine—let me say it with the peace of Mr. Wordsworth—if a protracted line of railway should, on some sunny afternoon, carry a large bevy of the tradesmen of Leeds to the soft margin of Windermere or Ullswater. It is on the same ground that it has given me peculiar pleasure to have the privilege of witnessing and sharing the celebration of this evening, in the midst of such a community as I have already adverted to, and in the presence of such a company as that which I now see around me. It has, indeed, fallen to my lot often to be present at what are termed fashionable amusements in various quarters of the globe, and I have always found that they are pretty much the same thing wherever in the world it might be—whether amongst the courtier circles of St. Petersburg, or the republican dandies of New York. I do not mean to assume any very severe or moralising tone with respect to the attempts of people to amuse or enliven themselves; but I must say that I have generally found these very polished amusements to be rather listless, unmeaning, and unsatisfying things, where people seemed to come because they had nothing better to do, and to find it a great relief when it was time to go away. But an assembly like this, confined to no class or walk in life, comprising very many of what are termed the middle and labouring classes of society, those who keep the business of daily life really going, brought and kept together by no other tie than the love of knowledge, the wish to attain it and to communicate it, to acquire for themselves and to dispense to others the reciprocal benefits of instruction and advancement—this, to say nothing of its being more useful and more ennobling, seems to me a far fresher, livelier, heartier thing, than the high-flying entertainments I have adverted to—the morning battue or the midnight polka."

In another address (Wakefield, May, 1844), we find him addressing the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes:—

"In your busy and engrossing occupations, toiling at your daily task, and for your daily bread, you may certainly be without those opportunities and aids to advancement in study or in discovery which belong to studious ease, or to learned leisure; but it is not from these quarters that the most bril-

liant contributions to human advancement have been always made; it was not from these classes that Watt, or Brindley, or Fulton, or Burns, or Chantrey, came. In my travels on the great continent of North America, I chanced to fall in with a blacksmith in one of the interior States, who, while he most assiduously performed all the requirements of his calling, accomplished the mastery of, so as to be perfectly able to read, about fifty languages. I have just put down an extract which was made from the journal of this blacksmith linguist; it is a diary of his daily business for five days taken by chance in the course of the year. The extract is from the common-place book of Elihu Burritt, in 1838. 'June 5th. Read fifty lines of Hebrew, thirty-seven of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 6th. Read thirty-seven lines of Hebrew, forty of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 7th. Read sixty lines of Hebrew, sixty lines of Celtic, fifty-four pages of French, twenty names of stars; five hours of forging. June 8th. Read fifty-one lines of Hebrew, fifty lines of Celtic, forty pages of French, fifteen names of stars; eight hours of forging. June 10th (Sunday). 100 lines of Hebrew, eighty-five pages of French, four services at church, Bible-class at noon.' For many days he was unwell, and sometimes worked twelve hours at the forge; so that it seems that he did not come within the ten-hours' bill. Now, lest you should be tempted to think that the concerns of his handicraft interfered with or were prejudicial to his course of study, I shall subjoin a remark which was made with respect to him by Mr. Combe, the eminent phrenologist, who travelled in America, and who gave the greatest attention to the developments of the human head, and to the conditions of human health. Mr. Combe says—'One thing is obvious, that the necessity for forging saved this student's life; if he had not been forced by necessity to labour, he would in all probability have devoted himself so incessantly to his books, that he would have ruined his health, and been carried to a premature grave.'"

Lord Carlisle is not satisfied with thus praising, and thus encouraging the exertions of others. He is himself a fellow-worker with the humblest of those who toil, and with Him in whose service all toil alike. There can, we think—whatever seeming contradiction may lead us to enunciate the proposition doubtfully or to limit it—be no reasonable doubt that the education, which disciplines the faculties, and brings before the mind larger objects of contemplation than those which are forced upon it by the necessary provision for each day's wants, even though unconnected with religion, elevates the moral na-

ture of man. We should say this without hesitation, were it not that some writers, and among them Sir A. Alison, contend, or seem to contend, against the proposition, and have endeavoured to prove from statistical tables that crime increases with the increase of secular education. The fact we doubt, or, to speak more accurately, disbelieve, whatever statistical tables may say, or seem to say. But, suppose it true, it is far from deciding the question. Education for all may be desirable, even suppose it accompanied with increased crime in some. The question, however, is one which we are not now called on to discuss. Our business is with a volume or two, discussing the merits of some of the English poets, not a statistical inquiry—

"Ours is a tale of Flodden field,
And not an history!"

But why review such a work at all? It makes no high claims. A good deal of it was printed in the newspapers when the lectures were delivered, and the newspaper itself—

"The folio of four pages—happy work—
Which ~~not~~ even critics criticise,"

would not seem to be more secure from the pen of the reviewer than these lectures, written for some local purpose, and becoming a book almost by accident. But we are not sure that even the newspaper of our day is sacred from the reviewer. The newspapers of Cowper's time, were newspapers in the proper sense of the word; they did not affect any very serious criticism, nor were they subjected to it. They were but little instrumental in creating, or in displacing ministries. They were not what newspapers have since become. They gave reports, strange and imperfect reports, of parliamentary debates, from which little would be learned of what was going forward—that little calculated not to satisfy, but to excite curiosity. You had, no doubt, then, as now—

"Patriots bursting with heroic rage,
And placemen, all tranquillity and smiles."

You had public meetings; corporation orators roared,—seditious demagogues harangued—

"Cataracts of declamation thunder here—
There, forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wonders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,

And lilacs for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald—
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets;
Nectarous essences, Olympian dews;
Sermons, and city feasts and favourite airs;
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits;
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wounder—wondering for his head."

Among the advertisements of the newspaper of that elder day were, no doubt, those of the itinerant lecturer, though neither Cowper nor Crabbe have thought it necessary to distinguish them from those of other candidates for public attention, whose claims to notice fill the motley miscellany—

"Lo! where the advertising tribe succeed,
Pay to be read, yet find that few will read,
And chief the illustrious race, whose drops and pills
Have patent powers to vanquish human ills."

Physic had office alone the lofty style,
The well known boast, that served to raise a smile.
Now all the province of the tribe invade,
And we abound in quacks of every trade."

The newspaper of the days of these poets can scarcely be said to exist now. It is probable that such delight as Cowper describes welcoming the arrival of the post, was less felt in the after days of mail coaches, than when the winter evening and its comforts were ushered in by the arrival of the postboy—

"He comes—the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen
locks—
News from all nations lumbering at his back."

And the rapidity with which the railroad conveys intelligence cannot but diminish its interest. Is there any place now so remote from the stir of intercourse as to have the kind of happiness and misery intelligible, which Crabbe speaks of, in the following lines?—

"So charm the news—but we, who far from town,
Wait till the postman brings the packet down;
Once in the week a vacant day behold,
And stay for tidings till they're three days old;
That day arrives, no welcome post appears,
But the dull morn a sullen aspect wears;
We meet, but, ah! without our wonted smile,
To talk of headaches, and complain of bile;
Sullen we ponder o'er a dull report,
Nor feast the body while the mind must fast."

The newspaper of our day—which has swallowed up altogether the pamphlet of former time—bids fair to devour magazine and review. The only political discussions which are read at all are those in the papers. The review, appearing at intervals of three mortal months, is a slow coach; and everything that it used to carry is now sent by other conveyances. The magazine, moving on lighter springs, rather better horsed, and driven by smarter lads than

the old lumbering review, yet often finds itself distanced by the newspaper; and there is even in ourselves, who still hold the magazine a somewhat more convenient vehicle than either newspaper or review, some disposition to allow many of the modern books, which in one way or other reach us, to be delivered to Prince Posterity, if such be their destination, by any other conveyance than our van.

The feeling with which we regard Lord Belfast's exertions in communicating, by public lectures, his views of "the Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," may be judged by our notice of his graceful work, when reviewing Lord John Russell's "Memoirs of Moore." Still we have some hesitation in making a volume of criticism the subject of a critique. The very justness of the observations is against our doing so, as the subject on which Lord Belfast lectures is one which has been treated of by almost every person engaged in literature for the last thirty or forty years, and it was scarce possible that much of novelty could distinguish any one now bringing it before any portion of the public. That persons in humbler walks of society should be addressed by a person in his lordship's position scarce constitutes a reason, interesting as the fact, no doubt, is, and indicative of social improvement in more ways than one. The beauty of many passages in these lectures—the power of mind which they occasionally and very often exhibit, and the good sense which has subdued and controlled the expression of enthusiastic admiration, and fitted the lecturer for his office, form our chief motive for making the volume the subject of a formal review.*

The first lecture opens with a passage from Lord Jeffrey, in which he states the importance of being able to trace the sources in our own mind to which the pleasure that poetry gives is ultimately to be referred. The reader in Sterne, "who is pleased, he knows not why and cares not wherefore," is a different class of person altogether from such analytical student as the great critic imagines. He who,

"Man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land,
Contented if he can enjoy
The things that others understand,"

has no business here. The mere vague perception of natural beauty—the feeling of enjoyment from sunshine and shade, from indulgence in a dreamy mood and from modulated sound—when one is pleased rather from our own reverie being but little interrupted by any exercise of attentive thought—which, we fear, is by too many regarded as constituting the basis of the poetical character, is at all events one which will not do for him who would examine scenery for the purpose of re-producing, by any exercise of the painter's art, its effects on the eye or on the mind. Still less would it answer in the case of the analyst of poetry, whether his object be the ambitious one, which the young poet, in the strong sympathy that consciousness of kindred power cannot but produce, may have, of learning from the works of the great masters how their creations arose, or whether it be but the gratification of a reasonable curiosity, not easily satisfied, till it has learned as much as can be searched out, by patiently investigating causes and effects, of the art "unteachable, untaught." Our author seems to decline such analysis, and limits his ambition within more narrow bounds:—

"As for me, I will account it sufficient glory and reward, if I succeed in imparting to those that hear me any share of my own admiration for our immortal bards, by proving that it is based both on taste and truth.

"The requisites for a poet are many, but beyond all doubt the chief of these are *Imagination* and *Fancy*. Of these two qualities it might be said that the one builds the structure, while the other stamps upon it a delicate tracery: or, comparing them to music, that the one conceives the theme, while the other adorns it with an airy net-work of ornament that charms the ear, and enables it to follow the leading idea through subtle changes and Protean harmony.

"Imagination is cultivated by patient observation: the impressions of sense which are felt by all alike, glide off the memory of the unimaginative man, while on the mind of him who has this heaven-bestowed gift, they are reflected—not evanescently—but as it were upon a plate prepared by photographic process, to perpetuate the semblance of whatever shadow is cast thereon.

"This retaining of impressions produces a habit of accuracy in the process of imaging, that will eventually bestow a power of describing objects not before the eyes; and the poet thus acquires the power of storing

* "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." London, Longmans, 1852.

his mind with materials that enable him to produce at will an harmonious whole, which, though it be the building of his own brain, is formed of materials dug from the quarries of memory and reflection.

"This is the poet's groundwork. Then with a mind thus plentifully stored, he seeks to place some order in his thoughts. At first all is chaos and confusion; but a light, though far distant, appears, and as his thoughts begin to take a form, it seems by degrees to approach and widen its track, until a broad and even way lies patent before him; the stores of memory so ranged on either side that he plucks from them on his passage that which shall best adorn his attendant muse; while from the wild flowers which fancy strews in his path, he stoops to pick such as shall form a wreath most apt to deck her brow."

The "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," is not a strictly accurate title. The poems by which Coleridge is best known, were written before 1800; so were Wordsworth's, so were Crabbe's, and so were many of Scott's. It is also inaccurate in a different way; it is confined to the poetry of writers who are dead. Still, who has ever meditated a title-page, and found it possible to avoid inconveniences of this kind?

Of Coleridge, we are given some account of the "Ancient Mariner," and a few quotations, well calculated to give some conception of the poem. "Christabel" is scarcely mentioned; nor are we satisfied with the few words which relate to the "Ode to Dejection":—

"Of Coleridge's love of truth, mastering every other feeling, we have a curious example in his 'Lines to Wordsworth.'

"The latter had recited to him a poetical essay 'on the growth of an individual mind,' which Coleridge greatly admired. On the following evening he addressed to his brother bard a laudatory poem, in which he conveys his praise in terms that must have startled the hermit of Grasmere, whose delight was—

"'To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.'

Speaking of Wordsworth's visit to France during its revolution, he thus addresses him:—

"'For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the terror of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When, from the general heart of human kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
—Of that dear hope afflicted and struck down,

So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure,
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,

With light unwaning on her eyes to look
Far on herself, a glory to behold,
The angel of the vision!—Then (last strain)
Of duty, chosen laws' controlling choice,
Action and joy!—An orphic song, indeed—
A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!"

"But for the example of truth, of which I spoke. He says:—

"'Nor do thou,
Sage Bard, impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind.'"

"In any other man this had been arrogance; in Coleridge it was the overweening influence of truth raising him above the formal modesty: and this is perhaps the most characteristic line in all his works."

The poem "On the growth of an individual mind," which is here mentioned, is that which, since Wordsworth's death, has been published under the name of "The Prelude." It is curious how Lord Belfast has mistaken the meaning of the passage which he quotes. Coleridge speaks of his "*nobler mind*," not—as Lord Belfast supposes—thinking of it as in comparison with Wordsworth's, but in comparison with itself at an after period, when broken health and impaired energies had left it other than what it was in the period of youth and hope. The poem speaks in a tone of natural depression of spirits, of the contrast between Coleridge, as he was at the time to which Wordsworth's poem chiefly referred, and in which he is often described in language of admiration, anticipating all that might be expected from his "God-given" strength, and Coleridge, in the dejection of broken health and spirits—

"Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And, even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains,
Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe
Turbulent with an outcry in the heart;
And fears, self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope, that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in

And all which I had culled in wood-walks
wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee, had opened out but
flowers

Strewed on my corse and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin for the self-same grave!"

Sibylline Leaves.

The poetry of Kirke White next comes to the mind of our author. How suggested — whether by supposed excellence, or by real contrast — we do not well know. The caprices, however, of criticism, when the writer is of gentle mood, are as little to be accounted for as those of love itself. Some accident of a school premium, or some present from a theological godmother, may have introduced White's poems to our author. He may, perhaps, have taken him up when he ought to have been better employed, and this alone is often the cause of admiration; but some cause having but little connexion with the merits of the writer, must have raised White into the heaven of poetry in which Lord Belfast regards him as a star. We remember one similar case, James Montgomery's admiration of Dermody, whom he regarded as one of the greatest poets of later times. White's "Ode to Disappointment" is quoted, the cadences of which have a sort of desolate wail, which is not unlikely to give pleasure to an uninformed ear. It is a poem without passion or imagery — a vague, blank, vacant poem; Scriptural language supplying the absence of thought — a poem by no means unpleasing, but surely not one of any promise: —

"Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
Half whistles and half groans."

Just listen —

"What is this passing scene? —

A peevish April day!

A little sun, a little rain,

And then night steals along the plain,

And all things fade away.

Man (soon discussed)

Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him
in the dust.

"Then since this world is vain,

And volatile, and fleet,

Why should I lay up earthly joys

Where rust consumes and moth destroys,

And cares and sorrows eat?

Why fly from ill,

With anxious skill,

When soon this hand will freeze — this
throbbing heart be still?"

Some passages are then quoted from a poem which White left unfinished at his death, in which a council of demons is assembled, and speeches given there, containing some forcible lines. We think a time will come in which Lord Belfast will agree with us in thinking, that he has said too much, when he states that Kirke White's "description of Satan's return to his own kingdom, after his visit to earth, and his temptation of our Saviour, scarcely yields the palm to Milton."

From Kirke White, we pass to Wordsworth. The poems which had originally raised so loud a laugh against Wordsworth, are quoted, and Lord Belfast is among those who join in the merriment; yet something is to be allowed for the weight in the opposite scale, which ought to be given to what Coleridge has told us, that he has known in the case of each of the ridiculed poems, some one distinguished man to whom it was a peculiar favourite — a fact, which may teach us a lesson of humility; for the poems that have given more than common pleasure to such a man as Fox, one of the admirers spoken of by Coleridge, must have some value which it may possibly, if not probably, be our own fault, if we altogether disregard. Wordsworth was himself amused at some playful imitations of them, as we learn by a quotation, which our author gives from Gillies' "Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran": —

"Gillies describes a conversation with Sir Brooke Boothby, one of the greatest authorities of the day, on the subject of the then new aspirant to literary honours. 'During one of our many walks,' says Gillies, 'he inquired whether I did not think his poems very childish, and their subjects ill-chosen; to which I answered sweepingly that one subject was as good as another in the hands of a veritable poet, and that to resuscitate the feelings and impressions of childhood was an important duty. Two or three days afterwards, Sir Brooke gave me a MS. entitled "Second Childhood; or the Exercises of a Neophyte in a New School." The said exercises were two-fold; first, a long poem, in heroic numbers, detailing minutely how the author in a morning ramble met with a juvenile chimney-sweeper, who gazed wistfully upon a basket of herrings, whereupon, after a train of reflection and inquiries, Sir Brooke produced a penny, and presented three of the silver-coats to the hungry youth; secondly,

a most laughable ode on childhood, which commenced—

“Bring, O bring the cap and bells
Stuck with daffodil and daisy ;”

and of which I remember only four more lines—

“Nabby pamby, dilly dally,
Never let your thoughts aspire !
Wisdom lies in being silly,
Man was made for nothing higher.”

With these travesties no one was more heartily diverted than the great poet himself, when he found them some years afterwards in an album at my house.”

Some beautiful stanzas from his “Lines to a Daisy,” are quoted, to prove Wordsworth’s liveliness and rapidity of fancy. There is a disposition, however, to repeat the kind of censure with which the “Excursion” was first assailed :—

“The ‘Excursion,’ says he, “abounds with deep philosophical thought, and is throughout adorned with picturesque passages full of quiet and tender beauty. No one can read this poem (full though it be of incongruities, and inconsistent with all truth and probability as is the basis of the tale) without admiring the aim of the writer, and the energy with which he has struggled to build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense. How much is it to be regretted that in the onset Wordsworth should have marred all harmony or apparent truthfulness in this work, by placing such sentiments as are here beautifully expressed in the mouth of—a Scotch pedlar—who, instead of hawking his wares with a broad Gaelic accent, is made to pour forth highly wrought phrases

“Of truth and grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.”

Thus does the poet violate not only the conventional rules of poetry, but the realities of life ; for surely it is inconsistent with truth and probability that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation.”

All this is unreasonable and unjust, and is borrowed almost in words from Jeffrey, or rather has been echoed from the old laughter of the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey tells us that Mr. Wordsworth has made “his chief advocate of Providence and virtue an old Scotch pedlar, retired, indeed, from business, but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers, without his pack on his shoulders.” Long before the “Excursion” had been written, it had been

remarked, in Pinkerton’s “Letters from Scotland,” published under the name of “Heron,” that the necessity of travelling alone through thinly-peopled districts had given to this class of men a meditative and pious turn of mind ; and that when the travelling merchant first left his home to pursue this occupation, he was regarded as about to be occupied in an honourable profession, not unbecoming a gentleman ; and, on his return, when enabled to retire with something of a competence, was received as such. Conventional feeling then was probably much less offended than our lecturer, “bent beneath his load” of old Reviews, imagines, by the introduction of the vagrant merchant among the persons of Wordsworth’s philosophical poem ; and in thinking over the several occupations of life that might have been imagined as likely to produce such a character as the hero of the “Excursion,” we do not know any combining so many of the required conditions, as we meet with in the north country pedlar. The offence is in the word “pedlar”—not in any one of the associations necessarily connected with the thought. The same minds that quarrel with the word do not fall out with the Swiss itinerant who carries his basket of statues on his head ; and they probably connect a dream of amatory romance with the buy-a-broom girl. It would, of course, be impossible for us to give lengthened extracts from a poem which is within the reach of most of our readers, and thus show with how little reasonableness an objection of this kind is dwelt on. Yet we may be permitted a word. The “Wanderer,” as Wordsworth calls his pedlar, is described as a younger child of one who cultivated a small hereditary farm among the Athol Hills. His father dies while he is a child ; his mother marries the village schoolmaster. The circumstances in which he is brought up are minutely, even anxiously dwelt on. The household is brought up

“in the peaceful ways
Of honesty and holiness severe ;
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor.
Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God : the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God’s Word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.”

The employment of the boy from six years of age till eighteen, is tending cattle on the hills, during the summer

In the winter he is allowed to go each day to his stepfather's school, a fabric

"that stood-alone ;
Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Far from the sight of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock."

To the school he each day goes and each day returns alone. The character of the scenery around, the landscape and the changing heavens, impress themselves upon his mind; and thought becomes more a habit, even because he has no one to whom to communicate his impressions. From childhood he has become familiar with natural objects, and the solitude in which he lives has created at an early period of his life that intense self-communion in which, more than in all else, consists what is called genius. His feelings are associated not with the perishable objects on which those of common men are ordinarily fixed, but the glorious phenomena of outward nature—the mountains, the ocean, the midnight heavens, are impressed upon him

"with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense."

The power of abstraction attributed to him was in itself genius. The scenery amid which he lived, thus linked to his mind by meditation and suggestive thought, supplied a standard with which, consciously or unconsciously, he measured

"All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms."

Not alone does his mind expand by the habit of contemplating objects of greatness, but in this way it becomes furnished with imagery. Outward nature has properly no life of its own; such life as we ascribe to it is given by the imagination of the observer,—is in truth the observer's own mind reflected upon things without, or is the recognition by the human spirit of the presence of Deity diffused over all;—the first-breathing of what has been called natural religion.

The Wanderer is brought up with little aid from books. In early boyhood he has none, except such as tell the history of the martyrs of the Reformation and the Covenanters, and some fragments of old stories of giants, knights-errant, and demons—

"Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures
dire,

Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean-
ankled, too,
With long and ghostly shanks—forms
which once seen
Could never be forgotten."

The legendary traditions of the country—and no land is richer in such traditions—nourished Imagination;—the Affections were of somewhat later growth in his mind, and appear first to have been confined to a sort of delight in contemplating the beauty of sunrise and its effects:—

"Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds
were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love."

His lonely reveries on the mountains have a still deeper effect on his mind:—

"Oh, then, how beautiful, how bright ap-
peared
The written promise! He had early learned
To reverence the volume which displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith
. . . . all things there
Breathed immortality. . . .
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive. Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet,
was his heart
Lowly."

His occupation was that of a herdsman. He earned little more than what gave the means of his support; the parish minister's shelf supplied books with legends of martyrs and ghost stories. With something saved from his earnings, he had purchased the book which most had tempted

"his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,—
The divine Milton."

His stepfather supplied a few mathematical books, and these now became his study. But nature was still uppermost at his heart,—

"as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting
power
In all things that from her sweet influence,
Might tend to wean him. Therefore, with
her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth."

Something of what is called mysticism would seem now to have possessed his mind; and that strange state in which feeling seeks to express itself in the language of pure science. A state of mind, which if we were not prepared for much of real or seeming contradiction in the human mind, could only last for a very short season. A fine passage follows:—

“Full often wished he that the winds might
rage
When they were silent: for more fondly
now,
Than in his earlier season did he love,
Tempestuous nights, the conflict and the
sounds
That live in darkness: from his intellect,
And from the stillness of abstracted thought,
He asked repose; and I have heard him
say,
That often, failing at this time to gain
The peace required, he scanned the laws of
light,
Amid the roar of torrents, where they
sent
From hollow clefts, up to the clearer air,
A cloud of mist, which in the sunshine
frames
A lasting tablet for the observer's eye,
Varying its rainbow hues; but vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.”

In such training was his life passed till his eighteenth year, at which time he makes the effort to teach a village school, but finds that—

“The wanderings of his thought were then
A misery to him;”

And he resigns the task in despair. Then comes that occupation which gives him his designation among men, and which is a stone of stumbling even to those who are generally among the sure-footed. Is it possible that the word pedlar can have the power in any mind to overcome all the associations which have been gathered round this man, to whom a reality as strong as ever Defoe gave to one of his heroes, has been given by our great poet? and if

“The small critic wielding his delicate pen,”

is unable to raise himself above the idle prejudice, does he imagine, or can he imagine, that the better portion of his audience, the mechanics and artisans whom he addresses, will or can follow him in this fastidious-

ness? Listen to the passage in which the offensive word occurs. Think you that any one capable of understanding and enjoying it—and to understand requires but ordinary attention—will be affected by the spirit of ridicule with which it is sought to preclude any consideration of a subject which has occupied a thoughtful man's mind for many years?—

“That stern yet kindly spirit, who constrains
The Savoyard to quit his native rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,
(Spirit attached to regions mountainous,
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now
impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on
Thro' dusty ways, in storm, from door to
door,
A vagrant merchant, bent beneath his load!
Yet do such travellers find their own delight:
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times,
When squire, and priest, and they who
round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration, all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he
brought.”

In this passage—in this passage alone is the fastidious reader shocked with the offensive word. Competence and ease were the sure rewards of a life of industry which had other attractions for a youth brought up in the way we have described, and who had found himself unfitted for the profession which he had originally thought of. We believe that in the humblest walks of industry, feelings as elevated as those which Wordsworth ascribes to his pedlar are not unfrequent. We can well imagine the particular calling chosen from the class of motives which he suggests. Are we to allow ourselves to be wholly overcome, by thinking of modern manners, when the manners of an earlier period are what the poet is describing? We cannot forbear giving a few lines more:—

“From his native hills
He wandered far. Much did he see of men,
Their manners, their enjoyments and pursuits,
Their passions, and their feelings; chiefly
those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
Which, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language.”

He is free from the ordinary cares of life—his heart is disengaged—he has few sorrows of his own, and thus is prepared to sympathise with others. When the competence which his toils have earned has been obtained, he still loves to ramble among his old haunts; and a visit of this kind, and a walk of a few days among the mountains with the young poet, is the subject of the "Excursion." We feel difficulty in understanding the sort of ridicule in which the reviewers of the poem have indulged; the only answer to which, after all, is a thoughtful perusal of the work.

A hundred accidents must affect the way in which one judges of a poem; and the age at which we read a book, is not the least of these. It is not surprising, then, that Lord Belfast seems to feel more pleasure in discussing the merits of Moore than of Wordsworth. It is probable that a part of the interest which these lectures had for the audience was the recitation of striking passages from the poets about whom the lecturer was talking. We have in this way several extracts which, it at first occurred to us, ought rather to be referred to than reprinted from volumes in every library and drawing-room.

On consideration, however, we think Lord Belfast was right in printing them. We think of looking for a passage, but should it be necessary even to rise from a chair for the purpose, it will not be done. From Moore our lecturer moves on to Keats, and the poetry of Keats is the stepping stone on which he passes to that of Scott. The transition is probably accidental. Of Keats's poetry the extracts given are too few, and, besides, have the fault of being from the best-known passages. There is too much also about Keats's reviewers. From Scott's poetry the extracts are ample; they are in general passages that have been read by every one with great delight. As there is no object of illustrating peculiar views, we think the quotations are too many; but it is not improbable that the gratification of Lord Belfast's audience led to giving so many; and it is one of the praises of this book that the audience, rather than the reader of the volume, has been thought of by the lecturer.

We pass over the introduction of the third lecture, acknowledging that we do not understand what his lordship

says about poetry being the mirror of its age, and thinking that any difficulty in comprehending the matter is not lessened by a very strange passage of Lamartine, which excites our lecturer's admiration. We give it in Lord Belfast's translation, not having seen the original:—

"Poetry is man's own self—it is the instinct of the age—it is the inward echo of all his outward impressions; it is the thoughtful and feeling voice of humanity, uttered by certain men, endowed with purer minds than their fellows; a voice heard above the loud and tumultuous clamour of its generation, and which moreover endures after it, and gives to future ages a record of former wailings and of by-gone joys—of ancient deeds and past imaginings. That voice can never be stifled in the world, for it is not of man's creation. From *heaven* had it its birth, and to *heaven* did it bear aloft the first cry of humanity. It will be also the last cry heard by the Creator, when under his almighty hand his great work shall be shattered.—From him it had its birth; to him shall it return!"

These introductory sentences to each topic which he has to discuss must greatly perplex a lecturer who thinks not alone of a portion of his subject, but of the relation which that portion has to the entire. Some partial truth there generally is in remarks of this kind; but test them by the fair experiment of placing such prefaces as introducing a different portion of the subject! Lord Belfast, for instance, lauds Keats and Shelley just as much as he does Byron or Scott. Are *they* true poets only as far as they are mirrors of their time? Some meaning—not much—may be given to Lamartine's words. They are an exaggeration, if exaggeration be possible, of the kind of thinking which, first substituting abstract words for things, and then forgetting that his logic was dealing with abstractions alone, made Vico speak of the *Iliad* as not the work of a man, or any number of men, but of humanity, or of the Grecian people—we forget which—at a particular time. The lecture, however, on Byron is strikingly good; that on Shelley is also interesting; and in both there is a great deal to instruct, as well as to give pleasure.

To lectures, however, of this kind, persons come not for any purposes of direct instruction; though we think if that were more after the object both of

the lecturer and the auditors, not merely might something of instruction be given, but pleasure—much greater than any likely to be received from the mere fact of bringing a crowd together to listen to what, except there be a real interest in the subject, will be regarded as but the idle occupation of a listless hour—would be the result.

Attend one of these institute lectures. See the earnestness with which the whole auditory follow every word, every thought of any man thoroughly in earnest, and who endeavours to bring under some general principle any of the class of topics that have been strongly but obscurely before their minds. Take such questions as affect, or seem to affect, their condition in life—questions in which what are called the rights of capital or of labour are involved; assume the lecturer to sustain views opposed to what the persons brought together may regard as their interests—can inattention or disrespect be complained of? Is there not the strongest disposition fully to understand, and when an argument is fairly conducted, to admit its force, whatever may be its bearing? If the lecturer exhibits new facts, is there not the strongest desire to ascertain their full force? We have little doubt that even on political and religious questions there could be little danger, and that there would be the greatest advantage, in the fullest publicity. We believe that had the different classes of society better means of intercommunication than the newspapers give, it would be beneficial to all; and much better means will, no doubt, be found when the great importance of what has been urged by Mr. Marshal and Mr. Helps, is fully recognised. "In all plans for the education of the working classes, my object would be, not to raise any individuals among them above their condition, but to elevate their condition itself." Such is the language quoted from Mr. Marshal in the little volume entitled "*Claims of Labour*,"* and strongly enforced. The great evil which interrupts all education, is the anxiety of individuals to escape from the class in which they find themselves placed. While that anxiety furnishes the chief motive for exertion, there is

little probability of the condition of the class itself coming better. But to all classes great advantages would arise from freer and more frequent intercommunication; and the benefit resulting from this would, we think, be even greater to the higher classes than to those who are more directly supported by labour. The very intercourse itself is a process of education in which are necessarily taught, and that not slowly, lessons of self-respect, and respect for others. In Dublin, we remember some years ago that Mr. Torrens MacCullagh lectured at the Mechanics' Institute on History, and Mr. Henry Curran on Law, and in both cases found attentive auditors, not alone among the persons who might be regarded as the patrons of the Institution, but among the very humblest persons in society, whom a desire for improvement had brought together. The experience of Sir Robert Kane, who also delivered lectures at that Institution, and whose name we sometimes still see connected with its meetings, was similar. Sir Robert Kane's "*Resources of Ireland*," a book of great value, was, we believe, for the most part drawn up for the purpose of such lectures. Mr. MacCullagh's "*Lectures on History*," produced at first in the same way, is one of the most instructive books that can be placed in a young man's hands.

But we would go further than education to this extent. We should not shrink from allowing to be debated in public assemblies, consisting of the poorest as well as the wealthiest of society, and of all intermediate classes, any questions of social interest; and we feel the strongest assurance that, in a very short time, the good taste and good sense of all would avoid the class of topics which, whatever their interest to general society, affect individuals in the same way as the question of the marriage of a son or daughter, or the arrangements of a household. Thus, we think, controverted topics of religion would be altogether removed from discussion; not by any formal interdiction, but by a feeling, that in these questions the application of principles, which must always be left to individuals, rather than principles themselves, is in question; and if such sub-

* "*Claims of Labour*." Second Edition. page 45.

jects were ever inadvertently or intentionally introduced, it would be with delicacy, and in the spirit of mutual courtesy. We have great faith in free air and light—they are man's best or only security for physical health; and something that is more easily described by the words free air and light, than by any words less metaphorical, is also the best preservative of mental vigour and activity.

If there be frequent reunions in the halls of the mechanics' institutes, or elsewhere, of men of different ranks, who meet with a feeling of their common interests—of their perfect equality, notwithstanding social distinctions, and with a feeling that social distinctions have their chief value in their tendency to secure to all that absolute equality—we have little doubt, that such prejudices as now exist will gradually, and not slowly, pass away—at all events, will cease to embitter society as they now do. We would have noblemen go not alone to deliver lectures, but to listen to lectures; but by whomsoever delivered, the lectures which dealt in absolute earnestness with real subjects—which forced minds to think, and did not allow them to be merely amused with phantoms of thought—such lectures as might be expected from men like Carlyle, or Ebenezer Elliott, or the author of the "Claims of Labour," would do almost infinite good. Admit that at first a portion of the audience listened with strong antagonist prejudice—admit that their feelings and their understandings are pre-occupied, yet they have many of them done what they could to think out the subject, whatever it may be, that we assume to be one of interest to them. They cannot divest themselves of a dim suspicion that there may be something not unreasonable in the views of others, whom they behold opposing all their most cherished objects; but they also believe, that injustice is done them in there being no fair examination of their own views. They *feel*, and in the absence of any communication with men not of their own class, love to cherish a feeling, that there is no fair play for the poor. But once create a fair communication between classes, and all prejudices of this kind will be greatly lessened, if not altogether removed.

We have got into an argument which we had not anticipated, and we must return to our author.

The lectures in this volume can scarcely be described as having for their object to communicate instruction; and we are not sure whether the lecturer is not most successful in dealing with works, whose claim is that of pleasant badinage and gaiety. We have a good many extracts from Hood, and the Smiths, and Barham—of which we can well imagine the comic effect, increased by emphasis and gesticulation. Oddities of rhyme, grotesque combinations of thought, wit trembling on the verge of absurdity—buffoonery, which is every now and then almost brutal, as in the revolting story of "Lord Tomnoddy"—require very high animal spirits to enable them to be borne at all. Poems, however, which cannot be read to oneself may be read aloud, to the no small amusement of a company.

The concluding lecture deals with the poetry of Southey, of Campbell, and of Crabbe. Our estimate of Southey is essentially, and in all things, different from that of the lecturer; but to discuss the matter would lead us too far. Though a graceful writer of such matters as the accident of the day forced on the attention of a studious man, whose support was derived from his pen, Southey's true distinction was as a poet, and this will, we have little doubt, be ere long generally acknowledged. While we write, our attention is directed to a passage in which the late Mr. Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*—a true poet, too soon removed—in his lectures on the poetical literature of the past half-century, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association, has thus expressed himself:—

"Hour after hour with Southey had its allotted task, continuously, unceasingly. History, antiquities, bibliography, translation, criticism, tale, poem, political economy, statistics, politics, almost every department of knowledge, received emblazon from his able, ready, versatile, and unwearied pen. His finest phase, however, was as a poet."

Our task is concluded. The volume has given us great pleasure. Still we should feel more in seeing Lord Belfast engaged in some work of his own, than in commenting on others. Gray has told us that the worst verse is better than the best criticism that has ever been employed upon it. Limiting the proposition to criticism on poetry that

has already occupied the attention of men, and regarding it as rather a form of discouraging criticism, than as recommending the fabrication of verse, we think there cannot be a doubt of the reasonableness of what he has said. The recollection of the maxim is likely to lead to great forbearance in the expression of opinion on the subject of poetry; to save some poetry from any detailed criticism, or elaborate discussion; and above all things, to teach the critic a distrust of his own art, when dealing with poetry worthy of the name.

Again we thank Lord Belfast. His connexion with Belfast has probably led to his delivering lectures there, and we

cannot terminate our article better than by quoting the concluding sentence of his lectures:—

“But if, by drawing your attention to the subject, I have tempted any to dive deep into those golden streams of which I have shown but the surface; if I have imparted to one heart a particle of that esteem in which I hold the nation's poets; if, above all, I have added but one stone to the colossal structure of popular education, which, rising daily higher from its firm-set foundations, bids fair to lift its giant head high above prejudice, and to send forth from its most towering pinnacle a beacon-flame, to light the world around, then I am satisfied, my end will have been fulfilled!”

DAWN.

BY FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

Dawn cometh; and the weary stars wax pale
 With watching through the lonely hours of Night,
 And o'er the fathomless deep azure veil
 A sweet, uncertain smile of infant light
 Spreads softly, rippling up the starry height;
 Chasing the mists that like dark spirits flee
 Before the breath of Morn; and now more bright
 It mantles o'er the unrepousing sea,
 As when on sorrowing brows first gleams the birth
 Of joy for years estranged; then as a child,
 That, through the solemn woods at eve beguiled,
 Steals with light foot-fall, 'mid the leaves scarce heard,
 Upon a bough where rests some slumbering bird—
 So steals the silent Dawn upon the sleeping Earth!

DEATH.

Methought a change came o'er me, strange yet sweet,
 As if unmanacled a captive sprung;
 Lightness for dull incumbrance, wings for feet,
 The heavy and the weak asunder flung:
 To sink, to sail, to fly were all the same;
 No weight, no weariness; unfleshed and free;
 Pure and aspiring as the ethereal flame,
 With the full strength of immortality:
 Reason clear, passionless, serene, and bright,
 Without a prejudice, without a stain,
 Unmingled and immaculate delight,
 Without the shadow of a fear or pain—
 A whisper gentle as a zephyr's breath
 Spake in mine ear; “THIS LIBERTY IS DEATH.”

JAMES EDMESTON.

Homerton.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXIX.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH NAPIER, LL.D., Q.C.,

M.P. FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

THE subject of the present memoir is descended from the ancient Scotch family of the same name, the Napiers of Merchistown—a stock whose branches have borne fruit that are even now glorious in the annals of our country. His grandfather, about a century since, settled in the north of Ireland; and in the last week of the year in which his friend, Sir James Emerson Tennent, was born, the grandson first saw the light in Belfast—a town which has produced many great men in every department of literature and science. Amongst other eminent persons whose names have since become well known to the world, the distinguished dramatist James Sheridan Knowles soon afterwards took up his residence in that town, where he became a master in the principal educational establishment there, the Belfast Academic Institution. The sons of Mr. William Napier were placed under the care of Mr. Knowles, first as a family tutor, and then in his school; the youngest of them, at that time, being Joseph, then about six years of age. To his young pupil Mr. Knowles became quickly attracted, for he was a child of great promise, as well as of great liveliness. The early predilection soon grew into cordial affection, which thenceforth continued to increase, as the child grew to be a youth, and the youth matured into manhood, till it has ripened into a love and esteem equally honourable to both. We are in possession of some of the sentiments of Mr. Knowles, in relation to this his favourite pupil, whom he describes, in the words of a school-fellow, “as always cheerful, good-tempered, and playful; with wonderful powers of imitation, which he sometimes practised in the most amusing ways.” If there be any person in a position to form a just and impartial judgment of another, we believe that the preceptor to whom the care of youth is committed is most likely to be so. Without the partialities or prejudices that obscure the judgment of parents and relatives, he views the boy through a clear medium, untinctured with the hues of either affection or caprice. He studies his temper, his disposition, his intellect, his abilities, with the care of one who is in no small degree answerable for the formation of his character and the issue of his future life, and with the discrimination which the practice of estimating character necessarily confers. But pre-eminently qualified to form such a judgment was the preceptor of young Joseph Napier. Knowles possessed, as every one indeed must in whom the dramatic element is largely developed, the faculty of looking deep into the heart, of nicely distinguishing the shades and aspects of the human mind, and reading correctly the faint characters of all those complex, moral and intellectual instincts, when their tracery was yet illegible to the ordinary eye. We therefore offer no apology for quoting at length one or two passages from a letter, with which we have been favoured by Mr. Knowles, as the best testimony which can be brought forward:—

“If tales out of school are condemned by the boys, the master who tells them must, of course, be a pretty scamp; therefore, so far, out of respect for my own character, I keep my finger on my lips, though, truth to say, the recollections of the boy of six years old need not bring a blush into the cheek of her Majesty’s late Attorney-General for Ireland, howsoever they might disturb, more or less, his due professional gravity. You cannot cork mercury in a man, as you may in a bottle; how, then, in a child? There was one little gentleman, in one little class, who occasioned more stir in the school-room than all the rest of the pupils, big and little, put together—of course by his feats in a branch of study which was marvellously congenial to him, so as to cost him little preparation; and, consequently, to exhibit few symptoms, if any, of flagging or wearying. But I must mind what I am about!

“Young Joseph grew up a pet with his master, and, what was far more to his credit, though it did not do him all the service that might rationally have been expected, with his school-fellows. When I say ‘not all the service,’ I mean it to be understood that such favoritism did not utterly spoil him, a circumstance for which I account by suspecting that an

innate consciousness of peculiar power begot occasional fits of application, till what was desultory at first, became at last regular, by repeated experience of uniform, prideful success.

"But *there* was the mercury still!—prank after prank played on, through the irrepressible joyousness of a high-tempered nature—played frankly and in open day—cleverness, without cunning; smartness that gave no pain, the victims of which outlaughed the inflictor, the moment he was discovered, or betrayed himself by his arch and blandly triumphant face."

"It is singular enough," adds Mr. Knowles, speaking of his young pupil when entering his fourteenth year, and admirably appreciating some of the points of character which prominently distinguish the man—

"That I myself dubbed him counsellor while yet he wore his frill. I fancied then that I read 'the bar' in his face, which, in a state of perfect quietude, indicated a capacity for deep and sure research. But it was his heart that pleased me most. I never saw him sulk, or keep anger, or practice indirection, except, indeed, in making a show, as if he were going to send the ball in the school-alley with the force of a cannon-ball, and then wickedly dropping it like a feather an inch or two above the line; so winning the game like a rogue, with a roguish laugh in your face. Barring this, in my eyes at the time a heinous transgression—for I used to play with the boys—I saw in prospect a man of effortless, unswerving integrity, as well as of lofty, solid, dependable ability, which, thanks be to God, he has become."

Napier studied the classics under Dr. O'Beirne, afterwards Master of the Royal School at Enniskillen, and subsequently under the Rev. William Neilson, by whom he was prepared for Trinity College. Under these masters he attained an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors; an acquaintance which he enlarged in his after years, and to which, we believe, in connexion with the peculiar pains which Sheridan Knowles bestowed in the training of his pupils in the English classics, may, in no small degree, be attributed the purity of his style as a speaker. But the bent of his mind was decidedly towards mathematics, and he had the good fortune to be placed under the tuition of a distinguished scientific scholar, the late Dr. Thompson, of Belfast, the father of the celebrated professor of the University of Cambridge. With such advantages the intellect of the youth rapidly developed itself; and, previous to his fifteenth year, he had mastered all the higher branches of the exact sciences, and entered Trinity College, under Dr. Singer, the present Bishop of Meath, as he has himself informed us, in his first speech before that University, when he appeared as a candidate to represent her in parliament. In his college course he soon became distinguished, especially as a mathematician; and before the termination of his first year, he published a demonstration of the Binomial theorem, the elegance of which attracted much notice, and acquired for him the acquaintance of the Rev. Charles Boyton, then one of the Fellows, who became his attached friend during the rest of his life. But his love for science did not seduce him from the study of classical literature; and, although it must be confessed that his studies were often fitful and desultory, yet was he in general a successful competitor for honours in both branches of education. The success of his undergraduate career justified Napier in looking forward to a fellowship; and accordingly, after having graduated in 1825, he commenced to read for that purpose, and continued to reside as a master within the walls. Amongst his intimate acquaintances, at this period, were the late Dr. William Cooke Taylor, a man whose extensive knowledge and great labours in literature, require no comment, and James Whiteside, afterwards his brother-in-law, and recently his able colleague as Solicitor-General for Ireland. With such associates as these, a less energetic or less ambitious spirit than Napier's, would have been forced onward. With such a mind as his, progress was an irresistible impulse. During the intervals of severer study, he cultivated his taste for polite literature, and wrote occasionally for some of the principal periodicals of the day. At the period of which we speak, the College Historical Society had not been revived, and Napier and his two friends earnestly engaged themselves in the endeavour to restore a society which had fostered and drawn forth the genius of the most eloquent orators of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar; and they succeeded so far as to establish an Oratorical Society without the walls of the College. The intimacy which Napier had formed with Dr. Boyton, though originating in the sympathies which congenial scientific tastes inspired, was nevertheless destined to influence

the political views of the young student. His tendencies were, indeed, previously conservative; they now became fixedly so, and an opportunity ere long arose to introduce him to the country in the character of a politician. In the year 1828, the leaders of the aristocracy and the most influential commoners of Ireland considered that the emergencies of the times demanded an energetic union and co-operation of the Protestants, for the purpose of preserving, in its integrity, the constitution as then established. Accordingly, upon the 16th of August of that year, a numerous meeting took place in Dublin, at which the Brunswick Constitutional Club of Ireland was formed, of which Mr. Boyton was one of the secretaries. The establishment of local clubs throughout the country soon followed; and, on the 28th of October, a meeting of the graduates of our University was held, at Morrisson's Great Rooms, for the purpose of forming a College Club. Upon this occasion Napier was present, and made his first essay on the arena of politics, in a speech of great promise. He gave a clear and able review of the Protestant institutions of the country, from the Reformation, and demonstrated how firmly the prosperity of Britain was based upon that religion; while in the progress he exhibited the stores of a mind richly cultivated in classic literature. Upon this subject we are not disposed to dwell. The hand of time has softened down many of the asperities of party feeling which then existed: the great measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation passed in the following year: many of the great leaders, then arrayed against each other, have passed away from the scene of earthly strife, and others have lived to find that, on all sides, there are things to be forgiven and forgotten.

Previous to this, Napier had abandoned the intention of sitting for a fellowship, and he now resolved on going to the bar. He went to London with this object, and applied himself diligently to the prosecution of legal studies, being a constant attendant on the lectures of Mr. Amos, then professor of common law at the London University, and he became a pupil of Mr. (afterwards Justice) Patteson, then the leading practitioner in common law. Under that eminent lawyer, he acquired a sound and accurate knowledge of the principles of our laws, and the science of pleading, a knowledge which laid the foundation of his subsequent eminence in his profession. Upon the promotion of Patteson to the bench in 1830, Napier commenced to practise as a pleader in London, and during his first and only term there his success was such as to hold out very strong encouragement to him to persevere.

But Providence had destined him for another course—a Providence which ordereth all things well, and whose wisdom and goodness men generally acknowledge in the retrospect. The urgent solicitation of friends at home, who knew well how to estimate his powers, and confidently looked forward to his success in his own country, induced him to abandon his chambers and return to Ireland; and he was called to the Irish bar in Easter term, 1831. We shall not venture to speculate upon the consequences to Napier of thus changing the scene of his exertions. It may be that in England a higher professional position, and larger professional income, might have resulted from his pursuing his original design, and like his able master, he might now be adorning the judicial bench of that country. But even if it might have been so, we believe his choice was a wise and a happy one. He has grown up to name and fame amongst his own people; happy in having no ties of relationship severed, no bonds of youthful friendships broken: they who witnessed his promise as a boy, his distinctions as a youth, were still beside him, many pursuing the same path, all cheering him onward with their sympathy and their love in that course which has ultimately led him to the highest position which a practising barrister can attain. He chose for his circuit, of course, the North-Eastern, which included his own county, and went his first circuit in the spring of 1832. His character was already before him, and he speedily got into business on the circuit, which necessarily led to business in town also. To the public at large, there is little interesting in the life of a practising barrister. Study and seclusion, and regular attendance in court during term, and going the circuit twice a year, make up the sum total of his monotonous existence, so far as the public see. But in the Court and the Hall the rising man is marked and watched with an attention that is full of interest to those in the sphere within which he moves. So it was with Napier; he

quickly acquired the character of a sound lawyer and an accurate pleader. Both in town and on the circuit he was now engaged in most cases of importance in the common law courts, and in criminal cases; and wherever the pleadings in a case required particular skill, or involved technical niceties, attorneys began to consider Joseph Napier one of the best men in the hall. In the year 1840, some members of the Irish bar conceiving that some enlightened system of legal education should be established in this country, a society was formed by them, called the Law Institute. Amongst those favourable to these views was Mr. Napier, who took an active part in its educational objects, and delivered gratuitously many lectures on the common law, which were very popular, and laid the foundation of the subsequent improvements now in progress, and likely to be consummated at no distant day.

In the spring assizes of the year 1843, a remarkable criminal trial was had at Monaghan; remarkable not only by reason of the political notoriety of the party on trial, but still more so as having led to an adjudication upon a question as to the rights of persons on trial for non-capital felonies. We allude to the case of *The Queen v. Samuel Gray*. The prisoner was indicted for firing a pistol at one James Cunningham, with intent to kill him, or do him grievous bodily harm. The offence was declared by the 1st Victoria, cap. 85, to be a felony, and punishable with transportation for life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or imprisonment for any term not exceeding three years. When the jury panel was called over, Mr. Napier and Mr. Whiteside, who were counsel for the prisoner, challenged one of the jurors peremptorily, and the Crown demurred to the challenge, relying on the law being, as had been more than once decided by the Irish judges and as the practice had always been, that in cases of capital felony alone such a right existed. The challenge was disallowed, and the trial proceeded, which terminated in a conviction. The point was afterwards argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, upon a motion in arrest of judgment, with great ability by both the prisoner's counsel, and the Court ruled in favour of the Crown; Justice Perrin alone dissenting. Mr. Napier, however, felt strongly convinced that his view of the law was the correct one, and he determined never to rest till he had the decision of the highest legal tribunal of the realm upon the point. In the meantime, the important trial of O'Connell and others, for a seditious conspiracy arising out of the Clontarf meeting of 1843, took place, which resulted in the conviction of the traversers; and a writ of error in that case was brought to the House of Lords on their behalf. The reputation of Mr. Napier was now so high, that both the Crown and the traversers were anxious to secure his professional services. Strangely enough it so happened that retainers from both sides were sent to his house on the same day, and forwarded to him where he was at the time in Belfast, by the same mail; but while the retainer of the Crown was delivered by post in due course in the morning, that of the traversers, which was made up in a parcel, had been overlooked at the post-office until the evening, and was not delivered until Mr. Napier had posted his letter, acknowledging and accepting the retainer for the Crown. A discussion took place between the agents for the respective parties, each insisting on his right to the services of an advocate whom each felt was worth contending for, and the point was ultimately left to the arbitrament of (we believe) Mr. Holmes, who decided that Mr. Napier was, for the time, the property of the Crown.

The writ of error was also brought in Gray's case, and it so happened that both were heard before the House of Lords within a very short time of each other.

The point raised in Gray's case was, as we have seen, one of great public importance, and the law staff of both countries were engaged in upholding the decision pronounced in favour of the Crown. Against these Mr. Napier entered the lists single-handed. His argument in this case was a masterly one. He reviewed the entire doctrine of the right of challenge at common law, beginning with the older authorities, and following it through to those of our own times, and succeeded in convincing the high and learned judicial tribunal, and reversing the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench. An allusion to this case was made not long since upon the examination of a witness before the select committee on outrages (Ireland) in a manner which we think was neither very ingenuous, nor very successful, by a learned member of that committee, with the

object of showing that Mr. Napier had, at his own expense, carried the case on a point of law to the House of Lords, to secure the acquittal of Gray as being an Orangeman. Mr. Napier, who was the chairman of the committee, was subsequently examined; and we give part of his evidence on the subject, not only as a refutation of the implied charge against him, but as giving a brief summary of the case itself :—

"I was originally retained in that case as counsel upon an ejectment on the title tried in Armagh, along with Mr. Tombe, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Whiteside, in the regular way on the civil side, for Sam Gray; and out of that the transaction occurred which was the subject matter of the criminal prosecution afterwards. On the first trial of Sam Gray for the murder of Murphy, I was regularly employed as his counsel, with Mr. Tombe and Mr. Whiteside, in the ordinary and usual way, and was regularly feed and paid. On that trial he was acquitted; and I have no hesitation in saying, that upon the evidence I think the verdict was right; and we all thought upon the evidence as it stood, the verdict was right. . . . After the trial the Crown discovered something with regard to Farlow's character, which made them doubt whether he was the credible witness we had all given him credit for; then there was a second trial, not for the murder, because having been acquitted of that, he could not be again tried; but there was a shot fired at another of the party, which missed, and he was indicted for shooting with intent to murder. . . . One of the jury was taken ill during the trial, and the jury had to be discharged. On the third trial coming on, Gray made an application to the court; and it was stated the expense of these proceedings had ruined him, and he begged that counsel and attorney might be assigned by the court to defend him. That is usual when a party is unable to pay; and the ordinary and usual course has been, for the Crown to pay the reasonable expenses of the defence. The judge (and I think it was Judge Crampton who tried him on that occasion) assigned myself and Mr. Whiteside as his counsel; and a counsel has no right to refuse, when he is assigned by the judge. If a barrister is assigned to defend a prisoner, he is bound, by his position, to do it. Accordingly, on that occasion, we appeared to defend Gray; and on that occasion the jury disagreed. Then the crown removed the case from the criminal side of the court, and took it to the *nisi prius* side; it came down a fourth time for trial; and on that occasion we were again assigned by Mr. Justice Perrin to defend Gray. I raised the question, which had been a very moot question in Ireland, of the right of peremptory challenge by a prisoner in a case of felony not capital; for he was not tried on that occasion for a capital felony, but a transportable felony. That question was raised, and was put on the record; it came up to Dublin, and it was argued before the Court of Queen's Bench by myself and Mr. Whiteside. . . . The judges differed in opinion, Mr. Justice Perrin differing from the rest of the court, and we considered that his law was right, and the House of Lords thought so. The Crown then refused to pay any fees, and for performing our duty we were not allowed one farthing of fees; and they were ultimately refused by the Crown. My position was this, that there being an important point of law, involving the right to challenge, which would arise upon every trial in a case of transportable felony, having the opinion of one learned judge with me, and being counsel for the man, and the fees being refused by the Crown, I thought it was an attempt to oppress him; and I certainly did say, that if the case went further, I would not seek for any compensation or remuneration for arguing the case. Accordingly the officers, both in Ireland and England, remitted their fees under the circumstances, on bringing the appeal; I came over here; I never got one farthing; I did not pay any money out of my own pocket, except travelling expenses, in coming over; but it so happened that, at the same time I was coming over in the case of Mr. O'Connell, who had also a point before the House of Lords; and both the cases were argued in the same week. I argued the case before the House of Lords, but I was never paid one farthing in any way. I did my duty as counsel, having been assigned, and got nothing for it. The House of Lords decided that on the point of law the counsel for Gray were right, and awarded a *venire de novo*, which would have enabled the Crown, if they had thought proper, to proceed again; but they thought they had gone far enough, and dropped the proceeding."

The argument of Mr. Napier in Gray's case established for him a high reputation in England as a sound and able lawyer. Baron Parke characterised it as "an able argument." He received many flattering messages from those who were best qualified to pronounce an opinion, and, upon his return to Ireland, he received a silk gown from Sir Edward Sugden, then Chancellor of Ireland. The acceptance of the position of Queen's Counsel, is one which at once tests the real merits of a barrister, and his estimation with the public. If he be indeed fit to take a leading place, he soon attains it: if his promotion be the result of anything else than true professional merit, his fee-book will not fail to dissipate any delu-

sion under which he may have laboured as to his competency to sit amongst the magnates within the bar. There is not indeed a sorer sight than that which the object of political feelings or private nepotism presents, when he sits amongst the leaders of the profession, thrust out of the class of business which he was competent to discharge respectably outside the bar, without acquiring that to which his abilities are unequal. Not so was it with Mr. Napier; he at once took his place amongst the first of the silk gowns, as he had previously been amongst the very highest of the stuff ones. And so, with extending celebrity and increasing business, he was looked upon as a man whose ultimate elevation to the highest honours of his profession, might fairly be calculated upon.

In the following year he was engaged before the House of Lords, upon an appeal from the Court of Chancery, in the case of *Lord Dungannon v. Smith*. The case was one of considerable interest, as well to the legal profession upon the point of law involved, as it was to the noble appellant, by reason of the amount of property which depended upon the decision.

Mr. Napier argued the demurrer, on behalf of Lord Dungannon, before Sir Michael O'Loughlen; and Sir Edward Sugden having, *pro forma*, affirmed the decision, Lord Dungannon appealed to the House of Lords, and brought Mr. Napier specially to argue the question. It was in truth an up-hill work. A recent decision of the Vice Chancellor of England, affirmed upon appeal by Lord Cottenham—we allude to the case of *Ibbetson v. Ibbetson*—was a strong authority against Lord Dungannon, and, indeed, formed the basis of the judgment of the Court of Chancery in Ireland; besides, the opinions taken in England by the noble appellant were generally unfavourable and all discouraging. Still, however, Lord Dungannon determined upon having the highest judicial decision upon a point in which he thought common sense was, at all events, in his favour. Upon Mr. Napier who, as he himself observed, had served an apprenticeship to the case, he relied with the utmost confidence that no resource which learning or assiduity could supply, would be unexplored. And in this he was not deceived. The appeal was opened by the late Mr. Hodgson, of the English bar, on behalf of Lord Dungannon; Lord Lyndhurst, as Chancellor, presided, assisted by Lord Cottenham, the previous Chancellor, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and thirteen of the law judges. His statement of the case was long and elaborate; but he made so little impression on the house, that at the conclusion the counsel for the respondent did not expect to be called on for any argument in reply. Mr. Napier then followed on the same side with Mr. Hodgson. His speech was one of remarkable ability and learning. With great skill he applied himself to the case; he arrested the attention of the court by the masterly review of all the cases; and ere he concluded his argument for the first day, which occupied about an hour, it was evident that the enemy's flank was turned, and that some of the court, if not thoroughly convinced already, wavered in their opinions. Upon the following day he resumed his argument, and spoke for three hours, with an ability which commanded the entire attention of his auditory, and in its progress elicited more than once the marked approval of several of the noble lords. At the close of his argument, as Mr. Napier was gathering up his papers, Lord Lyndhurst remarked to Mr. Hodgson, that the house and the judges begged to express their admiration of the able argument which they had heard, and requested that Mr. Napier should be informed of this their opinion—Lord Brougham adding, “a most remarkably able argument.” The result was, that the respondent's counsel were called upon to speak, and, instead of the easy victory which they had anticipated, they found themselves obliged to apply all their energies and learning to answer the arguments of Mr. Napier. The respondents having closed, it remained for Lord Dungannon's counsel to reply, and, at the special request of the noble appellant, and with the ready and unconditional assent of Mr. Hodgson, the general reply was confided to Mr. Napier. Accordingly, upon the 24th of June, 1845, Mr. Napier replied; he answered the arguments of his learned opponents with great force and ingenuity, and it is, perhaps, one of the ablest and the most erudite specimens of forensic eloquence upon record. Such was its effect, that it completely won over two eminent judges, Baron Parke and Justice Patteson, who considered it conclusive; though, unfortunately, the current of authority, and especially the case of *Ibbetson v. Ibbetson*, were too strong against him to give a majority in his favour. At the conclusion

of the speech, the Lord Chancellor informed Mr. Napier that it was the opinion of all the noble and learned lords present, that the case was extremely well argued by the learned counsel, and both Lords Campbell and Brougham, as well as Baron Parke and Justice Patteson, in the course of their judgments, pronounced the argument of Mr. Napier to be a very able one. The decision of the house was, however, adverse to Lord Dungannon; but his able advocate had the consolation of receiving high eulogy from those whose opinions were of the greatest value. In a letter from Lord Dungannon, who expressed his entire satisfaction and gratitude for the manner in which his case had been conducted, that nobleman writes:—"Mr. T. told me that Baron Parke had stated to him on the circuit, that the argument was the most able and masterly he had ever listened to; and such, he added, was the opinion of Lord Lyndhurst." "I certainly never read," observes an eminent individual, "a more able and intellectual appeal, showing great talent and acuteness, with a perfect knowledge of his subject; and his arguments are powerfully backed by cases which must have occupied immense labour and industry to have collected together; moreover his language is really classically beautiful." But, perhaps, the eulogy most grateful to his heart was that bestowed upon him by one whose judgment, sound, discriminating and severe, is looked up to by all who know him, and whose experience and habitual sobriety of mind make him chary of praise. Mr. Holmes, the honoured veteran and ornament of the Irish bar, the leader of his own circuit, and the father of the profession, after having read the argument, wrote to Mr. Napier in the following terms:—"I have received from the perusal of it great pleasure, and much information. I consider the argument not only a most able one, as applied to the particular case, but also a very clear, satisfactory, and useful exposition of the principles which should govern courts in the construction of wills, and indeed in their decisions generally."

Though the decision in this case was adverse to Lord Dungannon, the argument of his Irish counsel placed that gentleman in a very high position in the estimation of English jurists, and has led to his being engaged in several appeals before the House of Lords; and he has invariably experienced the most marked consideration from Lords Campbell and Brougham, as well as from Lord Lyndhurst, and the English judges.

Meantime the friends of Mr. Napier were solicitous that he should seek another field for the exercise and development of talents, which they felt convinced (and the issue has justified their convictions) were eminently calculated to make him an efficient and useful member of the senate. His learning and industry gave him the power of comprehending and mastering every question which was submitted to his intellect, and his patient endurance of toil enabled him to become acquainted with the minutest details. In addition to these, he was a man of high moral principles, strongly attached to what is called the evangelical party in the Church, a faithful friend to the clergy, whose rights he had consistently advocated, and with whose grievances he had always sympathised.

The dissolution of Parliament in 1847 offered an opportunity for putting Mr. Napier forward as a candidate for some Irish seat, and many circumstances combined to direct the hopes of his friends towards the University of Dublin. A feeling had been long growing up among the electors, that it was disparaging to our University, and injurious to her reputation, that she should be represented by any other than one who had been educated within her walls, and received his degree at her own hands, and thus become acquainted with her requirements, and instinctively attached to her system and her interests. At the previous election in 1842, public expression was given to this sentiment in a resolution signed by several of the fellows, and a committee was formed to support the canvass of Dr. Longfield against Mr. George Alexander Hamilton, a graduate of Oxford. That an opposition should be organised against such a man as Mr. Hamilton—one of known ability, integrity, and business habits; a gentleman whose personal virtues won him universal esteem, and whose high station and ancient family connexion with the county of Dublin insured him extensive support—that an opposition should be organised against such a man was the highest evidence of the cogency of that principle, and of the sincerity of those who advocated it. Before the day of election, however, arrived, Dr. Longfield withdrew from the contest, and Mr. Hamilton was returned without opposition. The honest and

able course of usefulness which that honourable gentleman has pursued from the day of his election to the present, and the unceasing attention he has devoted to every interest of the University, and upholding the rights of every class of his constituents, deserve their unabated confidence and gratitude; and those who failed to establish the principle for which they then contended, have at least the consolation to feel that the University suffered the least possible detriment in the violation of that principle in this instance. In his case, too, we are happy to say, a conflict between principle and inclination can never again arise. Our University has most worthily conferred on their able representative the degree of Doctor of Laws, and thus affiliated one who has proved himself worthy of her adoption.

But the former colleague of Mr. Hamilton, at the period of the dissolution, not only laboured under the disadvantage of not having been a graduate of the University, but had subjected himself to the hostility of a zealous and uncompromising party, by the course he had pursued in parliament on questions of public interest at the time. Into the merits of this latter ground of complaint we shall not enter. We desire to refrain, as we firmly believe would the gentleman whose biography we are now sketching, from a word that might give pain to Mr. Shaw. He has retired from parliamentary life for ever, and we would wish to remember him as one whose acknowledged ability and manly eloquence raised him to very high consideration in the senate, and conferred a lustre upon his native land.

Thus a strong desire to put forward a candidate in opposition to Mr. Shaw was manifested; but the difficulty of finding a graduate of the University, who would be likely to obtain the confidence of the great body of the electors, was considerable. No one who could not combine the support of a large amount of all parties in his favour, could have the least chance against a man whose friends were still numerous, however his popularity might have been shaken, and who had the vast advantage of the long-established practice of universities, not to displace a member during his life, except upon the abandonment of some great principle, or the forfeiture of that confidence which belongs to personal character. Mr. Napier was selected as the man who could most largely unite in himself the qualifications likely to ensure success. The constituency may be divided into four classes—the Church, the Bar, the Medical Profession, and the Educated Gentry; with a large body of the first, as we have said, Mr. Napier was a deserved favourite, for he had been long their counsellor and their friend. The Bar of Ireland were justly proud of him, and he was bound to most of its influential members by the strong bonds of that brotherhood which daily converse in an honourable profession forms; and in no profession, it may truly be said, are those bonds drawn more closely than in his. They had witnessed his advancement, and shared often in the triumph of his personal exertions; they knew how thoroughly he loved his profession, and how much he had laboured to improve legal education; and they felt that the character and honour of the profession might be safely confided to him as its collegiate representative. Upon more than one important occasion he had been honoured with the confidence of leading members of the medical body; he had been generally the legal adviser of the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, and was fully acquainted with their privileges and the rights which they required to be protected. To the general body of the electors he was recommended by his collegiate attainments, and the active part which he had always taken in identifying himself with the Historical Society, and literature in general. Just at this time, too, the celebrated trial of *Brasbie v. Dr. Renahan*, the President of Maynooth, for libel, came on. Mr. Napier, who was engaged for the plaintiff, had the reply; and so ably did he vindicate the rights of his client, so uncompromisingly did he put forward the cause of religious liberty, that, without assailing the religious faith of the defendant, but appealing to the hearts and consciences of the jurors as *men*, he secured a verdict from a jury upon which were no less than five Roman Catholics. It was, therefore, determined to solicit Mr. Napier to allow himself to be put in nomination; and in the event of his declining, the intention was to put forward Mr. Butt. Not without considerable hesitation Mr. Napier accepted the honour thus offered to him, and issued his address when he was assured that his refusal would not prevent a contest.

Another candidate was put forward in assertion of the principle of which we

have spoken—one whose genius and learning were of the highest order, though his devotion to science, by withdrawing him much from the practical details of life, would probably have impaired his efficiency as a public man. We allude to one who not only gave lustre to our own University, but shed abroad the light of his world-wide reputation—the gifted and lamented Professor Mac-Oullagh. Never, we believe, in the annals of the College, has any election taken place within her walls that more profoundly agitated the electors than did that of 1847. When we remember that the most fruitful element of excitement in this country, namely, religious differences, was necessarily absent, and that it can scarcely be said any spirit of party politics—we mean such as divide Whig from Tory, Conservative from Radical—was at all mixed up with the contention, we are forced to trace much of the excitement which existed throughout to the fact, that this was a contest to assert a great principle, that the representatives of the Irish University should, like those of the sister kingdom, be educated within the walls of the institution which they were to represent. Other motives for excitement, to which we have already alluded, mingled with that which we hold to have been the paramount one. The proceedings commenced on the 4th of August, 1847. The fourth candidate proposed was Mr. Napier, by Dr. Hart, and he was seconded by the Rev. Dr. Mortimer O'Sullivan. When he rose in his turn to address the electors, he was most enthusiastically received. He briefly detailed his connexion with the College since his fifteenth year, his progress at his profession, and not ungracefully alluded to the high encomium which the venerable Sergeant Warren had just before pronounced upon him. It had been put forward against Mr. Napier that his contest with Mr. Shaw was a personal one; to this charge he thus replied—

“When Mr. Shaw asserts that this is a personal contest between him and me, involving no principle, I join issue with him on that. I have no merely personal object, nor have I any personal feeling against the right hon. gentleman. A feeling has for some time prevailed in the constituency, and I shared in it myself, that the representation of the University was far from satisfactory (hear, and cheers). I was applied to on the subject on more than one occasion, but declined pressing myself forward; and recently I said I would respond whenever I should have reason to believe that I would be approved by a substantial portion of the constituency. I do not go into the details, which have been so much before the public, and admitted by Mr. Shaw's friends; but the charge against me, that I sounded the electors before I announced myself as a candidate, I declare, on the honour of a gentleman and the word of a Christian man, is utterly destitute of any foundation in truth or fact. . . . I asked no one elector for his vote or support, until the requisition I received was presented to me; and I was morally satisfied, from the assurance of friends, that the step would be approved of by the majority of the electors.”

He concluded his vigorous and classical address in these words:—

“Gentlemen, I am one of yourselves; I feel my bosom glow with youthful associations; as I look around the place in which we are now assembled, what memories rush into my heart, and awaken those deep emotions which are amongst the high mysteries of our being. Behold, around me on every side, my brethren and companions. Yes, graduates of Oxford! I can here appeal to a feeling you could not infuse into your hearts—a child's jealousy for its mother's honour (tremendous cheering). Away then, gentlemen, with every narrow prejudice; a spirit of nationality does touch (I repeat my own words)—it does touch with a mysterious power the hearts of intelligent men (cheers). Gather around its altar on this interesting occasion, and let us mingle our united prayer for blessings upon our common country. The wind of conquest has swept the land, but the Lord was not in the wind; the earthquake of rebellion has convulsed it, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; the fire of agitation has wasted it, but the Lord was not in the fire. There is yet a still small voice; hear it—act upon it—it whispers peace.”

The contest was continued with unabated spirit during five days, at the termination of which Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Shaw were returned—the former having obtained seven hundred and thirty-seven votes, the latter five hundred and seventy-two. Mr. Napier having polled five hundred and thirty-nine; eleven hundred and ninety electors having exercised their franchise. Nevertheless, though Mr. Napier was not returned, the principle upon which he was put forward virtually triumphed; and it is not a little curious to see that upon an analysis, six hundred and ninety-five electors recorded their opinions in favour

of that principle, by giving their votes to one or both of the new candidates. And so, too, felt Mr. Napier, and all those who had struggled for that principle. In his speech after the election, he assured the successful candidate, that he was not going to part with the University :—

"I here give him notice," said he, "from this place, that, if I am a living man—if I am spared, I will meet him face to face at the next election (cheers). I will throw myself on the judgment of this constituency; and I am much mistaken, if he will not find that upon this occasion he has made his dying declaration" (cheers).

Ere many months had elapsed, increasing indisposition rendered Mr. Shaw unable to discharge the laborious duties of parliamentary life. He resigned his seat for the University early in the year 1848, and Mr. Napier was returned in his place without opposition.

Perhaps it was fortunate for Mr. Napier that he was unsuccessful in his first appeal to the electors. He was at the moment, it may be, too fresh from the peculiar associations of a particular class, both in politics and in religion. The interval afforded him time, and opportunity, too, to come out, as it were, from within the narrower limits within which he had moved, and to enlarge the sphere of his mental vision; to wear down, by contact with others, many a salient point which is too apt to offend those with whom it comes into collision; to acquire more of the "*teres atque rotundus*," that smooth rotundity, that polish which alone makes manifest the fine grain of a noble nature. Indeed, some of his best friends feared that the ardour of an untutored zeal would be likely to lead him from the large views of catholicity to the narrower ones of sectarianism, and thus place him in a false position with the Church herself, and both in a false position with the house. Whatever might have been apprehended on this head, to his honour be it recorded, that he has lived to dissipate every fear. Uncompromising in his principles, he is no bigot; ardent, he is ever cautious; and though sometimes impassioned, he is never led, in the hurry of debate, to forget what is due to himself, to others, or to the house.

Early in March Mr. Napier took his seat in the House of Commons. At first he was cautious, quiet, and observant, contenting himself with a few short conversational observations. On the 14th, he spoke briefly on the debate upon the punishment of death, and in a few days afterwards upon the proposition for extending the income-tax to Ireland—a measure which he strenuously opposed. But his first speech of any importance was upon Mr. Sharman Crawford's "Outgoing Tenants Bill." Before we advert particularly to this speech, it may not be amiss to say a word or two upon the manner in which the questions that related to this country were introduced into and dealt with in the house. An Irish question was generally brought forward by a particular party, and for party purposes. If it were a matter of grievance, then the grievance-monger was pretty sure to assail England for her injustice and oppression, and thus at the outset irritate those whom he should conciliate—threatening where he should remonstrate, declaiming where he should reason. In addition, Irish facts were rarely put forward in a manner that was very correct or very intelligible. Extravagant assertions were often advanced with recklessness, and subjects were discussed and commented upon in a style of bombastic magniloquence very unsuitable to the English temperament, while the proverbial looseness and inaccuracy in statistics greatly diminished the value of such testimony with our more business-like neighbours. It is not, then, to be wondered that Irish questions were regarded with some alarm by the house, and its impatience of the manner in which they were introduced and handled was construed into an unwillingness to do justice to Ireland. During the debate upon Mr. Crawford's bill, some of the Irish members did not fail to repeat the old accusation that the house was closed against Irish grievances. "If it be so," said Mr. Napier, in allusion to this complaint—

"It is the fault of Irish members. Where is the measure that has been brought forward in a practicable shape that has been capriciously rejected? When have facts, dispassionately stated and accurately ascertained, been treated with disdain? I must say, in justice to the English members, that in the limited opportunity I have had of observation, I see no indisposition to entertain the discussion of Irish questions, except so far as the manner in which they are introduced, may have occasioned that indisposition. If men are content to

indulge in vulgar clamour and general abuse, or, when they are precise in detail, if they are usually inaccurate in their facts and figures—if thus they nauseate Englishmen, without instructing them on local matters—in common fairness, let themselves bear the blame of the natural result; and let those who send them as their representatives reap the fruit of their selection.”

He then proceeds to discuss the measure, which he thoroughly exposed to the satisfaction of the house; and after quoting from the speech of Mr. Blackburne, then Chief Justice, at the special commission, he continued:—

“Here, then, is the secret as to the miseries of Ireland; you discover it by a candid comparison of the condition of her prosperous province and her degraded districts. The swell of agitation is thrown back from Ulster. British connexion is valued, not denounced; its privileges made available, not counteracted—kindly feeling between landlord and tenant prevails—religious liberty is honoured, and truth diffuses its own peculiar blessings. You look away from this prosperous spot: you see suspicion displacing confidence—hatred of England inculcated and cherished as a religious dogma—the bad passions aroused and inflamed—the charities of human hearts curdled and corrupted—those relations dissevered which are the offspring of dependence and protection: here are the immediate causes of the depression which is acknowledged; you must renovate the soil before you can improve the products. So long as those who influence and stimulate the mind of the people, stoop to an ignominious popularity to trade upon their distress or disaffection, the efforts of the wise and good are baffled and impeded. This is the evil which must be met, and honestly and boldly grappled with. Your legislation is all romance, until this previous question be decided. The constitution of England, that noblest edifice ever reared on earth—which stands amidst the storm which rocks all Europe to its centre—that which gives to England a name and a place on which heaven shines serenely—it must by its own steady powers infuse its own principles by gentle processes into the habits of the people of Ireland; trusting to the energy and wisdom of its laws, and the power of its own executive: not suffering any irresponsible body of men to assume the right or the power of dictating terms of government; but with conscious strength and dignity imparting the light and warmth of freedom to shine on all with steady impartiality, and thus quicken into life the attachment and respect of the people.”

The speech was a remarkably telling one, and even those whose views it opposed, were forced to express their admiration. Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. O'Connor, Sir George Grey, Mr. P. Scrope, Mr. Fagan, and others, as they followed, paid each a tribute to the ability and clearness with which the speaker had dealt with his subject, though the compliments of some were, as might naturally have been expected, accompanied with some qualification.

At this period the Whigs had no Irish law officer in Parliament, a position of itself sufficiently embarrassing, but which might have been made doubly so, by an able lawyer in the opposition, if he so desired. But faction was no part of Mr. Napier's nature or principles. To his honour be it said, he was on every occasion ready to give his assistance to the house in answering questions and supplying information which should have been answered and supplied by some ministerial member; and thus while he availed himself of those opportunities of usefulness, he acquired the respect of the house at large, and the friendly regard of many individuals politically opposed to him, and he was sure at all times to obtain a ready and attentive hearing. Early in the ensuing year, the relief of the distress in Ireland occupied the house. In the debate, Mr. Napier took a leading part. In a very able speech, he reviewed the condition of Ireland from the period of the Union. “Upon the passing of the Emancipation Act,” said he—

“What remained for the Government and Parliament to do but to take the social evils of that unhappy country into their serious consideration, and to apply a remedy for the correction of them? They were now paying the penalty of their long neglected duty. Instead of taking the course which was so clearly pointed out to them, they made Ireland the battlefield of party. A system of policy was pursued, fomenting discord and division; it curdled the charities of human hearts, wasted the energies and augmented the social miseries of the people. Let them, however, now learn wisdom from the experience of the past.

“He admitted there was nothing more unwise towards Ireland than to hold out to her the prospect of removing all her evils by legislation—evils which no legislation of itself could remedy. He often remarked that this induced a class of people to look forward for the most romantic benefits from legislation. In the face of all the evils which

afflicted Ireland, there was not one measure of a statesman-like character proposed to save the country.

"He (Mr. Napier) had certainly supported, with all his heart, the Government in the measures they had brought forward to secure that peace and repose. Let them have some measures for promoting the employment of the people. Society in Ireland—some portion of it at least—must be reconstructed; and he firmly believed that there never was a nobler opportunity for doing so, and placing it upon a permanent and peaceful footing, than the present."

A vigilant guardian of the Protestant Church, Mr. Napier was ever ready to vindicate her against the assaults of her enemies. When Mr. Roche, upon the debate of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, in language neither very ornate nor temperate, asserted of the Protestant Establishment, that "that gross and intolerable monopoly stood at the head and front of Ireland's grievances," Mr. Napier stood up as her champion, though he had not intended to have spoken on the matter before the house:—

"But, after the challenge made that night with regard to the Irish Established Church, by the hon. member for Cork (Mr. Roche), he felt called upon, as one of the representatives of that Church, to rise and meet that challenge with as much boldness and firmness as it had been given. He never wished to be ostentatious of his religion, but he trusted he should never be the man to be ashamed of it. He was ready to meet the challenge against that Church upon every ground—upon the ground of its antiquity, the truth of its doctrine, as being conformable with Scripture—the correctness of its discipline—the unbroken succession of its spiritual leaders from the earlier ages down to the present times; all its long catalogue of bishops, many eminent for their piety and their learning, could trace their descent from the days of St. Patrick.

"He (Mr. Napier) upheld the creed of that Church, on which his humble but immortal hope depended. He admitted that others differed with him; but let them show him one point of toleration upon which their liberty was pressed, and he (Mr. Napier) would help to remove their ground of complaint. Nine-tenths of the property of Ireland belonged to Protestants, and support for the Church was a tax on property—no personal tax was exacted in Ireland, from any man to pay for a religion of which he did not approve; save and except, indeed, so far as funds were regularly taken from the national exchequer to keep up Maynooth, and for other similar matters. There was a charge on the property, and those who took that property surely ought not to refuse to pay their creditor what they had engaged to pay him, merely because he differed in religion. But he would go from the south to the north of Ireland, and trace in all its territorial extension the benefits and advantage of Protestantism. He found it foster no sedition or revolutionary spirit; and in Protestant Ulster in particular, prosperity, industry, and every blessing that gave temporal and spiritual happiness to man reigned co-extensively with that Protestantism, which contained the germs of everything that could make a people prosper for time and for eternity."

The important question upon the rate-in-aid came before the house in March, 1849. It involved a principle of great importance to many parts of Ireland, namely, the justice of making the solvent unions bear the defalcations of those that were insolvent. Against this proposition Mr. Napier contended, in a speech of great research and remarkable ability. He insisted that neither the law of Elizabeth, nor that of 1838, recognised the principle of responsibility beyond the limits of the particular union, much less could the Poor Law Extension Act be considered to do so. He urged two main objections to the applicability of the measure: first, that it was unjust—and secondly, that it was unwise. "Was it wise," he asked—

"Or generous for this great country, whose resources and power enabled it to throw down the gauntlet to the rest of the world in defiance, to fasten upon a few parties in Ireland the burden of this rate, who had already been almost exclusively taxed under the poor law for the support of the destitute in their island, which was an integral part of the British empire? The calamity under which Ireland was suffering was providential, and the charge consequent upon relieving her from it ought to be borne by the kingdom generally.

Upon a matter of this description and magnitude they ought to take a large and comprehensive and wise and generous view of the policy to be pursued. There were three things Ireland wanted in order to promote her welfare. The first was repose, a cessation of political differences, and angry feelings and disputes; secondly, capital; thirdly, the exertion of private individuals for the purposes of agricultural improvement. Any policy that would ensure even one of these three things ought, in his opinion, to meet with favour

on the part of the house; and any course of action which was likely to have a contrary effect ought to be discouraged. Now, let him for a moment test these three subjects by the feeling of the people of Ireland; and a large proportion of them were perfectly capable of forming a judgment upon them. The house must be already aware that the majority of the Irish people had expressed opinions unfavourable to the measure, and that in some instances threats had been held out with respect to obedience to the law. His own hope was, that if the bill should pass, its provisions would be quietly obeyed; but at the same time he was of opinion that obedience might be purchased at a very dear price. From the opinion which was known to prevail upon the subject of the measure, he thought that it would tend to weaken the affections of the loyal portion of the people of Ireland towards England, and that it would engender feelings of animosity towards British legislation.

With regard to the question of capital, if it was considered advisable to make advances of the public money, could they not be made under ordinary circumstances, and not by diminishing the shattered remnant of the capital which remained in the country? The constant system of taxing property in Ireland it was that deterred men who had capital from employing it, and thus private enterprise was paralysed.

With regard to the financial argument in respect of Ireland—if it were the real sound feeling of England—not that unhealthy feeling which induced a desire to shift a burden from their own to other shoulders—if the sound feeling of this country were that Ireland ought to bear any additional taxation, he would not put forward a mere financial argument against such a feeling, because he was very anxious that there should be good feeling on both sides; ill-feeling on either or both sides could only be injurious to both countries, therefore, he thought it both unwise and ungenerous to press such a measure. There ought, in common justice, to be either local rating and local taxation, or, that failing, then the appeal for aid ought to be made to the imperial treasury."

Sir Robert Peel followed Mr. Napier, and spoke in terms of high eulogy of his speech—an eulogy all the more valuable, as the right honourable baronet was always chary of his commendation. Mr. Napier was congratulated on every side; and as he passed through the lobby of the house shortly afterwards, he met Sir James Graham, who said, "I congratulate you on your most able and eloquent speech—it was worthy of the best days of old Ireland, the days of Plunket eloquence." Turning from the commendations at St. Stephen's to that nearer home, an amusing instance was related by a northern barrister, who heard the comment about to be stated. The people in the north of Ireland were greatly excited about the rate-in-aid, and in Belfast they were somewhat disappointed, that their own members had not taken a more active part in the debate. However, when Mr. Napier's speech appeared in the papers, they comforted themselves with the gratifying reflection that he was their own man, if he was not their own member; and so they felt no scruple in appropriating the honour and glory of the matter to themselves. "Ay, ay," said an old, sturdy Presbyterian, "our Mr. Napier has done his duty like a man. I see Sir Raabart has noticed him just nine times over in his speech—I counted them myself, sir."

From this period Mr. Napier constantly experienced the kindly and, as he felt it, very generous notice of Sir Robert Peel, which was expressed as well in private as in public. When he applied for an adjournment of the debate on the Viceroyalty question, he begged it as a favour from Lord John Russell, and said that one reason for his doing so was, that he observed Mr. Napier had endeavoured to catch the Speaker's eye, and wished to speak on the question, and that he had never listened to the honourable and learned gentleman without wishing to hear him again. Indeed the very marked respect paid by Sir Robert Peel, while it could not fail to be very gratifying to Mr. Napier, placed him at the same time in a somewhat delicate position. He felt grateful, and must have been desirous to show his sense of a notice which he considered generous, as it was gratuitous, and which he knew could not but be serviceable to him; while, at the same time, he was sensitively fearful lest, in his intercourse with Sir Robert, he might be suspected of making any unbecoming advances. It was not till the death of that eminent statesman that he felt himself entirely released from all embarrassment; and on the day that the melancholy event was first notified to the house, Mr. Napier took occasion, opportunely offered, to pay a just tribute to the talents and the labours of the departed.

A diligent and constant attendant on his parliamentary duties, to which he ever postponed professional emolument, Mr. Napier spoke on all the leading

questions before the house, and sat upon all the important committees. The Report upon the Receivers under the Irish Courts of Equity was prepared by him, and he afforded valuable assistance in the "Process and Practice Act," which was publicly acknowledged by Sir J. Romilly; also in the "Criminal Law Amendment Act," and others; while he prepared and carried through the house, even in the days of the Whigs, the admirable Ecclesiastical Code, which is justly regarded as a great and substantial boon to the Protestant Church and clergy.

Upon the sudden resignation of Lord John Russell and his colleagues last year, his successor in office, the Earl of Derby, at once offered to Mr. Napier the Attorney-Generalship of Ireland. The office was tendered to him upon terms alike honourable to both parties, leaving Mr. Napier perfectly free, upon certain questions, to retain those opinions which, we believe, no temptations, however great, would induce him to sacrifice. At the same time the Earl of Eglinton was sent over as viceroy to this country, and under his administration Mr. Napier assumed the important duties of his office. They were both new hands, so far as office was concerned; and, in common with many other of the appointments, afforded the extruded Whigs and the uncourted Irish patriots matter for merriment, as being inexperienced Johnny Raws, and so forth. It was quite true they had not experience enough of official diplomacy to have confounded the distinctions between right and wrong, nor been gazing sufficiently long through a Downing-street atmosphere, to be unable to see any object untinctured by the hues of party, or undistorted by the love of power. But to make amends for these deficiencies in their education, they had a simplicity of manner and speech, that, however contemptible in the eyes of old political stagers, was quite refreshing and naive to the mass of the people. They absolutely not only always meant what they said, but ventured, with a charming frankness, very often to say what they meant. With these old-fashioned notions Lord Eglinton entered upon his executive policy in this country, aided in chief by one whose sagacity, wisdom, and learning placed him amongst the foremost judicial persons of the age; while his temper, discretion, experience, and sterling common sense rendered him the sagest and safest of councillors. We allude, of course, to the late Lord Chancellor Blackburne.

Ireland has proverbially been ever the difficulty of England. Never was it more so than during the viceroyalty of his noble predecessor. To Lord Clarendon is due the solution of one political problem, at all events—the utter impossibility of achieving the prosperity of a nation by those very means that would ensure the ruin of an individual. That to be politically tortuous, uncandid and insincere, till no man could respect his government, speculate upon his political movements, or depend on his political justice, is not the way to govern any country—least of all, such a country as Ireland—but, on the contrary, constitutes the very fittest policy to alienate her from England, to increase her dissensions, and exasperate her classes, the one against the other, and roll all back into barbarism and anarchy, Lord Clarendon had indeed completely proved, to the cost of the Irish people, and the satisfaction of the whole world. With such an example to profit by, and such a problem solved to his hand, it somehow occurred to the unsophisticated mind of Lord Eglinton that, perhaps, after all, political probity and justice might be regulated by, and dependent on, somewhat the same eternal rules as governed private morals. And so he began to take a survey of the past, to see what he was to shun, as well as what he was to follow. He found that much of the Irish difficulty was created by a long series of misgovernment. First, the country had been, as it were, portioned out to noble families of great influence—undertakers, who administer everything by family jobbing. Then the people rose against the tyranny of the oligarchy, and made themselves formidable, and they had to be conciliated; and, accordingly, a new dogma was propounded, namely, that the country should be governed through the priests. But, whether it was priest or patrician, still no minister or viceroy ventured to bring the governed, as it were, face to face with the governors—to teach the people that the true and just function of a government was to do what was just and right, because it was just and right; and to deal directly *with* the people and *for* the people, as a community, and not as an appendage—to be candid, and firm, and fair, and generous, yet to be uncompromis-

ing where principle was concerned ; to tamper with no crime, to tolerate no treason, to enter into no alliance with agitators, lay or clerical, whether in the chapel-yard, or at St. Stephen's, or in courts of justice—in fine, to make justice respected by exhibiting it as pure and impartial, and the law supreme, by showing it simple and uncompromising, without respect of persons. Lord Eglinton determined to attempt this novel mode of administering the affairs of Ireland. He was heartily met in his honest endeavours by those whom the Earl of Derby had given him as his law officers, advisers and associates, and to whom he became most cordially attached. Ireland soon began to *feel* the change—to trust in the assurances which were given to her with a sincerity of manner that every heart acknowledged ; and men began to understand that there is a policy which is superior to party and subdues faction, that seeks to make all parties satisfied, by aiming to advance the common interest of all. This policy was administered most happily by a nobleman who deputed himself with a simple frankness, and a most unaffected courtesy, to all classes, creeds, and parties, and who carried with him, in retiring from this country, the respect of all, and, we may add, the affectionate esteem of the majority of the nation. Sincerely do we hope that his successor will endeavour to carry out, patiently and permanently, this the only policy which has ever been found successful in Ireland. England is bound to see that this policy is adhered to, for she has seen the good fruits that it has borne, and Ireland should not be satisfied with any other.

But we have been in some degree digressing from our subject. While Mr. Napier was in office, he dedicated himself wholly to its duties. He, with his able and energetic colleague, soon reduced the Ribbon covers to submission and tranquillity, by firm and successful prosecutions. One of the most pressing questions which required a settlement was that which related to the occupation of land, not only by reason of some real social grievances involved, but still more from the facility with which selfish and dishonest agitators turned those grievances into engines to inflame the minds of the people. Mr. Napier prepared with great and patient industry a series of bills, for the purpose of abolishing the old code, and entirely re-edifying it in a manner at once solid and simple. Of these bills we have recently spoken, freely expressing our opinions both in our approval and dissent. They are now in committee. We believe it is the general hope that their author will be able to carry them through the house with such modifications as will make them a vast benefit to the country.

When Lord Derby resigned the seals of office, Mr. Napier was remitted to his non-official life. It is not unlikely that, if the ministry had stood, he might have passed very soon from the official position which he filled so worthily to a seat on the judicial bench, for which he is so eminently qualified. That he did not, we think may be matter of just regret, if not to himself, yet assuredly to the country. To place the administration of the laws in the hands of a man of learning and virtue, to whom the profession may look up, and in whom the nation can confide, is to confer an incalculable benefit on society ; as to promote to such a dignity any who may want either personal virtue or professional knowledge, is a treacherous use by the minister of the power with which the country has entrusted him. For Mr. Napier we have no anxiety. He was ever fond of his profession for its own sake, and for the sake of those to whom it has bound him in the endearing ties of life-long friendship. He returns to a natural position in the highest ranks of the profession ; it is said that his health much needed a respite from Parliament, and that his political labours should, in justice to himself, be closed soon, and judicial duty his reward. Whether in Parliament, the profession, the bench, or the private circle, we hope ever to see him what we have ever known him to be, and wish him to continue.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

WHATEVER other steam routes may be established between England and Australia, whether by the Cape of Good Hope, or over the Isthmus of Panama, we think the one by Ceylon, Singapore, and Torres Straits must eventually be occupied by a regular line of packets. The advantages of this line would be, that, while it afforded as safe and as speedy a passage as any other from England to Sydney and to our Australian dominions, it would likewise serve to bind and connect those with our great Indian empire — to open up and make known, and profitable to us and to the world, the many rich and beautiful islands of the Indian Archipelago; and would become the medium of connexion also between the Spaniards and the Philippine Islands, on the one side, and the Dutch and the Netherlands' East Indies on the other. The establishment of such a line of packets, if well and liberally founded, and managed in a large and impartial spirit, free from all jealousy, even of a national character, and adapted to suit the convenience of all nations, as well as ourselves, would be a feat well worthy to take its place in history among political achievements of a high order. It might be the means of spreading the light of religion and civilisation over many fair regions of the earth, as well as increasing the wealth and adding to the prosperity of ourselves and other more or less civilised people. It would be the opening of a great highway into countries abounding in mineral wealth, of the richest and most fertile soil, clothed with the most useful, as well as the rarest and most costly of vegetable productions; and possessing a variety of form and surface, an immensity of coast line, together with sufficient inland spaces, composed of every modification of plains, of mountains, and of valleys, calculated, with their tropi-

cal, but insular and tempered climate, for every variety of cultivation, and affording facilities for every species of commerce.

We propose, with the aid of the books mentioned at the foot of this page,* and our remembrance of some others, assisted also by some personal knowledge and recollections of that portion of the earth, to take the reader a trip, from the Straits of Malacca through the Indian archipelago, as far as New Guinea and the northern shores of Australia.

If we entered the Straits of Malacca from the north-west, leaving our pleasant settlement of Pulo Penang on our left, and the independent Sumatran state of Achcen on our right, we should see the shore on either hand gradually closing in, till the straits were not more than twenty miles in width. The Sumatran shore would then appear very low and flat, evidently, as far as could be seen into the interior, a great jungle or forest, traversed by many rivers, whose deltas often make the coast a mere mud bank for many miles together. The lofty volcanic peaks of the interior, some of which are said to be 15,000 feet high, are far too distant to be visible in any ordinary condition of the atmosphere.

On the Malacca shore the land is likewise rather low, but broken here and there by some small hills and undulations, and the white sand beach, now and then interrupted by a small rocky cliff, or here and there by the jungly entrance of a little river. The whole country seems covered with wood, among which groves of coconuts and other palms wave their feathered heads, like the ornamental plumes of the forest. At some miles' distance in the interior, may now and then be discerned, through the hot and trembling haze of the tropical sky, the dim outline of some bold granitic hills.

* 1. "A Visit to the Indian Archipelago, in H. M. S. *Mæander*." By Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, R.N. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

2. "Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, R.N." By John Macgillivray, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: T. and W. Boone.

One of these, called Mount Ophir, at the back of Malacca, rises to a height of about 3,600 feet.

If we took boat and entered the little rivulet, and landed at the town of Malacca, we should find a most pleasant and picturesque old town, with some remains of the architecture of its former Portuguese masters, and still more quaint old buildings, characteristic of the Dutch, from whom it came into our possession. Chinese houses, ornamented with all the grotesqueness for which that nation is famous; Chinese temples, with huge gilt images, and cool courts, under groves of beautiful trees; and the more fragile houses of the Malay people, that look as if made merely out of the refuse wood and sticks of the bamboos, bananas, and palm-trees in which they are secluded:—all these, with open, grassy spaces, bordered by noble tamarind trees, and cool, sheltered lanes and alleys, under avenues of cocoa-nuts and bamboos, form a most agreeable contrast to the glaring, dusty streets, bare spaces, and spick and span new English houses we should afterwards meet with at Singapore. Malacca is, no doubt, rather a lazy place; there is not much business doing; nobody seems to be in a hurry, neither does any one seem at all anxious for hard work. But there is a delightful, dreamy sort of air about it, every one appearing quite happy and contented, which, to our feelings, made it a most enjoyable place for a short residence. There is, moreover, no spot in the world—and for this assertion we can quote the authority of the Resident—where there is so little crime of any sort. The criminal courts have really nothing to do, and the civil almost as little. Any man, by two or three days' moderate exertion, can earn enough to support him in ease, and supply him with amusement for the rest of the week; and, accordingly, having food, shelter, and amusement, and occasionally a little finery, they are there-with content.

We dwell rather on Malacca, as, on the entrance to the great Malay archipelago, because it always appeared to

us that its inhabitants afforded a good type of what all the Malayo-Polynesian races would become, whenever they had been for a sufficient time under a good government—a government that would keep order and administer equal justice, without being over strict in exacting either money, labour, or religious observances, from the population.*

Let us, however, proceed a little, and visit Singapore. On approaching it the Straits of Malacca seem to be completely closed by low land on every side, a number of islands lying across it, the passages between which, as well as great part of the adjacent seas, are so encumbered with shoals, that the unwary captain who happens to touch on one of them about high water will probably, in a short time, be able to walk round his ship and examine the state of her bottom, and may consider himself a lucky man if that be all the harm that happens to him.

Arrived off the town of Singapore we still seem to be in a lake surrounded by rather low land on every side, that on the south being cut up by a multitude of channels, not yet known or surveyed, although all inhabited, and sometimes, to our shame be it spoken, by people whose trade is a sort of pettifogging piracy. They emerge in small prahus from their retreats, and pounce on any native boats, sampans, or prahus they may be able to master; robbing and, perhaps, murdering our customers, and sometimes our own subjects, within sight of our own doors, and of the vessels lying at anchor in our harbours.

Of Singapore we will allow Captain Keppel to speak:—

"On the banks of a small stream—the rendezvous, until 1819, of only a few Malay trading prahus—now stands the rich and extensive town of Singapore.† By no act of his life did Sir Stamford Raffles manifest greater discernment and foresight than by founding this settlement. In 1824, five years after its first establishment, the population amounted to 11,000, 'the magical result,' says its eminent founder, of 'perfect freedom in trade.' This number had already doubled itself when I saw the place for the first time,

* There is a considerable Malay College in Malacca, which has made it of late years the centre of Malayan literature and instruction.

† Captain Keppel calls it Singapore, a method of spelling that ought to be discouraged, as its name is really "Singha pura" the "Lion city."

in 1833; and it has continued to increase ever since in the same rapid way.* Singapore has now become the commercial emporium of all the trading communities of the eastern archipelago, as well as of that extensive trade which is carried on by all nations with China and India. Hither also resort, now twice in every month, the steam vessels of the Dutch from Batavia, of the Spaniards from Manila, and our own from China, to meet the European mail. The number of square-rigged vessels that anchor annually in the roads exceeds a thousand. The island measures twenty-seven miles in length, and eleven in breadth. A few years ago it was a dense jungle. On every hill may now be seen the residence of some hospitable merchant, surrounded by plantations of nutmegs or other spice trees. Excellent roads intersect the island, and substantial bridges are thrown across its streams."

So far we can corroborate and agree with Captain Keppel; but, when we were there in 1845, many of these roads only led through jungle much invested with tigers, and we fancy neither can have been much diminished since, as Captain Keppel says—

"The annual loss of human life from tigers, chiefly among the Chinese settlers, is perfectly fearful, averaging no fewer than 360, or one per diem."

And he goes on to relate some interesting anecdotes of adventures with these "wild bastes," for which we must refer our readers to his book.

Singapore is altogether a wonderful and interesting place, but not a pleasant one according to our notions, and the higher ranks of its society appeared to us to be infected by a stiff and starched evangelicism—the source of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Proceeding east from Singapore, we emerge, at Point Romanis, into the entrance of the China seas, and, keeping still easterly, we arrive at the north-west coast of Borneo and the now famous province of Sarāwak.†

Of Borneo we have no personal

knowledge, but from the descriptions we should judge that the natural features of the country greatly resemble those of the Malay peninsula, except that the rivers, plains, and mountains are all on a larger and grander scale. In the former book of Captain Keppel, as well as in the publications of Belcher and Marryat, the views of the river banks recalled to our recollection all the beauties of tropical scenery; while those of the great mountain of Kineh Bala gave the idea of much grandeur, but also of much singularity and peculiarity in the outline, so as to puzzle our fancy as to what rock the mountain could possibly consist of. We can hardly imagine a more delightful sojourn for an enthusiastic naturalist than an encampment on the flanks of this mountain, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet from the plains of a great unexplored country like Borneo, full of new animals, new birds, shells and insects, new trees and plants, and unexamined and undescribed rocks.

Captain Keppel's present book is taken up, as to the Bornean part of it, with a defence of the naval operations against the Sakarran and Sarebus† pirates; a defence of Rajah Brooke, as connected therewith, and also of his general government of Sarāwak, and some more extracts from his journals.

Rajah Brooke is a man who has occupied some considerable share of public attention of late years, for which reason we propose first briefly to examine these his claims to hero worship. We can do this the more conscientiously as we never had any connexion either with himself, his friends, or his enemies; never saw him for more than ten minutes, and know nothing more of him than we have seen in print. He went out some twelve or fourteen years ago, if we recollect rightly, as a private gentleman, in his own yacht, in search of adventures. He found them on the north-west coast of Borneo, where he entered the little river Sarāwak, made

* Its population is said now to be 60,000.

† We must entreat our readers, if they have any feelings for the ears of those who have been accustomed to the harmony of the beautiful Malay language, not to pronounce this word as if it were the name of one Sarah Wack. The accent is on the second syllable, with the "a" broad and open, and the final "k" only just sounded merely like a thick "h."

‡ These are the names of rivers east of the Sarāwak, but the reader will look in vain in the chart given by Captain Keppel for these names, and many others mentioned in his book. Not only are many names omitted from this chart, which ought to have been inserted, but, according to our notions, there occur mistakes in the spelling of some of those that are given. For instance, the Malay name for a "point," or "cape," is "tanjong," not "tajong."

friends with the then Rajah Muda Hassim (a weak old gentleman, like many others of the Malay chiefs), assisted him to overcome his enemies, and received the rajahship for his pains. He took on himself the government of the country, with but little means of support, except his own energy and force of character, his determination to administer justice impartially, and to rule the people for their own good.

He succeeded. All praise be to him for it. It was a difficult and rather ticklish task, requiring a good share of "pluck" and of self-confidence, as well as considerable ability. Among any other race than a Malay race, the very great probability is, that he would never have had the chance afforded him, and if he had, that he would *not* have succeeded.

We can, on our own personal authority, affirm that all the Malay* races are singularly docile—that docility is their most striking characteristic. They can easily be taught to be pirates; easily trained to be quiet seamen; they can be made merchants or agriculturists, servants or gentlemen, Hindoos, Mahometans, or Christians, with greater ease and facility than, perhaps, any other race of people on the globe. We do not mean to say that they assume the appearance only of these things; on the contrary, they are perfectly genuine and sincere. They make as good, thorough-going, merciless, and desperate pirates under one kind of influence, as under another they become mild, patient, persevering, Christian husbandmen, sailors, or merchants. An Arab trader settles among them, converts them all into Mahometans, and, probably, makes them pirates, for his own private advantage. A humane English gentleman visits them, and establishes himself among them as a ruler, and if he have the luck to be away from the influence of neighbouring potentates of another class, or if he can in any way overcome and repel their attacks, he founds a kingdom based on the principles of justice and humanity.

Many minor instances of this might be found if they were sought for, of which the following is one that happens to occur to us. In 1845 the

noble island of Lombock was virtually ruled by an Englishman of the name of King, and he may be ruler of it now for all we know to the contrary. He settled as a trader at Ampanani, and in a short time became the prime minister of the rajah, and his word became law over the whole country. An agent of his, an Englishman of no very high class as to manners or education, lived at the other end of the island, alone, exercising an undisputed authority over the surrounding people.

The mere fact, then, of Mr. Brooke (now Sir James) becoming Rajah of Sarawak, was, after all, nothing very outrageously wonderful. Almost any other English gentleman of average resolution and ability, could have done the same thing if he had taken the fancy to try. Similar things could be done even now, either in other parts of Borneo or in many other islands of the east. Any gentleman who can fit out a good, armed yacht, and has a fancy for a principality in a rude, half-civilised country, and does not mind risking his life in the first attempt to obtain it, might soon acquire the style, title, and authority of rajah in the eastern archipelago.

We believe that Rajah Brooke administered his government well and wisely, and, perhaps, in the only way that such a government could be well administered. He most undoubtedly, however, acted on one or two occasions without much scruple, and in a sufficiently arbitrary manner, somewhat in the Louis Napoleon style. We do not say he was not justified in so doing; we merely state the fact. He has however, something about him of the charlatan and adventurer, which, if it has contributed to his success, has also, we think, been very greatly the cause of the obloquy that has lately attended it. He writes journals, but does not condescend to publish them, delegating that office to sundry captains in the navy—Captain Keppel, first and chief; and they usher these journals into the world with a flourish of trumpets that no man could blow in his own behalf without being answered by a laugh.

This course of proceeding may be a fortunate accident, but it rather smacks of policy and a foregone conclusion. It certainly could not have answered

By Malay here, we mean all the inhabitants of the great eastern archipelago who are not Japanese on the one hand, nor Papuans on the other.

better, had it been all a contrived system from the beginning. Rajah Brooke is now Sir James Brooke, Consul-governor-commissioner, with £3000 per annum from the Imperial Government; has been sent on an embassy to Siam (in which he failed egregiously), and has made treaties with the sultans of Bruni and Sooloo (which have had few or no results).

He, with great arrogance, not long ago, demanded from the Governor of Singapore the dismissal of an officer of one of the courts of justice there, because that officer had previously been editor of a paper, in which attacks on the rajah had appeared. He again in this reminds us of Louis Napoleon, on a small scale, who, doubtless, would send a demand for the head of the editor of the *Times*, or of *Punch*, if he thought he could get it.

In the present work, Rajah Brooke commences a journal thus :—

"June 15th, 1850. *Singapore*.—I commence anew a journal of events. . . This record will be for myself alone; I shall try to lose the sense of writing for the public, and use the freedom that I feel of action and of expression."

Now, what man, commencing a really private journal, thinks it necessary to tell himself so at the beginning? Moreover the journal is, throughout, *carefully written*—no hasty expression, no mere heads, or broken memoranda; everything in it, too, *tells* well for Rajah Brooke. There is throughout it an air of apology and of defence, as if of a man advocating his own cause, and putting his actions in the best possible light. There is, moreover, both in this portion and in all his other journals similarly published, an ostentation of philanthropy and disinterestedness, which begets suspicion. Now and then, too, an expression occurs, evidently betraying the fact of its being written for publication; for instance—

"2nd December.—The following description of a bird, found in Labuan, is curious; and I relate it as I heard it from Low and Brereton."

If this journal was really "for himself alone," to whom is he *relating* this description? Dozens of similar instances might be pointed out in it.

Captain Keppel states that "the notes are published as they are found

in the original manuscript." Before reading them, we are told that he has "with difficulty obtained permission to make use of them." This is so evidently a piece of affectation on the rajah's part, that, however it may have imposed on Captain Keppel, it will certainly not be accepted by us without a smile.

Finally, we may dismiss Rajah Brooke with the verdict, that he seems in the main an honest, well-intentioned and humane man, of considerable energy and ability, but that he has his full share of vanity and ambition, which he endeavours to conceal under the guise of disinterested benevolence and general philanthropy; and that, however good his intentions may be, it would be just as well if he did not make such a fuss about them.

As to the naval operations against the Sakarran and Sarebus pirates, we acknowledge ourselves to be converted from our previous distrust of their propriety, by the evidence and arguments brought forward by Captain Keppel. We are willing to set down to the darkness of the night, and the consequent impossibility of seeing exactly what was done, the excessive slaughter and destruction that was caused by the paddle-wheels of the *Nemesis*, and the arms of the party under Captain Farquhar. Doubtless, the morning light brought many a doubt and fear, mingled with regret, to the hearts of those engaged. To those feelings we are unwilling that a word of ours should add a single pang. The operations were justified in the main, both in their design and in their result. No man can be answerable in such circumstances for the details of the execution of his orders. In dealing with bodies of uncivilised or half-civilised men, whether in our own islands here at home, or in distant lands, among people called savages, it must always be borne in mind, that they do not understand or believe in your mercy or forbearance, unless they are fully aware of your power to destroy, and of your resolution to exercise it, if compelled to do so. In intercourse with so-called savage tribes, every one must hold himself prepared, with whatever reluctance and regret, to give them the most practical and convincing proof of his power to destroy and utterly annihilate them, before he can expect them to give him credit for not exercising

that power. To act with energy—in plain words, to kill a certain number of men, when circumstances justify or compel you so to do, without hesitation, and in the most certain, rapid, and effectual manner, is often the truest humanity, and the one most likely to put a stop to all bloodshed for the future.

We are now prepared to believe that circumstances *did justify* the attack on the Sakarran and Sarebus fleet, and can only regret that the rencontre did not take place by day, when justice might have been more tempered with mercy than it was.

Every one, the officers of the navy most especially, must rejoice that the iniquitous system of head-money for pirates—£20 for every carcass—has been put an end to. This was one of the good results of that lamentable, though necessary action.

Our former distrust of the propriety of those operations was, we must confess, a good deal heightened by our recollection of the rencontre which took place some time previously on the coast of Gilolo, under the orders of Sir Edward Belcher. Mr. Marryat, one of his own officers, showed pretty clearly, in his account of the transaction, that the native prahus destroyed on that occasion, and for which a large sum of money was paid to Sir E. Belcher and the crew of the Samarang, were really gun-boats, or coast-guard boats, acting under the orders of the Dutch Government, or of the native chiefs, sanctioned by the Dutch.

We recollect, in 1845, meeting in Sourabaya with an Englishman, the skipper of a small merchant vessel, that had been wrecked near New Guinea. He had been passed on by native prahus from one island to another, till he came to Java. One of the islands he had visited was Gilolo; and we well remember his telling us that he was there obliged to deny he was an Englishman, and pass himself off as an American, because the people were so exasperated in consequence of an unjustifiable attack from one of our men-of-war—the wanton destruction of their prahus, and the uncalled for burning of one or two of their peaceful and unoffending villages. We disbelieved the story at the time, and repudiated the statement, for the honour of the cloth; but after reading Belcher's and Marryat's account of the voyage of the Samarang,

we fear there was too much truth in the native version of the story. Doubtless it was a mistake on the part of Sir Edward Belcher, but such mistakes have very awkward consequences.

Let us continue our voyage, under the guidance of Capt. Keppel, through other parts of the Archipelago. From Sarawak he sailed along the north-west coast of Borneo, touching at Lubuan and Maludu Bay, and then visited Sooloo, passing many small, but beautiful islands on his way. Of Sooloo itself he quotes the following description by Mr. Hunt, which we believe to be near the truth, although written rather in the style of a George Robins:—

“There are few landscapes in the world that exhibit a more delightful appearance than the sea coasts of Sooloo; the luxuriant variety of the enchanting hills exhibits a scenery hardly ever equalled, and certainly never surpassed, by the pencil of the artist. Some with majestic woods, that wave their lofty heads to the very summits; others, with rich pasturage, delightfully verdant; others, again, exhibit cultivation to the mountain top, chequered with groves, affording a grateful variety to the eye: in a word, it only requires the decorations of art and civilised life, to form a terrestrial paradise.”

At the small island of Cagayan Sooloo, Captain Keppel visits the lake described by Sir Edward Belcher, and discovers another one. They must be very curious and interesting places:—

“We came to, in ten fathoms, about a mile off the south side of Cagayan, and immediately commenced our examination of the curious circular lake. The entrance is by a gap about fifty yards wide; this, however, is crossed by a bank of coral, which extends along the whole south coast, and at low water is nearly dry, so as to exclude any boat larger than a canoe. Just outside the middle of the bar was a small island of rock and sandstone, with a sufficient shelter of bushes to make an excellent sheltered spot for our picnic. On passing the bar we found ourselves inside a magnificent circular lake of deep blue water; its circumference was about three miles. It was completely encircled by sandstone cliffs, upwards of two hundred feet in height, and nearly perpendicular; their sides were covered with trees and shrubs. In the natural barriers of this remarkable enclosure, only two small breaks occurred; one was the gap by which we entered, the other was on the east-north-east side.

“From the inside, the little island at the entrance had all the appearance of having

once filled the gap, and looked as if it had been forced out into the sea by some internal pressure. The break which I mentioned on the north-east side did not come lower than within seventy or eighty feet of the water's edge, and was partially concealed by the thick foliage of the jungle and forest trees. In sounding we found the depth of water to vary from fifty to sixty fathoms; and it appeared to be as deep at the sides as in the centre. Nothing could be more beautifully luxuriant than the growth of the jungle trees of every description; their trunks and branches covered with an endless variety of beautiful creepers in brilliant blossom, hanging in festoons to the very water's edge. Over our heads, disturbed by such unusual visitors, numbers of pigeons flew to and fro; while many varieties of parrots screamed their remonstrance at our intrusion. Forming ourselves into small parties, we dispersed; some to haul the seine, some to search for shells, while a third party explored the gap on the north-east side, clambering up without any anticipation of a further treat, which was in reserve for them.

"At a height of about ninety feet, another beautiful lake burst on their astonished sight, circular in form, and as nearly as possible similar to that which they had just left. The two lakes were separated by a sort of natural wall, and the spectator, standing on its narrow edge, could, by a mere turn of the head, look down either on the inner lake, at a depth of thirty feet, or on the outer, eighty feet beneath him, almost perpendicularly. The water of the higher, or inner lake, was perfectly fresh; but it may be observed, that while it is called the *inner* lake, because we approached it *through* the other, it is, in fact, a very little further inland than the first. Men and axes were procured from the ship; the trees were cut down, and a road made up the gap; a raft was then constructed, and, together with a small boat, launched upon the upper water. Our operations soon drew some of the natives to the spot, who expostulated on our proceedings, informing us that the waters of the lake were sacred, and had never yet been desecrated by the presence or by the pressure of an earthly canoe; that the Spirit of the Lake (by description a fiery dragon of the worst order) would not fail to manifest his displeasure at the innovation; and that nothing would induce them to venture on it. These scruples were, however, got over by one of them after he had swallowed a glass of grog.

"It was not until we were afloat on the inner lake, that we were enabled to form a correct idea of the beauty of its encircling barriers, and of the luxuriant vegetation which graced them. We had then also the best view of the extraordinary gap through which we had passed into it. The sandstone cliffs were more perpendicular on the fresh-water side, assuming the appearance of massive masonry; and the gap might be a por-

tal, a hundred feet in height, broken through the immense stone wall. The creepers, also, were hence seen to great advantage, some of them falling in most beautiful luxuriance, the whole length, from the summit of the surrounding heights to the water's edge.

"I should have added, that the cliffs on the lake-side were intersected at regular distances, by a stratum of conglomerate."

✱

We are reminded by these descriptions of the sacred lake mentioned by Herman Melville, in his "Typee," a book which gives the most truthful and accurate, because the most glowing and vivid pictures of the Marquesas Islands, not very dissimilar in any respect to many of those in the eastern archipelago.

We incline to the suspicion, that these circular lakes of Cagayan were old craters, the sandstone and conglomerate being, probably, volcanic tuff and breccia.

Incidental mention frequently occurs of the beauties of the archipelago, whether it be of a little coral islet, with its white beach, rising from unfathomable dark blue water, or of the large and mountainous islands such as Mindanao.

Let us take the following peep into the island of Luzon, the principal one of the Philippines. The party start from Manila, up the river Pasig:—

"We took canoe and paddled up the river, on either side of which, the country-houses and gardens of the inhabitants extended for miles.

"It was dark when we reached the entrance to the lakes, and our boatmen took it easy during the night, but at daylight, when we rubbed our eyes, and looked about us, the change seemed magical. Instead of the narrow and very muddy river on which we were paddling when we went to sleep, we found ourselves on the bosom of a magnificent lake, measuring several miles across; and in water, which, although fresh, was deep and blue in appearance. The hills, or rather mountains, came sloping down from the clouds to the water's edge; we could see the fish rising in all directions. As we passed by headlands, or emerged from groups of islands, fresh expanses of the lakes opened before us, all of the same beautiful character. It was, in fact, one large lake; though in many places nearly separated into several different basins, by narrow passes and numerous islets. We went on wondering and admiring, until we reached our friend's residence in the vicinity of a large and flourishing village. . . . After this, he provided us with a guide to the summit of a

hill in the vicinity, commanding an extensive view. On our way thither, we passed through the village, which is approached by pleasant lanes, sheltered from the sun by hedges of bamboo, the ends of which, gracefully inclining inwards, formed an arch overhead. The houses were clean and well built, with white walls and neatly thatched roofs; the streets are built at right angles; and there is, after the common fashion of Spanish towns, a plaza, or square in the centre.* The low land between the village and the hills at the back, was drained and highly cultivated. The corn fields were generally fringed with groves of cocoa-nut trees, affording a very pleasant and necessary retreat from the noonday sun.

"It was intensely hot, and the hill ascent very laborious: but the view from the summit was worth the trouble. Looking in the direction where we imagined we had entered the waters, we were at fault; for the labyrinth of lakes seemed interminable; basin after basin of blue water appearing, one beyond the other. Some of the distant land lay high; it sloped gradually to the water's edge, and seemed to be capable of any degree of cultivation.

"In an opposite direction, the lake view was not equally extensive, but bounded by higher mountains, at the foot of which, in a plain beyond, communicating by rivers with the lake, stands the town of San Francisco. The view on this side was more lively, being relieved by the white sails of the numerous canoes passing to and fro. The low land immediately beneath our feet, bordering the lake, was teeming with herds of cattle. Altogether the scene was indubitably beautiful.

"It seemed strange to us that agriculture was so partially pursued on the shores of these lakes, where the soil was so rich, where easy means of irrigation were at command, and where the water communication from all parts of the country with Manila, was so open and easy. The explanation given was, that all communication, whether by land or water is insecure: liable to the attacks of banditti—these are composed partly of deserters from the army, and partly of native Indians; a race still untamed and unimpressible as to the advantages of quiet commerce."

The banditti part of the story is simply the result of mismanagement and bad government. The Spaniards have had possession of Manila for three centuries, which we can at once

venture to say, have been three centuries of oppression, tyranny, and injustice, grinding exaction on all the natives they can get into their power, and of the most intolerant haughtiness and contempt on the part of the authorities towards all those, whether Native, Creole, or Spaniard, whom they have been sent to govern.

It is the old story of colonial misgovernment which, bad enough in our own colonies, has always been ten thousand times worse in those of Spain; and the worst of it is, that it will require centuries of good management to eradicate the mischief that has been done, to raise and cherish a kindly feeling in the hearts of the natives towards the Europeans, or to make the Europeans act with common justice and humanity to their native fellow-subjects. The Philippines ought to have been, and might have been with proper management, a kind of terrestrial paradise. By this time all their swelling hills and fertile valleys might have been crowded with a happy and contented population, the very overflowings of whose abundance would now have yielded to Spain a far higher revenue than any she ever has derived from them, or is ever likely to do.

There is in this part of the archipelago a most interesting and delightful field for exploration, open to any one who has the means or opportunity. The great islands of Mindanao and Palawan, of which Dampier and some of the older navigators give such charming accounts, are still almost unknown. And what do we know of the island of Formosa, the very name of which is an attraction?

Let us now retrace our steps southward of Borneo, and touch at Java—that large and magnificent island, the head quarters of the Dutch possessions in the east—from which, after paying all expenses, they derive a revenue of over two millions sterling to the credit of the home government of Holland.

Java is generally associated in people's minds with pestiferous cities seated in deadly swamps, with poisonous upas trees, and valleys of death that no

* This feature of a square in the centre is characteristic also of all Dutch towns in the eastern archipelago, and we question whether it be not an aboriginal characteristic rather than an introduced one. The green square surrounded by trees in the town of Castlebar, county Mayo, with the church on one side, and the streets running along the other, reminds us always of one of these eastern towns.

living being can approach with safety. There is some truth in the swampy and unhealthy situation of some of the principal Dutch towns, as those of Batavia and Sourabaya, where the Hollanders seem to have pitched themselves in order that they might have muddy canals traversing the streets, and thus delude themselves into the belief that they were at home. As to the upas tree: there are several kinds of upas, the juice of some of which is poisonous when treated in a certain way, but a man might surround his house with a grove of upas trees without experiencing any ill effects from them.

The country, when once we get away from the mud flats of the coast into the interior, is one of the most beautiful and magnificent, as well as one of the most fruitful, healthy, and delightful of all the countries of the earth. Noble groups of volcanic mountains range from one end of the island to the other, rising often from 8,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea. The broad valleys and plains between these, which are often 1,500 feet above the sea, are traversed in every direction by brooks and rivulets of ever-running water, giving irrigation to large cultivated districts covered with rice, and sugar, and other tropical productions; while on the rising grounds at the foot of the hills, delightful coffee plantations, with cool grassy alleys under lofty forest trees, spread over miles of ground. Above these, magnificent forests clothe the steep and deeply furrowed flanks of the mountains for several thousand feet, out of which emerge the grassy heights of the summits, crowned here and there by the bare piles of cinders and ashes forming the volcanic cones. In the upland villages, potatoes, peas, and other vegetables, as also fruits of a more temperate climate, are produced in abundance, and supplied to the cities in the plains, where all tropical vegetables and all the delicious fruits of the archipelago are to be had almost for the asking.

Some of these fruits, by the way, as the juicy, exquisite, never-cloying mangosteen, the rich, full-flavoured, luscious, though dreadful-smelling, durian, are worth a voyage to Java or Malacca if only to taste them.

Captain Keppel did not see much

of Java, the only modern account of which that we are aware of since the admirable one of Raffles, is a short narrative given in the voyage of H.M.S. Fly, under Captain Blackwood. We extract the following, however, from Captain Keppel:—

"A short run carried us into Batavia roads. On nearing this spacious and beautiful anchorage, in which the flags of all nations may be seen flying from the mast-heads of a variety of vessels, from the prahus of the Spice Islands to the magnificent traders of the United States, you are at once impressed with the idea that you are approaching a large and opulent city. . . .

"Batavia deserves a great deal more notice than we had time to bestow on it, being the capital of all the Dutch possessions in the east, with a mixed population, chiefly Javanese, of about 120,000. Like Manila,* the city is approached from seaward by a long, straight canal, running between two massive walls; and as there is a strong current generally setting out, the easiest way to stem it is to land the crew, and let them track the boat. The houses near the sea, although large and handsome buildings, are used by the merchants for business purposes only. . . . The suburbs, extending over the higher grounds to a distance of several miles inland, are most healthy and very beautiful; they present a succession of large, handsome houses, standing in extensive gardens, and surrounded by cocoa-nut, banana, and other trees, whose shade imparts a delightful freshness to the apartments. The roads to this part, from the coast, are broad, with streams of fresh water on both sides."

The great public roads of Java are, indeed, admirable ones. One line alone, from Anjer on the west to Banyu Wangi on the east, is more than six hundred miles long, with post-houses at regular intervals of eight or ten miles. A carriage and four may be driven without impediment the whole distance. The horses, however, are only supplied by the people of the several districts, on an order from the government, which must be sent previously along the line, and the Dutch are most jealous of allowing any one but their own government officers to travel in the island at all.

From Batavia Captain Keppel proceeds to the eastward:—

"As we kept the Java coast, the fishing canoes, or 'flying canoes of Java,' as they

* And Sourabaya, and other cities in Java.

are not inaptly styled, were each morning objects of surprise and admiration. They are long, but very narrow; just broad enough to enable a man to sit between the gunwales: the crew seldom exceeds four men. They are rendered steady by long semicircular outriggers, one end secured to the gunwale, the other to large bamboos awash with the water, of the same length as the canoe itself; and as they are daubed all over with some bright white substance,* they have the appearance of huge spiders crawling over the dark blue sea, which is at the same time strange and picturesque; their speed, when propelled by paddles, is very great, but under their large triangular sails they appeared to fly."

Captain Keppel next mentions the islands of Bali and Lombok, the people of which retain a form of the Hindoo religion that once prevailed in Java (where still abound the many ruins of its beautiful temples), and probably over other parts of the archipelago. It appears to have been a purer form of the religion than that now prevalent in India.

The magnificent volcanic peaks that dominate these two large islands, the whole of which seem but fitting bases for them to stand on, are, when viewed from the sea at sunrise or sunset, two of the most noble sights we ever happened to set eyes on.

Neither Captain Keppel nor any of the recent English voyagers have touched at Celebes, or given us any account of it. The very shape of the island has something attractive about it. We would gladly understand the reason of the one narrow piece of land running north and south, and the four promontories, each more than one hundred and fifty miles long, striking out from it in four different directions, ranging from south to east.† We have heard from persons well acquainted with the archipelago, the Resident of Sourabaya among the number, that of all the lovely islands of the east, Celebes is the most beautiful and the most magnificent.

The free, political institutions, moreover, among the Bugis of the Gulf of Bony, where they have a federation of states under chiefs, either elected or bound to rule constitutionally, some of whom, too, are occasionally women,

together with the frank and manly character of those Bugis we have seen, and the enterprise they evince in their trading expeditions to all parts of the archipelago, from Singapore to the Gulf of Carpentaria, make one anxious to know more of such a country, inhabited by such a people.

In pursuance of his duty, however, Captain Keppel made the best of his way to Port Essington, passing in his way the well-known island of Sumbawa (an eruption in which, in 1815, was felt in several directions one thousand miles from its source), the islands of Flores and Timor, with the many adjacent and smaller islands. One of these, a little island called Comba, north-east of Flores, showed a volcano in eruption as they passed.

This, as well as several other scenes mentioned in the voyage, have been very effectively sketched by Mr. Brierly, an artist who accompanied Captain Keppel during part of his voyage. North of Timor are the small islands of Wetta and Kissa, the inhabitants of which having been converted during the last century by some Dutch Lutheran clergymen, still remain Christians, and, judging from one specimen of them with whom we have associated, are as pleasant, quiet, and intelligent a people as one would wish to meet with anywhere.

At Port Essington Captain Keppel's business was to remove a party of marines, detachments of whom had been stationed there since 1838, in the abortive hope of a settlement arising there. "*Scias, mi fili, quantulo sapientiæ mundus gubernatur,*" might, perhaps, be a good motto for all public offices, but ought especially to be affixed to the doors of the colonial office. The two attempts to colonise Northern Australia—namely, this one at Port Essington, and Colonel Barney's at Port Curtis, on the eastern coast, were made, perhaps, with as little judgment (either rashly and ignorantly, or on the advice of incapable and incompetent persons), as any two abortive attempts that ever did not succeed. In each case there was a district near at hand of far higher capabilities, and offering far higher ultimate advantage, whether

* This would be chunam.

† This curious form seems to be nearly repeated in the neighbouring island of Gilolo, which increases our desire to understand the reason of so anomalous a structure.

commercial or political. The Port Essington settlement, or station, had only to be moved to Cape York; the Port Curtis one, only to be taken to the coast between Broad Sound and Whit-sunday Passage, and they would at once have avoided all their difficulties, and been in a condition to make a fair attempt at permanent usefulness. Where they were placed, self-supporting settlement was impossible, and mere posts were useless and practically inaccessible.

Captain Keppel devotes some pages to the description of Port Essington, but does not add anything to our previous knowledge of it. He accuses "naturalists" of "scarcely condescending to admit the Australians into the human race." We should like to know the name of any naturalist who has shown "compunction at allowing them to take their places over the head of the intelligent monkey or sage-looking Chimpanzee."

This is not the only matter in which Captain Keppel shows a want of information, as to what has been done or said by his predecessors. He gives an account of a native stealing on a kangaroo to spear him, taken either directly or at second-hand from Captain Grey's account of the same thing in Western Australia. He volunteers an off-hand opinion as to the advantage of a post at Cape York, which he does not visit, without at all referring to the previously published* reasons of those that had visited it, for such an establishment. When subsequently visiting Carteret's Harbour, in New Ireland, he speaks of it as "discovered by, and named after a Captain Carteret," as if he had never heard of the old circumnavigator Carteret, one of the early ornaments of his own profession. He says also that Cook discovered Port Jackson "on his way to Botany Bay." One would almost imagine that Captain Keppel had never read Cook's voyages, or he must have known that, as Cook was sailing from south to north, and as Port Jackson is north of Botany Bay, it was on his way *from* that place that he observed the entrance to Port Jack-

son, and set it down as a boat harbour only.

The remainder of Captain Keppel's book is taken up with an account of his run from Port Essington round the north of New Guinea, from which we shall extract a few scraps,—his visit to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land containing nothing new or remarkable, except some extracts from Captain Stanley's journal, to which we shall refer when speaking of that voyage; and he then closes with an interesting account of Norfolk Island.

Of the island of Ceram, he writes :—

"The island of Ceram is the second in size of the Moluccas, having an estimated area of about 10,000 square miles. Owing to the jealousy of my friends the Dutch, it is but imperfectly known.

"The mountains are from six to eight thousand feet in height, sending down innumerable streams to the sea. The vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and the trees gigantic. I have now in my possession a circular slab of wood from the island, three and a-half inches thick, and eight and a-half feet in diameter. The sago palm, in particular, is more abundant and productive than on any of the adjoining islands. Cloves and nutmegs grow wild."

Of New Guinea, he says, that it is

"A country about which there appears more interesting mystery than any we had visited. The interior of this magnificent island, 900 miles in length, is less known even than Ceram, or any of the Indian archipelago; and yet it is supposed not only to abound in minerals, but to possess a fertility of soil; and, from its tiers of hills, arising into distant mountains, a variety of climate capable of producing every fruit or vegetable grain within the tropics. For the naturalist, I believe that no country in the world is equally rich in beautiful rare birds and beasts."

When anchored in Carteret's Harbour, in New Ireland, he says :—

"The water where we anchored was so beautifully clear, that in forty† fathoms deep, the corals, shells, and seaweed growing on the bottom could be distinctly seen, and

* See "Voyage of the Fly," vol. i. p. 303, *et seq.*, and "Voyage of the Rattlesnake," as given farther on.

† On consideration, we must confess ourselves a little sceptical of the accuracy of this depth. We have seen clear seas everywhere, and some not far from New Ireland, but never could distinctly make out anything on the bottom at a greater depth than ten fathoms.

gave it all the appearance of a beautiful submarine garden."

We have some pretty clear water on the western coasts of *Old Ireland*, but nothing to equal this of our new namesake in the east. What should we think of being able to loll over the packet's side, and look at the shells, and fish, and the rocks, and weeds, and sands of the bottom, the greater part of the way from Kingstown to Holyhead.

The "Voyage of the Rattlesnake, under Captain Owen Stanley," written by J. Macgillivray, naturalist to the expedition, was published last year. The object of the expedition, as stated in the instructions, was to continue the survey of the Great Barrier reefs off the N.E. coast of Australia, commenced by Captain F. P. Blackwood, in H. M. S. Fly, and more especially to examine the passages leading through Torres' Straits; as, also, to complete the survey of the S.E. coast of New Guinea and of the Louisiade archipelago.

Captain Owen Stanley (son of the late eminent and energetic Bishop of Norwich) was a man distinguished for his love of science, and especially of natural history, and he was accompanied by Mr. Macgillivray, son of the late professor at Aberdeen, who was appointed naturalist to the expedition. Captain Stanley, to the great grief of all his friends, his brother officers, and naturalists in general, died in Sydney, before the objects of his voyage had been altogether completed. His second in command, Commander C. B. Yule, brought the vessel home, where Mr. Macgillivray published his account of the voyage, and has now again gone out as naturalist to H. M. S. Herald, under Captain Denham, on a voyage to New Caledonia, the Feejee Islands, and other parts of the Pacific.

The early part of the voyage of the *Rattlesnake* was occupied by surveys of harbours within the colony of New South Wales, and that of Port Curtis, where the abortive attempt at a settlement took place, that has already been alluded to. With all this we have nothing further to do, except to observe, by the way, that Mr. Macgillivray describes the country round Port Curtis as wretchedly barren and destitute of fresh water, which, from our knowledge of the neighbouring coast, is

exactly what we should have expected. In 1848, they sailed from Sydney for Torres Straits, in company with the barque *Tam O'Shanter*, having a colonial expedition on board, under Mr. Kennedy, which was to disembark at Rockingham Bay, and explore the peninsula of Australia that projects between the Coral Sea and the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Of this expedition we shall have to say a few words presently, but we will first select from Mr. Macgillivray's book one or two scraps of natural history gleaned from the little islands that fringe the N.E. coast of Australia inside the Great Barrier coral reefs that run for upwards of a thousand miles, like a sub-marine wall, at a distance of about thirty miles from land. In Fitzroy Island, Mr. Macgillivray says:—

"A new species of large fruit-eating bat, or flying-fox (*Pteropus conspicillatus*), making the third Australian member of the genus, was discovered. On the wooded slope of a hill, I one day fell in with this bat in prodigious numbers, presenting the appearance while flying along in the bright sunshine, so unusual in a nocturnal animal, of a large flock of rooks. On close approach, a strong musky odour became apparent, and a loud incessant chattering was heard. Many of the branches were bending under their loads of bats; some in a state of inactivity suspended by their hind claws; others scrambling along among the boughs, and taking to wing when disturbed. In a very short time I procured as many specimens as I wished, three or four at a shot, for they hung in clusters. The flesh of these large bats is reported excellent; it is a favourite food with the natives, and more than once furnished a welcome meal to Leichardt and his little party, during their adventurous journey to Port Essington."

In another place:—

"The reef furnished many radiata and crustacea; and, as usual, the shell collectors, consisting of about one-half the ship's company, reaped a rich harvest of cowries, cones, and spider shells, amounting to several hundred weight. One day I was much amused when, on hailing one of our men whom I observed perched up among the top branches of a tree, and asking whether it was a nest he had found, the answer returned was,—'Oh, no sir; its these *geotrochuses* that I am after.'

"On some little islands off Cape Flattery, under the bark of some trees I found two new land shells, one of them a flatish helix, in prodigious numbers, and this more than ever

satisfied me that even the smallest islands and detached reefs of the north-east coast may have species peculiar to themselves, nor did I ever return from any one of the thirty-seven upon which I landed without some acquisitions to the collection."

This reminds us of an observation of Mr. Darwin, when examining the Galapagos Islands, while naturalist to H.M.S. Beagle, to the effect, that he found peculiar species, even of birds, on different small islands, and that even when they were within sight of each other—each small island having one or two birds not known on any other portion of the earth. These and similar facts now familiar to the naturalist, joined to the well-known succession of species discovered by the geologist, point to some mysterious laws regarding the production of new species, of the highest interest to the philosopher.

Mr. Kennedy's expedition seems to have been planned without much forethought. To attempt to land it in Rockingham Bay was simply madness. On referring to the "*Voyage of the Fly*," we find it described in these terms:—

"On the mainland an unbroken range of high land, none of which is less than 2,000 feet in height, stretches along shore as far as we could see to the southward, and, after sweeping round Rockingham Bay, rises and spreads to the northward into still loftier and more broken and mountainous elevations. The summit of this range near Rockingham Bay is very level, but there are many projecting buttresses and ridges on its seaward slope, which is everywhere very steep, and seems furrowed by many gullies, and ravines, and narrow-winding valleys penetrating its sides."

Now, for a lot of men and horses, after being confined for some weeks in a small vessel, to be tumbled ashore when utterly out of condition, and to have to begin by forcing their way over such a country as this, almost ensures the breaking down of an expedition. Had they gone farther north, to Endeavour River, where Cook repaired his vessel, they might have landed, and recruited, and refreshed on the grassy flats of the river, gradually explored its course upwards, gathered strength and condition both for men and animals; and then, having formed a central dépôt, the whole peninsula might have been explored by excursion parties in different

directions, and the schooner kept to fall back on in case of disaster.

As it was, they landed in Rockingham Bay, and sent the vessel to meet them at Cape York at a *certain time*. The tremendous difficulties of the mountain defiles around Rockingham Bay detained them so long (six weeks longer than was calculated), that not only the health and strength of all the party began to fail, but the provisions also; and, after desperate exertions and miserable hardships, Mr. Kennedy was obliged to leave eight of his party encamped at Weymouth Bay, while he pushed on to Cape York, with three men and his native servant, for assistance:—

"Near Shelbourne Bay one of the party accidentally shot himself, and another was too ill to proceed; consequently it was determined to leave them behind in charge of the third man, with a horse for food, while Kennedy and the black pushed on for Port Albany.

"At length, near Escape River, within twenty miles of Cape York, a tribe of natives, with whom they had had some apparently friendly intercourse, tempted by their forlorn condition and a savage thirst for plunder, attacked them in a scrub, and with too fatal success, as the gallant leader of this unfortunate expedition breathed his last after receiving no less than three spear wounds. The affecting narrative of what passed during his last moments, as related by his faithful companion, is simply as follows:—'Mr. Kennedy, are you going to leave me?' 'Yes, my boy, I am going to leave you,' was the reply of the dying man. 'I am very bad, Jackey; you take the books, Jackey, to the captain, but not the big ones; the governor will give anything for them.' I then tied up the papers. He then said, 'Jackey, give me paper and I will write.' I gave him paper and pencil and he tried to write, and then he fell back and died, and I caught him as he fell back and held him, and I then turned round myself and cried: I was crying a good while until I got well; that was about an hour, and then I buried him. I dug up the ground with a tomahawk and covered him over with logs, then grass and my shirt and trowsers; that night I left him near dark."

The black, Jackey, succeeded in reaching the vessel, and assistance was sent to the rest of the party, but only in time to rescue two of them, the rest having died of starvation and utter exhaustion of strength.

We could not choose but pause a moment on this melancholy episode, if only to give a word of reprobation to

its thoughtless and ill-judged plan, in which no previous authorities seem to have been consulted, nor any use made of the information or experience that had been gained.

We will now proceed with the Rattlesnake. Arrived off the south-east coast of New Guinea, Mr. Macgillivray gives a very useful abstract of what had previously been done on it, from which we extract the following passages:—

"The first navigator who saw the shores in question appears to have been Luiz Vaez de Torres, in the Spanish frigate *La Almiranta*, coming from the eastward in August, 1606. In lat. $11\frac{1}{2}$ deg. S., Torres came upon what he calls the *beginning of New Guinea*, which, however, appears to have been a portion of what is now known as the *Louisiade archipelago*. Being unable to weather the easternmost point of this land (Cape Deliverance), he bore away to the westward along its southern shores. 'All this land of New Guinea,' says he, in his long-forgotten letter to the King of Spain, a copy of which was found in the archives at Manila, after the capture of that city by the British, in 1762, 'is peopled with Indians not very white, much painted, and naked except a cloth made of the bark of trees.'"

Torres then sailed along the coast till he enters the straits which now bear his name, when he continues:—

"We caught in all this land twenty persons of different nations, that with them we might be able to give a better account to your Majesty."

We have often wondered what became of the twenty persons thus coolly described as "caught."

M. De Bougainville, in June, 1768, was the next navigator who visited these regions, and gave names to some of their most prominent features, and to the archipelago of the *Louisiade*. More or less of the coast was subsequently seen in a casual way by other French and English navigators, and an actual survey of part of it was commenced by Captain Blackwood, in

1845, in *H.M.S. Fly*, continued by Captain Yule, in *H.M.S. Bramble*, and completed, as far as the south coast and the *Louisiade* was concerned, by Captain Stanley.

The 140 miles of coast surveyed by Captain Blackwood consisted of low muddy land, covered by jungle and traversed by innumerable wide freshwater channels, being evidently the delta of one or more great rivers proceeding from the interior of the country.* Captain Yule traced the coast from where it was left by Captain Blackwood to Cape Possession, where the land rose into lofty mountains, one of which was more than 10,000 feet high. These high mountains were found by Captain Stanley to continue to the S.E. Cape of New Guinea, one peak attaining the height of more than 13,000 feet, and their submarine prolongation evidently stretches into the *Louisiade*, in the south-east island of which Mount Rattlesnake is 2,689 feet high. These mountains seem to be a very magnificent range, judging from sketches we have had an opportunity of seeing in the hydrographical office at the Admiralty,† but which have not been published.

In the extracts from Captain Stanley's journal, given by Captain Keppel, occurs the following description of them:—

"Except the island under the shelter of which we had anchored, nothing whatever could be seen on the land side but masses of heavy clouds above, and volumes of rolling mist below; while, to make it more tantalizing, to seaward all was as clear as possible."

"About an hour before sunset, a change came over the scene, far more magical, far more sudden, than anything ever attempted on the stage, when the dark green curtain is drawn up to show the opening scene of some new pantomime. All at once, the clouds began to lift, the mist dispersed, and the coast of New Guinea stood before us, clearly defined against the sky, tinged with the rays of the setting sun."

"The mountains seemed piled one above another, to an enormous height, and were of

* See "Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of *H.M.S. Fly*, commanded by Captain F. P. Blackwood, R.N." By J. Beets Jukes, M.A., F.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. Boone.

† Mr. Macgillivray's book is illustrated from sketches by Mr. Huxley, the assistant-surgeon of the ship, who has lately received the medal of the Royal Society of London, for his researches on the marine invertebrata during the voyage. These researches, we hope and believe, will shortly be published by the Government.

a deeper blue than any I had ever seen before, even in the Straits of Magellan. They were intersected by tremendous gorges; and, from the foot of the lowest ranges, a considerable tract of low and apparently alluvial soil reached to the beach.

"To give an idea of the scene by description would be utterly impossible. The intense blue of the mountains contrasted strangely with masses of white fleecy clouds, driven rapidly past them by the gale; the bright gleams of the setting sun on the nearer hills, covered with most luxuriant vegetation, from which most mysterious little jets of very white smoke from time to time burst out; and the two surveying ships quite in the foreground, completed the picture, which we did not enjoy very long; for in these latitudes, as you very well know, there is no twilight; and, in less than an hour from the time the clouds began to rise, all was dark; and, though we saw many of the peaks again, we never had another chance of seeing the whole range so clearly.

"From subsequent observations, I find that some of the hills must have been forty-eight miles off, and were at least as high as the Peak of Teneriffe."

We recollect to have seen a similar effect, just before sunset, in the single mountain group of the Peak of Loinbock, which rises boldly from the sea, to a height of 11,400 feet. Just before sunset the clouds that had hitherto obscured the mountain suddenly broke, disclosing first its topmost peak clear in the upper air (seeming just overhead, though twenty miles distant), and then they slowly settled down, fold after fold, with many a sweep and swerve, into the great valleys and ravines, that only became apparent by their swallowing these huge billows of vapour, and their dark and jagged crests becoming for a moment visible against them.

This effect, carried out on so extensive and grand a mountain range as that of New Guinea, must have been a sight such as it is given to few men, and those only once, to behold.

On a subsequent occasion Mr. Macgillivray says:—

"As an instance of the clearness of the atmosphere, so different from what we had usually experienced during our former visit to these shores, it may be mentioned that on one occasion, during a light breeze from the north-west, we clearly saw Mount Yulo (10,046 feet high) and the summit of Mount Owen Stanley (13,205 feet high), distant respectively 120 and 80 miles from the ship. On this occasion also we had a full view of

the whole of Mount Astrolabe, which, although 3824 feet in greatest height, and appearing to D'Urville, as he ran past, to be the highest land on this portion of the coast, is rendered quite insignificant by the lofty though distant range behind. Mount Astrolabe differs in character from any other of the New Guinea mountains seen by us, indicating a different geological formation. The summit extends thirteen miles, running parallel with the coast line, and distant from it about eight miles. Viewed from the north-westward the outline is regular, exhibiting a series of nearly flat tops, with slight interruptions; but from the southward it appears as a succession of terraces or projecting cliffs, precipitous in front near the summit, with a long steep slope below, probably of debris; while the flat top slopes backwards with a very gentle declivity. Owen Stanley range again presented quite a different aspect, as seen on the occasion alluded to, when nearly one half of its whole length (300 miles), from Mount Yule to Heath Bay, was in full view: the outline was irregular, but never suddenly so, and no peaks or other remarkable points were seen."

This great mountain chain appears, from descriptions of former voyagers, to run along the whole north coast of New Guinea as far as Geelvink Bay, when it probably turns to the southward. The whole of the south coast appears to be low, except where these two ends of the mountain chain strike out on it. The drainage from such a great mountain chain would be quite sufficient to produce a river large enough to form the delta of 140 miles in length, like that surveyed by Captain Blackwood.

It does not appear that this mountain chain is volcanic, although volcanoes are found active in the islands off its north-east end, and extinct in Torres Straits. In the Louisiade archipelago all the rocks were mica slate.

Mr. Macgillivray's book contains many interesting and graphic descriptions of objects of natural history, both botanical and zoological. It also has much ethnological matter of great value, and many amusing and instructive accounts of his adventures with the different savage tribes he falls in with, and of their manners, habits, customs, and appearance.

One very interesting story he tells of a white woman, Mrs. Thompson, the sole survivor of a wreck in Torres Straits, having lived four years and a-half among the "black fellows" there,

whom she at length persuaded to allow her to see her friends the "white men." She, of course, remained with them, and was taken back to Sydney. From her he got a large quantity of interesting information, and many additions to his vocabulary.

On these subjects, however, we must refer our readers to the work itself, assuring them it will well repay perusal.

Our object has been, while reviewing the two works placed at the head of this chapter, to give the reader some idea of the form and aspect, the relative size and situation, of some of the principal islands of the eastern archipelago. We commenced with the Straits of Malacca, and the great and flourishing settlement of Singapore, as the starting point of our supposed packet route through this great archipelago. We shall close with some description of Cape York and Torres Straits, as the best spot for the intermediate coaling station for the packets between Singapore and Sydney.

Torres Straits lies between the north point of the east coast of Australia and New Guinea, being about eighty geographical miles in width from north to south. The northern end of the Great Barrier reef, here about seventy miles from the land, stretches nearly across its eastern entrance. Its northern half is completely blocked by coral reefs and shoals stretching from New Guinea, so that all ships passing through it, whether they come through one of the openings in the Great Barrier reef, or double its northern extremity, are compelled to come within sight of the land of Australia, and to pass close to either the mainland of Cape York, or one of the many islands just detached from it.

Having premised so much, we will let Mr. Macgillivray do the rest. While lying at anchor at Cape York, he says—

"The frequent excursions of our shooting parties, being more extended than during our last visit, became the means of adding considerably to our knowledge of the surrounding country. One of the immediate consequences was, the discovery of several small streams of fresh water. The principal of these, which we named Mew River (after its finder, the serjeant of marines aboard), has its mouth in a small mangrove creek, three quarters of a mile to the eastward of Evans Bay. About five miles farther up, its source was found to be a spring among rocks, in a dense *calamus* scrub. Its waters

a fine valley running nearly east and west, behind the range of hills to the southward of Evans Bay, and its line is marked by a belt of tangled brush, exceeding in luxuriance anything of the same description which I had seen elsewhere.

"The lower part of the valley is open forest land, or nearly level and thinly wooded country, covered with tall coarse grass. Farther up it becomes more beautiful. From the belt of wood concealing the windings of the river, grassy sloping meadows extend upwards on each side to the flanking ridges which are covered with dense scrub, occasionally extending in straggling patches down to the water. The soil of these meadows is a rich sandy loam. Here, at the end of the dry season and before the periodical rains had fairly set in, we found the stream at half-way up to be about six feet in breadth, slowly running over a shallow gravelly, or earthy bed, with occasional pools from two to four feet in depth."

This matter of permanent fresh water is one that only those who have visited Australia, can adequately appreciate. While the *Mæander* lay at Port Essington, they could only just get enough of water for their daily consumption, and were obliged to go to the Moluccas to water the ship.

In another place, Mr. Macgillivray mentions that on Albany Island, immediately adjacent to Cape York,

"A small sandy bay with a sufficient depth of water close in shore, which, after a minute examination by Captain Stanley, was considered to be well adapted to the running out of a jetty, alongside of which the largest steamer could lie in perfect safety."

He finally sums up, as to Cape York, in the following terms:—

"I need scarcely repeat the arguments which have been adduced in favour of the expediency, I may almost say necessity, of establishing a military post, or small settlement of some kind, in the vicinity of Cape York simply because, while perfectly agreeing with Mr. Jukes, and several other persons, who have drawn the public attention to the subject, I have little in addition to offer. Still, a few words on the question may not be out of place. The beneficial results to be looked for, were such a settlement to be formed, would be:—

"1st, A port of refuge would be afforded to the crews of vessels wrecked in Torres Straits, and its approaches, who otherwise must make for Booby Island, and there await the uncertainty of being picked up by

some passing vessel, or even attempt in the boats to reach Coupang in Timor, a distance of 1,100 miles further. And now that the settlement at Port Essington has been abandoned, the necessity for such a place of refuge is still greater.

"2nd. Passing vessels might be supplied with water and other refreshments; also stores, such as anchors, &c., which last are frequently lost during the passage of the strait.

"3rd. The knowledge of the existence of such a post would speedily exercise a beneficial influence over our intercourse with the natives of Torres Strait, and induce them to refrain from a repetition of the outrages which they have frequently committed upon Europeans; the little trade in tortoise-shell, which might be pushed in the strait, as has frequently been done before by small vessels from Sydney, and even from Hong Kong, would no longer be a dangerous one, and protection would be afforded to the coaling depôt for steamers at Port Albany.

"4th. In a military point of view, the importance of such a post has been urged upon the ground, that in the event of a war, a single enemy's ship stationed in the neighbourhood, if previously unoccupied, could completely command the whole of our commerce passing through the strait.

"5th. From what more central point could operations be conducted with the view of extending our knowledge of the interior of New Guinea, by ascending some of the large rivers of that country, disemboguing on the coast of the Great Bight?

6th. And lastly—but on this point I cannot advance my opinion with much diffidence—I believe that were a settlement to be established at Cape York, missionary enterprise, *judiciously conducted*, might find a useful field for its labours in Torres Strait, beginning with the Murray and Darnley islanders; people of a much higher intellectual standard than the Australians, and consequently more likely to appreciate any humanising influence which might be exercised for their benefit."

Most readers, perhaps, take up a book of voyages or travels, as they

would a novel, seeking a passing amusement from the adventures therein described, or perhaps only from the illustrations given. Such voyages as these now described, however, and especially such as the latter book of Mr. Macgillivray's, admit of a more careful and studious perusal for the amount of information they contain, whether to the naturalist, the geographer, or the statesman.

To the man of science, perhaps, it matters not of what nation were the observers, nor in what language their history is written. For the interests of the British empire, however, with her colonial possessions and foreign dependencies scattered over the whole globe, her subjects and her commerce penetrating to even the most out-of-the-way corners of it,—new trades, new sources of wealth, new commercial relations every day springing up, it is essential that competent observers and describers of our own nation should be always travelling the globe, and from time to time giving to the public the results of their observations.

These may be a source of amusement to the idle man, and of information to the man of science, but by no man ought they to be more thoroughly mastered, and frequently perused, than by any one who aspires to become a leader in the affairs of the British empire.

Of this empire the United Kingdom is only the heart—its limbs and members embrace the world. Would that every politician would keep this fact present to his mind! We should then have fewer petty squabbles and local and party disputes and prejudices, here at home—should legislate and govern in a purer and larger spirit, with the consciousness that every throb of the national heart is felt, in its pulsations, to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The ice no longer binds the rill,
 Nor snows their mantle fling ;
 For every bleak and barren hill
 Has kiss'd the breeze of Spring.

I hear its music in the wood,
 It sighs along the vale,
 Where summer flowers in beauty stood,
 It lingers in the dale ;
 It plays upon the primrose banks,
 And rests its merry wing ;
 The drooping snowdrop kindly thanks
 The western breeze of Spring.

Ah ! well it knows where violets grow
 In the lone and shady lane ;
 It bids its sweet, blue fav'rites blow,
 And onward speeds again.
 It wakes the flowers of the field,
 And they their offerings bring ;
 The flowers their sweetest incense yield,
 To scent the breeze of Spring.

The blackbird, from the hawthorn bush,
 Renews his lively strain ;
 On topmost branches stands the thrush,
 And tunes his throat amain :
 At close of evening calm and mild,
 He makes the forest ring
 With native woodnotes, clear and wild—
 He loves the breeze of Spring.

The robin leaves his winter friends
 For hedge-rows far away—
 Above his mossy nest he bends,
 And pipes his plaintive lay.
 The lark uprising with the light,
 On merry mounting wing—
 Strains all his might till out of sight,
 And hails the breeze of Spring.

A hundred voices fill the air,
 The sun shines warmly down ;
 Away with each intruding care,
 And leave the gloomy town.
 Come, roam along the woodpath green,
 Hear nature's favourites sing,
 Enjoy the soul-enlivening scene,
 And woo the breeze of Spring.

R. TOWNLEY.

What a thousand pleasant images do these verses conjure up in the mind, for they discourse of Nature, and Nature never satiates us. Old as the world, yet ever young ; still the same, yet ever charming the soul and the senses with a charm beyond that of novelty—a freshness that makes her ever renew her

bloom. Here, too, is a memorial of one of the earliest of our wild flowers—one that raises up its yellow head with the king-cup and the violet upon the green meads, the favourite of poets in all times—the asphodel of the Greeks, the daffodil that Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spencer have sung: and now let Collins chant its praises:—

THE DAFFODIL.

I.

Golden asphodel !
 Many a woodland well
 Lies an amber water in thy light divine ;
 And the Oread girls
 See their dancing curls
 Flash like summer sunlight 'mid the hyaline !
 When, with flying ankles,
 Bending branches under,
 With a choric melody they cleave the air asunder !

II.

Ages long ago,
 Did thy golden glow
 Lie on gorse and heathbell upon the mountain side ;
 Where the pheasant's breast
 Found a frequent rest,
 With its wide wings drooping in the summer-tide ;
 And the red deer, weary,
 'Mid Apollo's anger,
 Crushed thy odorous petals fair, crouching in his languor.

Blossom, ever golden !
 By the rivers olden
 Winding, slowly winding to the wide blue sea !
 Chalice ever bright !
 Fragrant with delight,
 Where the 'ancient forests murmur in their glee,
 Linger in thy beauty,
 'Mid the moss enwoven,
 'Till, by winter's icy lance, the glowing year is cloven !

MORTIMER COLLINS.

These are, indeed, graceful verses. There is a fine rich luxurious fancy about them that bespeaks true genius. Mortimer Collins is an especial favourite of ours, and, therefore, right gladly do we find another flower of his culling, which we shall now give you:—

THE PILGRIM OF ART.

I.

Weary of life in cities, and the sound
 Of endless commerce, forth the pilgrim goes ;
 Pining to tread the distant Alpine ground,
 Pining to cool with lustrous mountain-snows,
 The ruthless fever on his brow that glows,
 And burns his heart to ashes. Far away,
 Where evermore the mighty gulf stream flows,
 Or where, beneath a sky of silent grey,
 Pines of the Northern Sea wave in the wind away.

II.

Where shall he seek for beauty and for life?
 O earth has pleasant places, and the sea
 In its calm majesty and voiceful strife,
 Is full of infinite gladness. There may be
 No limit to its thunder and its glee;
 Where the great granite bulwarks of the land
 Do battle with the tempest; where the free
 Voice of old ocean shakes the stormy strand,
 While stern black tempest-clouds upon the mountains stand.

III.

A soft green cirque amid the hills divine,
 Well I remember: overhead the sky,
 Rent by the mountain-peaks, its hyaline
 Fretted with broken clouds; in ether high
 An eagle on wide wings is floating by,
 Full in the sunlight; on the curving grass
 Young children, ruddy in their sweetness, lie,
 Lave their white feet in brooks that eddying pass,
 And crush the wildwood flowers in many an odorous mass.

IV.

Here shines the Lamp of Beauty. When the night
 Darkens the sky to one imperial star;
 While fades and narrows from the baffled sight
 The form of all things; while the hills afar
 Grow up to Titans, helmed as Titans are
 For hottest warfare; in that lonely hour
 When sails the nightwind in his cloudy car,
 From peak to peak, from cliff to craggy tower,
 Then burns the solemn light of the great Lamp of Power.

V.

The ripe fruit reddens 'mid the mulberry leaves,
 And merry girlhood with a purple stain,
 Deepens sweet lips of laughter. Harvest sheaves
 Are bound all golden by the sunburnt train
 Of Autumn. Waves the yellow sea of grain
 Beneath the sweet wind of the sultry time,
 Which drives cloud shadows o'er the thirsty plain,
 Freshening the fields. The reaper's choral chime
 Comes to the distant ear like some old Doric rhyme.

VI.

This is the Lamp of Life. And memory
 Brings her own beauties from the ages hoary;
 For her the Nereid maids pass flashing by
 On the blue waves, beneath some promontory
 Whose kingly crest was known in Grecian story;
 For her the vintagers of mid-sea isles
 Sing all day long old Homer's chants of glory;
 Of great Achilles and the Odyssean wiles,
 Of Hector's brave despair, and Helen's magic smiles.

Or else an azure temple—incense wending
 Skyward. Ionian girls, with wavy hair,
 And girded breasts, and silken lashes, bending
 Over most lucid eyes. The soft pure air

Embracingly surrounds those beauties rare ;
 And the white columns, and the tossing sea,
 And the pale olive-trees that cluster there,
 Win half their beauty from the ether free,
 Whose sapphire-stained robe binds all things lovingly.

VIII.

Then let us shout Thalatta ! Beauty bright,
 And life, and power, blend in that thought divine.
 There pause, tired pilgrim ! The fresh wind's delight
 Breathes wildly over the eternal brine.
 Earth, air, and sea, the mighty sisters trine,
 Meet on the white sands of the winding shore ;
 Fair visions people all the curving line
 Of cape and bay ; and hearken to the roar
 Of waves that course along the granite ocean floor.

IX.

Eternal is the glory of the earth :
 Pilgrim of dreams, despair not. Be thou part
 Of all the solitary power, whose birth
 Is in the giant mountain's silent heart ;
 Or where the torrents, with a thunder start,
 Leap from the pine-woods over jambs of stone,
 Upheaved by ancient fires. Undying art
 Shall find thee in thy wanderings wild and lone,
 And wed thee with that ring which makes all power thine own.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Fine thinking and finely expressed, in all that majesty of motion which the stanza of Spencer so admirably suits. Beyond all question it is the noblest vehicle of verse which English poetry has ever achieved. How infinitely beyond the Ottava Rima of Tasso, in nerve, vigour, and dignity. Well, let us pass on and see what comes next to hand. It speaks of Nature, and so we shall give the author a hearing :—

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

Oh ! ye flowers blooming
 In your garden beds,
 Mild and unassuming,
 Lifting your fair heads,
 Or your bright forms spreading
 O'er the meadows wide,
 And rich perfumes shedding
 Where glad streamlets glide,
 Though boasted not in story,
 Each of you outvies
 The regal pomp and glory
 Of Solomon the Wise !

II.

Oh ! ye dew-drops, seeming
 Like celestial gems,
 Once in lustre beaming
 On saints' diadems,
 Glistening now on flowers,
 Sparkling on the trees,
 Decking summer bowers—
 Soon before the breeze,

Or the sunbeam's greeting,
Will ye die away;
Thus, too, man is fleeting
Quickly to decay.

III.

Oh! ye diamonds shining
Brilliantly and bright,
In one spark combining
Many rays of light;
Dug from earth's deep bosom
Some fair brow to deck,
Or, like a favour'd blossom,
Grace some beauty's neck;
To our hearts more brightly
Shine the lost one's eyes,
Gazing on us nightly
From the happy skies.

IV.

Oh! ye bright birds winging
Home your joyous flight,
In your rapture singing
Strains of wild delight,
There are human voices
Dearer to our ears,
And the heart rejoices
When such strains it hears—
Hark! for strains excelling
Those are heard above,
Saints their praises telling
To the God of Love!

V.

Oh! ye free winds blowing
From your viewless thrones,
Every moment growing
Wilder in your tones;
Whither are you fleeing?
Why so full of wrath?—
There is ONE decreeing
Which shall be your path;
Though ye seem so flighty,
Ye act not from choice,
One thing is more mighty,
'Tis "the still small voice."

VI.

Oh! ye lofty mountains,
With high grandeur crown'd,
Whence a thousand fountains
Leap with bubbling sound.
Know we, It is Written,
For our sakes, no doubt,
When the rock was smitten,
The living streams gush'd out—
A well of everlasting
Life to weary men,
Who, that pure spring tasting,
Never thirst again.

VII.

Oh! ye billows, rolling
 In your power and pride,
 Beyond man's controlling,
 Onward ye will glide;
 Underneath you slumber,
 In a dreamless sleep,
 High hearts without number,
 Hidden by the deep;
 Yet will cease your power,
 Mighty though it be,
 In God's appointed hour
 There shall be "no more sea."

VIII.

Oh! ye bright stars, gleaming
 From your lofty sphere,
 In your splendour beaming
 On us, mortals, here
 Deeming it your duty
 Darksome paths to light,
 Shining in your beauty—
 "Watchers of the night;"
 They who are forgiven—
 They whose faith endures,
 Shall yet wear, in heaven,
 Brighter crowns than yours!

Nature, indeed, may teach us much; but Nature needs an interpreter to teach us all her lore. And so it is, when we read her outspread volume in the illumination of that light which Revelation gives, her lessons are full of wisdom. Alas, without that light how much has mankind gone astray, even when he thought he followed an unerring guide. What is the next wild flower to present you with? It is an exotic, transplanted from a land of song:—

SIR AXEL AND LADY ILSE.

TRANSLATED FROM OCHLENSCHLAGER.

I.

It was the Knight Sir Axel
 Rode up the castle height,
 To woo the Lady Ilse,
 A maid of beauty bright.
 He wooed the Lady Ilse,
 That sweet and lovely maid;
 But he, one month thereafter,
 In dark, cold earth was laid!

II.

It was the Lady Ilse—
 Her heart was crushed and cold;
 She heard the Knight Sir Axel
 Moving beneath the mould!
 Up stood the Knight Sir Axel,
 In his arms his coffin bore,
 And ghastly, in his grave-clothes,
 Stood at fair Ilse's door.

III.

Then at her door thrice knocked he,
 And said in hollow tone,
 "Let in thy true love, Ilse,
 For soon he must be gone."
 Then up rose Lady Ilse,
 Undid the chamber door—
 There stood the Knight Sir Axel,
 She thought to see no more.

IV.

"When thou art calm and cheerful,
 And look'st with hope on high,
 Then ever-blooming roses
 Upon my coffin lie ;
 When thou giv'st way to sorrow,
 And wail'st in mournful mood,
 O then my mouldering coffin
 It overflows with blood !

V.

"Already doth the red cock
 Call to the graveyard lone—
 Fair Ilse, I must leave thee,
 And to my grave be gone !
 Look up ! see in the heavens
 Yon little star so bright ;
 Already how it palcth
 Before the morning light !"

VI.

Then up looked Lady Ilse,
 Up to that star looked she,
 And in his grave sank Axel,
 For nothing else could be !
 But Ilse's heart was woful—
 She wept both night and day ;
 And one short month thereafter,
 In dark, cold earth she lay !

There is a good healthy moral conveyed in this little poem, though the lady did not profit by it, namely, to "weep not for the dead ;" yet we have seen it better expressed elsewhere. It is, indeed, a truth, that of all the vanities of life the greatest vanity is to mourn hopelessly over those who are departed from us. Youth understands not this in all the ardour of its early and unsubdued affections ; but age learns to feel it and to acknowledge it. The dead have passed away to their final resting place, our cries cannot recall them ; our tears cannot change their future, though it may embitter our own present. Why should we mourn ? Have we not enjoyed their converse while they were with us here—shall we not look forward to be with them again hereafter ? Wise, indeed, is the sentiment of our own poet Tennyson, and finely expressed the solace which the living should take in the memory of the dead, though ravished from him :—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
 I feel it when I sorrow most ;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all !"

Upon this principle, too, let us make up our account with life and death, and esteem ourselves happy whenever, upon striking the balance, we find the former

has given us more than the latter has taken from us ; while memory still preserves to us that which neither life nor death can destroy. But man learns—though the lesson be a hard one, and the heart be slow to feel and dull to comprehend it—man learns that every earthly loss brings its spiritual gain, every earthly sorrow its spiritual joy; and that as surely as the shadow on the earth certifies the existence of the sunlight in the heavens, so surely does grief here announce gladness hereafter. And so it is with the loss of friends. Listen, while we expound to you its uses in an illustration of—

A MOTHER'S TALE.

"Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds ; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."
—JOB, xxxvii. 21.

"Foot-prints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."
—VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

There was a mother upon earth,
Who once had children three ;
Blithe was her face to see,
When these sat by her hearth.

It was her joy to circle round
And hear their young sweet laughter ;
No thought "before and after"
Saddened the merry sound.

Thus brightly passed away her years ;
Her children were her treasure,
Her hope, her pride, her pleasure—
She had no need of tears.

Alas ! she had small thought to give
To Him, the Almighty name,
From whom her glory came,
Who bade her blessings live.

At length a silent shadow crept,
And touched her golden light
With gloom of coming night :
She trembled, yet she slept.

It darkened round with solemn tread—
"Darkness which might be felt ;"
Yet though her body knelt,
The heart was hardened.

Closer around her child it crept—
Dark lay its awful trace
On the beloved face ;
The mother only wept,

And earnest prayed, with anguish wild,
While faintly fell the prayer
For grace, for strength to bear—
"Lord Jesus, heal my child !"

There came a morning from the sky,
From out the azure heaven,
So lovely—was it given
Only for agony ?

Even with the dawning of that day
Rose an exceeding cry—
A pure soul quietly
Passed to its Lord away ;

And she who had “ no need of tears,”
In mother pride elate,
Stood darkly desolate.
Where now her golden years ?

She went forth in the morning sun—
Within, her child lay dead :
“ My darling !” thus she said,
Not “ Lord thy will be done.”

“ My darling !” it was all she said,
Again, again, again—
The anguish of her pain
That one word uttered.

But He who pierced very sore
Was pitiful—she felt
Aroused, her spirit melt,
A calm unknown before.

It circled round with might unseen,
Deep filling the sweet air,
Giving her strength to bear,
An arm whereon to lean.

She felt the depths of the blue sky
Enter into her soul ;
It seemed from thence it stole
Her still serenity.

Even from earth the tender flowers
Looked up into her face,
Yearning, with loving grace,
To bless the silent hours.

Low whispering, with fragrant breath
Of one as beautiful—
Oh, slow of heart and dull,
To whom they speak of death !

To them a brighter voice is given—
Softly the lilies white
Sigh from their beds of light,
Of Christ their Lord and heaven.

And thus it was, from that deep day
Of agony, there rose
A stillness, a repose
Which none might take away.

And while her tears fell quietly,
For sorrow and for sin,
There was a light within,
She felt was of the sky.

And plainly by that light she read,
But for this chastisement,
In loving mercy sent,
Thy soul had perished.

And thoughts would often come and go—
Music, now faint, now clear,
May not thy child be near?
How near thee none can know.

May not thy darling steal away
Some pain, some hollow care,
It has been thine to bear,
Leaving thee free to pray?

May not thy angel child reveal
Blessings which hidden, sleep
From all but those who weep?
We know not, yet we feel.

We only know whence blessings come—
Christ took thy lily flower,
To teach thee, through love's power,
His love, to lead thee home!

A simple, touching tale; ay, and told in a verse musical and graceful, teaching us the old-world truth that what to our eyes seems a curse, is yet, in reality, a blessing. There is another lesson, too, which we learn, but we learn it slowly; and our schoolmaster is Time, who disperses the mists of error, and gives us at last to see the divine face of Truth. And that lesson is, that many an apparent blessing is a real curse—a curse which not the providence of God sends uncalled for, but which our own prayers invite. This, too, we shall show you by an illustration, and a fair favourite shall be your preceptress:—

THE FAIRY GIFTS.

Four maidens sat at eventide
Beside a forest spring,
Where boughs drooped on the soft, rich grass,
And flow'rs were blossoming;
And the wood-dove came at heat of noon,
To rest her weary wing.

The moss was bright as emerald
Where the living fountain sprung,
And pleasant was the quivering shade
By tangling garlands flung;
For gracefully, from tree to tree,
The flexile woodbine hung.

The summer breeze that waved the trees
Above those maidens fair,
Brought chesnut flowers in snowy showers
Upon their shining hair;
And breathed on brows unmarked by time,
Unshadowed by a care.

They heard the wild-bee's drowsy hum,
As laden home he hied;
Within the foxglove's crimson cup
The butterfly they spied;
And the slanting ray of waning day
Announced the eventide.

They saw no more the insect swarms,
The glittering flies of June,
That floated on their fragile wings
In the sultry beam of noon ;
They all had vanished, ere on high
Arose the round, white moon.

Yet still they lingered, loth to go,
While one a story told—
A sweet, wild fairy legend
Of the golden days of old,
Ere fancy's bright imaginings
Had all grown dim and cold.

They drank, with thirsty eagerness
And long-drawn, anxious sighs,
The wond'rous tale of magic power
That lurked in mortal guise,
And one and all they wished to them
Some fairy might arise.

The moonbeams lay upon the stream
That murmured at their feet,
And silvered o'er the flowers that bent
The shining spray to meet,
When a voice arose from out its depths—
A sad voice, wild and sweet.

It said, in tones that thrilled their hearts—
“ Frail things of mortal birth,
Who yearn for pow'r that lingers yet
In secret on the earth,
Mine ears have heard the sighing wish
That mingled with your mirth.

“ One boon to each, whate'er it be .
• I will on you bestow ;
Yet ponder well before you ask,
For be it weal or woe,
Henceforth the gifts that you receive
With life's source twin'd shall grow.”

The elder maiden prayed for wealth,
For potent, worshipped gold ;
Another for the loveliness
Denied to mortal mould ;
The third for genius ;—but the fourth
Stood silently and cold.

“ 'Twas but an idle wish,” at length
She said, with downcast eye ;
“ I did not dream that power like thine
Dwelt, save with Him on high ;
Oh ! keep me pure and good, that life
May fit me for the sky !”

Their prayers were granted, and they rose
From the lone fountain's side,
While joy and terror filled their hearts
With strange conflicting tide ;
And, through the soft and dewy night,
In silence, home they hied.

And fortune showered her favours down
Upon one maiden's head ;
Wealth seared her brain and stole her heart,
And love and friendship fled ;
And hideous spectres crowded round,
To haunt her sleepless bed.

She broke the ties which Nature knits,
Of love to all mankind ;
She severed the enduring links
Which child to parent bind ;
And lingered out a weary life,
With torture in her mind.

And beauty, such as human thought
Can scarce conceive to be,
Smiled in the second maiden's face,
With magic witchery,
And lovers, in unnumbered crowds,
Before her bent the knee.

She broke the true heart, that had prized
Her love in other days,
And thirsted for the lavish meed
Of noble lovers' praise,
Poured at her feet from warriors' lips,
And poets' breathing lays.

Her haughty soul, unsatisfied,
Longed still for wider sway ;
She scorned the true, and spurned at all,
And hoped a prouder day,
'Till time stole on with noiseless tread,
And beauty fled away.

And then, a loveless, friendless age
Replaced her sun of youth ;
Her heart was knawed by vain remorse,
As with a serpent's tooth ;
And, in her solitude, forlorn,
She prized love's slighted truth.

The third poured forth to the rapt world
The treasures of her mind ;
She soared, in fancy, to the stars,
And left dull earth behind,
And sought for happiness and peace,
Which she was ne'er to find.

Men wept like children, as they read
The coinage of her brain ;
The heart-wrung for the time forgot
Their misery and pain,
And the world-weary pulse leaped high
With hope and youth again.

But she, whose spell had wrought the change,
What recompense had she ?
Vain burning longings ne'er fulfilled,
A life-long agony,
That cankered at the root of life,
And bade contentment flee.

The last—ah! she alone was proof
 Against the ills of life;
 Her heart ne'er felt the wish to join
 In earth's unceasing strife;
 But charity, and peace, and love,
 Within her breast grew rife.

Ah! she alone of all the four,
 Had cause to bless the fairy's dower.

A charming poem, is it not? We love to have instruction imparted in such sweet song. Yet would not three out of every four of the world choose as did the three elder maidens—wealth, beauty, genius? Is not the language of almost every heart that of Callimachus in his hymn to Jove?—

Χαίρει, πατρε, χαίρει αὐτὶ δίδου δ' ἄριστην τ' ἀφινος τι
 Οὐτ' ἀριτῆς πατρὸς ὀλβος ἐπιστάται ἀνδρῶν αἰξίμῳ,
 Οὐτ' ἀριτῇ ἀφινίῳ, δίδου δ' ἄριστην τι καὶ ὀλβον.

Well, but you will say—What shall man wish or ask for? Shall he ask at all; or shall he leave it to the hand of Providence to dispense to him out of the treasures of wisdom and love? Hear what a heathen poet, who sat almost in the light of Christian philosophy, teaches in reply to some such question—

"Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis,
 Permites ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris;
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Di:
 Carior est illis homo quam sibi."

An excellent answer for the heathen; yet will we "show you a more excellent" one, which Juvenal might have learned had he sought out Saul of Tarsus in the prison of the Mamertine, or in "his own hired house" at Rome. He would have learned that there was more truth even in the old faith of Homer—"Prayers are Jove's daughters," than in the apathy of his more modern stoicism. He would have learned a higher truth still, namely, that man is to make known to the Deity his wants "with prayer and supplication;" but that he is to understand what these wants really are, and in how small a circle they are contained. In the moderation of a man's heart can alone be found the elements of true happiness. If his wishes range beyond those things that are needful to his physical and his spiritual requirements, most assuredly will he meet some disappointment in the unuttered prayer of his heart, for that which is beyond the legitimate scope of prayer, St. Augustine has finely said, "Ille beatus est qui omnia quæ vult habet, nec aliquid vult quod non decet." That man is indeed happy who has all that he wishes for, and who wishes for nothing that is not suitable for him.

But we have wandered away somehow from our theme—from culling the wild flowers in the fields to loitering beside the fountain that flows in the temple of Truth. Nevertheless, bear with us, dear friends; the wreath will be all the brighter if a drop or two, from that pure and everlasting well, glitter like jewels amid gaudy colours and green leaves.

TO THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

My native Bay, for many a year
 I've loved thee with a trembling fear,
 Lest thou, though dear and very dear,
 And beauteous as a vision,
 Shouldst have some rival far away—
 Some matchless wonder of a bay—
 Whose sparkling waters ever play
 'Neath azure skies elysian.

'Tis Love, methought, blind Love that pours
 The rippling magic round these shores—
 For whatsoever Love adores
 Becomes what Love desireth :
 'Tis ignorance of aught beside
 That throws enchantment o'er the tide,
 And makes my heart respond with pride
 To what mine eye admireth.

And thus, unto our mutual loss,
 Whene'er I paced the sloping moss
 Of green Killiney, or across
 The intervening waters—
 Up Howth's brown sides my feet would wend,
 To see thy sinuous bosom bend,
 Or view thine outstretch'd arms extend
 To clasp thine islet daughters ;

Then would this spectre of my fear
 Beside me stand—How calm and clear
 Slept underneath, the green waves, near
 The tide-worn rocks' recesses ;
 Or when they woke, and leapt from land,
 Like startled sea-nymphs, hand in hand
 Seeking the southern silver strand
 With floating emerald tresses :

It lay o'er all, a moral mist,
 Even on the hills, when evening kist
 The granite peaks to amethyst,
 I felt its fatal shadow :

It darkened o'er the brightest rills,
 It lower'd upon the sunniest hills,
 And hid the winged song that fills
 The moorland and the meadow.

But now that I have been to view
 All even Nature's self can do,
 And from Gaeta's arch of blue
 Borne many a fond memento ;
 And from each fair and famous scene,
 Where Beauty is, and Power hath been,
 Along the golden shores between
 Misenum and Sorrento :

I can look proudly in thy face,
 Fair daughter of a hardier race,
 And feel thy winning well known grace,
 Without my old misgiving ;
 And as I kneel upon thy strand,
 And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
 Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land,
 Where life is worth the living.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNLOOKED FOR DISCLOSURE.

ON the second day of the trial, the court-house was even more densely crowded than on the first. The rank and station which the accused had held in society, as well as the mysterious character of the case itself, had invested the event with an uncommon interest; and long before the doors were opened, a vast concourse filled the streets, amidst which were to be seen the equipages of many of the first people of the country.

Scarcely had the judges taken their places, when every seat in the court was occupied—the larger proportion of which displayed the rank and beauty of the capital, who now thronged to the spot, all animated with the most eager curiosity, and speculating on the result in a spirit which, whatever anxiety it involved, as certainly evinced little real sympathy for the fate of the prisoner. The bold, defiant tone which Curtis had always assumed in the world had made him but few friends, even with his own party; his sneering, caustic manner had rendered him unpopular; few could escape his censures—none his sarcasms. It would, indeed, have been difficult to discover one for whom less personal interest was felt, than for the individual who that morning stood erect in the dock, and with a calm, but stern expression, regarded the bench and the jury-box.

As the court continued to fill, Curtis threw his eyes here and there over the crowded assemblage, but in no wise disconcerted by the universal gaze of which he was the object. On the contrary, he nodded familiarly to some acquaintances at a distance; and, recognising one whom he knew well in the gallery over his head, he called out—

"How are you, Ruxton? 'Let me advise you to change your bootmaker, or I wouldn't say that the Crown lawyers won't put you, one day, where I stand now!'"

The laugh which followed this sally

was scarcely repressed, when the trial began. The first witness produced was a certain Joseph Martin, the solicitor at whose house Curtis had passed the evening on which the murder was committed. His evidence, of course, could throw little or no light upon the event, and merely went to establish the fact, that Curtis had stayed with him till high midnight, and left him about that hour to proceed to his home. When questioned as to the prisoner's manner and general bearing during that evening, he replied, that he could detect nothing strange or unusual in it; that he talked pretty much as he always did, and upon the same topics.

"Did he allude to the Government, or to any of its officials?" was then asked; and, before a reply could be given, Curtis cried out—

"Yes. I told Martin, that if the scoundrels who rule us should only continue their present game, nobody could regret the ruin of a country that was a disgrace to live in. Didn't I say that?"

"I must remind you, sir," interposed the judge, gravely, "how seriously such conduct as this is calculated to prejudice the character of your defence."

"Defence! my lord," broke in Curtis, "when did I ever think of a defence? The gentlemen of the jury have heard me more plainly than your lordship. I told *them*, as I now tell *you*, that innocence is no protection to a man, when hunted down by legal blood-hounds; that——"

"I must enforce silence upon you, sir, if I cannot induce caution," said the judge, solemnly; "you may despise your own safety, but you must respect this court."

"You'll find that even a more difficult lesson to teach me, my lord. I can remember some eight-and-forty years of what is called the administration of justice in Ireland. I am old enough to remember when you hanged

a priest who married a Protestant, and disbarred the lawyer that defended him."

"Be silent, sir," said the judge, in a voice of command; and with difficulty was Curtis induced to obey the admonition.

As the trial proceeded, it was remarked that Colonel Vereker was seen in close communication with one of the Crown lawyers, who soon afterwards begged to tender him as a witness for the prosecution. The proposal itself, and the object it contained, were made the subject of a very animated discussion; and, although the testimony offered seemed of the greatest importance, the court decided that it was of a kind which, according to the strict rules of evidence, could not be received.

"Then you may rely upon it, gentlemen of the jury," cried Curtis, "it is favourable to *me*."

"Let me assure you, sir, to the contrary," said the judge, mildly; "and that it is with a jealous regard for *your* interest we have agreed not to accept this evidence."

"And have you had no respect for poor Vereker, my lord? He looks as if he really would like to tell the truth, for once in his life."

"If Colonel Vereker's evidence cannot be admitted upon this point, my lord," said the Crown lawyer, "there is yet another, in which it is all-essential. He was one of those who stood beside Rutledge on the balcony, when the words were uttered which attracted his notice. The tone of voice, and the manner in which they were uttered, made a deep impression upon him, and he is fully persuaded that they were spoken by the prisoner in the dock."

"Let us listen to him about that," said Curtis, who now bestowed a more marked attention to the course of the proceeding. Vereker was immediately sworn, and his examination began. He detailed with great clearness the circumstances which preceded the fatal event, and the nature of the conversation on the balcony, till he came to that part where the interruption from the street took place. "There," he said, "I cannot trust my memory as to the words employed by Rutledge, although I am quite confident as to the phrase used in rejoinder, and equally certain as to the voice of him who uttered it."

"You mean to say," said the judge,

"that you have recognised that voice as belonging to the prisoner."

"I mean to say, my lord, that were I to hear him utter the same words in an excited tone, I should be able to swear to them."

"That's a lie!" cried Curtis.

"These were the words, and that the voice, my lord," said Vereker; and as he spoke a deep murmur of agitated feeling rang through the crowded court.

"By Heaven!" cried Curtis, in a tone of passionate excitement, "I hold my life as cheaply as any man, but I cannot see it taken away by the breath of a false witness; let *me* interrogate this man?" In vain was it that the practised counsel appointed to conduct his case interposed, and entreated of him to be silent. To no purpose did they beg of him to leave in *their* hands the difficult game of cross-examination. He rejected their advice as haughtily as he had refused their services, and at once addressed himself to the critical task.

"With whom had you dined, sir, on the day in question—the 7th of June?" asked he of Vereker.

"I dined with Sir Marcus Hutchins."

"There was a large party?"

"There was."

"Tell us, so far as you remember, the names of the guests?"

"Some were strangers to me, from England, I believe; but of those I knew before, I can call to mind Leonard Fox, Hamilton Gore, John Portescue, and his brother Edward, Tom Beresford, and poor Rutledge."

"It was a convivial party, and you drank freely?"

"Freely, but not to excess."

"You dined at five o'clock?"

"At half-after five."

"And rose from table about eleven?"

"About that hour."

"There were speeches made, and toasts drank, I believe?"

"There were—a few."

"The toasts and the speeches were of an eminently loyal character; they all redounded to the honour and credit of the Government?"

"Highly so."

"And as strikingly did they reflect upon the character of all Irishmen who opposed the ministry, and assumed for themselves the position of patriots. Come, sir, no hesitation—answer

my question boldly. Is this not true?"

"We certainly did not regard the party you speak of as being true and faithful subjects of the king."

"You thought them rebels?"

"Perhaps not exactly rebels."

"You called them rebels; and you, yourself, prayed that the time was coming when the lamp-iron and the lash should reward their loyalty. Can you deny this?"

"We had a great deal of conversation about politics. We talked in all the freedom of friendly intercourse, and, doubtless, with some of that warmth which accompanies after-dinner discussions. But as to the exact words——"

"It is the exact words I want — it is the exact words I insist upon, sir. They were used by yourself, and drew down rounds of applause. You were eloquent and successful."

"I am really unable, at this distance of time, to recollect a word or a phrase that might have fallen from me in the heat of the moment."

"This speech of yours was made about the middle of the evening?"

"I believe it was."

"And you afterwards sat a considerable time, and drank freely?"

"Yes."

"And, although your recollection of what passed before that is so obscure and inaccurate, you perfectly remember everything that took place when standing on the balcony two hours later, and can swear to the very tone of a voice that uttered but three words — 'That is a lie, sir!'"

"Prisoner at the bar, conduct yourself with the respect due to the court, and to the witness under its protection," interposed the judge, with severity.

"You mistake me, my lord," said Curtis, in a voice of affected deprecation. "The words I spoke were not used as commenting on the witness, or his veracity. They were simply those to which he swore—those which he heard once—and although, after a five hours' debauch, remained fast graven on his memory, along with the very manner of him who uttered them. I have nothing more to ask him. He may go down—down!" repeated he solemnly, "if there be yet anything lower that he can descend to!"

Once more did the judge admonish the prisoner as to his conduct, and

feelingly pointed out to him the serious injury he was inflicting upon his own case by this rash and intemperate course of proceeding; but Curtis smiled half contemptuously at the correction, and folded his arms with an air of dogged resignation.

It is rarely possible, from merely reading the published proceedings of a trial, to apportion the due degree of weight which the testimony of the several witnesses impose, or to estimate that force which manner and conduct supply to the evidence when orally delivered. In the present case, the guilt of the accused man rested on the very vaguest circumstances, not one of which but could be easily and satisfactorily accounted for on other grounds. He admitted that he had passed through Stephen's-green on the night in question, and that possibly the tracks imputed to him were actually his own; but as to the reasons for his abrupt departure from town, or the secrecy which he observed when writing to the bootmaker, these, he said, were personal matters, which he would not condescend to enter upon, adding, sarcastically—

"That though they might not prove very damning omissions in defence of a hackney-coach summons, he was quite aware that they might prove fatal to a man who stood charged with a murder."

After a number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony went to prove slight and unimportant facts, Anthony Fagan was called, to show that a variety of bill transactions had passed between the prisoner and Rutledge, and that on more than one occasion very angry discussions had occurred between them in reference to these.

There were many points in which Fagan sympathised with the prisoner. Curtis was violently national in his politics. He bore an unmeasured hatred to all that was English; he was an extravagant asserter of popular rights; and yet, with all these, and, stranger still, with a coarse manner, and an address totally destitute of polish, he was in heart a haughty aristocrat, who despised the people most thoroughly. He was one of that singular class who seemed to retain to the very last years of the past century, the feudal barbarism of a by-gone age.

Thus was it that the party who accepted his advocacy had to pay the

price of his services in deep humiliation; and many there were who felt that the work was more than requited by the wages.

To men like Fagan, whose wealth suggested various ambitions, Curtis was peculiarly offensive, since he never omitted an occasion to remind them of their origin, and to show them that they were as utterly debarred from all social acceptance, as in the earliest struggles of their poverty.

The majority of those in court, who only knew generally the agreement between Curtis and Fagan in political matters, were greatly struck by the decisive tone in which the witness spoke, and the damaging character of the evidence was increased by this circumstance.

Among the scenes of angry altercation between the prisoner and Rutledge, Fagan spoke to one wherein Curtis had actually called the other a "swindler." Rutledge, however, merely remarked upon the liberties which his advanced age entitled him to assume; whereupon Curtis replied, "Don't talk to me, sir, of age! I am young enough and able enough to chastise such as *you*!"

"Did the discussion end here?" asked the court.

"So far as I know, my lord, it did; for Mr. Rutledge left my office soon after, and apparently thinking little of what had occurred."

"If honest Tony had not been too much engrossed with the cares of usury," cried out Curtis from the dock, "he might have remembered that I said to Rutledge, as he went out, 'the man that injures Joe Curtis owes a debt that he must pay sooner or later.'"

"I remember the words now," said Fagan.

"Ay, and so have I ever found it," said Curtis, solemnly. "There are few who have gone through life with less good fortune than myself, and yet I have lived to see the ruin of almost every man that has injured me!"

The savage vehemence with which he uttered these words caused a shudder throughout the crowded court, and went even farther to criminate him in popular opinion than all that had been alleged in evidence.

When asked by the court if he desired to cross-examine the witness, Curtis, in a calm and collected voice, replied—

"No, my lord; Tony Fagan will

lose a hundred and eighty pounds if you hang me; and if he had anything to allege in my favour, we should have heard it before this." Then turning towards the jury-box, he went on:—"Now, gentlemen of the jury, there's little reason for detaining you any longer. You have as complete a case of circumstantial evidence before you, as ever sent an innocent man to the scaffold. You have had the traits of my temper and the tracks of my boots, and, if you believe Colonel Vereker, the very tones of my voice, all sworn to; but, better than all these, you have at your disposal the life of a man who is too sick of the world to stretch out a hand to save himself, and who would even accept the disgrace of an ignominious death, for the sake of the greater ignominy that is sure to fall later upon the unjust laws and the corrupt court that condemned him. Ay!" cried he, with an impressive solemnity of voice, that thrilled through every heart, "you'll array yourselves in all the solemn mockery of your station—you'll bewail my guilt, and pronounce my sentence; but it is *I* from this dock, say to *you* upon that bench, the Lord have mercy upon your souls!"

There was that in the energy of his manner, despite all its eccentricity and quaintness, a degree of power that awed the entire assembly; and more than one trembled to think, "What! if he really were to be innocent?"

While this singular address was being delivered, Fagan was engaged in deep and earnest conversation with the Crown prosecutor; and from his excited manner might be seen the intense anxiety under which he laboured. He was evidently urging some proposition with all his might, to which the other listened with deep attention.

At this instant Fagan's arm was tapped by a hand from the crowd. He turned, and as suddenly grew deadly pale; for it was Raper stood before him!—Raper, whom he believed at that moment to be far away in a remote part of the country.

"What brings you here? How came you to Dublin?" said Fagan, in a voice tremulous with passion.

"We have just arrived; we heard that you were here; and he insisted upon seeing you before he left town."

"Where is he, then?" asked Fagan.

"In his carriage, at the door of the court-house."

"Does he know—has he heard of the case before the court? Speak, man! Is he aware of what is going on here?"

The terrified eagerness of his whisper so overcame poor Raper, that he was utterly unable to reply, and Fagan was obliged to clutch him by the arm to recal him to consciousness. Even then, however, his vague and broken answer showed how completely his faculties were terrorised over by the despotic influence of his master. An indistinct sense of having erred somehow overcame him, and he shrank back from the piercing glance of the other, to hide himself in the crowd. Terrible as that moment of suspense must have been to Fagan, it was nothing to the agony which succeeded it, as he saw the crowd separating on either side, to leave a free passage for the approach of an invalid, who slowly came forward to the side-bar, casting his eyes around him, in half-bewildered astonishment at the scene.

Being recognised by the bench, an usher of the court was sent round to say that their lordships would make room for him beside them; and my father—for it was he—with difficulty mounted the steps, and took his seat beside the Chief Justice, faintly answering the kind inquiries for his health, in a voice weak and feeble as a girl's.

"You little expected to see me in

such a place as this, Walter!" cried out Curtis from the dock; "and I just as little looked to see your father's son seated upon the bench at such a moment!"

"What is it?—what does it all mean?—how is Curtis there?—what has happened?" asked my father, vaguely.

The Chief Justice whispered a few words in reply, when, with a shriek that made every heart cold, my father sprang to his feet, and, leaning his body over the front of the bench, cried out—

"It was I killed Barry Rutledge! There was no murder in the case! We fought with swords; and there," said he, drawing the weapon, "there's the blade that pierced his heart! and here" (tearing open his vest and shirt)—"and here the wound he gave me in return! The outrage for which he died well merited the penalty; but if there be guilt, it is mine, and mine only!"

A fit of choking stopped his utterance. He tried to overcome it; he gasped convulsively twice or thrice, and then, as a cataract of bright blood gushed from nostrils and mouth together, he fell back and rolled heavily to the ground—dead!

So exhausted was nature by this last effort, that the body was cold within an hour after.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND'S TRIALS.

THE day of my father's funeral was that of my birth! It is not improbable that he had often looked forward to that day as the crowning event of his whole life, destining great rejoicings, and planning every species of festivity; and now the summer clouds were floating over the churchyard, and the gay birds were carolling over the cold grave where he lay!

What an emblem of human anticipation, and what an illustration of his own peculiar destiny! Few men ever entered upon life with more brilliant prospects. With nearly every gift of fortune, and not one single adverse circumstance to struggle against, he was scarcely launched upon the ocean of life ere he was shipwrecked! Is it not ever thus? Is it not that the storms and seas of adverse fortune are our best preservatives in this world, by

calling into activity our powers of energy and of endurance? Are we not better when our lot demands effort, and exacts sacrifice, than when prosperity neither evokes an ungratified wish nor suggests a difficult ambition?

The real circumstances of his death were, I believe, never known to my mother, but the shock of the event almost killed her. Her cousin, Emile de Gabriac, had just arrived at Castle Carew, and they were sitting talking over France and all its pleasant associations, when a servant entered hastily with a letter for MacNaghten. It was in Fagan's handwriting, and marked "most private, and with haste."

"See," cried Dan, laughing—"look what devices a dun is reduced to to obtain an audience. Tony Fagan, so secret and so urgent on the outside, will be candid enough within, and beg

respectfully to remind Mr. MacNaghten that his endorsement for two hundred and something pounds will fall due on Wednesday next, when he hopes ——"

"Let us see what he hopes," cried my mother, snatching the letter from him, "for it surely cannot be that he hopes you will pay it." The terrific cry she uttered, as her eyes read the dreadful lines, rang through that vast building. Shriek followed shriek in quick succession for some seconds; and then, as if exhausted nature could no more, she sank into a death-like trance, cold, motionless, and unconscious.

Poor MacNaghten! I have heard him more than once say, that if he were to live five hundred years, he never could forget the misery of that day, so graven upon his memory was every frightful and harrowing incident of it. He left Castle Carew for Dublin, and hastened to the court-house, where, in one of the judges' robing-rooms, the corpse of his poor friend now lay. A hurried inquest had been held upon the body, and pronounced that "Death had ensued from natural causes;" and now the room was crowded with curious and idle loungers, talking over the strange event, and commenting upon the fate of him who, but a few hours back, so many would have envied.

Having excluded the throng, he sat down alone beside the body, and, with the cold hand clasped between his own, wept heartily.

"I never remember to have shed tears before in my life," said he, "nor could I have done so then, if I were not looking on that pale, cold face, which I had seen so often lighted up with smiles; on those compressed lips, from which came so many words of kindness and affection; and felt within my own that hand, that never till now had met mine without the warm grasp of friendship."

Poor Dan! he was my father's chief mourner; I had almost said his only one. Several came and asked leave to see the body. Many were visibly affected at the sight. There was decent sorrow on every countenance; but of deep and true affliction, MacNaghten was the solitary instance.

It was late on the following evening, as MacNaghten, who had only quitted the rooms for a few minutes, found, on his return, that a stranger was standing beside the body.

"Ay," muttered he, solemnly, "the green and the healthy tree cut down, and the old, sapless, rotten trunk left to linger on in slow decay!"

"What! Curtis, is this you?" cried MacNaghten.

"Yes, sir, and not mine the fault that I have not changed places with him who lies there. *He* had plenty to live for; *I* nothing, nor any one. And it was not that alone, MacNaghten!" added he, fiercely, "but think—reflect for one moment, on what might have happened, had they condemned and executed *me*! Is there a man in all Ireland, with heart and soul in him, who would not have read that sentence as an act of government tyranny and vengeance? Do you believe the gentry of the country would have accepted the act as an accident, or do you think that the people would recognise it as anything else than a murder solemnised by the law? And if love of country could not stimulate and awake them, is it not possible that fears for personal safety might?"

"I have no mind for such thoughts as these," said MacNaghten, sternly: "nor is it beside the cold corpse of him who lies there I would encourage them. If you come to sorrow over him, take your place beside me; if to speculate on party feuds, fiction dissensions, then I beg you will leave me to myself."

Curtis made him no reply, but left the room in silence.

There were some legal difficulties raised before the funeral could be performed. The circumstances of Rutledge's death required to be cleared up; and Fagan—to whom my father had made a full statement of the whole event—underwent a long and close examination by the law authorities of the Castle. The question was a grave one as regarded property, since, if a charge of murder could have been substantiated, the whole of my father's fortune would have been confiscated to the Crown. Fagan's testimony, too, was not without a certain disqualification, because he held large liens over the property, and must, if the estate were estreated, have been a considerable loser. These questions all required time for investigation; but, by dint of great energy and perseverance, MacNaghten obtained permission for the burial, which took place with strict privacy at the small churchyard of Killester, a spot which, for what reason

I am unaware, my father had himself selected, and mention of which desire was found amongst his papers.

Fagan accompanied MacNaghten to the funeral, and Dan returned to his house afterwards to breakfast. Without any sentiment bordering on esteem for the "Grinder," MacNaghten respected him generally for his probity, and believed him to be as honourable in his dealings as usury and money-lending would permit any man to be. He was well aware, that for years back the most complicated transactions with regard to loans had taken place between him and my father; and that, to a right understanding of these difficult matters, and a satisfactory adjustment of them, nothing could conduce so much as a frank intercourse and a friendly bearing. These were at all times no very difficult requirements from honest Dan, and he did not assume them now with less sincerity or willingness that they were to be practised for the benefit of his poor friend's widow and orphan.

MacNaghten could not help remarking that Fagan's manner, when speaking of my father's affairs, was characterised by a more than common caution and reserve, and that he strenuously avoided entering upon anything which bore, however remotely, upon the provision my mother was to enjoy, or what arrangements were to be made respecting myself.

"There was a will, he thought, in Crowther's possession; but it was of the less consequence, since the greater part—nearly all of the Carew property—was under the strictest entail."

"The boy will be rich, one of the richest men in Ireland, if he live," said MacNaghten; but Fagan made no reply for some time, and at last said—

"If there be not good sense and moderation exercised on all sides, the Carews may gain less than will the Court of Chancery."

MacNaghten felt far from reassured by the cautious and guarded reserve of Fagan's manner; he saw that in the dry, sententious tone of his remarks, there lurked difficulties, and perhaps troubles; but he resolved to devote himself to the task before him, in a spirit of patience and calm industry, which, unhappily for him, he had never brought to bear upon his own worldly fortunes.

"There is nothing either obtrusive or impertinent," said he, at last, to

Fagan, "in my making these inquiries, for, independently of poor Walter's affection for me, I know that he always expected me to take the management of his affairs, should I survive him; and if there be a will, it is almost certain that I am named his executor in it."

Fagan nodded affirmatively, and merely said—

"Crowther will be able to clear up this point."

"And when shall we see him?"

"He is in the country, down south, I think, at this moment; but he will be up by the end of the week. However, there are so many things to be done, that his absence involves no loss of time. Where shall I address you, if I write?"

"I shall return to Castle Carew this evening; and in all probability remain there till I hear from you."

"That will do," was the dry answer; and MacNaghten took his leave, more than ever puzzled by the Grinder's manner, and wondering within himself in what shape and from what quarter might come the storm, which he convinced himself could not be distant.

Grief for my father's death, and anxiety for my poor mother's fate, were, however, the uppermost thoughts in his mind; and as he drew nigh Castle Carew, his heart was so much overpowered by the change which had fallen upon that once happy home, that he totally forgot all the dark hints and menacing intimations of his late interview.

It was truly a gloom-stricken mansion. The servants moved about sadly, conversing in low whispers; save in one quarter all the windows were closed, and the rooms locked up—not a voice nor a footstep was to be heard. Mourning and woe were imprinted on every face, and in every gesture. MacNaghten knew not where to go, nor where to stay. Every chamber he entered was full of its memories of the past, and he wandered on from room to room, seeking some spot which should not remind him of days whose happiness could never return. In this random search he suddenly entered the chamber where M. de Gabriac lay at full length upon a sofa, enjoying, in all the ease of a loose dressing-gown, the united pleasures of a French novel and a bottle of Bourdeaux. MacNaghten would willingly have re-

turned at once. Such a scene and such companionship were not to his taste, but the other quickly detected him, and called out—

"Ah! M. MacNaghten, how delighted am I to see you again. What days of misery and gloom have I been passing here!—no one to speak to—none to sit with."

"It is, indeed, a sad mansion," sighed MacNaghten, heavily.

"So, then, it is all true?" asked the other. Poor fellow, what a sensitive nature—how impressible. To die just for a matter of sentiment; for, after all, you know it was a sentiment, nothing else. Every man has had his affairs of this kind; few go through life without something unpleasant; but one does not die broken-hearted for all that. No, *par bleu*, that is a very poor philosophy. Tell me about the duel—I am greatly interested to hear the details."

To escape as far as possible any further moralisings of his companion, Dan related all that he knew of the fatal rencontre, answering so well as he might all the Frenchman's questions, and, at the same time, avoiding all reference to the provocation which led to the meeting.

"It was a mistake, a great mistake, to fight in this fashion," said Gabriac, coldly. "There is an etiquette to be observed in a duel as in a dinner; and you can no more hurry over one than the other, without suffering for it afterwards. Maybe these are, however, the habits of the country."

MacNaghten calmly assured him that they were not.

"Then the offence must have been an outrage—what was it?"

"Some expression of gross insult; I forget the exact nature of it."

"Poor fellow," said the other, sipping his wine, "with so much to live for: a magnificent chateau, a pretty wife, and a good fortune. What folly, was it not?"

MacNaghten afterwards acknowledged that even the Grinder's sententious dryness was preferable to the heartless indifference of the Frenchman's manner; but a deferential regard for her whose relative he was, restrained him from all angry expression of feeling on the subject, and he suffered him to discuss the duel and all its consequences, without the slightest evidence of the suffering it cost him.

"Josephine will not be sorry to

leave it," said Gabriac, after a short silence. "She told me that *they* never understood *her*, nor *she* *them*; and after all, you know," said he, smiling, "there is but one France!"

"And but one Ireland!" said MacNaghten, haughtily.

"*Hereusement!*" muttered the Frenchman, but employing a word which, happily, the other did not understand.

"Her state is one of great danger still," said Dan, alluding to my mother.

"They say so; but that is always the way with doctors. One may die of violent anger, rage, ungratified vengeance, jealousy, but not of mere grief. Sorrow is rather a soothing passion—don't you think so?"

Had MacNaghten been in the mood, he might have laughed at the remark, but now it only irritated and incensed him; and to such an extent did the heartless manner of the Frenchman grate upon his feelings, that he was in momentary danger of including my poor mother in the deprecatory estimate he conceived of France, and all that belonged to it. Nor was his temper improved by the inquiries of Gabriac concerning the property and estates of my father; in fact, unable any longer to continue a conversation, every portion of which was an outrage, he arose abruptly, and wishing him a good night, left the room.

"Poor Walter," said he, as he slowly sauntered along towards his chamber, "is it to such as these your memory is to be entrusted, and your name and fortune bequeathed!" And with this gloomy reflection, he threw himself upon his bed, to pass a sad and a sleepless night.

It was in a curious reverie—a kind of inquiring within himself, "How came it, that qualities so calculated to make social intercourse delightful in days of happiness, should prove positively offensive in moments of trial and affliction?" for such he felt to be the case as regarded Gabriac—that MacNaghten lay, when a servant came to inform him that Mr. Crowther had just arrived at the Castle, and earnestly requested to see him.

"At once," replied he, "show him up to me here; and in a few moments, that most bland and imperturbable of solicitors entered, and, drawing a chair to the bed-side, sat down.

"This is a sad occasion, Mr. Mac-

Naghten. I little thought when I last saw you here, that my next visit would have been on such an errand."

MacNaghten nodded sorrowfully, and Crowther went on—

"Sad in every sense, sir," sighed he, heavily. "The last of his name—one of our oldest gentry—the head of a princely fortune—with abilities, I am assured, of a very high order, and, certainly, most popular manners."

"You may spare me the eulogy," said MacNaghten, bluntly. "He was a better fellow than either you or I should be able to describe, if we spent an hour over it."

Crowther took the rebuke in good part, and assented to the remark with the best possible grace. Still he seemed as if he would like to dwell a little longer on the theme before he proceeded to other matters. Perhaps he thought by this to secure a more favourable acceptance for what he had to say; perhaps he was not fully made up in mind how to approach the subject before him. MacNaghten, who always acted through life as he would ride in a steeple-chase, straight onward, regardless of all in his way, stopped him short, by saying—

"Carew has left a will in your hands, I believe?"

"You can scarcely call it a will, sir. The document is very irregular—very informal."

"It was his act, however; he wrote or dictated it himself?"

"Not even that, sir. He suggested parts of it—made trifling corrections with his own pen—approved some portions, and left others for after consideration."

"It is, at all events, the only document of the kind in existence?"

"That would be too much to affirm, sir."

"I mean that *you*, at least, know of no other; in fact, I want to hear whether you conceive it to be sufficient for its object, as explaining Carew's wishes and intentions."

A dubious half-smile, and a still more dubious shake of the head, seemed to infer that this view of the subject was far too sweeping and comprehensive.

"Come, come," said Dan, good humouredly, "I'm not the Chancellor, nor even Master of the Rolls. Even a little indiscretion will never injure your reputation in talking with *me*. Just tell me frankly what you know and think about my poor friend's af-

fairs. His widow, if she ever recover, which is very doubtful, is but little suited to matters of business; and as it is not a case where any adverse litigation is to be apprehended—what do you mean by that shake of the head? You surely would not imply that the estate, or any part of it, could be contested at law?"

"Who could say as much for any property, sir?" said Crowther, sententially.

"I know that; I am well aware that there are fellows in your tribe, who are always on the look-out for a shipwrecked fortune, that they may earn the salvage for saving it; but here, if I mistake not very much, is an estate that stands in need of no such aids. Carew may have debts."

"Very large debts—debts of great amount, indeed!"

"Well, be it so; there ends the complication."

"You have a very concise and, I must say, a most straightforward mode of regarding a subject, sir," said Crowther, blandly. "There is an admirable clearness in your views, and a most business-like promptitude in your deductions; but we, poor moles of the law, are condemned to work in a very different fashion—and, to be brief, here is a case that requires the very nicest management. To enable Madame Carew to take out letters of administration to her late husband's property, we must prove her marriage. Now, so far as I can see, sir, this is a matter of considerable difficulty."

"Why, you would not dare to assert—to insinuate even —"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. Pray, be calm, Mr. MacNaghten. I am as incapable of such a thought as yourself. Of the fact, I entertain no more doubt than you do. The proof of it—the legal proof, however, I am most anxious to obtain."

"But, with search amongst his papers —"

"Very true, sir; it may be discovered. I have no doubt it will be discovered. I only mean to say that such a document is not to be met with amongst those in *my* hands, and I have very carefully gone over a large packet, labelled 'Papers and letters relating to France during my last residence there, in '80-'81,' which you may remember was the period of his marriage."

"But he alludes to that event?"

"Not once, sir; there is not a single passage that even bears upon it. There are adventures of various kinds, curious incidents, many of them in love, play, and gallantry; but of marriage, or even of any speculation on the subject, not the remotest mention."

"This is most singular!"

"Is it not so, sir? But I have thought, perhaps, that *you*, who were always his most attached friend—*you*, at least, possessed some letters which should throw light upon this matter, even to indicate the exact date of it, where it occurred, who the witnesses."

"Not a line, not a syllable," said MacNaghten, with a sigh.

"This is more unfortunate than I expected," said Crowther. "I always said to myself, 'Well, in his private correspondence, in the close relations of friendship, we shall come upon some clue to the mystery.' I always understood that with *you* he was frankness itself, sir?"

"So he was," rejoined MacNaghten.

"This reserve is therefore the more

remarkable still. Can you account for it in any way, sir?"

"Why should I account for it?" cried Dan, passionately. "My friend had his own reasons for whatever he did—good and sufficient ones, I'll be sworn."

"I feel assured of that, sir, don't mistake me for a moment, or suppose I am impugning them. I merely desired to learn if you could, from your intimate knowledge of your friend's character, trace this reserve on his part to any distinct cause."

"My knowledge of him goes this far," said MacNaghten, haughtily, "that he had an honourable motive for every act of his life."

It required some address on Crowther's part to bring back MacNaghten to that calm and deliberate tone of mind which the subject demanded. After a while, however, he perfectly succeeded; and Dan arose and accompanied him to the library, where they both proceeded to search among my father's papers, with which several boxes were filled.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

"Must we for Shakspeare no compassion feel,
Almost cut up by commentating zeal?"

SHAKSPEARE has gone through one hundred collected editions at least, translations into foreign languages not included. He has also furnished a whole library of controversial annotation, which may be estimated, within bounds, at a thousand goodly volumes. Many lives have been occupied in transcribing his works; in explaining, elucidating, correcting, expounding, and confounding his meanings. But it appears we are still wandering in the dark, and the most practised guides have failed to put us on the true path. The author of the "*Pursuits of Literature*"* (a satire which had great popularity in its day) discharged a heavy battery against this army of commentators and their heavier labours. He compares Shakspeare to Actæon worried by his own hounds; terms his editors

black-letter dogs;† and, quoting five examples of insignificant absurdity, proceeds to cry down the united efforts of the host—an attempt to establish a rule from the exceptions, as unsound in logic, as would be the principle in architecture of subverting a pyramid, and changing the apex into a base. The satire was greatly cried up for a time, but now has shared the usual fate of such ephemera, and has sunk completely into oblivion. The chief merit lies in the notes, which are equally compounded between erudition and bitterness. To us the whole production always appeared to be overcharged with gall, unredeemed by remarkable wit, point, or brilliancy. Common abuse is as poor as it is easy. There are many Dennises, Gildons, and Anthony Pasquins, but very few Ju-

T. J. Mathias. For divers reasons he never owned the authorship.

† "On Avon's banks I heard Actæon mourn,
By fell *black letter dogs* in pieces torn."

venals, Popes, or Byrons. The writer of the philippic in question says—

"Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear;
Without one note or hornhook in my head,
Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead."

By this he implies that because comment is sometimes erroneous it is always unnecessary; and that the earliest printed text of Shakspeare is so perfectly correct and divested of obscurity, that all attempts at improvement are works of supererogation on the part of the compilers, and penitential inflictions on the patience of the public. Is this a just statement of the case? We answer, no. The commentators blundered into many errors, but they swept away many difficulties, and have done good service in clearing a road which is yet far from being as level as a railway. Sixty years ago, Malone, in the preface to his own edition, said, rather ambitiously, "The text of the great author seems now to be finally settled." Time has falsified the prediction. He was not nearer the mark than the finality men were in 1832, when they said the Reform Bill would cure everything; or than Mr Cobden is now, when he assures us, that because duelling has become unfashionable, wars must of necessity cease, as a natural corollary. Shakspearcan commentary has been likened to a huge web of mingled yarn, or to a coat of many patches, or to a field of flowers choked by weeds, or to a sea of foggy conjecture, in which speculative navigators flounder about without rudder or compass. The entire mass may be distinguished by three degrees of comparison—as good, bad, and very bad indeed. The first portion consists of valuable pioneers; the writings of the next class include "an infinite deal of nothing"—as Bassanio says of the prattle of Gratiano. "Their reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search." The third, and not the least numerous section, refute the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that from

the most flimsy volumes something profitable may be extracted. It would exceed the powers of Lord Rosse's telescope to discover a ray of light in their Cimmerian darkness. The list is long, exceeding in number the family titles of the French Empress. The style of the legion is usually that of panegyric, but there are scattered among them some invidious detractors; men who sought reputation by depreciating excellence, as Erostratus perpetuated his name by burning the temple of Diana, and Zoilus lives to posterity through his abuse of Homer.*

While, therefore, it must be admitted that with regard to what may be called a pure text of Shakspeare, we are still in a mist, it is certain that we know little of the great poet himself, beyond a few general facts. He wrote for subsistence. His plays brought him current fame and ready money. He lived at his ease, and died suddenly, in prosperous circumstances. There are some grounds for supposing that his death was hastened by conviviality.† We have no insight into his opinions, feelings, his estimate of his own works, or his aspirations after immortal fame. He has left nothing on record, and all we can deduce has no better foundation than ingenious hypothesis. He never corrected or revised the creations of his fancy, but left them at the mercy of others. He seems to have been unaccountably careless on a subject which, with most authors, is one of paramount importance. Ben Jonson in particular, his associate, friend, and contemporary, carefully edited the first impression of his own works. We have here a direct clue to the many imperfections and obscurities which disfigure the works of Shakspeare, and which have entailed such a deluge of emendation. The plays were printed from surreptitious originals, or taken orally from imperfect reciters, by careless copyists. We must go back to the source before we arrive at Mr. Collier's late discovery, which we purpose to review.‡ To those readers who have neither time nor taste for long labo-

* See, for instances, tracts by Rymer and Dennis, and a strange pamphlet called "Cursory remarks on Tragedy, by E. Taylor, 1772." The latter is a piece of absurdity, "*a triple etage*," as the French phrase aptly expresses.

† See "Diary of the Rev. J. Ward," Rector of Stratford-on-Avon.

‡ "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, from Early Manuscript corrections in a copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Forming a supplemental volume to the Works of Shakspeare by the same editor." In 8 vols. 8vo. London: Whittaker, 1858.

rious reading, a condensed summary of information may not be unacceptable.

Twenty of Shakspeare's plays were originally published separately in 4to, during his life — dingy-looking little pamphlets, on execrable paper, full of typographical errors, and priced sixpence each. But these play-books raised the bile of Prynne, who complains in his "*Histriomastix*,"* that they are more numerous than Bibles, and printed in a costlier form. The early quartos are now very seldom met with, are much sought after by book-collectors, and bring ridiculous sums when they appear in a sale catalogue. A perfect copy of *Richard III.*, date 1594, sold at Evans's, in 1825, for sixty-six guineas. John Kemble gave Mr. Stace £30 for a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*, date, 1597. *Love's Labour Lost*, 1598, brought, at the sale of Rhodes's library, £53 11s.; and at Bindley's, £40 10s. *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, has produced £52 10s.; *Henry V.*, 1600, £27 6s.; and *King Lear*, 1608, £28. These sums may startle the uninitiated in bibliomania, who will lift up their hands, and wonder at human enthusiasm or insanity. The twenty quartos revised by Stevens were published collectively, in 1766, in four volumes octavo. Garrick had a copy on fine paper (six only were so printed), which was sold after his death for twenty-four guineas. There are fine collections of the original quartos in the British Museum,† and the Bodleian Library.‡ The Duke of Devonshire has a rarity at Chatsworth surpassing them all. The only copy in existence of *Hamlet*, date, 1603, which contains several lines and other important variations not to be met with in any subsequent impression.§

The first collected edition of Shakspeare's plays appeared in Folio, in 1623, seven years after his death; printed from copies supplied by Heminge and Condell, two of his contemporary actors and partners in the theatre. Their editorial supervision appears to

have amounted to little beyond the name. They gave the usual play-house versions, and left the printer to his ignorance and his errors. But the quartos and first folio have always been referred to as the staple, or basis on which every subsequent edition is erected. We must take them with their imperfections for what they are worth, in the absence of more infallible guides. The first Folio is a *rara avis*—a very scarce book. Copies have frequently sold for more than £100. The original price was £1, according to Stevens; the number of the impression, 250. Of these, above fifty are traced as being now in existence, and in the possession of known collectors. Three are in the British Museum, bequeathed with the respective libraries of King George III., the Rev. Mordaunt Chacherode, and the Hon. Thomas Grenville. The volume has no pretensions to beauty, but the portrait engraved by Droeshout, annexed to the title-page, although coarsely executed, is, perhaps, the most authentic likeness of Shakspeare that has reached our days. At least so says Ben Johnson, in the well-known lines which have been so often quoted:—

"The figure that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to out-do the life.
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book."

A reprint of this edition was published in 1808, by Verner and Hood. The work having been loudly cried up as a rigid and faithful fac-simile of the first folio, Professor Porson and Mr. Upcott, librarians of the London Institution, undertook the laborious task of collating the same with the original, which led to the discovery of three hundred and seven literal mistakes. The book was issued at five guineas, is now commonly offered for one, and may be considered a rash investment at a shilling.

* Published in 1633, but written many years before.

† King George III.'s, and Garrick's.

‡ Malone's.

§ This unique copy of *Hamlet* belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and was found by his descendant, Sir H. Bunbury, in a thick volume, closely cut, containing other first editions of Shakspeare's plays. Sir H. Bunbury disposed of it to Messrs. Payne and Foss, who sold it to the Duke of Devonshire in 1830. Dr. Farmer says, in his "Unanswerable Essay," that Shakspeare could not read "*Saxo Grammaticus*" in Latin, and that he must have taken his play from a tale in English, called "*The Tragical historie of Hamblett*." But there is no copy of this tale earlier than 1608. Dates are stubborn evidences.

The utter carelessness of this assumed transcript is intolerable, while it will be conceded readily, that no instance exists of typography so perfect as to be without an erratum. The Foulises of Glasgow, hung up the proof-sheets of their beautiful Greek and Latin classics at their shop-door, as a public challenge, but several misprints were speedily pointed out. The "Baskerville Horace," of 1762, carefully revised by Livie, an elegant scholar, has been pronounced immaculate; but the curious may detect a slip at page 150 (Sat. I. lib. i.), where the sentence "*Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi doctores,*" is printed "*Et pueris,*" &c. In collating, editing, and transcribing, no human perseverance and ingenuity have ever been *entirely* free from error.

The second edition, Folio, followed in 1632. In this an ample allowance of mistakes is superadded to those of the first, and many clear, intelligible readings are gratuitously darkened. For these reasons the book has never been held in much esteem as an authority, but being old and tolerably rare, is sought after to complete sets, and brings a good marketable price. Mr. Steevens's copy, which had belonged to Charles I., with the royal arms, autograph, and motto, "*Dum spiro spero,*" produced eighteen guineas.* The Duke of Roxburghe's and Mr. Dent's sold for £15 each.

The third edition, Folio, bears two dates, 1663 and 1664. Here were included for the first time seven spurious plays, then and long afterwards attributed to Shakspeare, but now clearly ascertained not to have been his. Dr. Dibdin ("Library Companion") has fallen into a mistake in his description of this volume, which Dr. Drake corrects in a note, at page 6 of his "Memorials of Shakspeare." He says:—

"It is well known that there were two impressions of the third folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; one in 1663, and the other in 1664; the first with Droeshout's head of Shakspeare in the titlepage, and the second without any engraving. But both these copies have hitherto been referred to as containing the spurious plays, whereas the impression of 1663 does not include them, but ends with the play of *Cymbeline*, in the catalogue prefixed, and in the book itself. These two impressions, owing to the Great Fire of London occurring so soon

after their publication, are even more scarce than the first folio."

Lowndes, in his "Bibliographer's Manual," questions the accuracy of this opinion, which appears to rest on no evidence. It is even unsupported by probability, unless we are to suppose that the greater portion was lying unsold at the publisher's more than two years after it was ready. Shakspeare had certainly declined in popularity before the Civil Wars and after the Restoration, but a new edition of his plays would scarcely have been ventured on unless it had been demanded. But the edition is, at any rate, of little value as a text-book, whatever may be its pretensions on the score of rarity. Nevertheless it commands a high price. Copies have been sold for £20, £25, and £30; Dent's brought £65. It contained many manuscript emendations, chiefly in an ancient hand, supposed to be coeval with the date of the edition. The annotations consisted of stage directions, alterations in the punctuation, and substituted words, as in the case of the volume now discovered by Mr. Collier. The present possessor of Dent's copy would do well to compare them, if he feels an interest in the subject, and it happens to be brought under his notice. The spurious plays contained in the third edition had all been published in quarto in Shakspeare's lifetime, with his name at full length; but that is no proof that he was the author. It is well ascertained that he lent his name to plays he merely revised or retouched, and it is equally probable that his name was sometimes assumed without his permission. Of these pseudo children of his brain, the celebrated German critic, Schlegel, pronounces *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, as not only Shakspeare's, but entitled to rank among his best and maturest works. Steevens excepts only *Lochrive*, but considers the rest as unworthy of Shakspeare's muse. Hazlitt rejects them all, and though coxcombical in his criticisms, he is generally clever and acute. If the question is to be decided by internal evidence, the worst is better than *Titus Andronicus*, which has found admittance into an illustrious brotherhood, without even the doubtful claim of family resemblance.

The fourth collected edition in Folio appeared in 1685. It is neither rare, curious, nor unusually expensive, and is never appealed to as a dependable authority. By this time Shakspeare, who had gradually declined with changing taste, both before the Civil Wars and after the Restoration, had become almost obsolete. From the days of the "martyr Charles" down to those of "the hero William," his plays were seldom acted. When Quarles was pensioned and Blackmore knighted for poetical pre-eminence, Shakspeare and Milton were not likely to be in the ascendant. It is thus that true genius undergoes periodical eclipses, beneath the pressure of caprice or ignorance. William Cartwright, a clergyman, poet, and dramatist, who died in 1643, and who is styled by Anthony à Wood, "the most seraphical preacher of his age," in an adulatory poem, addressed to John Fletcher, the friend and colleague of Francis Beaumont, thus speaks of the immortal bard of Avon :—

"Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies,
 'T' the ladies' questions and the fool's replies ;
 Whose wit our *sweetmeats* would obsceneness call,
 Which made lewd language pass for comical.
 Nature was all his art—thy vein was free
 As his, but without his scurrility."

What an idea could this "seraphical preacher" entertain of *obscenity* and *scurrility* (which words seem to be here introduced as synonymous to *vulgarity*) in thus complimenting Fletcher on the nicety of the times? Shakspeare is not free from licentiousness, but, compared to Fletcher, he exhibits the purity of a vestal. Fletcher's violations of decency are too gross for quotation, almost for reference.* Of his superlative vulgarity one selected instance will suffice. It would be difficult to find in any other author an equal quantity in so small a space :—

Chilax, a veteran officer, is supposed to carry on an intrigue with a priestess of Venus, in whose temple he received a severe blow from a clap of thunder, which, as he expresses it—

"Gave him on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang."

"Had not my intentions been honest," he adds,

—I had paid for't else too.
 I'm *monstrous* holy now, and *cruel* fearful.
 Oh! 'twas a *playful thump*, charged with a *vengeance*."

If we are to judge from the congratulatory verses prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, we must conclude that these dramatic bards began to supplant Shakspeare very soon after his death, in 1616. In the year 1642, Shirley, in his prologue to the *Sisters*, speaks with regret of the neglect shown to Shakspeare's dramas, and intimates that they were frequently acted to empty houses. Dryden, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," published in 1668, remarks, that Shakspeare's language was becoming obscure, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were exhibited to one of his. Shadwell, in the prologue to a comedy that came out the following year, observes—

"That which the world called wit in Shakspeare's age,
 Is *laughed at*, as improper for the stage."

In consequence of which, himself and other wits of the time kindly condescended to alter many of his plays, and accommodate them to the taste of an audience, grown, we may presume, rather nice and fastidious from attending the chaste humour and classic elegance of Mrs. Aphra Behn and Tom D'Urfey. In 1678, Shadwell purloined *Timon of Athens* from Shakspeare, and announced it as being now first made into a play. In 1707, Shakspeare was so little remembered, that Tate published a tragedy, called *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*; and mentioned in the titlepage, that it was written by the author (meaning himself) of *King Lear*. He had previously altered *King Lear* from Shakspeare, and speaks of the original, in his preface, as "an obscure performance commended to his notice by a friend." Steele, in the *Tatler*, which came out in 1709, gives two quotations, as he says, from Shakspeare's *Macbeth* (Nos. 68 and 167), but the passages there

* Take the *Custom of the Country*, *passim*, for an example.

† *Mail Lover*.—Act V. *Monstrous* and *cruel* are still in use synonymously, by the great and the small vulgar. Your affected exquisite designates the same woman as "*monstrous* handsome, *monstrous* kind, or *monstrous* good-natured," who would be called by the unlettered clown, *cruel* handsome, *cruel* kind, and *cruel* good-natured. The words have the same application in other languages. "*Crucillement laide*" is a common expression, in French, for "monstrous ugly." The synonym is not without classical authority. *Δίωρος* in Homer, is sometimes used as equivalent to *valde*.

quoted are only to be found in Sir W. Davenant's alteration of that play. He introduces, likewise, some striking incidents belonging to the *Taming of the Shrew*, as circumstances that occurred in a family with which he was particularly intimate (No. 231.) It seems equally strange that Steele should have been so ignorant of Shakspeare, as that he should have trusted so blindly to the ignorance of his readers. Where was his attic friend and well-read colleague, Addison, not to set him right in these awkward blunders? The accurate severity of modern criticism would detect such lapses of memory, and castigate heavily thereupon a writer of higher reputation than the author of the *Conscious Lovers* and the *Tender Husband*. Even as late as the year 1750, Dr. Hill, a man of reputed learning, and some time a theatrical critic by profession, introduces in "The Actor, or a Treatise on the Art of Playing," several lines from Otway's *Caius Marius*, an alteration of *Romeo and Juliet*, and calls them Shakspeare's. Other critics have been equally unfortunate, and have quoted as Otway's some beautiful passages which he had stolen from Shakspeare, with a very slight acknowledgment. It was time for restoration, and Garrick did good service, when, on the 7th of January, 1743, he revived *Macbeth*, as written by Shakspeare. Quin, the Leviathan, was startled, and growled out with indignant surprise, "What does little Davy mean? Don't I act Shakspeare's *Macbeth*? Didn't Booth and Betterton act Shakspeare's *Macbeth*?" No; they acted the alterations with all the absurd incongruities and unmeaning confusion interlarded by Davenant. Quin had evidently never studied the original; and Mrs. Pritchard, his Lady Macbeth, knew no more of even the acting version than her own part, as copied out and handed to her by the prompter. But Garrick's vanity as an actor, superseded his zeal as a restorer. He excelled in depicting expiring throes and agonies, and so he foisted in a dying speech, totally out of character, and almost a counterbalance to his improvements. We ought

to have mentioned Macklin before Garrick. In 1741 he drove from the stage Lord Lansdowne's mutilation, called the *Jew of Venice*, which had long supplanted the veritable "Shylock," and brought back "the Jew that Shakspeare drew."*

But we have wandered from the progressive order of editions. In 1709, appeared a new one by Rowe, in six volumes octavo. In the year following, Dr. Sewall added a seventh volume, containing the poems, and critical remarks by Gildon; also, an "Essay on the Art of Poetry." Rowe's edition is without notes, but he introduced some conjectural emendations of the text, and prefixed a life, containing many amusing anecdotes, which long received currency, but are now exploded. There is a plate to each play, very curious, as displaying the still more extraordinary costume of the time in the dressing of the characters. Next followed Pope's edition, in 1725, in six volumes quarto, with a portrait of James I. doing duty for that of Shakspeare. There were seven hundred and fifty copies printed, the original price to subscribers being six guineas—too large a sum, in those days, for a book, though a tolerably handsome one, without plates. Pope's edition is the first with notes, some of which are ingenious, some outrageously fanciful, and some have been verified by Mr. Collier's late discovery. In 1726, Theobald fell foul of Pope, and attacked him in a quarto, entitled, "Shakspeare Restored; or a Specimen of the many Errors, as well committed as unamended, by Mr. Pope, in his late Edition of this Poet."

Whereupon Pope enthroned Theobald in the "Dunciad," but presently deposed him to make room for Colley Cibber, who had offended him even more deeply. But neither Theobald nor Cibber were justly entitled to the unenviable elevation. Pope was also attacked by John Roberts, who signed himself "A Strolling Player," and by John Dennis, the renowned critic, who had a fling at every one. But the little bard of Twickenham had venom enough in his quill to answer them all. In 1733, Theobald took the field on his own ac-

* The great theatrical event of the present season has been the revival of *Macbeth*, by Mr. C. Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, with which all London is ringing. In accuracy of detail, in soundness of authority, in all that can embellish or illustrate this noble conception of the poet, he has gone far beyond competition, and has stamped his career, both as manager and actor, by a great national triumph.

count, and published his own views of Shakspeare, in an edition of seven volumes octavo. Of Theobald's Shakspeare, 12,860 copies were printed, according to Steevens. He probably includes the two subsequent reprints of 1740 and 1752. There were five hundred subscribers to the first impression, of which one hundred were copies on royal paper. It must be admitted that some of Theobald's notes are valuable, and interpret truly the meaning of Shakspeare. Sir Thomas Hanmer (called the Oxford editor) followed in 1744, in six volumes quarto; reprinted again in 1771, under the superintendence of Hawkins, author of the "Origin of the English Drama." The original price of Hanmer's Shakspeare was three guineas. Each play has an engraving by Vandergucht, from designs by Hayman and Gravelot. The print and paper are superb. Sir H. Bunbury, already mentioned as a descendant of Hanmer, has (or lately had) his own copy, with the original designs. It was formerly an edition in considerable esteem, but now neglected. In 1747, appeared Bishop Warburton's edition, in eight volumes octavo. One thousand copies were printed—original price, £2 8s. Douse says—"Of all the commentators on Shakspeare, Warburton is surely the worst." We are not in the least disposed to dispute the sentence, but have often wondered that a man of such profound erudition should fall into so many extravagant conceits. Warburton was severely handled and ridiculed by Edwards, in the well-known "Canons of Criticism," which went through seven editions; and by the Rev. Dr. Grey, in sundry truculent pamphlets. When clerical opponents engage in controversy they fight with sharp weapons. "*Tantane animis celestibus ira?*" "Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?" Malone applied to Warburton what had been said of Salmasius, that he erected his throne on a heap of stones, to have them ready at hand to throw at the heads of all who passed by.

A great advance was made by Dr. Johnson, in 1765. His edition had long been looked for with high expectation. He laboured at it stoutly, grew tired of the work, for which he had been paid beforehand, and finished it hastily, under the pressure of a contract. It was, by a gigantic leap, the best which had yet appeared. Many

of his notes display the accuracy of his judgment, the soundness of his critical perceptions, and throw undoubted light on obscure passages. The preface is a masterly piece of composition, and would of itself establish the fame of an ordinary writer. On the subject of annotation, it contains a remarkable passage, which we transcribe, as pointedly applicable to our present purpose :—

"Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasures which the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let him not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald or Pope; let him read through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue, and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."

Steevens, a great stickler for the pure preservation of Shakspeare's text, observes :—

"There are many passages unexplained and unintelligible, which may be reformed, at hazard of whatever license, for exhibitions on the stage, in which the pleasure of the audience is chiefly to be considered, but which must remain untouched by the critical editor."

Whether this is a sound opinion, admits of dispute; but the practice would be very soothing to easy readers, who would rather pass over a hard word or two than pause on them for a six hours' argumentation, generally ending where it began—in a conjecture.

While Johnson's edition was yet young, and in its first tide of popularity, Capell ventured another in 1767, in ten volumes, crown octavo. A handsome set of books, as regards the typographical execution; but of small value, as improving Shakspeare. Capell is a dry, heavy, commentator, delving with the patience of a mole, and with almost equal blindness. His notes are obscure, and his preface quite unreadable. It is recorded of him, that he spent twenty years over his task, and copied every play of Shakspeare ten times with his own hand. A frightful

waste of time and life, which, with all our veneration for Shakspeare, we think might have been better and more profitably employed. Capell, as early as 1759, had published a quarto volume, entitled, "Notes and Various Readings of Shakspeare;" afterwards expanded into three ponderous tomes, with a new and more high-sounding title, the "School of Shakspeare." They look well on the shelves of libraries, but are seldom opened. The long labours of the compiler reaped no reward in public encouragement; and if we are to believe a very doubtful authority, the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," who, for once, praises, and calls him the father of all *legitimate* commentary on Shakspeare, Capell admitted brother critics to his intimacy, who sneaked in like weasels, to suck the eggs belonging to another's nest. Johnson's edition was reprinted in 1773, and again in 1778, with a number of additional notes, and the associated name of Steevens, who henceforth assumed high rank in the phalanx of editors. Malone first challenged competition in 1790; but he had previously given to the world two thick volumes, containing many additional observations by former commentators, and his own suggestions included. Ritson attacked both the editions of Steevens and Malone, and some angry sparring passed on all sides. Steevens was supposed to be the author of a pamphlet in his own vindication, by "Thersites Literarius." Ritson retorted in another, called the "Quip Modest." They had already exchanged shots in the *St. James's Chronicle*, under the assumed names of "Alciphron" and "Justice." As a specimen of Ritson's controversial style, we select the following note on Steevens, which appeared in some copies of the "Quip Modest:"—

"This worthy gentleman is probably the infamous scoundrel who published 'An Address to the Curious in Ancient Poetry;' as, however little relation it may have to Shakspeare, the author has had interest enough to procure it a place in the list of 'Detached Pieces of Criticism,' prefixed to the revised edition, a congeniality of disposition in the critical reviewers, procured this fellow a different reception from those literary hangmen, from that which he may one day experience from a well known practical professor of the same mystery."

This was rather sharp practice, but,
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by some means or other, peace was patched up between the belligerents; whereupon Ritson expunged his abuse, and substituted a ready compliment, as follows:—

"Impressed as I have been with this idea, I ought, in common justice, to acknowledge, that I suspect no one in particular to whom I am thus indebted. Above all, I wish to declare, that the candour, liberality, and politeness which distinguish Mr. Steevens, utterly exclude him from any imputation of this nature."

Both the black-letter warriors had studied the Shakspearian degrees of quarrel, and the value of the mediating "if." Ritson projected an edition of his own, a prospectus of which is appended to his first pamphlet of remarks. He never carried this intention into effect; but it appears also he never abandoned it. Two sheets of the *Comedy of Errors* were printed as a specimen in 1787. It is well known that he left behind him several volumes of manuscript notes, intended for this edition; but they were bought in "on account of the trade," at the sale of his library (8th Dec., 1803) and have not since appeared in any identified form. We need scarcely tell our readers Ritson was splenetic and ill-tempered; made up of alum and vinegar, full of prejudices and peculiarities, violent and extreme in his opinions. All these are bad qualities for a patient investigator, but his mind was vigorous and clear, well stored with knowledge, and he was an enthusiastic Shakspearian. Many of his published notes have been retained in the subsequent editions of Steevens and Malone, so carefully revised by those laborious critics. This is no slight admission of their pretensions (as he had affronted both his brother-commentators), and his unpublished notes should be "unearthed," if possible.

A fourth edition, with the joint names of Johnson and Steevens, although entirely superintended by the latter, was published in 1793. By this time it had swelled to fifteen thick volumes, with a mass of annotations and "prolegomena," far exceeding in bulk the original matter. This looked formidable, but more was "looming in the distance." The proof-sheets were revised by Steevens with untiring diligence and microscopic attention. The edition has been surnamed "The Immaculate."

from the supposed purity of the imprint. Steevens loudly proclaimed its superiority, and defied the most searching inquiry to point out a single error arising from carelessness. He was, almost as confident in his printer, as the learned Lipsius in his memory; but we never heard that he challenged the same desperate test. Lipsius, it has been said, would undertake to recite any proposed passage from a given classic, with a dagger at his heart, to be plunged therein, in case he tripped. The "Johnson and Steevens' Shakespeare" of 1793, is still considered by some the most desirable to place on their shelves. It maintains a stiff price in catalogues, although overshadowed in bulk by the subsequent editions of Reed, in 1803 and 1813, and finally by that of Malone, *sub auspice* Boswell, in 1821, each in twenty-one octavo volumes. Of the "Immaculate Edition," there were twenty-five exemplars on large paper, which are very scarce, and very great guns indeed, when fired off to astound a gaping curiosity-hunter. Steevens's own copy, bequeathed to the late Lord Spencer, is now in the library at Althorp, bound in eighteen volumes, uncut, and teeming with illustrations, to the value of £1000, undoubtedly the most curious and costly Shakespeare in existence. The rage for illustration is a devouring mania to which many valuable books have often been sacrificed, or cruelly mutilated, for the purpose of enriching one. Fine portraits have been torn from rare volumes, to insert them in an ornamented "Grainger," which was long the most popular receptacle.

The year 1796 was remarkable for the most daring imposition ever practised on literary credulity. We allude to the celebrated "Ireland forgeries," which threw into the shade the earlier audacity of Chatterton and Macpherson. If *Vortigern* had succeeded, Ireland was prepared to multiply Shakespeares in a line as interminable as his own shadowy kings of Banquo's race. He had already planned a series of historical plays on every reign which had not been previously dramatised, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Elizabeth. The public spared us this inroad, and settled a question which had puzzled a host of erudite moonshiners. It seems probable that Ireland, for once in his life, told the truth in his "Confessions." We find there with some surprise, that while

Sheridan believed in the genuineness of the papers, and treated the matter as a good commercial speculation, he spoke disparagingly of the mighty genius they were supposed to reflect. Lord Byron sometimes expressed similar opinions, but whether from eccentricity or conviction it is difficult to determine. Ireland's account of the adoration of James Boswell is amusing and characteristic. We see the bustling importance of the inimitable biographer in all his movements:—

"On the arrival of Mr. Boswell," he says, "the papers were as usual placed before him, when he commenced his examination of them; and being satisfied as to their antiquity, as far as the external appearance would attest, he proceeded to examine the style of the language from the fair transcripts made from the disguised handwriting. In this research Mr. Boswell continued for a considerable length of time, constantly speaking in favour of the internal as well as external proofs of the validity of the manuscripts. At length, finding himself rather thirsty, he requested a tumbler of warm brandy and water, which having nearly finished, he then redoubled his praises of the manuscripts, and at last, arising from his chair, he made use of the following expression:—'Well, I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day.' Mr. Boswell then, kneeling down before the volume containing a portion of the papers continued: 'I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard, and return thanks to God that I have lived to see them.' Having kissed the volume with every token of reverence, Mr. Boswell shortly after quitted the house."

Poor Boszy! This was almost his last public appearance, for he died soon after, suddenly and unexpectedly. Ireland has been abused more than he deserved. Half the blame rests with the learned wisacres who sat in judgment, swallowed the bait eagerly, and writhed with savage disappointment when the hook was in their gills. On hearing the pretended "Confession of Faith," the solemn Parr thus addressed the elder Ireland:—

"Sir,—We have very fine passages in our Church Service, and our Litany abounds with beauties; but here, Sir, is a man who has distanced us all."

"When I heard these words pronounced," says Ireland, junior, "I could scarcely credit my own senses; and such was the effect they produced upon me that I knew not whether to smile or not."

Ireland's impostures grew and expanded by degrees with the praises and encouragement of his victims. He says (with fair show of reason), the gentlemen who came to inspect the papers have themselves to blame for the variety of productions which came forth after the fictitious deed between Shakspeare and Fraser. Is no plea of defence to be admitted for the errors of a stripling, when Parr, Warton, Sir Isaac Heard, Pinkerton, Laureat Pye, Boswell, and many more, signed a paper, on mature inspection, to the effect that they were convinced his fabrications were authentic relics? The elder Ireland was duped, as well as the rest, but he suffered the heavier penalty of imputed participation, which injured his character and shortened his days.

Boydell's splendid edition, with 100 engravings, in nine volumes, folio, came out in 1800. Great encouragement was here given to British art, and Shakspeare was glorified with all the external costliness that invention could supply, or lavish expenditure command. The most eminent painters and engravers were enlisted in the cause. The work remains, a liberal monument to genius, but the pages are seldom opened as a reading text-book. The object was embellishment rather than elucidation. In 1805, Alexander Chalmers edited a Shakspeare, in ten volumes imperial octavo, with plates from designs by Fuseli; wild and extravagant, as might be supposed, from the peculiar genius of the artist. In 1807, Stockdale put forth an ambitious impression, in six volumes, quarto, without notes, but in which, as Sir Benjamin Backbite says, "a beautiful rivulet of type meanders through a meadow of margin," and the attention is courted to a series of handsome engravings by Heath. There were others also by Manley Wood and Ballantyne, in which paper, plates, and printing, are marvellous to behold, and, as Dr. Dibdin observes, when writing *con amore*, "gladden the heart and delight the eye of the curious collector!" They glitter gorgeously on shelves, where they are seldom disturbed, and seem to announce, "we are here for ornament, and not for use." Burns once, when dancing attendance in the library of a patronising peer, took

down a volume of Shakspeare in a gilded coat, and turning over the pages, found the interior worm-eaten, damp, and mouldy with neglect. This drew from him a pungent reminiscence, which he left behind on a scrap of paper, when tired of waiting :—

"Through and through the inspired leaves
Ye worms pursue your windings;
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings."

What is to be said of the "Family Shakspeare," by T. Bowdler, in which "nothing is added to the original text, but those words and expressions omitted which cannot, with propriety, be read aloud?" The worthy editor strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, as may be seen by his purification of *Othello*, where broad words are retained, and ambiguous passages dismissed. The interest and object will be approved by the ultra-fastidious, whose notions of delicacy recommend an expurgated family Bible for the edification of the younger branches. For our own part, we think the proceeding comes fairly under Lord Ellenborough's Maiming Act. Arbitrary mutilations of great authors should be made *felony* by legislative decree. They almost call for a special revival of the old practice of *Lex Talionis*.

There is scarcely a conceivable shape or form in which Shakspeare has not been presented to the public. The "Diamond Edition," in nine volumes, 48mo, seems exclusively intended for sale in the kingdom of Lilliput, or for the benefit of opticians in general. To read this specimen of diminutive typography without impairing the sight, would require the thirty-five thousand facets which Professors Müller and Straus* have pointed out in the eyes of the butterfly, and the four hundred spherical lenses discoverable in the similar organ of the fossil trilobite. We do not presume to detain our readers with a list of all the printed Shakspeares, but merely to point attention to a few of the most remarkable. The enlarged edition of Malone, in 1821, superintended by James Boswell, the son of "Boszy," was considered by many to have reached the point which called for a general exclamation of "Hold! enough!" It contains more matter

* See "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," vol. xii., Dr. Roget's "Bridgewater Treatise," vol. ii., and Dr. Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise," vol. i.

than any of the preceding ones, and the text requires to be hunted out, so completely is it smothered over under ponderous layers of commentary. Malone devoted his life entirely to Shakspeare. He inherited a good fortune, which gave him the opportunity of indulging in learned ease, without the drudgery of a profession. He came in the rear file of a long army of expounding critics, with the advantage of all their earlier labours, to reject, adopt, amend, or augment, according as his judgment dictated. But he died before his task was completed to his own satisfaction, and left his papers and accumulated stores in the hands of Boswell, his literary trustee and executor. *He*, too, is dead; and how far he was fitted for the office confided to him, is a question open to much controversy. Octavius Gilchrist announced his intention of dissecting the editorial merits of Boswell with a sharp knife; but he was cut short by the same accident which prevented Captain Blifl from carrying out the great schemes he had in view when Mr. Allworthy's estate should fall to his succession. *He* also died, and his projected philippic was buried along with him. There remain only to notice, as works of first-rate value, "The Pictorial Shakspeare," of Mr. Charles Knight, and the "Library Edition" of Mr. John Payne Collier; each in eight octavo volumes. These two gentlemen may be classed together, as "*editorum facili principes*." Opinion is nearly balanced on the acknowledged merits of both. They have been enabled to improve materially on all that has been done by their predecessors; but a perfect text of Shakspeare is still a desideratum. Much obscurity has been cleared into light, but much still remains to be dissipated. The volume which Mr. Collier has lately published is an extremely interesting and valuable supplement, proving the correctness of the concluding passage in his own preface, in which he says—"I have read and studied over the great dramatist for nearly half a century, and if I could read and study him for half a century more, I should yet be far from arriving at an accurate knowledge of his works, or an adequate appreciation of his worth."

Of the detached essays, treatises, in-

quiries, and controversial criticisms, relating to Shakspeare and his works, we may venture to suggest, in a short sentence, that "Douce's Illustrations" may be referred to as a specimen of the best; while the "Comments" of Laureat Pye and Becket will do to glance over, as samples of the worst. The late "Concordance," by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is a book which ought to be in every library. Two pamphlets have been published under the title of "Shakspeareana," purporting to be complete lists of *all* the tracts that have ever appeared, connected with the immortal bard. Both are useful as references, but both abound in errors and omissions.

The volume we now proceed to notice and for which we are indebted to the indefatigable research of Mr. John Payne Collier, contains the essence of a corrected copy of the second Folio of 1632. Here are above eleven hundred important corrections of the text, some, entirely new, very curious and convincing; some, so obvious when pointed out, that we wonder how they have hitherto escaped discovery; and some which verify and corroborate the surmises of learned expounders. The number included in the volume is a selection only; but the selection retains all that Mr. Collier considers striking and valuable.

He says in a note, that he is by no means convinced that this copy of the Folio, 1632, is an entire novelty in the book world. It is quite possible that the stir occasioned by the present publication may bring to light other folios, with manuscript notes, which are surmised to be in existence. In the meantime it is most fortunate that the individual book in question fell by accident into judicious hands, instead of finding its way, as doubtless many of its brethren have done, to the cheesemonger, the grocer, or the trunk-maker. Mr. Collier's account of his acquisition is simple and satisfactory. He purchased it, in the spring of 1849, from the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport-street, for thirty shillings; damaged, dirty, and imperfect, which accounted for the trifling price. No book to a choice collector could present a more forbidding appearance; but the purchaser thought it might

* One, in 1827, compiled by Mr. John Wilson, a bookseller. The other in 1841, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell.

complete another poor copy he had possessed for several years. In this he was disappointed, the required leaves being unfit for the purpose; he therefore threw the book aside as a useless purchase, and saw no more of it until leaving London, when he thought it might be turned to account as a reference.

"It was while putting my books together for removal (says Mr. Collier), that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio; but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his book,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and the volume might have been his; but, in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance, and others, induced me to examine the volume more particularly. I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing, or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many, numerous. Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny. The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think, that two distinct hands had been employed upon them. This notion I have since abandoned, and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced, from time to time, during, perhaps, the course of several years; changes in punctuation alone, always made with nicety and patience, must have required a long period, considering their number." Corrections only have been hitherto spoken of; but there are, at least, two other very peculiar features in the volume. Many passages, in nearly all the plays, are struck out with a pen, as if for the purpose of shortening the performance; and we need not feel much hesitation in coming to the conclusion, that these omissions had reference to the representation of the plays by some company about the date of the folio, 1632. To this fact we may add, that hundreds of stage directions have been inserted in manuscript, as if for the guidance and instruction of actors, in order that no mistake might be

made in what is usually denominated stage-business. The erasures of passages and scenes are quite inconsistent with the notion that a new edition of the folio, 1632, was contemplated;† and how are they, and the new stage directions, and 'asides' to be accounted for, excepting on the supposition that the volume once belonged to a person intrusted in, or connected with, one of our early theatres. The continuation of the corrections and emendations, in spite of, and through the erasures, may show that they were done at a different time, and by a different person; but who shall say which was done first, or whether both were not, in fact, the work of the same hand. Some expressions and lines of an irreligious or indelicate character are also struck out, evincing, perhaps, the advance of a better, or purer taste, about the period when the emendator went over the volume. Passing by matters upon which we can arrive at no certain result, we must briefly advert to another point upon which, however, we are quite as much in the dark;—we mean the authority upon which these changes, of greater or less importance, were introduced. How are we warranted in giving credit to any of them?"

Here we are left to conjecture, and must be governed by the intrinsic merit of the corrections, and the internal evidence they carry of their own value. Mr. Collier has told us all he knows of the book, and it is not likely that more will ever be discovered. The corrector may have known Shakespeare personally. He may have conversed with him on the mistakes of the first quartos printed during his life. He may have discussed with Heminge and Condell the errors of the first folio. He may have had authority for his amendments far beyond his own judgment; or he may have made them exclusively on his own responsibility. That by far the greater part are obvious and most judicious, will appear to all who peruse the volume. Almost every argument is based on a *postulatum*. Mr. Collier requires a very simple one, which has been before demanded by, and conceded to, Malone—namely, that the original transcripts of Shakespeare's plays, as prepared for the press, were taken down in a hurry by shorthand writers and mechanical copyists from imperfect recitations; and thus arose innumerable errors of the press, which have been perpetuated for more than two centu-

* About thirty thousand.

† It will be remembered that none appeared until 1663, thirty-one years later.

ries. To this it has been objected, that if we admit not only the hypothesis of typographic mistakes, but that of incorrect dictation, or transcribing from speech, there will be no end to speculative emendation. The plea in bar is not sufficiently sound to set aside the proceedings. The present corrections may be divided into separate classes—those which prove themselves, and those which are good, but not absolutely necessary, and others which appear superfluous. We do not feel the necessity of completing every imperfect line. The best poets have imperfect lines. Shakspeare's ear was undoubtedly musical, and his rhythm euphonious; but why should he not depart from general rule, and indulge in intentional irregularity? The vigour of a line is sometimes weakened by expansion. Mr. Collier lays great stress on the value and novelty of the stage directions, so profusely and minutely scattered through the volume. From this we are inclined to suppose he is not much in the habit of attending theatres, or of abstracting his attention from more important matters to fix it on the scene when he is there. These stage directions appear to us to be, with scarcely an exception, what we have seen put in practice from our earliest play-going days—the traditional business, as it is technically called, handed down from generation to generation of succeeding actors. We never saw any performer of Prospero who did not take off his magic garment, and put it on again, at certain portions of the scene with Miranda, in the first act of *The Tempest*, as indicated by the context—"Lend thy hand, and pluck my magic garment from me. So: lie there my art." This regulates the action so clearly, that the stage direction *lay it down* is uncalled for. The learned commentators have been sorely puzzled by the meaning of the simple words—"Now, I arise," and by the somnolency of Miranda; but neither has ever been a mystery to the actors. Mr. Young, Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, or Mr. Vandenhoff, would smile at the supposition. Prospero charms Miranda to sleep, because he requires the presence of Ariel, which she is not to witness, and the words, "I am ready now," which he uses when invoking the presence of his attendant spirit, convey that he has resumed his robe of office, without which he could not with

propriety summon him. The old corrector has inserted, "Put on robe again," because, as we imagine, he saw the actor of his day do what the actors of the present day have always followed. It is strange that Mr. Collier should say, Miranda has stood eagerly listening by the side of Prospero during his long narrative, and sits down in her turn, when he rises. A comparison of the context shows the direct contrary. Prospero at the commencement, soon after he has seated himself, desires his daughter to sit by him—"Sit down." When he rises, she rises too, which induces him to say, "Sit still." This he would certainly not say to a person who had been standing. The whole of Mr. Collier's note on this passage implies that Prospero's magic lay entirely in his robe. We find that it is not so. When he paralyzes Ferdinand, he says—"I can here disarm thee with this stick." Caliban particularly urges Stephano and Trinculo, before they knock his brains out, to seize his books, for without them he is nothing. And he himself declares, when abjuring his rough art, that he intends to break his staff, and drown his book.

A few examples will suffice to show the great value of the corrections in Mr. Collier's volume, as also how simple and natural they appear when pointed out. The majority will surely be adopted in future as the standard text of Shakspeare. Ariel, describing to Prospero the fate of the dispersed fleet, says—

"They all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean fote," &c.

The correction reads—

"And all upon the Mediterranean *foat*."

The host in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* says to the characters he is addressing, "Will you go *an-heires*?" No sense can be made out of this, but it becomes clear when altered to, "Will you go *on here*?" Ford, in his assumed character, says, of his intended suit to Mrs. Ford, "She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my *soul* dares not present itself." We are told to change *soul* for *suit*, which is evidently an improvement.

In *Measure for Measure* (act i. scene 4), the passage, wherein the Duke says,

"And yet my nature, never in the light
Tells in alinder,"

which has occupied much erroneous

commentary, becomes perfectly clear when altered to—

"And yet my nature, never in this right
To draw on slander."

Further on in the same play, the Duke exclaims, in reference to Barnardine—

"Unfit to live or die, O gravel heart!"

For this we are now told to read—

"Unfit to live or die, O graveling beast!"

In the *Comedy of Errors*, a line in the speech of Ægeon—

"The place of depth and sorry execution,"

is amended to—

"The place of death and solemn execution."

Such emendations carry their own evidence of being at the same time improvements. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the Prince says to Claudio—

"What need the bridge much broader than the flood,
The fairest grant is the necessity."

"Grant" has no meaning here; but the corrected line stands—

"The fairest ground is the necessity."

The greatest number of corrections occur in *Love's Labour's Lost*, but as the play is not among the most prominent or popular, we pass them over in our extracts. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Helena has been accustomed to call herself and Hermia—

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,"

we find it written—

"Two loving berries moulded on one stem,"

which is not only more consistent with the whole speech, but removes the apparent egotism of Helena calling herself lovely. In the *Merchant of Venice*, "a woollen bagpipe" is altered to a "bollen bagpipe"—bollen being put for swollen, from the Anglo-Saxon. In *As You Like It*, Orlando says—

"As tho' a that fear they hope, and know they fear."

This is obscure—a simple misprint: the mere substitution of *to* for *they* clears the meaning—

"As those that fear to hope, and know they fear."

The next correction we select is a very important one, and so obvious when shown, that it is more than marvellous how so many learned hands have never detected it. Tranio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, says to his master, Lucretio, when arrived at Padua to study—

"Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

It is quite impossible to understand what is meant by "Aristotle's checks." The old corrected folio, discovered by Mr. Collier, tells us to read "Aristotle's *ethics*," which makes all as clear as the sun. In *Twelfth Night*, Sebastian, speaking of his reputed likeness to his sister, says—"A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her," &c. Few passages have occasioned greater trouble to the commentators. Warburton gave it up in despair, and proposed omissions, as the only mode of clearing the sense. We find it pointed out by the old corrector in the simplest manner. He reads—"But though I could not with self-estimation wander so far to believe that," &c. Mr. Collier justly adds, that so acute an emendation could hardly be the result of mere guess-work, but confirms the idea that the old corrector had some better manuscript than the printer of the first folio could have possessed.

In the *Winter's Tale* occurs a very striking instance of a line restored, which looks decidedly Shakspearean. Leontes gazing on the supposed statue of Hermione, says to Paulina, who is about to draw the curtain—

"Let be, let be!"

Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it?" &c.

Something is evidently wanting here. The break is unnatural. The missing line, marked in italics, adds much to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes:—

"Let be, let be!"

Would I were dead, but that methinks already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
What was he that did make it?" &c.

A similar restoration, of equal value, occurs in *Coriolanus* (act iii. scene 2), where Volumnia, in her entreaty to her son to be patient, says—

"Pray be counsel'd!"

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."

Mr. Collier naturally asks, to what was Volumnia's heart as "little apt" as that of Coriolanus? The insertion of an omitted line, from his corrected folio, gives the answer:—

I have a heart as little apt as yours
To break control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."

In *Coriolanus* also are two of the soundest corrections in the volume. Menenius says of himself, act ii. scene 2, "I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint." "First complaint," in connexion with Menenius's love for a cup of hot wine, is unintelligible. The copyist heard indistinctly, and wrote *first* for *thirst*. So says the old corrector, who gives the passage as follows: "One that loves a cup of hot wine, *without* a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in allaying the *thirst* complaint." The sense and humour are thus restored, both of which were lost in the word "first." In act ii. scene 3, *Coriolanus*, when soliciting votes for the consulship in the forum, and dressed in the garb of humility, says, in the first folio, 1623:—

"Why in this woolvish tongue should I stand here?"

In the second folio, 1632, "tongue" was altered to "gown." Much commentary has been exhausted in trying to explain this, but all in vain. How acceptable is the meaning supplied in the newly discovered copy:—

"Why in this *woolless toge* should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick?"

In *King John*, Constance has always said, in reference to the sudden friendship between France and England, that it

"Is cold in smity and painted peace."

For this we are told to read—

"Is cold in amity and *faint* in peace."

And for

"Which scorns a modern invocation,"

To substitute a *widow's* invocation, a word exactly suitable to the condition of the speaker.

In *Henry the Fourth*, part 1, where the king has always said—

"Shall we buy treason and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?"

We are now instructed to substitute—

"Shall we buy treason, and indent with *foes*," &c.

Nothing can well be plainer than that *foes*, not *fears*, was the true word of the poet.

In the second part of *Henry the Fourth*, where the king says, in his soliloquy on sleep:—

"Under the canopies of costly state,"

The true reading appears to be—

"Under *high* canopies of costly state."

In *Richard the Third*, act i. scene 3, Queen Margaret denounces Gloster as

"The slave of nature, and the son of hell."

How much more striking and satisfactory are the epithets in the corrected folio—

"The *stain* of nature, and the *scorn* of hell."

And, again, when Buckingham remarks of little York—

"With what a sharp, provided wit he reasons,"

The true reading appears to be

"With what a *sharply pointed* wit he reasons."

And, further on, Richmond, speaking of Richard, calls him, as the words have hitherto stood—

"The wretched, bloody, and usurping bear."

"Wretched" is a poor epithet applied to Richard, compared to *reckless*, which is now substituted.

In *Henry the Eighth*, Anna Bullen says of her advancement—

"Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot."

"Salute my blood" is scarcely intelligible; but the correction—

"If this *elate* my blood a jot,"

explains away an obscurity in the easiest manner. In the speech of Queen Catherine, she has been accustomed to say—

"Give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice."

The old corrector substitutes *knife* for "kind;" and reads—

"To the sharp'st *knife* of justice."

When, afterwards, Wolsey says—

"It shall be, therefore, bootless
That longer you desire the court."

He also changes "desire" to *defer*, which, manifestly, is more suited to the place—

"That longer you *defer* the court."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the line of Juliet, "That runaways' eyes may wink," &c., is altered to, That *enemies'* eyes may wink. Further on, "The pale reflex of Cynthia's brow," is much improved by the omission of one letter, and becomes "Cynthia's *brow*."

In *Julius Caesar*, act i. scene i., the following lines have hitherto been printed thus—

"When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man."

In the last line we are told to read *walls* for *walks*. We could name more than one actor of repute who, in the part of Cassius, has substituted *walls*, under a

conviction that it was the better word. In the quarrel-scene, when Brutus says, "I shall be glad to learn of noble men," noble is struck out, and *abler* inserted in the place. The improvement will scarcely be disputed.

There are twenty-seven very important corrections in *Macbeth*. The following undoubtedly prove themselves When Lady Macbeth says—

"Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry Hold, hold!"

We find this alteration—

"Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the dark," &c.

And, afterwards, for

"What beast was't there,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

We find the mere change of the letter *o* for *e* elicits the true meaning of the poet, which has hitherto been obscure,

"What *beast* was't there,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

"If trembling I inhabit," in the speech of Macbeth to the Ghost of Banquo, is changed to, "If trembling I *exhibit*." In act v. scene 14, Macbeth's soliloquy is thus printed:—

"This push
Will cheer me ever, or dissent me now,
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf," &c.

The old corrector reads the passage,

"This push
Will *chair* me ever, or dissent me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my *May* of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,"

confirming, in the first instance, the suggestion of Bishop Percy, and in the latter that of Dr. Johnson, which carries out the metaphor with elegance and analogy.

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff," is altered to

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous *grief*."

In *Hamlet*, a line in the King's soliloquy,

"And off 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law,"

becomes,

"And off 'tis seen the wicked *purse* itself
Buys out the law."

"And what judgment would step from this to this?" is feeble, compared with the newly-discovered correction, "And what judgment would *stoop* from this to this."

The four lines, beginning "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," are marked as a quotation, but from what author it is impossible to guess.

In *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4, where the old King says,

"To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch!"

The corrector reads,

"To be a comrade with the wolf, and *howl*
Necessity's sharp pinch."

In Edgar's speech, act iv. sc. 1, the common reading has been,

"Yet better thus, and known to be contain'd,
Than still contain'd and flatter'd."

It now appears that it should be,

"Yes, better thus *unknown* to be contain'd,
Than still contain'd and flatter'd."

In *Othello*, act i. sc. 1, where Iago wishes Roderigo to awake and alarm Brabantio,

"Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell,"

is corrected to

"Do, with like *clamorous* accent and dire yell."

No one will doubt that "clamorous" is the preferable word.

In act ii. sc. 3, for,

"And passion having my best judgment collied," we find,

"And passion having my best judgment *quelled*."

Anthony and Cleopatra contains one of the most striking emendations in the whole volume. In act i. sc. 2, we find,

"The present pleasure
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself."

Such has always been the text, which has occasioned many surmises. None of them approach the change offered by the old annotator—

"The present pleasure,
By *repetition* souring, does become
The opposite of itself."

We could go on multiplying extracts, but enough are given to direct attention. We neither wish to infringe copyright, nor weary our readers. On emendations of a secondary class, which are not so self-evident, it is needless to dwell. We are by no means convinced that—

"Pick'd from the lazy finger of a milk-maid,"

in Mercutio's "Queen Mab" speech, is either necessary or an improvement on the line, as it has hitherto stood—

"Frick'd from the lazy finger of a maid."

Neither are we disposed to give up Dogberry's "losses," and substitute *leases*, as we are now required to do. "A rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had *leases*." To have been the owner of *leases*, as Mr. Collier observes might very well prove that Dogberry

was "a rich fellow enough." Granted; but he meant that his "losses" increased his importance, not that they testified to his riches, beyond this, that he had wealth enough to sustain losses without injury to his credit or station. The phrase has been quoted repeatedly, and is become almost familiar. Dr. Johnson says the reason why men are given to talk complacently of their misdeeds is, that they find something in the reminiscence not utterly disagreeable. Mr. Collier takes great care to point out wherever a proposed emendation in his old folio has been previously suggested, by the erudite researches of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Hanmer, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, Monk Mason, or Malone. This is just and graceful; while it verifies many elaborate and deeply studied conjectures. We are sorry that he has passed over Zachariah Jackson, a worthy old commentator, who deserved notice for some ingenious discoveries, which are now confirmed, although his volume, entitled "Shakspeare's Genius Justified," is well sprinkled with the average quantum of absurdities. We cannot suppose the omission to be intentional, as Mr. Collier says, in a note to his preface, that if he has so erred, it has arisen from his ignorance of the fact, or from pure inadvertence. Here are five instances.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff says of Mrs. Ford—"She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation." Carves, in the old folio, is corrected to *craves*. In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says to Malvolio—

"It was she

First told me that thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling," &c.

"Then" is altered to *thou*. In *Measure for Measure*, act i. sc. 4, in the speech of Claudio relative to his marrying Juliet—

"Only for propagation of a dower,"

is corrected to—

"Only for procurement of a dower."

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 1, the line—

"That happiness and prime can happy call,"

has a slight alteration, which much improves the sense—

"That happiness in prime can happy call"

Happiness in prime, meaning youthful happiness; as prime is explained by Dr. Johnson.

In the *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3, Perdita remarks to Florizel—

"But that our fears
In every mien have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass."

"Sworn" here is unintelligible. The old corrector alters the word to *so worn*—

"I should blush
To see you so attired; so worn, I think,
To show myself a glass."

The words have nearly the same sound, which readily accounts for the error, if the copyist wrote by ear.

These emendations are all proposed in Zachariah Jackson's volume, published in 1819. We cannot find them anywhere else, except in Mr. Collier's old folio, by which they are confirmed. As far as Jackson is concerned, they are as original as they are judicious. Let fair dealing therefore be rendered where it is due. Jackson was one of the first who maintained that many obscurities in Shakspeare arose from misprints or typographical carelessness. He sought not to find recondite meanings where there were none, but to supply simple words, which contained a meaning. He had hit the right trail, but he wandered again, and lost it in tangled mazes. The high-sounding, not to say arrogant, title of his book, gave umbrage to the learned critics of acknowledged place, as savouring too much of the "fumum ex fulgore." They had scarcely recovered from Becket's "Shakspeare's himself again!" and hesitated to admit into their ranks an unknown candidate, not duly qualified. Men swelling with collegiate honours are jealous of intruders on what they consider their own sacred preserves. They view them as unlicensed poachers, and regard them with the same contemptuous feelings which regular soldiers extend to marauding Croats, Pandours, Cossacks, or Guerillas. Jackson had no scholastic pretensions. He neither wrote himself down an LL.D. nor an A.S.S. He was as insignificant as Piron—nothing, not even an academician. But he happened to be a printer, had been a compositor, and was deeply skilled in the mysteries of upper and lower letter-cases. During a captivity of eleven years in a French prison at Verdun, some good Samaritan lent him a Shakspeare to beguile the heavy hours. He conned over the pages again and again, his mind continually reverting to his trade,

until he cried *Agamemnon*, and thought he had found out the one essential key to all the disputed passages. He ran into extremes, as all enthusiasts do, when they get astride on a theory; but he was treated ill, laughed at, and neglected, because he made mistakes.

Mr. Collier's publication has been warmly welcomed, and cannot fail to be considered a great Shakspearean movement in the true direction. It will form henceforth an inseparable pendant to the received editions, and must undoubtedly take the lead over every other compilation of "Notes and Emendations." It is not going too far to pronounce, that in intrinsic value, it is fairly "worth all the rest." Shakspeare stands now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, two hundred and forty-seven years after his death, on a higher pinnacle than ever. He went down for a time, under the influence of exotic importations and corrupted taste; but he has sprung up again with the elastic rebound of undying genius. Power, patronage, rank, wealth, and fashion, may confer on slender merit temporary fame, but they cannot waft it into the haven of immortality. The poems of Nero, though lord of "the majestic world," perished with him. Those of Homer, an indigent itinerant bard, are transplanted into every polished language, and will live as long as ideas are by language communicated. The copious works of the British Solomon, who "trowed himself to be the oldest and the wisest king in Christendom," lie worm-eaten and neglected on the shelves of a few unvisited libraries. Many a time have the profane vulgar, ignorantly-flagitious, kindled their tobacco pipes with the very pages in which he fulminated against the use of the noxious weed, both as a man and a Christian. The heavy lucubrations of Frederick the Great are seldom opened. But Shakspeare, without birth, or station, or temporal grandeur, is in every hand, in every mouth, and impressed on every heart which feels and owns the kindred sympathy of nature. The fame acquired by literary talent, and above all, by sublime poetry, is not only excellent in itself, but the

only means of preserving every other species of excellence. The Pyramids of Memphis, and some almost equally stupendous edifices in India, exist after a vast succession of years. Nothing but an internal convulsion of the globe appears likely to overthrow such immense piles. Yet they have not transmitted to posterity the names of those monarchs, through whose vanity, superstition, or munificence, they were erected. The finest designs of ancient art are almost totally lost. The exquisite performances of the statuary and the painter are mouldered into dust; but Praziteles and Zeuxis will always live to fame, for the pencil of literature paints to distant ages, and its colours fade not amidst the revolutions of time. Without the bard or the historian, the monarch builds, and the artist designs in vain. "Dark," says Ossian, "are the deeds of other times before the light of the song arose." And Horace to the same purport, remarks—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,
Multi; sed omnes illecebrabiles,
Urgentur, ignotique longa,
Nocte: carent quã vate sacro."

Od. ix. 4. lib. 6, 4.

Heroes existed before the Trojan war, but no divine bard recorded their fame, and their deeds are concealed in night. We close our paper with a short extract from the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1808, in which the remarks on general emendation are worthy of remembrance:—

"The real admirers of Shakspeare, we believe, care very little about his commentators; yet if we wish to understand every word of an author who wrote more than two hundred years ago, we must accept of the services of the antiquary and the verbal critic; but these helps become hindrances, and nuisances indeed of the first magnitude, when they swell to six times the bulk of the original author, and engage us, at every tenth line, in the paltry polemics of purblind annotators and grovelling transcribers of black letter. Out of twenty-one volumes, the most extended and voluminous edition, two-thirds at least are made up of long quotations, not always relevant to the subject; tedious dissertations on obsolete customs, and solemn, and sometimes very unavailing controversies on rival readings, or questions of punctuation."

J. W. C.

TOM CLUGGINS'S TWO ANTIPATHIES.

BY ONE OF "THE MYSTICS."

THE most sheepish, nervous, timid little man I ever knew in my whole life was Tom Cluggins. He had very few opinions of his own, and scarcely ever attempted to contradict any one bigger than a schoolboy. He had as little gall as a pigeon, and (if the truth must be told) about as much courage as a tom-tit. He liked everybody who was at all likeable; and was, indeed, in return, very popular with the entire neighbourhood. And yet, Cluggins had two terrible antipathies, that, whenever they were called into action, changed his whole nature, and inspired his soft, good, loving little heart with fear, and hate, and horror, that for the time made quite a respectable, formidable sort of fellow of him. These two antipathies were not the natural growth of that heart, but were introduced there, and planted and nourished by circumstances which arose shortly after his birth, and over which, as it may be supposed, he had no control. To come to the point, his two antipathies were widows and attorneys. I put the widows first, chiefly in compliment to the sex, for it is hard to say which he disliked most, upon the whole—for while he hated widows more than attorneys, he certainly feared attorneys more than widows; and his horror of both was pretty equal.

It was in this wise that he acquired his prejudices. Old Doctor Cluggins, Tom's father, lost his wife shortly after she had given birth to her last child, and when Tom was about ten years of age. The old man (not that he was so old either, but he was older than his son Tom; and so people began to call him, old Tom Cluggins, because they began to call his son young Tom Cluggins. Fathers, by the way, are great fools to call a son by their own name, for it is sure to make them, in this way, old before their time)—well, the old man, after a short time, married again—why, I do not know, except that he was very happy in his first wife, and therefore thought that he might do as well in a second venture. The stepmother he brought over his three children was a widow—five-and-forty, or thereabouts—a buxom, stirring sort

of a woman, whose defunct husband had left her the sole dominion of all his earthly possessions—that is to say, a plantation in one of the West India Islands, and a boy of about the same age as Tom, or a little younger, their joint offspring. Whether the revenues of the plantation had anything to do in inflaming old Cluggins's heart, I will not say (West India preserves are certainly very hot, and the widow had a capital stock of them), but sure I am that the widow's son did not increase the attraction, for he was a big, lubberly, ill-conditioned, cantankerous, troublesome cub, that if thrown into the scales with Venus herself would have made her a dear bargain.

However, a year had scarce elapsed before the Widow Gopple was at the head of the doctor's establishment, as Mrs. Cluggins the second. Tom was old enough to feel the change sensibly. He remembered the gentle, affectionate mother, who loved him all the more tenderly that he had so much of her own nature about him; and the poor, timid, sensitive boy wept in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners, where he could escape the hawk's-eye of his stepdame, recalling to mind the blessed, happy days that were gone, and contrasting them with the life which he was now doomed to lead. A dog's life it was, for Bobby Gopple was eternally pitching into him, and bullying him, and lording it over him—in all of which he was abetted by his mother, who scolded Tom if he complained to her, and boxed his ears if he complained to his father. It was little wonder, then, that Tom hated his stepmother; and for her sake he contracted a hatred of all widows, whom he fancied to be a sort of monster, who went prowling about, with matrimonial designs against mankind in general.

In a few years after the marriage came the terrible depression in West India property, which reduced so many of the most affluent merchants to utter destitution. The widow's plantation revenues sank down to zero, and, what was worse, the liabilities of the estate had to be met in the meantime. Under these circumstances, old Clug-

gins betook himself to a certain attorney (one Scroodge, who lived hard by), for the purpose of making such arrangements in the way of composition with creditors, disposal of consignments of sugar and coffee, calling in debts, and so forth, as might enable them to save something out of the wreck. Attorney Scroodge went to work with a vengeance, and the result was, that in due course of law, not only the plantation itself disappeared as utterly as if it had gone in a landslide, but all the ready money that the doctor had put by for his children disappeared also. Old Cluggins struggled on for a time, but his heart was broken. He became careless in his profession, and lost his patients one after another, till at last he was left nobody to doctor but himself. This he did with so little success, that upon a raw, cold winter's morning, when Tom was about twenty-one years old, he found himself walking after a coffin in the capacity of chief mourner, watching in a state of stupefied grief the interment of his father, and returning, under the guidance of some kind friend, to his wretched home, with a bewildered impression on his mind that all his misfortunes were caused by a widow and an attorney.

The friends of the family now came forward in the hour of need. They contrived to scrape together the little remnant of property which was yet intact. The widow and the attorney combined in a desperate attempt to possess themselves of the assets, in which they were vigorously opposed, and ultimately defeated, by the friends of the family. They then both retired from the scene of action—the attorney to his office; the widow, accompanied by her son, to a distant part of the country, which had the honour of being the place of her nativity. But so much had Tom's mind been agitated by the conflict with the lady and her law adviser, in which the poor fellow had to take a prominent part as administrator of his father, that his antipathy to widows and attorneys was increased to an amount of intensity which seemed totally foreign to his nature. The straitened fortunes of Tom and his two sisters would not permit them to retain the house in which they had been born; accordingly, the interest in it was sold, and a very small tenement in the same street, but on the opposite side of it, was taken, in which

Tom forthwith set up as a doctor (for his father had brought him up to his own profession), committing the domestic management to his elder sister, the younger girl having been adopted by a maiden aunt.

Up to the time I speak of, there never had been more than one doctor in the town of Alton-le-Moors. (Now it can boast of a gin palace and two doctors, but that's neither here nor there.) You may, therefore, imagine that such a worthy fellow as Tom Cluggins had a fair chance of getting on. Everybody felt for him, and was ready to give him a lift in the way of his business—(I mean when they were sick, for I won't take upon me to say that any one, when in health, took a pill or a black draught just to put a penny in Tom's pocket)—and though his father's professional mantle, which was considered to have descended on his shoulders, was very much damaged during the latter years of the old man, still it *was* a mantle, and that was something after all, and Tom put it on reverently and hopefully, and he brushed it up delicately, and patched it carefully, and contrived by degrees to make it look quite respectable, until he was able to lay it aside for a new one; by which metaphorical observation I mean to convey that the old doctor's reputation was worth something to Tom; and his own diligence, and, I believe, skill (though I can only speak of that on hearsay, as I never had a cast of his office), before very long supplied him with a reputation of his own. Indeed it was a pleasant sight, after the first year of his struggle, to see Tom in a tolerably decent black coat and a white *choak*, both scrupulously clean, walking up the main-street to visit Ellwand, the mercer's, old mother—(she was a good annuity of £12 a-year to Tom, for she had half-a-dozen chronic disorders, which fortunately he was unable to cure to the day of her death, though he visited her weekly, and kept her alive a good many years, too)—or slipping up of an evening when the shop was shut, to the rectory, to take a glass of wine with Parson Gloat, and prescribe for his gout. But I think 'twas in his shop that Tom shone especially. 'Pon my word it was a grand spectacle to see him, of a fine summer's day, when the sun shone on the window where the big globular bottles,

filled with coloured waters, stood, and the rays, passing through them, flung around him a halo of all sorts of variegated lights, that made him look like a glorified Saint Gallen, shot down from an hospital window, as he thumped away with his pestle, with a galaxy of shining gallipots on the shelves about him, and ranges of gold-lettered drawers forming a gorgeous background to his figure.

One day Tom was thus occupied in his shop compounding some grand specific for old Mother Ellwand, with a great many drugs in it (there always are, I suppose, a great many compounds in a recipe, when the man that writes the prescription compounds it also), and as he thumped and thumped, he looked ever and anon through a space in the window, left between two globular bottles, which brought the old house where his father lived on the opposite side of the street just within the range of his vision. Somehow it had grown quite into a habit of late with Tom to look at the old house, and I don't think he could mind his business if he did not look at it—(those habits are very odd sometimes: I once knew an old woman that could never pray in church without fixing her eyes on the figure of Satan in the last judgment, which was painted in the chancel-window)—and the reason why Tom took to looking so much at the old house was this:—About six months before this time a strange family (I don't mean that there was anything eccentric or mysterious about them, but that they were strangers, unknown in that part of the world) took up their abode in the old house. This family consisted of four persons. A plump little lady of that time of life when, if a woman is unmarried, she is disposed to consider herself young enough; but if she have a husband he is disposed to pronounce her old enough. She had the complexion of a brunette, inclining to olive. Her hair was still black (by the way, those dyes are all huffing: a friend of mine had his hair turned a brilliant purple by them, and he was obliged to get his head and whiskers shaved as bare as the palm of my hand), and her eye was still bright. A keen, sharp, piercing eye it was, that seemed always to have a lookout for the main chance, and, to give her her due, she was a ladylike person enough in appearance and de-

meanour, though she looked as if she had a little of the screw about her, and would see a bad shilling through a leather purse. Well, there was next, a young girl not much over seventeen, I should say (indeed she might not be that all out; 'tis impossible to tell some girls' ages, no matter how closely you look at them). She had a look of the other, though 'twould be hard to say where the resemblance lay, for she had a soft, sleepy, sentimental blue eye, light brown hair, and a face so pallid and colourless, that except from momentary excitement, you never saw a bit of red in it. The other two individuals were a maid-servant of all work, and a man of multiplex duties, doing all the indoor business as butler, besides driving the one-horse chaise, and caring the one horse that drew it.

As I said before, there was no mystery at all about the new comers. They came from the neighbourhood of Manchester, as the maid of-all-work told Mrs. Blink, the post-mistress, when she was posting a letter to some of her mistress's relatives in that town. The name of the elder lady was Thornyfish, and that of the younger was the same, because she was her daughter, but the servants always called her Miss Roar (by the way, the name didn't suit her over well; indeed I have remarked that Christian names, especially those of women, are often very inappropriate). If it is a hard matter, as I already observed, to say when a maiden lady ceases to be young, or a married one begins to be old, 'tis the very dull to fix that delicate period of life in one who is neither maid nor wife. A widow, sir, a widow, is neither fish nor flesh, old nor young, as one counts age in other people. If a grey lock ~~shows~~ from under her cap, or her ~~parake~~ turns awry, she is sure to ~~make~~ some observation about all that she went through upon a certain melancholy occasion, and how shockingly distress of mind makes the hair turn grey and fall out; and then she will introduce some incident which she tells you happened "just five years ago, when she was six-and-twenty."

Well, then, you will excuse me for not hazarding a guess at the Widow Thornyfish's age, farther than this, that she had attained the years of discretion; or, for not describing it with more accuracy than Mrs. Blink did to one

of her tea-table cronies, by the vague phrase of being "no chicken." But whatever doubt there might be about the Widow Thornyfish's age, there was one thing that admitted of no doubt at all—the widow was in easy circumstances, and no mistake. She bought whatever she wanted, and paid ready money down for it (by the way, that's a habit some people can never acquire—they spend too much, I suppose, at first, and so never get a fair start of the world, but go on "pulling the devil by the tail," as the saying is, to the end of the chapter). She furnished her house respectably; was a good customer to the grocer, and looked in pretty often at Ellwand's; and, upon the whole, the family had the appearance of being decidedly comfortable. All this Tom Cluggins saw, as he noticed, from day to day, something good go into the house: a hamper from the grocer's, or a tray of some appetising pastry, smoking hot, from the confectioner's; or a delicate fowl, or a quarter of lamb, or a sweet-bread, till his mouth well nigh watered, as the saying is, and he could not help fancying that it might be a very nice thing to make one of the family party in the dining-room, if it were not for that horrible drawback—the widow.

As it turned out, it was not long till Tom had an opportunity of seeing how far the reality within doors accorded with the pictures which his fancy drew while he thumped his pestle. Upon the day to which I alluded just now, Tom was thumping with his pestle and gazing with his eyes, as I told you, when he saw the door of the Widow Thornyfish's house open, and the maid-of-all-work run hurriedly out, without her bonnet. Tom watched her as she crossed the street, and came—ay, sir, where do you think she came?—straight into Tom's shop, and bolt up to the counter before he had time to bless himself.

"Doctor Cluggins, sir," said the woman, in a precious flurry—"oh, please sir, step across—missus sent me for you in all haste."

"Yes, yes, surely," said Tom, almost as much flurried as the maid-of-all-work; for he felt a vague, childish sort of fear, now that his expectations of seeing the inside economy of the Widow Thornyfish were about to be realised. "Just wait a moment, till I call Plagger" (that was the little chap

that he hired to watch the shop and carry the medicines to his patients). "What's wrong, my good girl?" asked Tom, as he stepped outside the counter, and proceeded with her.

"Oh, please sir, we don't know; but missus hopes you will—she's very bad."

"Mrs. Thornyfish?"

"Lor! no. Miss Rosar."

"No?" says Tom.

"Ees, sure," says the maid. She's a been and gone hof in 'isterics all on a sudden, and we can't no ways bring her about; first we tried 'artshorn to her nose, and then we tried 'ot huppliations; and then we tried cold uns—but 'twas all the same think. So, says missus, 'Step across for the doctor, maybe he'll know summat as will bring her round.'"

By this time Tom and the maid of-all-work had fairly crossed the street, and in bolted the girl (the hall-door had been left ajar—bad practice that) and Tom after her. It was with a strange feeling, half of sadness and half of curiosity, that Tom looked around him—there, behind the door, was the rack upon which his father used to hang up his hat and great coat, and the clock, at the foot of the staircase, just as of old; only that it had a marvellously clean face, and went about its work with a cheery click, as if the Widow Thornyfish had got a clock-doctor to overlook its intestines an operation which had been eadly neglected by its former owner.

At the stairfoot Tom's eye took a hurried, furtive glance through the glass door of a little pantry, or larder, but it was sufficient to show how much it was changed since his day. There were on the shelves rows of white, fat, shining little crocks, doubtless filled with jams, and jellies, and marmalade, and all sorts of good things in the way of preserves. A noble-looking turkey, depumed and undressed in every sense of the word, lay sprawling on its back upon the shelf beneath, pinned wing and leg like a felon; and beside it, laid upon a capacious dish, and surmounted by a dome of wire-work to protect it from the rakish flies that went singing and gadding about it, like young springalds about the grating of a convent, reposed, in the odour of cookery, a delicate breast of veal. Poor Cluggins, in spite of himself, sighed gently as he thought of the bare

bones and make-shifts, the dry crusts and sorry fare that garrisoned this little chamber under the administration of his stepdame. Well, I can't stop to tell you all the changes Tom noted, for if I did, I should never get him up to the Widow Thornyfish's drawing-room. Up Tom went, however, following close on the heels of the maid-of-all-work, up the neatly-carpetted stair-case, past the window, now filled with fragrant and bright geraniums, and into the room. He had no sooner opened the door than the widow sprang towards him with an eagerness that made him start back. But the widow did not notice his alarm, for she knew nothing in the world about his antipathies—how could she? So she said to Tom, with as much freedom as she would have used towards an old nursetender—

"I'm so glad you're come, Doctor Cluggins. This poor child is very ill, I'm afraid."

The widow preceded the little doctor to the sofa, where poor "Miss Rosa" lay pale as death, languid, and quite exhausted. Her eyes were closed, but the tears now and then swelled out from under the lids, and rolled upon her wan cheeks; and a fluttering sob occasionally broke from her, making her lips quiver—the last struggles of the violent emotion which it was plain had shaken the young girl's heart.

Tom's heart was as tender as a chicken's, so he leaned gently over the girl and felt her pulse, which was low and fluttering, and he chafed her temples with some nostrum or other, which he brought in a little phial, and in a short time she opened her eyes with a deep, long sigh, and then wept silently and plentifully till her heart seemed to be quite relieved (weeping, I've always heard, does women good, though a man must be smashed outright when he takes to crying); then he ordered her to be put to bed, and prescribed a composing draught, which he went away to compound without delay, promising to see her again in the evening. The widow saw him to the door, and pressed his hand kindly (by the way, when he got back to his shop, he found there was a half sovereign in it), and hoped he would not fail to come at the appointed time. In the evening Tom was punctual in returning to his patient, whom he found booked for a pretty smart fever, and after he had

given a thousand directions to the maid-of-all-work, who was to sit up with the young lady through the night, he was slipping away quietly home, when the widow begged him to wait and take a cup of tea. Cluggins didn't know how to refuse, although he had some fears about trusting himself alone with a widow, so he turned in to the drawing-room with her. 'Twas wonderfully changed since last he passed an evening in it. The curtains were drawn cosily across the windows, there was a cheerful fire in the grate, and an urn was singing on the table, with a bubbling, steamy song, that set the lid dancing up and down. The widow was monstrously polite to Tom, called him "Doctor" every moment, and thanked him for his attention to "her little Rosa." By degrees he felt himself quite easy, and wonderfully little frightened, taking everything into consideration. Indeed he was never so much surprised in his life as when, on looking at his watch, he found that he had been a full hour and a-half chatting *tête-à-tête* with a lady who had buried her husband. He took his leave at length, and, in so doing, absolutely detected himself giving the widow a very friendly shake of the hand. For many days Tom visited his fair patient, who, in due time (a good doctor is never in too great a hurry), came round under his treatment, and was at length able to come down in the evening. Cluggins became extremely interested in his young patient, and indeed it was not to be wondered at, for I have often heard him say that she was a very nice, gentle young person, and never refused to take his doctor's stuff to any amount. Well, by degrees Tom began to think that so tractable a patient would make a very comfortable, bidable wife; and he felt the idea growing stronger and stronger upon him the more he was in her company. He was now on quite an intimate footing with the family; came more as a friend than as a doctor (he refused to take any more fees), and now and then spent an evening with the mother and daughter. I don't know whether I told you that he was a good-looking fellow, but he really was so, and all the house, including the man and maid-of-all-work, grew quite fond of him, Miss Rosa was apparently a melancholy, sentimental young lady, and this was just what Tom

liked of all things, for he had a dash of sentiment himself; and insensibly, but quite naturally, he fell into a habit of talking in a very pretty romantic way about the affections and all that sort of thing, yet in such a guarded manner, that it would not be very easy to discover to whom he addressed his observations, but his heart often fluttered when he found some soft sentiment, or even a passage of poetry (he had an old volume of the "Elegant Extracts" that he used to read continually), gently responded to by a sigh from pretty Miss Rosa.

One evening after Tom had sat later than usual, lapped in an elysium of sweet thoughts, having actually detected a tear in the girl's eye at a passage of poetry which he quoted with significant tenderness, about the joys of wedded love or something of that sort, he sought his lonely bed-chamber, not knowing exactly whether he had crossed the street upon his head or his feet. As he undressed himself, and lay down in his bed, very pleasant visions took possession of his noddle. He was now getting on swimmingly in the doctoring line. People seemed almost to get sick for the purpose of throwing business into him; and he had just ventured to buy a cab, nearly as good as new (it belonged to a doctor in a neighbouring town, who had smashed and gone to the bad), and turned out quite creditably in it, when he went to visit any of his patients in the country. So he thought, and I think naturally enough, that he might now venture to look out for a wife, more especially as his sister, who had kept house for him, had lately married, and gone off to live with her husband (a very proper thing to do, when a husband has got a house to take his wife to, but not otherwise). Then the image of pretty little Rosa slipped into his mind's eye, and he thought what a pleasant thing it would be to shift his quarters once again into the old home of his childhood, with Rosa as his wife, and such a clever, thrifty, managing woman for a mother-in-law as the Widow Thornyfish—somehow he didn't feel much horror at the notion of having a widow filling that relationship, for it was no fault of Rosa's that Alderman Thornyfish left her mother when he went to his grave. Tom turned all these agreeable thoughts in his mind, as he turned from side to side in his bed, and he

looked at the thing first one way, and then another, and no matter how he looked at it, he liked it uncommonly; and so he fell asleep, having almost screwed up his courage to pop the question the very next day; and, in the meantime, he spent the remainder of the night most agreeably dreaming of Rosa, and a thousand pleasant ideas connected with her. For all that, he didn't pop the question next day, for he didn't feel himself just so courageous in the daylight; but he went on a little longer in the old way, playing his game with the same cautious generality, and, as he fancied, making his position surer at every visit.

I don't know how long Tom Cluggins might have gone on shilly-shallying in this fashion—for, as I told you, he was not a fellow that had very much pluck in him—had not an event taken place that, by exciting his fears, quickened him to action. One fine evening, it might have been about a fortnight after he first determined upon popping the question to Miss Rosa, he was standing at the shop-door, as the 'buss from the railway station came up the street. The 'buss drove two or three times every day up the street, for that matter; and, as Tom told me himself, he never paid the slightest attention to it. But on this day, somehow, he was attracted to it, as if by a secret impulse. There was a rakish, smart-looking young fellow sitting beside the driver, smoking a cigar, and looking up at the houses, as the 'buss passed on. As his eye fell upon Tom, he leaned over to the driver and addressed some observations to him, and then burst out laughing at the answer. Tom felt himself blushing to the roots of his hair, and his heart throbbed with some indefinable alarm, for he felt assured the rakish young fellow was laughing at him, though why or wherefore Tom could no more divine than the man in the moon. But Tom's alarm and confusion were complete, when he saw the 'buss pull up suddenly at the Widow Thornyfish's house, and the rakish young man step down, and knock with a self-assured loud knock at the Widow Thornyfish's door. The young man seemed quite at ease about his reception, for he had got out his valise and black bag before the door was opened. The door was opened, before long, by the maid-of-all-work; and Tom saw

her eyes brightening up, and her face look quite joyful, when she saw the new comer, and then he went in with his baggage, and the door was shut after him, leaving the poor little doctor to his meditations. He could not have been left to less agreeable companions. Who was this rakish young fellow? What brought him to the Widow Thornyfish's. Why was he so much at home as it would appear? Did he come to see the widow or Rosa? Ah! that was the momentous question which he wished to have solved, yet knew not how to come to the solution. Over and over again poor Tom proposed all these several queries to his own mind, but without coming to any satisfactory conclusion; and as he tossed and turned in his bed at night, he came to the firm resolution that he would no longer delay putting the final question, which would decide his fate.

The next morning, after he had breakfasted, Tom arranged himself with peculiar care; and as he knew, by sad experience, that he could not depend over long upon his courage, he told Pluggs to have a sharp eye to the shop; took down his hat from off an old bust of Æsculapius, on which he had got the habit of placing it, and prepared to sally forth to the Widow Thornyfish's, and decide his fate and that of the fair Rosa incontinently.

Now it so happened, that just as he was stepping over the threshold, who should step out from the widow's hut Miss Rosa herself, and with her—oh, agony and despair!—the very individual, rakish young fellow who had excited all Tom's fears. Yes, there he was, looking full of fun and spirits, and with an air of confident familiarity, as if he were an accepted lover. He took the girl's arm lovingly under his own, and looked up into her face with a bright pleasant look, and said something that made the pale, sorrowful features of the girl brighten up: and in this manner they passed away up the street, before Tom could recover from his distress and amazement. Tom's heart sank within him at this sight. His jealous fancy at once set this young fellow down as the favoured suitor of Rosa; and yet, when he thought of all the soft sweet things which he had himself spoken to her, and the way in which she had received them; how often she had smiled kindly upon him,

and even, as he thought, returned the gentle pressure of his hand, when parting at evening, he could not help feeling, although he was one of the humblest of human beings, that the fair Rosa had given him to understand his suit was not unacceptable; and he set her down as one of the most deceitful of women, if it were indeed the case that she had another lover lying all this time *perdue*.

At all events, whatever might be the real state of the case, the suspense which he now endured was less tolerable than even the certainty that his hopes were all delusions; and, with a desperate effort, he set forward, to resolve all his doubts at once and for ever. For this purpose, as soon as the happy couple had passed up the street, and turned off to the right, under the trees along the Mall leading to the country, Tom walked straight across to the widow's door. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "it is all the better that I should first sound the mother on the subject, as, if I find Rosa's heart is already engaged, I shall be spared the pain of a rejection by her."

Up Tom went to the drawing-room, which he found empty; but the servant said that "Missus" would be upstairs immediately. The little doctor sat down on the sofa, and employed the interval in arranging his thoughts, and planning the mode in which he should open the subject. He had not made up his mind upon this perplexing point, when in stepped the widow. Tom rose to salute her.

"Ah! my dear Doctor Cluggins, how glad I am to see you. You never looked in upon us, even for a moment, all yesterday, you naughty man—sit down, pray."

Tom sat down, and the widow sat down beside him quite close. The poor fellow never felt so embarrassed in the whole course of his life. It was quite terrible, he afterwards assured me in confidence, to find himself in such close quarters with a widow, considering his antipathy—though at this time it was very much abated—entirely by themselves, and quite out of the reach of any assistance, in case he should want it. The widow saw his embarrassment, and determined at once to relieve him.

"Now, tell me why you didn't come to tea last evening; Rosa and I missed you so much?"

"Why," says Tom, "I saw you had

a friend with you, and thought you might prefer not to have strangers."

"Strangers! Doctor Cluggins," said the widow, looking tenderly reproachful at Tom. "How *can* you call yourself a stranger when you know we look upon you as a valued friend."

Tom plucked up some courage at this kind speech. He felt he would have the mother his ally in his suit with the daughter, and Tom knew enough of the widow to feel convinced that would be half the battle.

"Indeed, Mrs. Thornyfish, you are very kind to say so; very kind, indeed, very ——" and there the poor fellow stuck as mute as a fish.

"Oh, no!" says the widow.

"Yes, indeed, but you *are*," says Tom.

"Are *what*, dear doctor?" asked she, looking straight into his eyes till he dropt them down on the floor (I don't mean that his eyes literally fell out of his head, but he looked down at the carpet as if looking for an answer). 'Twas a critical moment. Tom felt that he should now, if possible, secure the widow's aid in his favour, but his natural timidity prevented him going straight forward to the point, so he said—

"Why, you are a kind, good friend, who can understand one's feelings and sympathise with them, too."

"Indeed, oh! indeed I can," said the widow, sighing gently, and looking a little modest.

"Well, then," continued Tom, after a moment's pause to collect his thoughts and arrange the mode in which he should open the attack, "well, then, do you know, I feel very lonely for some time past, especially since my sister Winifred left me. She got married not long since, and she tells me that matrimony is *so* happy a state, my dear Mrs. Thornyfish."

The widow sighed deeply—whether it was a tribute to memory or to hope—to the happiness that was gone for ever with the alderman, or that was to come with his successor—God knows; I'm sure I don't, nor did Tom either—but sigh she did, and that most touchingly, and then she remarked—

"Oh, yes! a happy state, indeed, dear Doctor Cluggins, when hearts that are congenial are united. I, indeed, have good reason to say that matrimony is a blessed and a happy state."

"You can't think — no, you can't indeed," resumed Tom, "how solitary I feel myself in my house *now*; and I feel it all the more since you came to live so near me."

"How strange!" said the widow. "Why, I should hope since you have known us you would have felt less solitary. You know how glad we are always to see you. Indeed, you are as welcome in this house as if it was your own."

"Oh! it is so kind of you to say so," cried Tom, in high delight. "Do you know, I have often thought of late, particularly when after spending a charming evening here, I lay upon my solitary couch ——" Here the widow blushed, and made a little timid, startled movement as if she was afraid of Tom, poor fellow, which she wasn't though, and needn't to — 'twas quite the other way, for 'twas *she* frightened Tom when she started, for he fancied he had said something wrong, and it was a full minute before he recovered his composure. At last he got all straight again, and continued—

"What I mean to say, my dear Mrs. Thornyfish is, that I have in *such* moments felt that it was quite ridiculous for me to keep a house all for myself; and then I have gone on fancying, in a sort of a sweet dream, how delightful I should feel if I were once again dwelling in the dear old house where I was born. This very house, dear Mrs. Thornyfish!"

"La!" cried the widow, "how funny! And pray how did you propose to realise this dream, you dear romantic creature?"

"How, ah! can you ask me such a question. I would realise it by investing myself, could I dare hope to do so, with the proudest, the dearest title, dear Mrs. Thornyfish, the title of—of—husband to one of its fair inmates."

The widow said not a word, but looked down most becomingly. Tom prepared now for the last decisive charge. He took the widow's hand and said passionately, though the poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf all the while—

"Surely, surely, you cannot mistake me? You cannot have failed to notice how deeply my affections were engaged? You could not have misunderstood what drew me hither so often? Oh! no, you did not, and I

felt that your kindness encouraged my suit, and that you would consent to our becoming one happy family."

Tom ceased. He had done wonders, and astonished himself. The widow, after a respectable delay, looked up kindly upon Tom, and said with a charming frankness—

"Well, then, dear Tom! I consent."

"Bless you! bless you!" ejaculated Tom, in a rapture. Indeed he was so beside himself that he absolutely mumbled a kiss upon the hand that lay all this time in his (there was a time that he would not believe it possible he could do such a thing as kiss the hand of a widow, but now he looked upon her in the light of a mother, and lost all his antipathy). When his raptures had subsided, he proceeded to make his attack upon the citadel, now that he had carried the outposts. In other words, feeling that he was sure in the mother's concurrence, he wished to ascertain upon what footing he stood with the daughter. And here his constitutional timidity again impeded him, so he went beating about the bush.

"Well, then, dear Mrs. Thornyfish, now that I am so happy as to have your consent towards realising my dreams, there seems but one thing more wanting to complete my felicity."

"What is that, Tom?" asked the widow.

"Why, I should like to know how Rosa will feel disposed towards the arrangements. I assure you, I have not breathed a word to her on the subject."

"Of course you did not, Tom. It would indeed have been highly improper to have done so, till you had first spoken to me."

"That's exactly what I thought. Still, I hope the matter will be agreeable to her. I have ventured to think that she is rather partial to me."

"For that matter, I think she is," said the widow; "but at all events Rosa is too dutiful a daughter not to acquiesce in any arrangements which I approve of. Make yourself quite easy on that head."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Thornyfish, now indeed you make me the happiest of men. You then will open the matter for me yourself to Rosa, and obtain her consent?"

"Pooh! pooh! my dear Tom, I shall do no such thing. I don't see how her consent is of the least importance in the matter."

Tom stared at the widow with a bewildered air, and slowly repeated her last words, as if he were not sure that he had rightly taken them in.

"Her consent not of the least importance!"

"None in the world," said the widow. "What voice can she have in the matter?"

"Bless me! you ain't serious, surely!" cried Tom, quite puzzled. "A young lady not to have a voice in the choosing of a husband for —"

"For herself? Certainly, when the time comes; but as yet she is too young for me to consent to her doing that."

"Well, but didn't you say you'd consent, my dear Mrs. Thornyfish?"

"Yes; indeed I did, Tom: nor shall I retract now."

"Well, then, as you do consent, why shouldn't she be asked at once?"

"Asked!" said the widow; "asked what?"

"Why, to marry me, to be sure—what else?"

The widow sprang from the sofa as if she were beside a boa constrictor, instead of a little fidgetty, timid doctor, and stood bolt upright, glaring at him. In a moment, however, she recollected herself, and, uttering a wailing cry, she sank down motionless on the floor.

Here was a scene for poor Tom. He knelt down beside the widow, and commenced to chafe her temples, and use such other means of restoring her as occurred to him. After a time, the widow opened her eyes, and, fixing them upon Tom, cried—

"Oh! cruel deceitful! begone, and leave me to my affliction!"

Tom was about entering upon some explanation, when chancing to look into the mirror opposite, he beheld, to his dismay, his beloved Rosa leaning on the arm of the rakish young man, both apparently most absorbed spectators of the scene. They had, in their return from walking, slipped quietly into the room, and finding how Tom and the widow were engaged, they stepped behind a screen, where they would have remained concealed, had not the mirror treacherously reflected them. There they stood, unconscious that they were

discovered, the rakish young man purple in the face with suppressed laughter, and making all sorts of strange faces to restrain an explosion, while the features of Rosa expressed feelings of distress, and shame, and pity. Tom could endure no more; he rushed from the room, took the steps by four at a time down stairs, passed through the door, traversed the street (he knew not how), and, gaining his own domicile, buried himself in the remotest corner of his bed-room.

There's nothing in the world, as they say (I can't speak from my own experience, never having met any accident of the kind), there's nothing in the world makes a man feel so small as a false move in a matrimonial speculation. To propose for a lady and get a refusal is bad enough; but to be accepted, where one has not even popped the question, must be the very deuce. A fellow in such a state must feel very like a fly caught in a spider's web, when he is buzzing gaily by with quite different thoughts in his head. 'Twas just so with poor Tom Cluggins. He had gone forth in the sunshine of the morning, gay and sprightly, full of the hope of catching that fair young fly, Miss Rosa, in his own toils, and, lo! he had fallen incontinently into the spider meshes of her widow mother. He was in a pitiable state of feeling: not only had he lost all hope of Rosa—that he was sure of, from the expression of her face, which he caught in the mirror—but he had addressed the widow in language which, upon review of it, he found to be so very equivocal, that she was not unjustified in attributing and accepting it as a declaration of love to, and proposal for, herself. In fine, he felt overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, humiliation, and perplexity. He dreaded, of all things, the affair getting wind; an occurrence which he had a horrible presentiment was sure to happen, considering the manner in which the rakish young gentleman seemed to have enjoyed what he had witnessed; and, at times, a vague intention crossed Tom's mind of decamping, at the dead of night, from the town, with all his effects. Long before night came, however, all possibility of executing such a plan, even if he could have screwed up his courage to it, was cut off. About three o'clock, as he sat in the little parlour off the shop, still turning the

matter over in his head, and like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme," he heard a strange voice in the shop demanding of Pluggs if Doctor Cluggins was at home? Pluggs answered that he was; and as Tom looked over the muslin blind of the glass door, he beheld a sight that made his heart sick with a presentiment of something terrible—'twas no other than the figure of the rakish young man marching after Pluggs right up to the door of the parlour. Before Tom could effect a retreat to the upper regions of his house the door was opened, and the unwelcome visitant stood right before him, intercepting his exit.

"Doctor Cluggins, if I mistake not?" asked the young man, looking with a grave and stern air at Tom.

"Yes, sir; I am Doctor Cluggins. May I ask to what I am indebted for the favour of your company?"

"Certainly; my name, sir, is Pidgeon; Charles Pidgeon."

"Well, sir," said Tom, "I make no doubt of what you say; but I don't think I ever heard of you before."

"That's strange," said the other, "considering your intimacy with my friends over the way. However, sir, as one to whom the interest of that family is very dear, I have waited upon you, without delay, in the double capacity of the natural protector and the attorney of Mrs. Thornyfish."

Poor Tom stared with open mouth at this terrible announcement, and he felt the cold perspiration upon his forehead. Here he was by himself, within arm's length of his greatest antipathy. The lawyer continued, meantime, to regard him with a fixed and stern look that mesmerised the unhappy doctor. When he had sufficiently indulged in this torture, he resumed—

"Mrs. Thornyfish, sir, has stated her case to me in the fullest manner, and placed herself entirely in my hands. I am bound to say, upon a most impartial, and business-like consideration of the whole, I am clearly of opinion that your conduct has amounted, especially in your interview of yesterday, to the most unequivocal '*assumpsit*' in the eye of the law. I was casually a witness, sir, of some very important communications by you, and have no doubt that an action for breach of promise will decidedly lie. There are, moreover, some letters of yours to Mrs. Thornyfish, which strongly cor-

roborate this opinion, and will be powerful evidence with a jury."

Tom grew absolutely sick at this announcement. He had, indeed, once or twice written a note to excuse his absence to tea, and put in a sentiment or aspiration about the happiness of wedlock and the miseries of his bachelor's life, intended for the fair Rosa; and he now felt, in the dismay and confusion of his intellect, that they would be damning witnesses against him, if brought to light.

"Such being the state of the case, sir," continued the lawyer, "I have done myself the pleasure of calling on you, to ascertain what you propose doing."

Tom felt that the best thing for him to do, would be to do nothing at all; and so he made no answer. But it was no part of Mr. Pidgeon's design that Tom should escape him.

"What I wish to know, Mr. Cluggins," said the lawyer, peremptorily, "is simply whether you are disposed to carry out towards my client your proposal of this morning."

"I protest," said Tom, "my proposals were entirely meant for the younger lady, and I am quite ready to abide by them."

"Gammon!" said Pidgeon; "she's engaged already. Sure you must have known it."

"Indeed, sir, I suspected you were—"

"Me!" interrupted Pidgeon, with a burst of laughter. "'Tis against the law, sir, to marry one's niece. But that's beside our present business. I now request to know whether it is your intention to marry my sister, as a man of honour, or to abide the consequences. I shall give you five minutes, sir, for consideration."

The lawyer seated himself with the utmost coolness in Tom's arm-chair, and, drawing forth his cigar-case, struck a light, and commenced smoking. There was something deliberate, and, as one might say, cold-blooded, in this proceeding, which showed Tom the sort of a man he had to deal with. He revolved hastily in his mind the terrible alternative. An action of such a nature as threatened would ruin his character and his professional position for ever, even if she, the widow, were unsuccessful; but how could she fail? There were the letters and his constant visits; and *tête-à-tête* often with the widow alone; and then the language and

the scene which the attorney witnessed, and could prove on the trial, while he had no witness and no defence; and then he should have to put himself in the hands of an attorney to defend him—a dreadful alternative for one of his way of thinking—and to pay no end of a bill of costs. So Tom came to the conclusion that the law-suit was not to be thought of under any circumstances. Then he thought of the widow—with fear and trembling, no doubt; but still he did bring himself to look at her from this new point of view; and he thought of a thousand little kindnesses and comfortable ways about her, and the dear old house, and the good larder; and he involuntarily gave utterance to his thoughts, as he pleaded with himself, setting up one antipathy against another.

"A very excellent person, no doubt," he muttered.

"Well, I should say she is, though I am her brother," said Pidgeon, at once understanding his ruminations, and replying to them.

"A good housekeeper?"

"Capital."

"And, I am sure, would make any one in her house very comfortable."

"Wouldn't she, though," said Pidgeon; "I should say, he that gets her will be a happy man; besides, she has lots of cash."

By this time the parties insensibly fell into a regular discussion on the merits of the widow, which ended by Tom's consenting to renew his proposal to Mrs. Thornyfish, which Pidgeon took care he should do in a less equivocal and very formal manner—namely, by addressing to the lady a note, of which her brother was then the bearer; and in the evening Tom waited on the fair one in person, and, having once made the leap, he got on wonderfully well; and was surprised to find his old—and he now felt ill-founded—aversion rapidly disappearing. And so energetically were preliminaries forwarded, that, in about a week after that memorable morning, the whole village of Alton-le-Moors was agog, and the church-bells ringing out a lusty peal, and the boys and girls huzzinga, and running after a chaise that drove rapidly away from the church-door, bearing within it "the happy couple," Tom Cluggins and his blushing bride. Tom was scarcely settled in his new abode, or rather his old one, when his brother-in-law, the

attorney, commenced to patronise him. It so happened, that their neighbour Wickham, the tallow-chandler, had just then taken it into his head to erect certain vats, and chaldrons, and God knows what sort of utensils, for boiling down fat, and making soap; and the consequence was, that Tom's new house was now filled with all kinds of abominable odours, which were as numerous, if they were not as "well defined and several," as those counted by Coleridge in Cologne. The widow—I mean Mrs. Cluggins—declared that there was no enduring the nuisance. The attorney said, that Wickham should be compelled to *abate* it; while Tom, who dreaded the very name of law, and was, moreover, tolerably well accustomed to queer smells in his own way, was entirely in favour of putting up with the lesser grievance of the chaldrons, than the greater one of the Common Pleas. Tom, however, was out-voted. Wickham refused to abate his pans and coppers, and so to law Pidgeon went, as a duck takes to water. Poor Tom was in an agony for full six months, while Pidgeon was in high delight, and finally triumphed over Wickham and Scroodge, by getting a verdict with damages at the assizes, and compelling the removal of the noxious boilers. Strange to say, Tom was not yet done with law. It so happened, that Tom's stepmother, and her son, Bobby Gopple, had, some time before this, sailed for the West Indies, and were drowned in the passage. Upon this, the acute and restless mind of Pidgeon, who had now settled at Alton-le-Moors, took a fancy to overhaul all the affairs of Tom's father, to the great dismay of poor Tom.

The result, however, was, that Pidgeon soon discovered that Scroodge had wofully mismanaged the West India property, save in the matter of making costs for himself. Pidgeon was now

in his element, and poor Tom was undergoing a slow process of having his nervous system torn asunder. Nevertheless, before a year was over, Pidgeon did contrive, by means of the mysterious machinery of the law—by orders, and fiats, and re-hearings, and I know not what—to turn the whole proceedings inside out, and at length to recover for Tom a very pretty little sum, and thereby to triumph signally over Scroodge.

All this time you will be curious to know how Tom and his bride got on. Well, I can assure you, nothing could be better. She made him a kind, comfortable, prudent wife, as he often gratefully acknowledged as they sat together of an evening, after Miss Rosa had attained her heart's desire, and was married, after all sorts of crosses, to her own cousin. In truth, what originally appeared to promise nothing but disasters to Tom Cluggins, turned out in the long run to be the very making of the man. He grew fat and self-possessed, under the genial manipulation of the widow—as you see horses get into good condition when well groomed and rubbed down; and 'twas a pleasant thing to sit with him over a glass of something hot, after dinner, and hear him confess, as I have done, that he was one of the happiest men living.

"After all," said he to me, one evening, when he was particularly mellow, and had just given me the details of his adventures, "after all, my dear friend, widows and attorneys are, I believe, just like everything else in the world—there are good and bad of them. I have chanced to happen upon extreme specimens of both; and I must admit that, upon the whole, I have more reason to rejoice at than to regret my intercourse with widows and attorneys."

PHILALETIES.

BURKE'S FAME AND COBDEN'S FOLLY.

WE once asked a bluff, hearty specimen of the old English Radical, "What do you think of Mr. Cobden?" We shall never forget his reply. His answer was terse and emphatic, and the sequel has shown it to be *true*—"You may rely upon it, Cobden is *sharp and shallow*."

The pamphlet called "1793 and 1853," like all the writings and speeches of Mr. Cobden, furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of the "sharp and shallow" brand affixed to "the Manchester manufacturer" by the Radical reformer we have quoted. There is in all that comes from the tongue or pen of Mr. Cobden, what we may call a *systematic superficiality*—the form of elementary philosophy without any of the substance of profound politics—the flimsy views of what lawyers call "the first impression of a case," to the neglect of science, precedent, and enlarged sense—so constantly and perseveringly exhibited, that we can only attribute his want of depth and breadth of thinking to the vices of clap-trap philanthropy, and the pernicious habits of platform declamation. Before we advert to the last literary effusion from this incessant agitator, let us briefly characterise its author.

To a clearhead and an active temper, Richard Cobden united a fluent tongue and a vulgarly ambitious nature. Bred in Manchester life, he possessed the flippant and ever ready adroitness, the familiarity with current facts, and proficiency in the skin-deep political economy, which is ever found in the half-read sciolists of the saucy and sectarian school of Manchester politics. He came upon English political life at a time when there was a want of an effective tribune and active popular speaker. Cobbett, in talent worth a thousand Cobdens, had died in 1835. Henry Hunt was, in all senses of the term, no more. Mr. Joseph Hume had no talents for stirring popular assemblies or exciting the multitude; and the only exaggerations in which he was proficient were of the arithmetical kind. Mr. George Grote, with all the convictions, had none of the capacities specially required for an English

Radical reformer, and, greatly to the advantage of historical literature, abandoned the impulses of progressive Liberalism for the interests of permanent literature. Mr. Henry Warburton was a mere superannuated encyclopædia in breeches, full of facts that had lost their significance, sometimes consulted, but generally neglected. Mr. Thomas Duncombe was a mere dandy demagogue, a pleasing declaimer of platform platitudes—a well-bred, good-natured, political humbug, that laughed at himself and all mankind. Mr. Thomas Wakley, his colleague, had more talent than truth, more cleverness than character; a man whose tongue was often listened to, but rarely trusted. In those days, 1834 to 1841, there was only first-class democratic genius, one far-famed popular speaker, but a host of influences, which, over his recent grave, it would be invidious to characterise, interfered with O'Connell's influence over democracy in England.

It was at such a time that Mr. Cobden entered into public life, the parliamentary spokesman of the factory interest, the guide and tribune of the Manchester party. The Whigs could not estimate the results of their own Reform bill. The scions of their vaunted families were more skilled in figures of rhetoric than arithmetic—their boasted Russells, Normanbys, Morpeths, *et hoc genus*, had far more talent for similes than statistics, for composing declamations, than for calculating budgets. With some fifty members to his back in the interest of the factory lords, with the want of a good popular "cry" at the time, with a substantial monied interest behind him, and the showy clap-traps of an *ad captandum* question at his command, full of practical details, and flushed with antagonism to a "proud aristocracy," Mr. Richard Cobden, a third-rate tribune, who could not have lived for an hour in rivalry with the Girondist chiefs of the French Revolution—a man without genius of intellect, or greatness of heart—sharp, quick, but superficial—was enabled, by the blunders of one party, the bullying of another—by trimming here, and tergiversation there—to aid in carrying

a much disputed question. Nothing contributed to this overrated man's notoriety more than the artful compliment of Sir Robert Peel, who, foreseeing that Lord John Russell would *more suo* endeavour to appropriate to himself the settlement of the question, by his allusion to "the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden," at once advertised the success of the Manchester agitator, and balked the monopolising ambition of the baffled and outstripped Whig leader.

Fired by his triumph, and yet perhaps having an uneasy sensation at heart that his success was felt to be more accidental than deserved, Mr. Cobden has now aimed at a higher mark, and aspires to inaugurate a new popular party with dubious designs in politics. The Quixotic quietism which this un-English demagogue now professes must not induce us to treat his machinations with contemptuous ridicule or listless apathy. In the times in which we live there is a propensity to inflammatory folly, as if mankind were "drunk with words;" as if the phrenetic flatulence of popular declaimers had a more than customary spell in disorganising and debauching those many-headed masses—"semper avidi novarum rerum." Let vigilance be maintained, and we do not despair in the least of the democratic designs of this Manchester agitator being overcome.

In asking our readers for their attention now, we can promise them not to go over the ground occupied already by the public journals. The London and provincial press of the empire has dealt out severe justice to the shallow fallacies of this angry agitator for peace, whose "Liberalism" means levelling, whose precedents are American, whose principles are democratic in a plebeian sense, whose sympathies are more cosmopolitan than British. The flimsy views of Mr. Cobden upon the question of "national defences" have been too signally demolished in debate by Lord Palmerston, and in controversy by the whole press, for us to engage with exploded fallacies. But a most important part of Mr. Cobden's "1793 and 1853" has been neglected—we mean his elaborate detraction from the signal merits of Burke in his "Reflections upon the French Revolution." Observing, that Mr. Cobden and the Manchester party

have now taken up a new position, and that they have avowed *ulterior designs*, it becomes of the first importance to fix attention on the grave nature of the questions they have raised, and it is therefore that we deem it to be most useful to expose the fatuity of Mr. Cobden's estimate of the famous "Reflections" of Burke. It will be well for us here to mark the degree of importance which we attach to Mr. Cobden's opinions upon Burke.

It is in politics as in literature or the fine arts; the estimation in which great classical writers are held marks the degree of culture and knowledge prevailing amongst admirers or detractors. When Voltaire ridiculed Shakspeare, his criticism exposed only the false views of "nature" held by the Frenchman. The old formal modes of gardening—cutting hedges into batteries, and clipping shrubs into human form, attested the deformed ideas of beauty amongst the mechanical landscape-gardeners of the time. The neglect of Milton's "Paradise Lost," in an age when the rants of Nat Lee, and the rhyming plays of Dryden were deemed sublime, proved the debased state of public taste in the days of the second Charles. The popularity of Minerva Press novels amongst readers who deemed Jane Austen insipid and uninteresting, showed the want of fine feeling and true sense in the sentimental milliners' girls, who preferred romantic slip-slop to pictures of life as faithful to nature as the best landscapes of Constable or Collins. There were readers of Irish eloquence at one time who thought Mr. Charles Phillips almost equal to Grattan or Curran. There were to be found playgoers in the English and Irish theatres who applauded Mrs. Pritchard to the neglect of Mrs. Siddons, who cheered Miss Walstein and carped at Miss O'Neil. A portion of the low London Whigs in 1812-15 followed Mr. Whitbread—"that Demosthenes of bad taste"—as if he were a second Charles Fox—and abused Mr. Canning as an empty declaimer. There were Irish politicians who decided that the Catholic claims should be entrusted to the advocacy of Sir Francis Burdett in preference to Grattan or Lord Plunket. In all these cases—the things admired and the things not approved of—marking with damning accuracy and scientific precision the gradations in

ignorance of the tasteless and thoughtless Vandal herd. If a man told us that Mr. Hume was a better popular speaker than Mr. Cobden, and that Mr. Cobden was a greater orator than Lord Derby, we all know what estimate to put upon the taste of so sapient a judge.

It is thus in the case of Mr. Cobden's disparagement of the prophetic wisdom and comprehensive science of Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution." That great work is the great masterpiece of British constitutional politics. We can allow for its occasional exaggeration, and we do not subscribe to some of its opinions. But to its great leading views upon Christianity, upon the Church in these countries, the British monarchy, and the legislature, we cordially subscribe. In doing so we only echo the sentiments of all Conservative thinkers; but what, on the present occasion, is of more importance, we carry with us the convictions of all that is sound and loyal in the Whig party. No species of writing grows so rapidly stale as political dissertation on passing events; but "The Reflections" differed from every other political work in our literature. It is read now by every one who pretends to a good education. At the universities and in the inns of court, it is mastered by all who wish for proficiency in moral reasoning. The public press of the Empire attests its place amongst the political statutes of journalism. As a wit once exclaimed—"Our very sign-boards show that there was once a Titian in the world, and all our leading articles remind us of the existence of a Burke!"

That great work produced, on its appearance, a sensation without parallel before or since in political writings. It was not an age of shilling editions, but eighteen thousand copies of it were sold at once in England, and not less than sixteen thousand found their way over the Continent. It was the first trumpet-call to Christendom, to "rouse itself from the harlot-lap of apathy," and gird itself against the dangers and seductions of the French philosophy. We owe it to the memory and genius of our illustrious countryman, to guard his fame against the calumniating disparagement of the Manchester levellers; and however feeble may be the hands that undertake his defence, we may say that nowhere

could Burke's character be more appropriately vindicated than in the pages of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE," because our national University was the first public body in the empire to confer upon him honorary distinction for that great work. His affecting letter to the Provost on the receipt of the degree of "D. C. L.," cannot be read without emotion by every son of *Alma Mater*—that benignant parent who was the first also to confer literary reward on Burke's great friend, Johnson.

We do not, of course, pretend to think that the fame of Burke, any more than the glory of the Great Duke, can be disparaged by the words of Mr. Cobden. Our wish is rather to expose the shallowness and unconstitutional character of the Manchester school, its democratic tendency, and its dangerous principles. When a great classical manual of English politics is scouted as "a philippic" and "declamation," and when we are told of its author's "reason and judgment being overborne," and of "the monomania" of its writer, it is worth while setting against the writer of "1853 and 1793" the views of persons that he must himself admit to have been as "liberal" almost as he himself could desire. In upholding, by the authority of great names, the wisdom and philosophy of Burke's "Reflections," we will not quote from Tory writers, though we could cite profound and brilliant testimonies to Burke's great masterpiece from the pens of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Mr. Canning, Chief Justice Bushe, Mr. Croker, and a host of other eloquent recorders of the power of that classical production. We will prefer to bring the testimonies of "Whigs and something more" to bear against Mr. Cobden's shallow opinion; and for that purpose we can do nothing better than take the names of several noted Liberals, who are incidentally alluded to by the writer of "1793 and 1851." We will see the recorded opinions, in their mature years, of the celebrated Dumont (the friend, ally, and biographer of Mirabeau), of Sir James Mackintosh, of Charles James Fox, of Sir Philip Francis, each and all of whom were sympathisers with the French Revolution, and of course opposed to the declaration of war in 1793; and to these authorities we will add the names of other zealous Foxite Whigs,

both of them also opposed to the war of 1793—the celebrated Dr. Parr, and the late eminent Professor Smyth, of Cambridge.

But before contrasting the opinions of those noted and most accomplished Whig orators and writers with the flippant ignorance of the Manchesterian leader, we wish to mark emphatically the important fact, upon which sufficient stress has not been laid by former writers, that the "Reflections" of Burke were not written upon a hasty survey of French affairs. He had ever, from the time of the American war, and previous to it, studied the affairs of France with great attention, of which we find some proof, amongst others, in the very remarkable allusion to the financial state of France, in his celebrated reply to Mr. Grenville's "State of the Nation," wherein Burke observes—

"Under such extreme straitness and distraction labours the whole body of the French finances; so far does their charge outrun their supply in every particular, that no man, I believe, has considered their affairs with any degree of attention or information, but must hourly look for some extraordinary convulsion in the whole system, the effects of which on France, and even all over Europe, it is difficult to conjecture."

In the foregoing passage, the "*mens præsaga futuri*" looks to the effects on "all Europe," of French affairs. But let us turn to Prior's Biography, and see how Burke's mind was affected by a visit to France, many years before 1789:—

"In 1773, Mr. Burke visited France. In the following sessions of parliament, 'he pointed out,' says his biographer, 'the conspiracy of atheism to the watchful jealousy of government. He said that, though not fond of calling in the aid of the secular arm to suppress doctrines and opinions, yet, if ever it was raised, it should be against those enemies of their kind who would take from man the noblest prerogative of his nature, that of being a religious animal. Already, under the systematic attacks of those men, I see, said Mr. Burke, many of the props of good government and religion beginning to fall; I see propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name. Memorable words, indeed,' says the biographer, 'when we consider their literal fulfilment.'"

We will now cite the most remark-

able political prophecy that any statesman ever made; and blind must be the prejudice, and besotted the understanding, which will not admire the extraordinary powers of divining future events, as shown in the following letter from Burke to Lord Charlemont. It is valuable also, as being the earliest recorded proof of his opinions on the affairs of 1789. We specially request the attention of the reader to it:—

"As to us here, our thoughts of every thing at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators and what actors! England gazing with astonishment at a French struggle for liberty, and not knowing whether to blame or to applaud.

"The thing, indeed, though I thought I saw something like it in progress for several years, has still something in it paradoxical and mysterious. The spirit it is impossible not to admire, but the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true that this may be no more than a sudden explosion: if so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be character rather than accident, then that people are not fit for liberty, and must have a strong hand, like that of their former masters, to coerce them.

"Men must have a certain fund of natural moderation to qualify them for freedom, else it becomes noxious to themselves, and a perfect nuisance to everybody else. What will be the result it is hard I think still to say. To form a solid constitution requires wisdom as well as spirit; and whether the French possess wise heads amongst them—or, if they possess such, whether they possess authority equal to their wisdom—is yet to be seen. In the meantime, the progress of this whole affair is one of the most curious matters of speculation that ever was exhibited."—*Burke to Lord Charlemont, 9th August, 1789, three weeks after taking the Bastille. Prior's Life, vol. ii. pp. 41-42; and vide Hardy's Life of Charlemont.*

The foregoing letter is certainly an astonishing manifestation of political foresight; and yet the tone of it is in perfect consistency with the whole of Burke's philosophy. Politicians of the Cobden class have often asserted that Burke changed his principles. He did not do so. The American Revolution and the French Revolution were changes in human affairs proceeding on totally different principles, and worked upon by different causes; and there cannot be the least analogy in

the political reasoning applied to those two great changes. But let us proceed to confront Mr. Cobden with our promised testimony from Liberal writers, as to the sound principles of Burke's "Reflections." The first that we shall appeal to is Dumont:—

"This work, beaming with genius and eloquence, though composed at an age when imagination is on the decline, created two parties in England. Events have but too much justified it; but it remains to be determined whether the war cry, which it raised against France, has not contributed to the violence which characterised that period. It is possible that, in calling the attention of governments and people of property to the dangers which were connected with this new political religion, Mr. Burke may have been the saviour of Europe."—*Dumont, quoted by Professor Smyth, p. 291, vol. iii.**

The reader will recollect that Dumont was an Ultra-Liberal of the most determined school—the secretary and advocate of Mirabeau, and the proselyte of Bentham's views of morality, of which the Genevese publicist was the ablest propagandist. Yet Dumont, writing in the calmness of his study, after the frenzy of the Revolution had passed away, speaks, as in the foregoing passage, of Burke, as being "the saviour of Europe." The next testimony that we will offer is that of Sir James Mackintosh, of whose "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," Mr. Cobden (p. 33) says: "It was the most masterly of the replies to Burke;" and he talks of its "far closer logic." He appears not to be aware that Sir J. Mackintosh became a convert to Burke's views, as the following confession of Sir James sufficiently proves:—

"Since that time a melancholy experience has undeceived me on many subjects, on which I was then the dupe of my own enthusiasm. . . . I can with truth affirm that I subscribe to your general principles, and am prepared to shed my blood in defence of the laws and constitution of my country."—*Mackintosh to Burke, in December, 1796; Memoirs, vol. i., p. 88.*

And when Mackintosh afterwards visited Paris, and his health was drunk, as the defender of the Revolu-

tion, he had the courage to say that the French had themselves refuted his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." We will next adduce the testimony of Dr. Parr. He was a steady opponent of the French war, and on that and other questions was a zealous Foxite Whig. Here is his sober and critical testimony to the permanent and abiding value of "The Reflections":—

"He (Mr. Burke) has spread before the world many adamantine and imperishable truths, which unfold the secret springs of human actions, and their effects upon human happiness; many in which he unites the ready discernment of a statesman with the profound views of a philosopher; many which, at all times and in all countries, must deserve the consideration of all governments and all subjects; many which the principles of the British constitution amply justified, and in which the good morals and the good order of society were interested deeply and permanently."

So speaks Dr. Parr, in *Philopatris Parvicensis*. Sir Philip Francis is another of the names cited in support, by Mr. Cobden. Well, let us see what was the opinion of Francis upon Burke. In his "Letter Missive to Lord Holland," p. 17, Francis writes:—

"In my long intimacy with Edmund Burke, to me a great and venerable name, it could not escape me, nor did he wish to conceal it, that Cicero was the model on which he laboured to form his own character, in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and philosophy. With this view, he acted on a principle of general imitation only, and, in my opinion, infinitely surpassed the original."

Gentlemen who think that a copy of the *Times* is "more valuable than all (!) the works of Thucydides," will not perhaps care for a genius being held superior to Cicero in the opinion of the brilliant Francis; but it is a rule in law that a party cannot impeach his own witness, and Francis is one of those called by Mr. Cobden. But now we must recal the most ignorant and impudent passage that ever came from Mr. Cobden's tongue or pen:—

"You ask me to direct you to the best sources of information for those particulars

* Compare Mr. Macanlay's remarks on this expression of Dumont *quoad* Burke (*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. LV., p. 356).

of the origin of the French war to which I briefly alluded in my last letter. What an illustration does this afford of our habitual neglect of the most important part of history, namely, that which refers to our own country, and more immediately affects the destinies of the generation to which we belong! If you feel at a loss for the facts necessary for forming a judgment upon the events of the last century, how much more inaccessible must that knowledge be to the mass of the people. In truth, modern English history is a tabooed study in our common schools, and the young men of our universities acquire a far more accurate knowledge of the origin and progress of the Punic and Peloponnesian wars, than of the wars of the French Revolution."

At Manchester it would seem that they have not yet heard of such men as the late Dr. Arnold, Professor Smyth of Cambridge, or Sir James Stephen. When His Royal Highness Prince Albert visited Cambridge publicly, he paid only one private visit, and that was to the late estimable and candid Professor Smyth, the author of five elaborate and learned volumes on modern history, three of them being devoted to the French Revolution. Professor Smyth was a Foxite Whig in opinions, and was not an advocate of the war of '93, but here is his testimony to those "Reflections" disparaged by Mr. Cobden:—

"Never was there such a mirror of instruction held up to all men of popular feelings, of whatever country and age. The great maxims, the fundamental truths it contains, are not only invaluable but immeasurable. I must beg to observe, that I read it over and over again, and as the events of the world come crowding and changing upon every year, with more and more admiration at the profound philosophy which it contains, at the extraordinary powers that produced it."—*Professor Smyth's Lectures*, vol. iii. p. 290.

And in noticing Mackintosh's reply to Burke, the Professor says:—

"Mr. Burke, whose inspiration was of a diviner nature, and rose superior to the giddy passions of the hour."

Mr. Cobden says that he is fond of reading Hansard. We will treat him to a scrap from it, in which the Speaker alludes to Burke:—

"Everything that I know in politics I owe to him."—*Parl. Deb.*, vol. xxix, p. 892.

Who was the speaker? It was none other than Charles Fox, who also uttered the following sentiment, which we commend to the Manchester levelers:—

"No government would be a fit one for British subjects to live under which did not contain its due weight of aristocracy, because I consider that to be the proper pole of the constitution."—*Debate on Canada Bill*, 1791.

And as Mr. Cobden prefers the *Times* so much as a historian to Thucydides and "all his works," we refer him to the *Times* of February 27, 1828, in which he will find, in speaking on the Test and Corporation Acts, that Mr. Brougham declared his "veneration for the character of Mr. Burke"—and Lord Brougham is another witness cited against Burke by Cobden; and we may add that the character of Burke by Brougham, alluded to by Mr. Cobden, was deemed unjust to his fame by such excellent judges as Mackintosh and the late learned Charles Butler.

We will close this list of Whig tributes to Burke's character and fame by referring to Green's "Diary of a Lover of a Literature," where that writer gives his testimony to the consistency of Burke's general views throughout his illustrious life:—

"The conversation then turned on Burke, against whom, for his late conduct, his lordship bears an enmity approaching to rancour. I ventured, notwithstanding, to remark that I saw so distinctly the principles of his present opinions scattered through his former works, that, COULD THE CASE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION HAVE BEEN HYPOTHETICALLY PUT TO ME EIGHT YEARS AGO, I SHOULD HAVE PREDICTED THAT HE WOULD TAKE PRECISELY THE COURSE HE HAS PURSUED. The care, indeed, with which this wonderful man, during a long series of strenuous opposition to the measures of government, uniformly occupied his ground, and the caution with which he qualified his reasonings—a care and caution which really seemed superfluous on the occasion—might almost indicate that he foresaw the time would come, when he should be glad to urge a very different strain of argument; as we can scarcely, however, give him credit for such foresight, it unquestionably affords a most extraordinary example, in a mind so vehement and impassioned, of the predominance of philosophical over party-spirit."

Mr. Cobden tells us to "mind dates;"

the date of the foregoing passage is October 9th, 1796, and the nobleman referred to is Lord Chedworth.

Like others of his "sharp and shallow" school, Mr. Cobden is misled about Burke, by the seeming contradiction between that great man's actions in relation to the American and French revolutions. As we have previously intimated, they were revolutions of the most opposite kind. His *principles* were the same, but his *deductions* were opposite, as Coleridge has truly explained in his "Biographia Literaria":—

"Let the scholar, who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French Revolution. He will find the *principles* exactly the same and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite, in the one case, from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate, and in both equally confirmed, by the results. Whence gained he this superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking *difference*, and in most instances even the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by *him*, and by those who voted *with* him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke are more interesting at the present day, than they were found at the time of their first publication, while those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs that the same conclusion, which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another in consequence of errors, that luckily chanced to neutralise each other? It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact, to attribute this difference to deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed, and had sedulously sharpened that eye, which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the *laws* that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to *principles*. He was a *scientific* statesman, and therefore a *seer*. For every principle contains in itself the germ of a prophecy; and, as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward, and (to men in general) the *only* test of its claim to the title."

But, perhaps, the character of the American Revolution has never been better stated, than by Mr. Disraeli, in

his "Vindication of the British Constitution":—

"He is a short-sighted politician who dates the constitution of the United States from 1780. It was established by the pilgrim fathers a century and a half before, and influenced a people practised from their cradles in the duties of self-government. The pilgrim fathers brought to their land of promise the laws of England, and a republican religion; and, blended together, these formed the old colonial constitution of Anglo-America. The transition from such a government to the polity of Washington, was certainly not greater in degree, than the difference between Great Britain of 1829, and our country at this hour. The Anglo-Americans did not struggle for liberty; they struggled for independence; and the freedom and the free institutions they had long enjoyed, secured for them the great object of their severe exertions. He who looks upon the citizens of the United States as a new people, commits a moral, if not an historical anachronism."

It is one of the merits of Bancroft's history, that it illustrates in detail the foregoing view, and reproduces the past life of America.

Like all levellers, Mr. Cobden has a humour for "equality." Hear how the "Great Un-Elishman" (a name that will stick to him) dissents upon "equality":—

"When told that the present emperor possesses absolute and irresponsible power, I answer by citing three things which he could not, if he would, accomplish: he could not endow with lands and tithes one religion as the exclusively paid religion of the state, although he selected for the privilege the Roman Catholic Church, which comprises more than nine-tenths of the French people; he could not create an hereditary peerage, with estates entailed by a law of primogeniture; and he could not impose a tax on successions, which should apply to personal property only, and leave real estate free. Public opinion in France is an insuperable obstacle to any of these measures becoming law; because they outrage that spirit of *equality*, which is the sacred and inviolable principle of 1789. Now, if Louis Napoleon were to declare his determination to carry these three measures, *which are all in full force in England*, as a part of his imperial regime, his throne would not be worth twenty-four hours' purchase; and nobody knows this better than he and they who surround him. I am penning these pages in a maritime county. Stretching from the sea, right across to the verge of the next county, and embracing great part of the pa-

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THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

WHEN the traveller takes his first survey of Jerusalem from the brow of the Mount of Olives, one object is sure to fix his attention. On the ridge over-against him, occupying nearly a central position on the noblest platform in the world, stands that circular temple, which Christians have for centuries known under the name of the Mosque of Omar.

And it is not without reason that the eye thus makes its preference. Doubt lurks in the mind of the most believing pilgrim as to many of the sites of the Holy City; but here there is no room for question. The unchangeable landmarks of nature preserve the identity of a spot which history and tradition might in vain have conspired to perpetuate: *There* is Mount Moriah—*there* is Jehoshaphat with its tombs—*there* is Kedron—and *THERE*, crowning the one—overlooking the other—watered by the third—may be seen as in the days of Solomon, the area, once the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, on which stood for so many memorable ages the Temple of Jehovah.

But although the eye is sure first to light upon that sacred hill, more than this has not been permitted to Christian pilgrim, since the deluge of the crusades was first violently cast back upon the west. As we read the voluminous accounts of visitors of all ages since that period, however copious their information may be on other points, here they are silent. They gave a cautious glance over the wall—they ventured a survey from the distant hill which overlooks it—but the *Haram el Scherif*, with its circular and oblong mosques, its fountains, terraces, and groves—to which the humblest Moslem pilgrim had free access, and where even the children

of the Mussulman might be seen disporting amongst its olive and cypress-trees—was closed against their curiosity: they could do no more than hazard a glance, and effect a hasty retreat. Mecca alone, of all Mahometan temples, is guarded from the profanation of the infidel with equal jealousy. The ordinary mosque—even that of St. Sophia—may be freely entered; but the sacred city of Arabia, and the holy metropolis of Palestine—*El Kuds*—have their mysteries approachable by the footsteps of the faithful alone.

Various as the considerations have all along been, which combined to invest the latter thrice-sacred spot with so solemn an interest, we have now presented to us fresh grounds for awe and wonder, calculated, if they stand the test of examination, to concentrate our devotion—to group together the towers and pinnacles of the Temple with the fanes of Christianity; and associate within that single enclosure all that is most sublime and affecting in Christian history, with all that is most venerable in Jewish antiquity.

The circumstances under which this new version of sacred topography has been opened to us are as singular as the results may be important. Mr. Catherwood, an American artist, who had visited Jerusalem in the year 1833, for the purpose of making drawings for Burford's Panorama, having fixed his point of view on the top of the governor's house, which directly overlooked the enclosure of the Haram, felt strongly tempted to venture himself within those forbidden precincts. It was represented to him as certain death, as it had proved to many Franks who had made a similar attempt. But he was not to be discouraged; and, taking his Egyptian servant with him, he did

at last boldly enter in, clad as a Mussulman. Finding that he was permitted to do so much with impunity, he next set himself to sketch what he saw, but was instantly beset by a crowd of the faithful, who would probably have made an end of him on the spot for the glory of Mahomet, had not the governor, with whom he had been on friendly terms, opportunely arrived to his rescue, and strictly forbid that he should be molested in future. Thus protected, he continued his task, and, during six weeks, occupied himself continually in an examination and delineation of these hitherto unvisited adyta; and it is upon the descriptions, drawings, plans, and measurements furnished by this gentleman, that many of the speculations of Professor Robinson and other later writers are based. It will be seen in the end, how strange and unexpected were the revelations of that daring visit—unexpected, even by the visitor himself; for not a suspicion crossed his mind of those theories now deduced from his facts. And this may be considered a circumstance in favour of the present inquiry, that it is grounded on observations *made without reference to that inquiry*, and therefore so far perfectly trustworthy.

It may be as well, here at the outset, to apprise the reader, that the general impression of the enlightened world seems now to be, that the authenticity of the present site of the Holy Sepulchre is too gravely impeached for men ever to rest satisfied until some more conclusive arguments be brought forward, on the one side or the other, than have ever yet entered into the controversy. More than a century ago, a German traveller named Korten (credulous enough, too, on other points) expressed his doubts as to its genuineness; and ever since, an increasing spirit of distrust has manifested itself in the minds of successive travellers, except, indeed, where they hold those opinions of which Mr. Williams may, on this question, be considered the representative. The scepticism of Clarke, indeed, assumed a wild and visionary form; but Dr. Robinson has taken a more rational view of the matter, and thrown it upon the upholders of the present site to substantiate, by history and common sense, a claim which has tradition, and tradition alone, to support it. The arguments of Robinson will be found well condensed in an article

entitled "Jerusalem," in No. 153 of this Magazine, purporting to be a review of Mr. Williams's book on the "Holy City"—an article which relieves us from the necessity of recapitulating the difficulties, justly said to be "almost insurmountable," of accepting the present Sepulchre as the true one. It is quite clear that there are accumulated grounds for suspicion, at least; and this, therefore, gives a fair open for what neither that reviewer, nor Dr. Robinson, nor any one else, has ever yet attempted, namely, the suggestion of a new site as the actual and genuine one.

Another circumstance is also to be borne in mind in entering on the present inquiry. It being matter of history that Constantine built a church over the spot he had fixed upon as the Holy Sepulchre, all the objections raised to the probability of his having discovered the true place, assume that he built his church on the spot *now* occupied by the sacred edifice, and are so ought to be strengthened by the arguments which go to impugn its authenticity. It will be seen by-and-bye, however, that we must carefully separate the two inquiries—the one being, whether Constantine actually did hit upon the right spot; and the other, whether the spot he fixed upon was that now occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Of the numerous authorities to which the students of sacred topography will need to refer, we must content ourselves at present with mentioning but one, that is, the tract of Adamnanus, *De Locis Sanctis*, composed in the seventh century, of which the history is interesting to us for many reasons. First, because the author was an *Irishman*; secondly, from the circumstances under which it was written; and lastly, because it contains the most valuable information that can be had on the subject of the present inquiry. We repeat here briefly what the author of the review in this Magazine already alluded to has given more circumstantially. Adamnanus was abbot of the celebrated monastery of Iona, in the Hebrides. A French bishop, named Arculfus, was cast away upon that island, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and, during his stay, gave his venerable entertainer a minute account of the sacred localities at Jerusalem, which the abbot carefully noted down at the time

from his dictation; and he moreover accompanied his relation with a plan, which has been preserved to our day. As we shall have to advert to this tract more particularly as we proceed, we beg leave to refer our readers to the article already mentioned, as such extracts as are important to the present inquiry are there given at full length, and in the original Latin.

We now turn to the volume before us.* Its author has made architecture his peculiar study, having published, in 1845, a work on "The Rock-cut Temples of India;" and being now engaged in preparing for the press another work, entitled, "Picturesque Illustrations of Ancient Architecture." He has it also in prospect to give to the world a series of Illustrations of Mahometan Architecture;—and would appear, indeed, from the work before us, to be sufficiently accomplished in this important auxiliary branch of archaeology.

It appears that what induced Mr. Fergusson first to turn his mind to the general question of the topography of Jerusalem, was the exceptional character he discovered in the building known by Christians as the Mosque of Omar, occupying, as we have seen, the chief situation within the enclosure of the Haram, and traditionally held to be built over the site of the Holy of Holies of the Jewish Temple. He lost sight of this for a time; but having occasion, in the course of his investigations on Romanesque and Byzantine architecture, to look narrowly into the subject, he became convinced that the Mosque of Omar must have been of Christian origin; but as this belief involved a dissent from all the most popular authorities, on this as well as other points involved in the controversy, it became necessary to proceed with extreme caution. As an essential preliminary, it was an object to get at the best linear representations of the places themselves; and this the author succeeded in accomplishing, by having the whole of the series executed by Mr. Catherwood and his friends, most liberally placed at his disposal. The confirmation of his views grounded on these illustrations, was such as he had

hardly dared to hope for, amounting, in fact, in his mind, to a completion of the proof; and there is no doubt that the drawings do in a remarkable manner strengthen and establish them.

Bearing in view the main inquiry, the first point is, whether, all authors being agreed that the Temple of Herod stood within the precincts of the Haram el Scherif, it occupied the *whole* of that area or not. From numerous passages in Josephus, it appears to have stood on a square of six hundred feet each way; and, however that historian may have exaggerated this measurement, it is beyond calculation improbable that he should have understated it; for although in countless instances he is known to have made numerical blunders in the way of excess, in no one case is he suspected of having erred the other way. Now, the south wall of the present Haram is nine hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, and extends, in accordance with Josephus's account, "from valley to valley;" and, moreover, seems to be of equal antiquity in every part. But what is the fact, when we come to look more closely? Why, three hundred and twenty feet of the eastern end of the southern wall is lined with vaults, constructed evidently long after the wall itself, probably in the time of Justinian, and raised from the natural valley, which does actually slope away from the surface, about six hundred feet from its western extremity; and, moreover, a massive cross wall runs northward from this point in the vaults, marking out with accuracy the eastern boundary of Herod's temple. By a minute investigation of the architectural laws of the period, it appears that Josephus's statement of there having been one hundred and sixty-two pillars adorning this south front, arranged in four rows, is only reconcilable with the fact, that the façade occupied about so much space from east to west, and no more. Moreover, it is shown that the piers of the vaults we now find to the extreme east, could not have sustained a colonnade such as Josephus describes. Thus in three separate ways

* "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem." By James Fergusson, F.R.A.S. London: John Weale, 1847.

we have six hundred feet marked off for the south front of the Temple; and therefore, of course, six hundred feet for the other three sides, since it was "four-square,"—even if we had no other ground for assigning such a length to them. But, as it happens, we have; for at about six hundred feet from the southern side we find a wall, elevated at present only a few feet from the ground, and forming the southern enclosure of the platform on which the Dome of the Rock stands, reaching, too, to about six hundred feet across the enclosure. And finally, on the western front, we have an ancient causeway, entering from without upon the wall of the enclosure at the same distance from the south corner, and connecting it with the town. Thus, two sides out of four are drawn and traced to their termination—two right angles are found, and the lines of the remaining two sides are indicated—the first in the easternmost vaults, from south to north; the second on the surface of the Haram, from west to east. Hence the Temple of Solomon is marked out in *one angle* of the Haram, and assigned, after allowing for its courts, no greater dimensions than an ordinary parish church in England.

In the general survey of the city, the point which it will be of importance for us at present to fix, is the Hill of Sion. And here again our author has his own theory—he places it *due north* of the Temple, and assigns it very limited dimensions indeed. In thus contracting our ideas as regards the spaces and areas of Jerusalem, he shocks many a prejudice, no doubt; and still further outrages us—for it can be called by no other name—by applying the same diminishing scale to almost all the numerical details of Josephus. Having drawn his walls according to the most natural reconciliation of the somewhat contradictory accounts of that writer, he undertakes to show, by the plainest rules of modern statistics, that the population of Jerusalem most probably ranged, at various epochs, from 25,000 to 40,000, and that it could never have much exceeded the latter number; and, moreover, that the estimate of the garrison which stood the siege of Titus was altogether an exaggerated one. Now, we must not too hastily reject calculations

grounded on statistics and common sense, because they cast discredit upon the numbers of the Jewish historian. A misstatement as to numbers is by no means unprecedented, even in the most popular histories. It has been argued of late, that there is demonstrative evidence in some particular cases, that the forces engaged on certain ancient battle-fields could not by any possibility have been so numerous as they are recorded to have been by the most authentic historians. Nor are we necessarily to conclude that these statements were always wilfully incorrect. The means of information were very imperfect, and the likelihood great of being misled. Thus we may question old authorities so far, without impugning their credit in other respects.

The drift of all this is to prepare our minds to receive more contracted ideas of space as regards sacred localities, and thus to smooth the way for our accepting what remains of the court of the Haram, after cutting off the original Temple of Herod (adding a small strip to the east, now appropriated as a Turkish cemetery), as *Mount Sion*. This is hard—and yet it is not without a strong show of plausibility. Although Christians have from an early age believed Sion to stand towards the south-west of Jerusalem, assigning it such shapes, boundaries, and dimensions towards that point of the compass, as suited best their various theories, the Rabbis (and Lightfoot after them) with one voice assert that it stood at the *north side* of the Temple. Now, the Talmud exaggerates; but in a matter of no moment, such as the bearing of a hill from a given point, it may be received without suspicion. And the Psalmist himself gives direct testimony on the subject—"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Sion, *on the sides of the north*, the city of the great king." Psalm xlviii. 2. The Maccabees, too, though apocryphal in theology, may be admitted as authority in matters of fact; and they seem clearly to bring Sion into immediate proximity with the Temple. If the limits and position assigned to the Temple be the true ones, it will also be easier to understand Josephus, who is supposed to state that there existed a subterraneous communication between it and Sion, on the hypo-

thesis that it lay towards the north than towards the west; for on the latter quarter a deep valley intervened, only crossed by the bridge, the fragments of which still remain; whereas towards the north there is no natural depression, and never could have been an artificial one of any magnitude. We may add to our authorities the testimony of Arculfus in the seventh century, who describes the site of the city as beginning "a supercilio aquilonaris Sion," "from the brow of northern Sion:" a passage which, as the writer of the article in this Magazine already referred to rightly observes, has been inaccurately rendered by Beda, who applies "northern" to the "brow," instead of to "Sion."

Finding, lastly, that Sion and the sanctuary of God are frequently identified, as it were, and that Jerusalem and Sion are generally distinguished from each other in Scripture*—the latter being endowed with a peculiar sanctity, and made the subject of peculiar prophecies and allusions,—we may not unreasonably conclude that it was the Temple of Jehovah which communicated a portion of its prerogative to the adjacent mount, and contributed to make Sion "the joy of the whole earth"—a distinction unintelligible, if we consider it as an eminence entirely removed from the sacred precincts, and built over by a large portion of the city.

This is a fair statement of Mr. Fergusson's case; and its force might be readily granted, but for one circumstance. It is well known that the walls of the enclosure of the Haram are found to consist, every here and there, at their lower courses, of *gigantic bevelled stones* (as they have been improperly termed), some of them upwards of *thirty feet* long, and proportionally broad and thick. This masonry is argued, from the remains of an arch discovered by Dr. Robinson, and known historically to have been a feature in the restored Temple, to be, at one point at least, as old as Herod's time. The inference is, that wherever this peculiar structural type is found in the

wall, it is of the same date. By *bevelled*—or, more properly, *grooved* stones, is meant stones rough-hewn on the face, except at the edges, where the surface is sunk a little in the same plane and smoothed out, so that the junction of every two stones forms a *groove*, and thus the courses and divisions are strongly marked. In making the circuit of the Haram outside, we find this Cyclopean masonry underlying the more modern wall towards every point of the compass to which we have access, and especially distinguishable at the *north-eastern angle*, near St. Stephen's Gate, walling in a portion of the enclosure which, as we shall see, to substantiate Mr. Fergusson's theory, must have been an open cemetery outside the walls at the time of the Crucifixion. It is also to be found at the south-eastern angle, enclosing the vaults attributed to Justinian; so that at all events the platform would appear to have existed at the same remote period. In short, every argument which assigns a remote antiquity to any part of the present enclosure of the Haram, seems to apply to it in its whole extent; yet this consideration Mr. Fergusson has put too much in the back-ground, considering its importance. To accord with his views, the wall at the north-eastern extremity could not certainly have been older than Agrippa's time.

Let the advocates of the reputed sepulchre take care, however, how they take up this objection too hastily; for it tells against themselves in a way they do not expect. These gigantic grooved stones are found, of precisely the same appearance and seeming age, in the wall near the Damascus Gate, to a distance of 300 feet in a south-westerly direction, which would irretrievably enclose the Sepulchre within the city. For this we have the testimony of Wilson, the latest of the topographers. If, therefore, they assign an earlier date than that of the Crucifixion to this masonry at any point, they are driven to do so here, which is fatal to their position. In short, there is a difficulty under either hypothesis; and, strange to say, as far as

* It must be here noted, however, that Mr. Fergusson has been led, through ignorance of the structure of the Hebrew language, to adduce some passages as distinguishing Sion from Jerusalem, which ought more properly to be considered as connecting them.

the walls are concerned, Mr. Fergusson must stand or fall with the advocates of the reputed sepulchre; while, stranger still, Dr. Robinson's arch here proves his greatest stumbling-block, though he has so eagerly snatched at it, on account of its assisting him in his plan of the Temple.

It may be thought that we multiply difficulties in suggesting explanations; but there is one mode of reconciling these conflicting theories which has occurred to us, not merely as seeking to reconcile them, but on an impartial inspection of the drawings of Mr. Tipping, given in Traill's Josephus, and apparently by far the most accurate of any. There is nothing in these drawings to shew the necessary connexion of the arch, in point of time, with the wall from which it springs. On the contrary, it is evidently not what architects call *engaged* in it—it seems much more ruinous than the neighbouring wall; and Mr. Tipping's front view presents an appearance of more Cyclopean rudeness than the other—the courses not being everywhere horizontal. Suppose the arch to be Herod's arch, as Dr. Robinson concludes, may not the wall everywhere else be Agrippa's? that is, renewed, faced, and rendered uniform by that king where it previously existed, and built to correspond, where it did not? In this case, the masonry near St. Stephen's Gate may not be so conclusive against the present church as it would otherwise be.

It is not until all these preliminary matters which we have thus hastily glanced at, have been fully gone into and discussed, that our author arrives at the *positive* part of his theory, and sets himself to assign a site to the Holy Sepulchre. We give the announcement in his own words:—

“The proposition which I have undertaken to prove in this part of my work—which is neither more nor less than that the building so well known among Christians as the Mosque of Omar, is the identical church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected by Constantine—is one that has never, that I am aware of, been broached by any traveller or speculator up to this day; and is, consequently, at first sight, so manifestly absurd and improbable, that many will, no doubt, on the simple announcement of such an hypothesis, throw down the book at once, and rest per-

fectly satisfied that they have, at best, got hold of a piece of ingenious mystification, or the dream of some visionary speculator—perhaps some covert attempt to shake the general faith in Christian tradition, by showing how much may be advanced in support of so monstrous an absurdity. It is not for me to decide on my own case. It may be all this, or a great deal more: all I ask is a fair and patient hearing; and I think, after perusal of the book, the reader will admit that I have at least brought forward some evidence of a startling nature in support of what I advance—that my theory is at least perfectly consistent with all that is contained on the subject in the New Testament, and that there are indications, both local and historical, which are reconcilable with this view, but which are utterly unintelligible when applied to the old theory.”

Mr. Fergusson is right, when he says that his theory is a startling one. As such, we are bound to examine it with jealousy. At the same time, there is a fair open for broaching it, for it is plain we cannot admit the old one; and the new facts elicited serve to reconcile us to the notion of so many acute observers having failed to hit upon a better.

Two things must be shewn, to make out the whole of the case. First, that the building now called by Christians the Mosque of Omar, is Constantine's church; and, secondly, that it is built over the Holy Sepulchre. The reader will perceive that it is not necessary, in order to prove the former proposition, that the latter should be made good. The cave may *not* be the Holy Sepulchre, and yet Constantine may there have reared his Dome.

And in point of fact, the two branches of the case are here argued out with very different degrees of conclusiveness. Let us take the latter proposition first—that is, that the cave (called by the Mahometans *el Sakhrâh*), is the Holy Sepulchre. The local proofs are derived exclusively from the very slight indications of the New Testament. The scene of the Crucifixion (close to which the sepulchre would have to be looked for, see John, xix. 41) was “outside the city,” “nigh unto” it, and also “towards the country.” It was a “Golgotha,” or great cemetery; probably not far from the judgment-seat, which was erected in the tower of Antonia, a fortress stand-

ing like a bastion at the north-western angle of the Temple. Such are the principal indications we meet with.

For the probability of Constantine having been able to ascertain the spot, the reasoning cannot be conveyed in a word. Chateaubriand has argued the matter elaborately; and Robinson has represented him fairly, though rejecting his conclusion, which is, that the *reputed* place of Golgotha and the Sepulchre is the true one. But both seem to have forgotten the age in which the circumstances narrated took place. For three centuries after the Christian era, the Roman empire was a civilized community, and historical criticism, during the earlier portion of that period at least, was minute and judicious. Monks could not then have invented and obtained credence for idle legends. "Men who would have attempted such things at that time, would have been laughed at as idiots, or stoned as impostors." It was not until the following three centuries that the thing became common; nor until the next three, that it was universal.

Now, Eusebius, who may be termed (though occasionally from his intellectual eminence touched with a tinge of the dawning credulity) the last of the historians, relates with confidence the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre by Constantine, stating the means by which the site was identified, which were human and not divine means. But, neither Eusebius nor Macarius (the bishop who enabled the emperor to find the sepulchre) so much as allude to what has been called "the invention of the cross," by Helena, the empress-mother; nor is it even hinted at till the episcopacy of Cyrill, A.D. 348-68, nor attributed to Helena until the beginning of the next century. All that contemporary history asserts is, that Constantine was enabled to ascertain the site of the sepulchre, from an idol temple having been raised over it at some earlier period. At that earlier period it was still more probable that the tradition

would have been authentic, particularly as Golgotha was a place the site of which could scarcely have disappeared, and of which an entry was probably to be found in the accurate registries then kept of all localities within the Roman dominions.* It asserts, moreover, that he built an "Anastasis," or church of the resurrection, over the Holy Sepulchre—a "Basilica," and a "Golgotha," "with rich and lavish magnificence;" and makes no mention of his building anything else at Jerusalem. Some indications of the situation of these buildings are given—such as, that they were "over-against Jerusalem"—*ὑπὲρ πόλεως*, which would seem to imply an intervening valley—but nothing to fix them with certainty.

And this brings us back to our first proposition, viz. that we have found Constantine's church.

On the spot which our author considers as indicated by the great body of ancient evidence, sacred and profane,—exhibiting in the minutest particulars, as well as in general design, the architectural peculiarities of the age of Constantine,—entire, conspicuous, and now for the first time entered and scientifically examined by a competent observer, stands, over a cave, of which the superincumbent rock protrudes in unhewn ruggedness into the central space, a temple, known to Christians as the Mosque of Omar, but universally called by Mahometans *Kubbet-el-Sakhrah*—"THE DOME OF THE ROCK." And this temple answers generally to the description of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, as given by writers up to a certain period. As we said before, it is the architectural evidence that is principally to be looked to; it is on the strength of it that Mr. Fergusson has written his book. And here we must regret our inability to lay before our readers those demonstrative arguments which address themselves to the eye, and in such a case are always the most satisfactory and convincing. Any one who looks at Mr.

* Ulpian and Lactantius give a particular account of these registries, which were more minute than our most careful modern surveys, and extended to all the provinces and colonies of the Roman empire. The original entries were engraved on brass tablets, and deposited amongst the archives at Rome, copies on linen being placed in the hands of the provincial authorities.—(See Mr. Finlay's Tract on the Holy Sepulchre.)

Catherwood's view and section, must be astonished at this late revelation of what has hitherto been so effectually concealed from the world—the beautiful and uniform plan—the elaborate details, so plainly of the purest Byzantine style, as far as the spring of the Saracenic dome—the perfection and preservation of the whole;—in short, the unexpected light one glance of an intelligent eye has thrown upon the mystery of ages.

It is thus our author closes his survey:—

“Altogether, this architectural evidence is so complete, that no one who looks at the drawings, and knows anything about the matter, will doubt for an instant that the pillars and entablatures, at least, must have belonged to buildings erected anterior to the first year of the Hejira, even if he should not be able to make up his mind as to the exact period of their being executed; and the only reasonable mode of getting over the difficulty is, to suppose that the Mahometans used up the materials of some other building in erecting this, as they are known to have done elsewhere. I think, however, that an inspection of the frontispiece and Plate I. will prove this to be an untenable hypothesis in this case; for it is not only the details of the pillars and their entablatures which belong to this more ancient style, but those of the eight piers between them, which are very complicated in form, and could not have been found or transported from another building: but round all the sinuosities of these piers this entablature runs; and both below it, down to the ground, and upwards to the roof, the detail is all of the same age, all fitting exactly to the place where it is applied, and complete and appropriate in every part. The cornices under the roof, too, on both sides, and the roof itself, are all parts of the same design; and the idea that the Mahometans could anywhere have found that quantity of straight, of circular, and angular pieces of these details in any other edifice, is, it appears to me, one of the most improbable that can possibly be conceived, even if any one could name the edifice from which they were obtained—which it would be difficult to do; for, at the age at which this building was constructed—supposing it was built by the followers of the Prophet—no destruction of the edifices of the Christians had taken place, from which such a supply of materials could have been obtained. But what was the age in

which the Mahometans built this temple? Here is the great difficulty of the case. It certainly was not that of Omar; for what he built at Jerusalem was the little vault to the eastward of the Aksa, which, to this day, the Mahometans call the Mosque of Omar.”

In short, it is only the Christians, deceived by William of Tyre, who ever thought of ascribing this building to the khalif, whose mosque, as we have seen, actually exists within the walls of the Aksa, and still bears his name. And the Mahometan of to-day will tell you that it was built by Abd-el-Malek, who undoubtedly did erect the Mosque el Aksa in the same enclosure—a structure bearing the strongest traces of Saracenic origin, having its entablatures composed of wooden beams, and differing in every possible respect from the other. As for the Dome of the Rock itself, it is utterly unintelligible, except as a Christian building. Independently of the architecture, the very form is sufficient to identify it as such:—

“I feel quite certain that in no Mahometan country, from the mouths of the Ganges to the Guadalquivir, and in no age, did any Mahometan erect a mosque of this form: the thing is an anomaly, an absurdity; it is, to my mind, like talking of a perpendicular pyramid or a square circle. To me it appears strange how the idea could have been suggested. There are octagonal tombs, it is true, though not many, and only, I think, in India; but this the Mahometans never called a tomb, nor connected any such idea with it. In short, if we assume it to be a Mahometan building, in detail, form, and proportion, it is utterly anomalous, and unlike anything any Mahometan ever did build in any part of the world: if, on the contrary, we assume it to be a Christian building over a sepulchre of the age of Constantine, all becomes consistent and intelligible; certainly, as far as the edifice itself is concerned, there is not a single difficulty in the way.”

Thus, if we accept the theory before us, we have the scene of the Resurrection at last identified; the doubts of centuries as to the reputed place proved to be well-grounded, by the discovery of the original of which it had usurped the honours; and the mother church of Christian pilgrimage restored—not to the worship, but to the solemn curiosity of these latter

days ; and all this accomplished by the happy hardihood of one man, and the skilful application of technical knowledge by another. Are we not forced to smile at the mighty deeds of chivalry—the achievements of kings and warriors—the triumphs of priestly eloquence—the victories of pilgrim-hosts ; when we find that, after mountains of treasure lavished, and rivers of blood spilt in the cause, Christian Europe is at last discovered to have knelt before a gross imposture, and borne away the palm in triumph, without having so much as recognised the shrine it had sacrificed so much to honour ?

It is natural to expect that in prosecuting this inquiry, the CAVE should be the chief object of interest, forming, as it does, the centre around which the whole argument gathers. Yet it is surprising how little we find said of it in the book before us. It is true, the author never visited the spot himself ; but he has certainly not used due diligence in searching for the few hints afforded by ancient and modern writers concerning it. Feeling the importance of looking narrowly into the matter, we have been at some pains to collect and put together all the information to be gleaned from these sources, and hasten to lay it before our readers, as it affords, in our estimation, no slight corroboration of Mr. Fergusson's views.

As far as we have been able to discover, only three Christians have obtained access to the cave in modern times—probably, indeed, since the era of the crusades. These were, first, the Spaniard, Domingo Badia y Leblich, who travelled as a Mussulman, under the name of Ali Bey. His account is brief, but he mentions one circumstance, which it appears unaccountable that our author should have overlooked, as it establishes a coincidence between two authorities, both of which he seems to have examined with care. Adannanus expressly says, from the relation of Arculfus, that the Sepulchre was composed internally of stone of two colours—*bicolor*—*red and white*. And the writer of the critique of Mr. Williams's book adduces this statement in proof that the cave, even in the seventh century, was, first, a facitious one, the rock on which Jerusalem is built being *grey limestone* ; and secondly, *not* the cave now shown as the

true sepulchre, in which it is asserted the native rock, *grey limestone*, distinctly appears. Now, the words of Ali Bey, who visited the Dome of the Rock in 1807, are these :—“From what I could discover, particularly in the inside of the cave, the rock seemed to be composed of a *reddish-white marble*.” Since both Catherwood and he speak confidently of seeing the native rock, this circumstance constitutes a most curious corroboration of Arculfus's account, at the same time that it removes the double objection of the reviewer on the score of *colour*.

The next visitor appears to have been Mr. Bonomi, one of Mr. Catherwood's companions. He entered the cave in 1833 ; but in the account given of the visit in Hogg's “*Travels*,” there is little which throws any light upon the subject. He was principally struck with the absurdity of the Moslem traditions respecting it.

About the same period, Mr. Catherwood himself obtained an entrance to the chamber ; and it is from his relation, contained in a letter to Mr. Bartlett, and published in his “*Walks*,” that we obtain the most particular information about it. He states that the cave is of an irregular square form, descended into by a flight of steps, with an area of sixty feet (the text says *six hundred*, but this is clearly a mistake), and a height of about seven and a half feet. This corresponds pretty accurately with Adannanus's account, who says that “thrice three men could stand to pray” within it, and that it exceeded by a foot and a half the stature of an ordinary man. On the outside, the native rock stands irregularly out about five feet above the level of the church floor, surrounded by a gilded railing, and veiled with a dusty and time-worn crimson silk canopy. He states, moreover, that not only is there a funnel opening upwards from the roof to the surface of the rock, but likewise an aperture in the floor, opening downwards, judged to be of some depth from the hollow sound the covering stone returned when struck, and called by the Mahometans the *Bir Arruah*, or Well of Souls. Now, this is one of the difficulties of the case ; and another is, that the cave is not shaped like the ancient tombs in the neighbourhood ;—notwithstanding all this, that the cave here corresponds with Adannanus's account in many other ways besides its size,

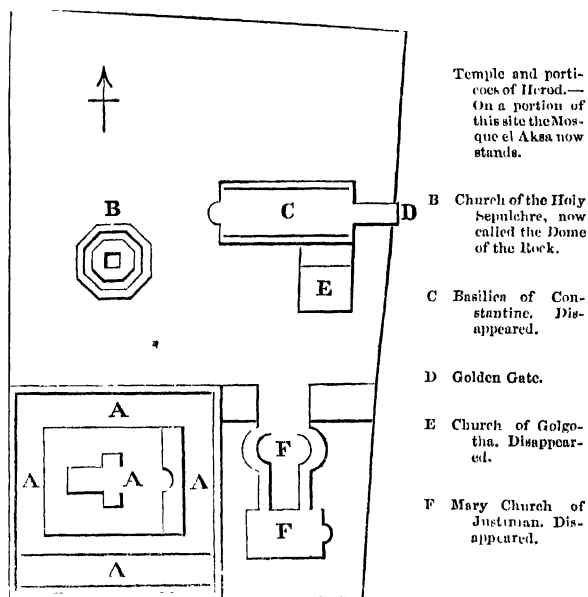
especially as to the *bearing* of its entrance, must be admitted; at all events it approaches much more nearly to our conceptions of the true one than does the reputed sepulchre, which is not clearly shown to be hewn out of the rock at all;* which stands *above* the level of the church and neighbourhood, instead of below it; which (according to Mr. Wilde) is now completely open above; which barely admits *four* persons at once; and is placed where, to leave it outside the walls, the city must—to use the phrase of Mr. Williams's reviewer—have been pinched in at the middle, like an hour-glass: in short, in a position which, by no possible wresting of the Scripture and early Christian accounts, can be made to correspond with what is recorded of it. Besides, as to the internal shape and appearance of the tomb, it is to be presumed that the Mahometans might have made alterations in it when they breached their own tradition, such as the obliteration of the *soros*, &c., in order to efface any

direct indication of its having been originally appropriated to a different use. And there is this, at least, to be gathered from the fact, both of the protrusion of the unhewn rock, and the existence of the well beneath (if there be any such thing there), that it never could have been even conjectured to be the exact site of the Holy of Holies,—though if the well be a communication with the subterranean conduits to Siloam, it might certainly have been one of the sacrificial centres within the precincts of the Temple—that is, *supposing the Dome to be the Mosque of Omar*. But since it is manifest, for other reasons, that it is *not*,—since it lies outside the limits of Herod's Temple, as Dr. Richardson himself was forced to admit—whereas the small mosque which Omar really did build as certainly stood, and now stands, within them—since it contains a cave which must have been a holy place before the age of Constantine, who apparently built the Dome,—since this Dome corresponds

* Bartlett ("Walks," 186) and Richardson state, and Williams owns ("Holy City," 293) that the native rock is at present completely hid from view. Sandys as distinctly asserts the contrary; but what is more extraordinary, so does Wilde. We say, *more extraordinary*; for we could have accounted for the variation between old Sandys and the moderns by the alterations consequent on the fire of 1808, which burned down the church and injured the tomb:—as it is, we must leave Wilde, Williams, and the rest, to settle the matter between them. Mr. Fergusson is indignant at any one supposing for a moment that there is, or ever was, an atom of native rock in the (so-called) sepulchre. On this point he is too confident, no doubt, though he will have it that Mr. Williams's measurements only leave two or three feet for the thickness of the cave, casing and all, in any part; and certainly Dr. Richardson very strongly repudiates the notion of either the cave or *soros* being genuine. No one, indeed, we may here remark, has more sensibly and rationally exposed the clumsiness of the fraud of the present sepulchre than that author. He says, very fairly,—when all the world is disputing concerning the fact of the chamber being a natural cave, could not at least a portion of the casing in some part be removed, so as to satisfy "believers" that it does really exist as such? Would this be by any one looked upon as a profanation? To show how little the monks even now regard the genuineness of the objects they exhibit for adoration, he states that they admitted to him that the stone shown as the identical one rolled away by the angel from the mouth of the cave is *not* the real one, which was stolen away by the Armenians, and deposited in their chapel on the site of the house of Caiaphas; but that it "served their purpose equally well!" (Vol. ii. p. 335.) He describes, we may as well mention, a chamber in the Aksa, within the enclosure of the Haram, called the Grotto of Issa, or Jesus, in which is a plain limestone trough, denominated the Sarcophagus of Issa, which, strange to say, corresponds pretty accurately with Arculf's description of the *soros* in his day; while that now shown as such bears the shape, not of an Asiatic sarcophagus, but of a Grecian one. Could we understand from Arculf that the "sepulchrum" was not a part of the rock itself, though composed of the same material (a construction which the words will scarcely bear), we might imagine that the Mahometans had removed it from the Dome of the Rock to their own mosque, for the double purpose of preservation and of removing the evidence of the old tradition. Indeed, they might even have taken the trouble of hewing it out of its place in the solid rock, from which, on the supposition that the cave in the Sakhras is Constantine's, they have completely obliterated it, though a *low shelf* remains where it is assumed to have been.

with the historic accounts of the round church that emperor did build over the Holy Sepulchre,—a strong case is made out to justify the author in concluding that it is that church, and that the cave is what Constantine judged, on evidence of some kind or other, to be the Holy Sepulchre itself.

We now offer to the reader a sketch-plan of the buildings assumed to have stood within the present enclosure of the Haram, as restored by Mr. Fergusson. Our diagram, without pretending to minute accuracy, will help to explain what we have been saying, and fix the localities in the mind.



Bearing this restoration in mind, let us next take up the tract of Adamnanus, and see how far his account will support it. That writer also accompanies his description of the sepulchre with a rude plan, as we have already had occasion to mention. This plan is explained in his text as including the adjoining churches; and, as far as the round church of the Anastasis goes, represents it with tolerable exactness. The text describes, with still more unmistakable accuracy, both it and the cave beneath it. But in the survey of the adjoining buildings, the

text and plan differ materially. While the former would appear to point to an extensive congeries of separate edifices, neighbouring (*coherentes*), but not integral parts of one whole; the latter gives to the Anastasis the chief prominence, and only indicates the others by single lines, connected with and subordinate to the circular church. Now, the *text* in every particular confirms Mr. Fergusson's restoration. The Basilica, the Golgotha (*prægrandis ecclesia*), the Mary Church* fall into their places at once, and, were there no plan, would, as a

* The Church of the Virgin, restored in the plan, was built by Justinian, not, as has been supposed, where the Mosque el Aksa now stands, but, as is here argued, on the space between the eastern boundary of the Temple and the east wall of the Haram, over the vaults already alluded to; for the Aksa occupies part of the site of the Temple; and, after Julian's signal failure, Justinian never could have renewed the attempt, even if he had not looked upon that site as accursed as the Christians then universally did. A remarkably curious deduction is made by the author—built upon the construction and arrangement of the vaults beneath and depending on mechanical and architectural principles; showing that they *mus*

matter of course, judging from the wording of the tract, be set down as separate structures; but on the plan, they all stand together, and the latter group dwindles into insignificance, as compared with the Anastasis. Now, knowing the rudeness of delineative art in those days—recollecting that the French bishop, who drew his plan on the “*tabula cerata*,” only sketched from memory, and rather for the purpose of indicating the relative position of the holy places, than to exhibit their proportions—bearing in mind, too, that the draughtsman himself termed it a “*vile figuration*,”—we were quite ready to study the text, with the help of the plan, without expecting it to do more than what antique maps and charts usually do—viz., convey a rude and disproportioned idea of the thing intended to be represented. But a startling fact comes out in reference to this diagram; which is, that if we take it as intended to represent, not several buildings, but *one* building, or at least a contiguous group capable of being roofed over into one, it forms a nearly correct plan of the reputed Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it now stands! This is almost too clear a case; and Mr. Fergusson, seeing that the text of Adamnanus will not apply, either to his own plan, or to the buildings it has been supposed to represent, boldly hazards the conjecture, that instead of the plan having been taken from the church, the church was built from the plan! Nor is this altogether so monstrously improbable as might at first sight appear. We must anticipate a little to explain why. When the buildings, afterwards roofed into one church, were built, there was probably no access to the sacred precincts on Sion; and the only plan and description of them in existence were those of Adamnanus; and as the plan was most tangible, and the discrepancy with the text either not seen or not regarded, it might well have formed the authoritative original for the supposititious church. In fact, there is no third hypothesis possible. Either it did so, or Adamnanus did actually re-

cognise the present reputed church as the true one, and describe it *incorrectly*,—and the whole argument of this book is at an end.

This is, however, a serious obstacle in the way of the present theory; and we see no other way of getting over it, than that bold one the author has had recourse to. For our own part, we hold the *accuracy* of the plan as one of the strongest proofs of its not having been sketched from the present building, or those which stood in its place. It is almost out of the question, that in that rude age a stranger could have laid down from memory a survey of those complicated buildings so perfectly as to preserve their proportions throughout. But, perhaps, the strongest corroboration our author's views receive from the “*Libellus*” of Adamnanus is derived from this very curious fact—that immediately before that author commences his account of the sacred places, he describes with minute accuracy the Mosque el Aksa, as occupying the site of the Temple of Solomon; but *does not say a word* of the Dome of the Rock, which must have been then, as it is now, the most conspicuous building in Jerusalem, and which stood *close by*. This can only be accounted for by his considering it as a Christian edifice, and leaving it to be mentioned as such in its proper place.

His main position, however, Mr. Fergusson considers as not affected by the disposal, one way or the other, of the minor point:—

“As far as the argument has hitherto gone, there has been no flaw whatever in the evidence; and whether we take it as according perfectly with the scriptural narrative (which it does to the minutest particular), or as according with the testimony of subsequent writers, both Christian and Mahometan—or, lastly, from the evidence of the architecture itself, nothing can be more complete and consentaneous than the whole chain is; and I do not know of any other building, or set of buildings, regarding which a more perfect argument can be adduced than that which I have attempted to put together for

have been formed for the purpose of supporting an octagonal or circular building, such as the Mary Church is known to have been, from the detailed account of Procopius. And the existence, at this angle, of two small chapels, still called the Bath and Cradle of Jesus, gives support to the idea.

the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, from the time of the crucifixion to the end of the seventh century. So complete, indeed, does it appear, that it seems almost a work of supererogation to pursue it further. To me it appears quite sufficient to know that for the first seven centuries the Dome of the Rock can be proved to have been known either as the place of the tomb in which Christ was laid, or as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; while, for the last eight centuries, or since A.D. 1048, the present one has been dignified by that title: the consequence is of course inevitable, that at some period during the three centuries and a-half that intervened between these two periods, a transference from one locality to the other must have taken place; and, so far as the argument is concerned, it is of very little consequence when it was done, or by whom."

Nevertheless, the point is shrewdly argued:—

"In the three centuries and a-half to which we are now confined, there are only two periods at which the transference could have taken place: the first, when Charlemagne obtained a grant of the Sepulchre and its appurtenances from Harun el Rashid; the other, when, between the years 1031 and 1048, the church was avowedly rebuilt on the site and in the form in which it now stands, or rather, I should say, stood, anterior to the year 1808. If the first could be proved to have been the time, half the difficulty would be overcome, as it was the very 'noon of night' of the middle ages, when there was nothing too daring for the priesthood to attempt, and nothing so extravagant that the people would not willingly and readily believe it. Indeed, had the chalik sent the emperor the Sepulchre itself on the back of the elephant he presented him with, all Europe would have received it with transports of joy; and it might now have been found adorning Aix-la-Chapelle or Paris, as its sister cave of Nazareth does Loretto, under the guise of a rude hut; and had the chalik known how deep was the ignorance of the Christians of those times, he probably would have done so: but he at least was a civilized king; he sent only the key, in token of possession, and the Sepulchre remained where it was. Besides, the distance of that time from the era of the Crusades was so great, that any transference would long have been forgotten, and the three centuries that intervened would have sufficed to sanctify any place as the Holy Sepul-

chre, even if it had been a hundred miles from the spot where it was formerly known to have stood."

It is, however, during the latter period—viz., from 1031 to 1048—that Mr. Fergusson believes the transference to have taken place. Bernhard, who visited Jerusalem in 870, tallies with Arculf, and plainly describes the true Sepulchre;—and accordingly what is fabled of the destruction of the church of the Holy Sepulchre by Chosroes the Persian, in the early part of the seventh century, is quite unworthy of belief. Hence—since there was no interruption to the communication between the west and the east in the interim—it must have remained undisturbed and unquestioned till the year 969, when Muezz set fire to the Basilica, "though not, apparently, to the Anastasis." From that period till about the year 1021, the Christians in Palestine had to struggle for their very existence; and it was probably then that they were expelled from the Haram—it being at this time, too, that El Hakeem levelled the "church" (*prædicta ecclesia*) to the foundation. Soon afterwards the Christians began to recover from their depression, and may be supposed at once to have begun their new church, in the quarter of the city least exposed to Mahometan envy and interruption. And accordingly, it is at this period they allege that the church was *rebuilt*, as it remained until the fire of 1808; and it certainly favours the supposition to know that this so-called rebuilding took place while they may be presumed to have been denied access to the Haram. Had they footing within it at the time, scarcely any amount of circumstantial evidence would be enough to show that the Dome of the Rock was the true site; for then the transference would have been without a motive. Nor is it so improbable that they should have committed this "*pia fraus*." They were forced out of their Church of the Sepulchre; and the question was, should they abandon Jerusalem altogether, or be content with such a sepulchre as they could get. Recollect, the thing was of daily occurrence. Not only were bones and relics hawked about Christendom continually, but a cave such as this—for such the *house of the Virgin* was in fact—was actually

transported bodily across half Europe! The wonder indeed is, as our author significantly remarks, that the Holy Sepulchre was removed to so moderate a distance. The scene of the martyrdom of St. Stephen has changed places no less than *three times!*

"There is, however," Mr. Fergusson goes on to say, "another point of view in which this transaction may be regarded, which, I think, takes off very much from its improbability, and at the same time places it in a less reprehensible light than might at first sight appear. I perfectly admit, that were any set of priests in this age to attempt such a fraud, on so sacred a subject, it would be difficult to find words strong enough to express our sense of its infamy; but in that age the two mainstays of society were pious fraud on the one hand, and impious force on the other. The priesthood were living as a peaceful, unarmed race, among hordes of armed warriors, and with no means of sustenance or self-defence, except what they could obtain from their ruder neighbours by the superiority of their intellectual acquirements. Had they attempted to preach to those rude barbarians a religion of peace and brotherly love, in the simple abstract form of mental adoration and purity, it would have been like an attempt of the west wind to blow down the pyramids of Egypt. It required the splendour and pomp of religious ceremonies to attract them, and the tangible forms of sensuous idolatry to convey a truth or meaning through the iron-cased skull of a rude soldier—and above all, an appeal to his superstitions and fears, to subdue and overawe him, and enable the priest to acquire that influence over his mind, which it was then thought needful he should possess; and if we often shrink in disgust from the unscrupulous use the priest made of these powerful arms to obtain his ends, we must not, at the same time, forget the cruel oppression to which he was often exposed, and the rude violence that often turned against him the arms he had hired for his protection, or robbed and plundered him of all he possessed, even when his motives may have been of the purest, and his influence only used for good, however unjustifiable the means by which he obtained it may have been, according to the light of our improved morality."

In short, after the final ejection of the Christians from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the question came to

this—should they abandon the place altogether, or erect a *representative* sepulchre as the focus for pilgrimage. Such was the main point for them to decide. But there was another grave difficulty—how to perpetrate the fraud without being found out. Now, it must be recollected that Europe had heard that the buildings generally at the sepulchre had been first burnt by Muezz, and then razed by El Hakeem. It was between twenty and thirty years later that the Christians began to build their new church; the chances were, therefore, small of a pilgrim visiting this edifice who had seen the former one. If such a pilgrim did exist, the means were at hand to silence him, or, at all events, to blind the already remarkably short-seeing eyes of the superstitious world. As for the knowledge of topography then possessed, it may be judged of by the fact of the astonishment of the first crusaders at stumbling upon Constantinople, on their way to the Holy Land.

The priests did not deny that their church was new: everybody knew that the former one had been destroyed many years before. How was the deceit to be detected? Access was not to be had to the old sites. It was an ignorant and a credulous age. In point of fact, far more daring frauds than this were successfully practised at the time. Were there maps and plans to guide the inquirer? Yes, there was *one*—that of Arculfus; and this, as they found it laid down, the priests had adopted as the design of their new building, so that the deception was complete. They pointed triumphantly to that plan, and challenged the inspection of believers!

The position of the Church of Jerusalem must, however, have been an awkward one, when, by the success of the crusaders, it found itself in the possession of *two* Holy Sepulchres, and was moreover under the necessity of adhering to the *false* one. Fortunately for its credit, it had to deal with a host more remarkable for its prowess than its intelligence, and found ready credence for any story it had to tell. Besides, what greatly favoured the promoters of the fraud, was the confusion that existed between the Basilica and the Anastasis of Constantine—the *church* and the *dome* of the Holy Sepulchre. The *church* was known to have been destroyed; but

the fact of the preservation of the dome had scarcely transpired beyond the walls of Jerusalem, although the story always ran that the "*sepulchre*," a dubious term, had escaped. Hence the authors of this age narrate the total destruction of the "church" by El Hakeem, and speak of *its* being rebuilt between 1031 and 1048, apparently under the impression that the new edifice stood upon the old site, and was simply a restoration of the building which had been destroyed.

Meantime, all the efforts of the Mahometans were unavailing to get rid of the traditionary history of the Dome of the Rock. It was spoken of, over and over again, as a Christian building; and the crusaders, in their uncertainty as to its real appropriation, ignorantly assumed it to have been built over the Holy of Holies of the Jewish Temple, though they might have known the traditional failure of Julian's attempt to restore any part of that structure, and that its site had been ever considered by the church as accursed. Nevertheless, taking it as such, they installed it as their sacred place, under the style of *Templum Domini*, reducing the Mosque el Aksa, which they designated as the *Templum Salomonis*, to the condition of a temporal *palatium*, or residence of the Knights Templars—a proceeding, by the way, the reverse of what would naturally have taken place, had there been any idea that the Aksa was the *Mury Church of Justinian*; for at that age *this* would doubtless have been selected as the preeminently sacred locality, and the *Templum Domini*, of uncertain origin and appropriation, would as assuredly have been turned to secular uses.

We have, we think, represented Mr. Fergusson correctly; but while we lend a willing ear to anything which proposes to establish a final harmony between such conflicting evidence, the difficulties still remaining must not be lost sight of. Some of them are fairly stated by our author: others seem to have escaped him. Let us endeavour to recapitulate them.

1. The identification of the Kubbet-es-Sakhrâh with Constantine's Anastasis, rests on the reduction of the area of the Temple to a square of six hundred feet, so as to throw the sepulchre outside. But the ancient courses of gigantic stones which are assumed to mark Herod's walls, if not Solomon's, are observed at three angles out of the four of the present enclosure, and every here and there in the intervening curtains. For this we have the testimony of Robinson, Bartlett, Catherwood, Tipping, Williams, and all other modern topographers. Until it is ascertained that at all events those stones which are inserted at the *north-east* corner are as late as Agrippa's time, this difficulty will remain.

2. Sion is reduced to a mere knoll. After giving room for the Temple, it could not have occupied a much greater space than the area of Merriion-square in this city; unless, indeed, we extend it further north than the present boundary of the Haram, which we are only precluded from doing by the position of the depression, now called the Pool of Bethesda, but identified as such by no authentic tradition or history. Moriah is made much smaller, being, in fact, nearly identical with the boundaries of the Temple, or six hundred feet square.*

3. Golgotha and the Sepulchre are almost as much too close to the Temple as the reputed ones are to the centre of the city. The crucifixion must have taken place under the very walls, which is certainly not the impression the Scripture narrative conveys, although there is nothing distinctly opposed to it.

4. Some of the arches in the Dome of the Rock are stated by Dr. Richardson and Mr. Arundale, to be *slightly pointed*; whereas the pointed arch is found in no Roman or other building of the age of Constantine. This latter assumption our author calls in question.

5. The cave beneath the Dome is not shaped like the ordinary sepulchres of the ancient Jews; nor does it now completely correspond with the descriptions of pilgrims before the alleged transference. This, as we

* Strange to say, Maundrell (p. 68) states that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is built on Calvary, "*a hill on the greater eminence of Mount Moriah.*" This must surely be an inadvertence of his.

have said, the author accounts for by assuming that the Mahometans may have purposely removed any peculiarities which might tend to falsify their own traditions, or identify it as a Christian shrine. But we have seen that Mr. Catherwood found a funnel in the roof, and an aperture in the floor, apparently of some depth. Assuming that the cave was a sepulchre, what are these? But suppose the tradition true which places it beneath or near the site of the Oracle, or Holy of Holies, then might not this latter well communicate with the waters which are certainly brought in this direction on their way to Siloam? As yet, these are questions that cannot satisfactorily be solved; nor is there anything but the Mahometan name to show that there is a well here at all; but we may here repeat the remark, that Mr. Fergusson is not as explicit on the subject of the cave as might be wished.

6. It is extremely difficult to account for the present existence of the Anastasis of Constantine, if we accept the testimony of history at all. In the hypothetical sketch of the transference above given, we represented Mr. Fergusson as we found him: and that a transference has somehow or other, and at some time or other, taken place, seems very probable. Indeed, certain pious writers have not hesitated to call in supernatural agency to account for present appearances—and boldly to suggest that there has been a miraculous transmigration of the Holy Sepulchre into the heart of the city! But yet the objection remains as strong as ever, that the main argument for the Dome of the Rock being the Anastasis, lies in its presenting architectural evidence that it belongs to the age of Constantine; whereas history would seem to tell us that the original church had altogether disappeared at an early period.

It would therefore be very desirable to examine critically into the authorities hitherto relied upon, and now first sought to be impugned. But since this is a task which we cannot undertake, we will confine ourselves to stating that the contemporary history of the first destruction consists merely of the account of an anonymous writer in the *Chronicon Paschale seu Alexandrinum*; and of that of the Abbot Antiochus; both belonging to

the seventh century, and of course only referring to the Persian invasion under Chosroes. There is absolutely no contemporary record of the second alleged spoliation of the sacred edifices. For the third, we have the testimony of Rudolph Glaber—a monk, who wrote about the time of the completion of the *new church*—whose whole history is admitted to be a mass of fable, and whose narrative of this particular transaction is more than suspicious on the face of it. It is curious to see, that it bears a very strong resemblance to Mr. Williams's marvellous story of the burning of the church and *escape of the tomb* in 1808! But thus will minds of a peculiar complexion exhibit the same characteristics in every age.

William of Tyre, however, implicitly follows Glaber, at the distance of two centuries—an authority, whose interest it must naturally have been to uphold the fraud of the Sepulchre, supposing it to have been committed; and consequently to exaggerate and confuse the accounts of the devastations committed by the Fatimite Khalifs within the sacred precincts. He adds, moreover, what had never been dreamt of before, and what the Mahometans deny to this day, that the Dome of the Rock was built by Omar! All this looks very like an attempt to get that building out of the way of the *new church*.

It may just be remarked of the last alleged demolition, that the *total* destruction of the *building*, and the *failure* of the attempt to obliterate the *cave*, are precisely the points which the upholders of the new sepulchre would have to establish at the time of the crusades.

On the other hand, is it not a violent presumption to take it for granted that the Christians were, at any particular period, excluded from the Haram, without the slightest authority from history; and then to ground on that very exclusion the probability of the transference? Besides, Mr. Fergusson has gone a great deal too far in saying, that there were at this period forty years, during which pilgrimages to Jerusalem ceased. We have no evidence that they ceased at all, except during the short persecution of El Hakeem. In 1031—that is, twenty-one years after El Hakeem's destruction—Rod. Glaber informs us that pilgrimages were again frequent, that being the year in which the churches were suffered to be rebuilt.

In 1033, "incredible multitudes of all ranks" visited the Holy Sepulchre, and the work was carried on publicly and triumphantly. Could this have taken place *on a false site*?

7. Arculf's plan is *not* a correct representation of the buildings of Constantine and Justinian, and *is* correct, taken as referring to the present church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is a matter we have already discussed; and we are bound to say that the explanation makes rather for than against Mr. Fergusson's views.

Such are the objections, stated broadly. But on the other hand we have—

1. A strong verification of the measurements of Josephus, and the position of the Temple more accurately ascertained than it has ever been before.

2. A new place assigned to the Hill of Sion, which reconciles many passages of Scripture, as well as of profane history.

3. The building called the Dome of the Rock, thus assigned a place outside the Temple precincts, proved to belong to the age of Constantine, and, therefore, to be one of the group of buildings on what he believed to be Calvary. Having a cave beneath it, and being a circular church, it must, therefore, be the Anastasis, reared over the rock, laid bare on the removal of the idol-temple. This is the strong point of the case, and all the rest is ancillary to it.

4. Just about the time when the reputed church is said to have been built, there were cogent reasons for the Christians to desert the true sepulchre, and as cogent ones for them to set up a supposititious one; and, at the same time, a singularly favourable opportunity for accomplishing the fraud.

5. The great weight of authentic historical evidence is in favour of the theory. All authors up to the assumed period of the transference seem to describe what answers to the Dome of the Rock, and what does *not* answer to the reputed sepulchre. Of the ecclesiastical authorities since that time, there were some who were interested in upholding the credit of the new one, and others who did so in ignorance. Thus the assertion of Mr. Newman, that "the genuineness of the present sepulchre has never been doubted or questioned till of late," even if true, is easily accounted for. *There was nothing to doubt till the*

thirteenth century; nothing, at least, except whether Constantine had discovered the true sepulchre. The secret—for so it may be called—was, for centuries after that period, in the keeping of the very parties who had perpetrated the fraud; and there was no one who would be inclined to examine into the matter, even if he had the materials to institute an inquiry with effect, until the Reformation. From that period, *till the time in which the doubt was first raised*, it is well known how few travellers had visited the localities, and how all of these, including those of the reformed religion, had placed themselves in the hands of the monks, and submitted themselves without question to their guidance. There is nothing to be found in the itineraries, down to the 18th century, to show that any attempt was made to bring Biblical or general literature to bear upon the topography of Jerusalem; and if there had, the "recensions" of the monks had too hopelessly confused the text of original authors, to render them of much service in times less critical than the present.

6. It is plain that in one point of view the question, even now, assumes a completely new form. "No one," says Robinson, "has ever doubted the identity of the present site with that selected by Constantine." The inquiry has always hitherto been, whether or no that emperor was mistaken in it; taking it for granted that *his* site was known. Once it is suggested that *that* site may not be where it had been supposed to be, all examination of the original question must be postponed until this latter point is settled; and when it is, it must be resumed *on new grounds*. Hence, since we have here another place assigned for Constantine's discovery, all that part of the argument based on the old locality must be discarded; and it is satisfactory to find that in doing so, the great weight of objection is removed; whilst the strongest points argued by the modern supporters of the reputed site—that is, all those points which go to show that Constantine was enabled to find the true sepulchre—still remain, and fortify the new theory, by carrying back the evidence through the period which, in the manifest difficulty of the question, had been by both parties considered the *only* one necessary to be examined.

Such is a fair statement of the case on both sides. It is not necessary for us to pronounce judgment; indeed, the whole matter of the book is rather *suggestive* than conclusive. The general impression left on our minds after reading it is, that the author has established a strong probability that the Dome of the Rock is the Anastasis of Constantine; but that he has failed to do more than exhibit a bare *possibility* of the Sakhrab being the Sepulchre of our Lord, the difficulties in the way of this latter assumption involving almost the whole question of the topography of Jerusalem—difficulties which will, perhaps, never be satisfactorily settled until the ground be examined with *reference to this theory*. We have ourselves, since taking up the subject, consulted more than one or two travellers who have carefully investigated the antiquities of Jerusalem on the spot, and have found, wherever we did so, that these speculations came in so wholly unexpected an aspect upon them, that they were unable to pronounce judgment, and one and all pointed to fresh *topical examination*.

To say, therefore, that the question is settled (notwithstanding the confidence of our author), would be ridiculous; but it is equally ridiculous to assert that the question never can be settled. Any one point of identity established, amongst those suggested here, between Arculf's sepulchre and the Dome of the Rock, for instance, would bring us back to the fourth century; and the discovery, let us suppose, of one of the ancient surveys, which we know were engraved on *brass*—of an inscription—of a manuscript,—*might* conduct us the rest of the way to the era of the Crucifixion.

Far more systematic and comprehensive examinations of the present localities than have heretofore been instituted may yet be had, under more favourable local circumstances. A revolution less vast than some that have occurred within this century, might place the whole territory at the disposal of Christian curiosity.

And how much might yet be discovered on the spot! What might the liberty to break up the pavement of the Haram towards the south-eastern angle not reveal!—or the clearing out of the vaults under the Aksa and to the eastward of it, in the recesses of which, as Prideaux has argued, the ark

of the second Temple may to this day remain concealed—where, at all events, the golden candlestick, restored to Jerusalem in the sixth century, may yet be safe from the sacrilegious rapacity of the Moslem!—or the removal of the rubbish from beneath the south-western angle outside!—or an excavation on the supposed site of the Basilica!—or, (*with the peace of Mr. Williams*), a levelling of the modern Greek chapel built round the (so-called) Holy Sepulchre!

It is absurd to shudder at a revision (by the light of a more enlarged philosophy) of the time-hallowed shrines of our fathers' devotion, when we recollect that "the great globe itself" on which these sites are fixed, and upon which the personages have walked who made them sacred—this earth, the scene of creation, the theatre of redemption, the theme of promise and prophecy—has been removed in these latter days, in spite of the thunders of spiritual denunciation, from its place in the centre of the universe to a remote corner of a system in which it forms an inconceivably minute atom; ay, removed at once and for ever, bearing upon its bosom, along with the vain fabrics of man's ambition and pride, the Holy Sepulchre itself—the true one, wherever that is to be found, as well as the false, if false there be. We are happily now exempted from the fear which paralyzed the hearts of the crusaders, who, in the words of the bard of Ferrara—

"Osano appena d'innalzar la vista
Ver la città, di Cristo albergo cietto."

But why should the word "fear" be used, where truth is concerned?—say rather, hope and anticipation. We have no mind to enter upon weightier matters than what come to our hand; but one idea is so immediately bound up in the above considerations, that we cannot forbear glancing at it. If the children of Israel are, after their long exile, to return a Christian community to the city of their fathers and of their God—(a belief entertained by a large section of the Christian world), is it not a step towards the accomplishment of that great event, to have the Scripture localities ascertained, Sion identified, the Temple circumscribed within its true boundaries, the Sepulchre of their King and Redeemer rescued from the obli-

vion of centuries, and that imposture exposed, which has for an equally protracted period set up a false one in its place? And may we not look confidently to a complete restoration of the topography of the sacred city, if such information must indeed be had recourse to, to substantiate the past, and suggest the future? Are we to suppose that a returning nation will ascend a doubtful Sion, or how within an apocryphal sepulchre? May we not now look forward with the exalted confidence of a rational faith, to the ultimate unclosing of the Golden Gate, so long walled up by the foreboding jealousy of the Mussulman (unconscious that it is Providence which has sealed it until the fulness of time shall arrive, and the mystery within be cleared up), and the entry of the scattered tribes to their long-lost Temple through the Martyrium, and past the sepulchre of their Messiah—beautifully illustrative as it would prove of their restoration to the favour of the Almighty, through the death and resurrection of His blessed Son?

How unavoidable, too, is the reflection, that the obscurity which has hung over the sacred sites for so many ages, has been providentially interposed between the idolatrous superstitions of corrupt Christianity and the holy precincts they would have defiled! Is there a Christian of true piety and enlightened faith who would not rejoice to think that the senseless strife

of the Crusades, and the obscene orgies of degenerated Christendom, have been enacted over clumsy forgeries; and that the real localities have been preserved by the sullen Mussulman so far inviolate, until an era of enlightenment had begun to dawn again, and the church of Christ been purified and rendered fit to enter into possession of the local treasures it could use without abusing? If access is once more to be obtained to the sepulchre of our blessed Lord, the pilgrimage will be performed, we may hope, in peace, and the homage rendered without profaneness. That pilgrimage will be a pilgrimage of reverence and love—that homage, the homage of the heart.

Important, indeed, may be the settlement of these disputes. It may be "hastening the days" of God's judgments on earth. Let no one sneer at the casual origin of the discoveries we have announced—at the unauthorized character of the instrumental parties—or the ordinary nature of the means employed. In such weakness the strength of Omnipotence is only the more conspicuously apparent; for, paradoxical as it may appear, in a case like this it would be almost more miraculous that after centuries of doubt apparently beyond clearing up, so simple a solution should in the fulness of time be found, than if the truth had been revealed by actual miracle.

THE WHITE ROSE OF MUSKERRY.

CHAPTER III.—AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

IN the spring of the following year East Muskerry was in a state of great excitement about the annual steeple-chase. Lord Innishannon was going to compete for the cup, and try his horsemanship against the far-famed Hawkeses and Pynes. Some other strangers, incited by the noble peer's example, had also resolved to see whether victory might not be snatched from the Muskerry men, even on their own soil. The race-course was on a large flat tract of country, near Kilcrea Abbey—a very ancient ruin, often visited by curious travellers. The course to be run was in the form of a horse-shoe—in length about five English miles—crossed twice by a considerable river, the Bride, with some five-and-twenty rasping ditches, that would try the powers of the strongest hunters.

In those times (and up to a very few years since) the Muskerry races were famous in the south of Ireland. The city of Cork poured out all its gayest and idle population, to witness them, and from different parts of the extensive county strangers came to enjoy the sport. On the occasion we refer to, more than ever was expected, and society in Muskerry was on the *qui vive*. Within a few months great changes had taken place in the circle of friends previously described. Nancy Belcher had changed her name into Crooke—having been successfully wooed by a swain that had been faithful to her for years. Fanny Jagoe was engaged to her cousin, and “the White Rose” was, to the joy of all who knew her, betrothed to the Honourable Major Kirwan. Her marriage was to take place in the week after the races.

No! *all* who knew her were not in a state of joy at her approaching nuptials. There were three hearts that felt very sadly at “the White Rose’s” grand alliance with the haughty house of Kirwan. One of them was far away! Poor Charles Warren—none in Muskerry knew what had become of him. Some said he was in France; others that he was dying of consumption in Devonshire; all agreed that

his heart was broken. It was only certain that he had abandoned the bar, and that his friends could no longer hope to see him advance on the road to public honours, as once they had expected. The fact was, that after the scene described in the last chapter, he had gone suddenly to London, without bidding adieu to his friends. He had even concealed where he was going from his family. His poor father and mother were to be pitied. It was a most painful subject to ask them after their once promising son. Captain Warren was completely miserable at the ruinous change that disappointed affections had made in the character of his son. Alas! he had nothing now to be proud of. The incoherent and misanthropical letters he received from London filled his eyes with tears, when he thought of what his noble boy once had been. As for Mrs. Warren, she groaned inwardly on every passing allusion to “the White Rose’s” approaching marriage. She knew well the sensitive nature of her Charles; she had long observed the intensity of his misplaced affections, and she felt that his heart was broken. A sad—a *very* sad and gloomy place had the once cheerful Hanover Lodge become in a few short months.

Meanwhile, Mary Delacour was, if possible, handsomer than ever. The major was enchanted with his prize, of whose possession he was immoderately vain. He spent nearly all his time at Delacour Hall—had sold out of the army—was looking out for a becoming residence in Muskerry, where he intended to sojourn for the rest of his life. He was a man rather prone to self-indulgence, and visions of luxurious ease flitted across his fancy, as he thought of a comfortable house, with a picturesque demesne, and his beautiful wife. His private fortune was eight hundred a-year, and he had the certainty of inheriting another valuable estate from an uncle. His bride’s fortune was no great accession to his means, but he cared not whether she had much or little. He lived

much in Muskerry, and made the acquaintance of nearly all his future neighbours, most of whom were pleased with his frank and agreeable qualities. His being brother to the wealthy Earl of Innishannon, was also a passport to the favour of the Muskerry gentry.

Some, however, often thought of Charles Warren; and not a few wished that "the White Rose" had fallen to his lot. They regretted, also, his blighted affections, and lamented that his feelings had received so violent a shock. They trusted, however, that time would heal his regrets, and that he might realize one day the warm expectations of all his friends. If, however, they had known the actual state of his mind, they would not have indulged very freely in such hopeful views; and if they could have seen the misery that his letters caused his parents, they would not have wondered at Captain Warren's parting with his son's hunter, Conrad. It was sold to Lord Innishannon, and was to run for the Muskerry cup.

The coming races, and the approaching marriage at Delacour Hall, absorbed all the attention of East Muskerry. The young bride, Mrs. Crooke, and the brides to be, Fanny Jagoe and "the White Rose," were envied by antiquated spinsters, and prattled about from morning to night by all young maidens. Lots of fun were expected, and the world of East Muskerry was quite agitated by criticism on white satin, reminiscences of real lace, demands for new dresses, calculations of country dances. The gentlemen betted moderately; they did not make books in those lonesome regions after the fashion at Epsom and Newmarket. Civilization had not yet reached so far. But they were all eager to win, *for the glory of it*. They were all anxious to hear the shout of triumph from their ardent rustic followers, who eagerly entered into the spirit of the equestrian contest. The family at the Hall were, of course, anxious for the success of Major Kirwan's brother, and it increased the interest, when the fact was known that Lord Innishannon was to ride his own horse.

On the day before the race, Mary Delacour was returning from a short walk by herself, and on turning a sharp corner of the road, came suddenly upon Captain and Mrs. Warren. She

was shocked to see the change for the worse in the appearance of Captain Warren. The cold and strained politeness of Mrs. Warren cut poor Mary to the heart. She dared not inquire after Charles Warren. The subject had become a forbidden one in Captain Warren's presence, and Mary felt that she had been the cause of great misery to the once happy family at Hanover Lodge. Her conscience, however, acquitted her of coquetry or toying with the affections of her lover, though she could not help being deeply affected at the intensity of his affection. But their characters were totally unsuited to each other. She was blithe and gay, radiant and cheerful as a morn in spring, and he was as pensive as an evening in autumn.

The Warren and Delacour families now saw but little of each other; their intercourse was constrained, and not sought for at either side. Mary had not been alone with the Warrens for a considerable period, and on this occasion she felt most awkwardly. That night she dreamed of Charles, and that they were walking side by side on the banks of the Lee; that the birds were singing around them, and the trout leaping in the summer sunshine. She awoke suddenly, and on recollecting her interview on the day before with the Warrens, disagreeable sensations filled her mind; and as she dressed herself for breakfast, she could not help experiencing foreboding fears of some evils.

It was the race day, and all Muskerry was thronging to the course. From all sides jaunting-cars were rattling along the road; old family coaches and pairs were also brought out for the occasion, and every family sought to turn out in as stylish a manner as possible. It must be confessed that the equipages were rather antiquated, and that they were not calculated to dazzle the crowds that view "the Ring" in Hyde-park. Indeed, if any of the Muskerry family-coaches had been driven to Gloucester-gate, it is only too probable that admittance would have been refused. Nevertheless, the Muskerry dowagers inside were as proud and as important as if they had the blood of the Courtenays and Seymours in their veins, and the wealth of the Mellishes and Couttses in their purses. The young horsewomen made a truly glorious ap-

pearance; their good spirits, their hearty laughter, their fine, fresh, blooming faces and bright black eyes, were most delightful. The peasantry enjoyed the scene also. In their frieze coats, with shillelaghs in their fists, the "boys" ran along the roads in a jog-trot; and the girls stept out nimbly, smiling and joking as happy as any of God's creation. The road to the course was most picturesque; it went across the hills of East Muskerry, and at each turn of it, extensive views opened on either side. The Bantry mountains bounded the view in the distance. To the south lay the high hills about the neighbourhood of Bandon and Dunmanway, and an immense tract of country, intersected by streams, and dotted over with swampy bogs, stretched nearly twenty miles from east to west; the spire of Cork cathedral being visible at one extremity, and Crookstown Castle, a tall tower, being seen at the other end. Various old castles and ruins of abbeys could be discerned throughout this vast plain of country, which geologists suppose formerly to have been covered by the sea—in fact, to have been a continuation of Cork harbour. Perhaps it was the case twenty thousand years ago, and probably we may be enlightened on that point in as many thousand years hence. In relation to time computed by thousands of years, what truly awful meanings lie hidden in those simple, vacant-looking words—*since!* and—*hence!* One thing, however, is pretty certain, that this great plain of country, running twenty miles westward of Cork, has many objects to arrest the traveler, or kindle the mind charged with historical recollections of the seventeenth century. Far to the east lay Carrigrohan Castle, built on a high precipice over the Lee, much in the same state as it was after being ruined in the wars of 1641; after which it became the residence of banditti, led by one Cape. Two miles to the southwest of Carrigrohan, rose the proud ruin of Ballincollig Castle, which formerly belonged to the family of Barrett. It was ruined in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when its owners submitted to the British power. It was, for some short time, a hiding-place for Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and there is still preserved in the city of Cork the blade-bone of a shoulder

of mutton, which was to have been sent to Lord Edward for his dinner one day; but though the mutton had never been actually sent, its remains have since been converted into a relic!

Some three miles to the east of Killea Abbey, was the starting-post for the Muskerry steeple-chase. The horses were to run two miles to the west, and then home in an aslant direction. Some fourteen were to run for the Muskerry cup; and great was the anxiety about the event. Pynes, Crosses, Crookeses, and the great racers of the barony were to contend, and there were four or five strangers, who confidently hoped to win the prize. Amongst these was Lord Innishannon, on Conrad, that had once been Charles Warren's favourite horse. As the Delacour Hall party took their place on a rising ground from which nearly all the course could be seen, up rode Lord Innishannon, in the height of good spirits. His face was flushed with pride; for he was a splendid horseman, and he felt confidence in the superior powers of his horse. Major Kirwan was eager also about the race, though he strongly dissuaded his brother from purchasing Conrad, whose former owner the Major had a great aversion to, from his knowledge of the feelings that Warren entertained towards "the White Rose."

"I have promised Lady Innishannon," cried Lord Innishannon, "that this is the last race that I'll ever ride, and I always keep my word. My mother has a foolish aversion to steeple-chases; but all our family were fond of the sport, so I intend for the future that my brother, the Major, shall keep up the sporting character of our family."

"Oh—indeed!" said "the White Rose," gaily, while a pretty blush overspread her face; "he shall have nothing to do with steeple-chases. He may hunt as much as he pleases; but a married man can have nothing to do with races. That, my lord," said she, archly, "is only for the unhappy bachelors."

"Ah! I promise 'the White Rose,'" cried Lord Innishannon, "that she won't be able to manage the Major so easily. I will take a bet in gloves that he'll ride this time twelvemonth one of his own horses for the Muskerry cup."

"Done!" cried "the White Rose,"

laughing, and looked fondly towards her handsome, happy lover, who merely smiled, and affected a playful submission to his future wife.

And now the horn sounded (in that remote district they had no starting-bell) for mounting, and away rode Lord Innishannon, after all the party had shaken him by the hand, and enthusiastically wished him good luck. As Conrad was led by, "the White Rose" could not help thinking of his former master. Such thoughts formed anything but agreeable subjects of reflection for her. She wished things could have been otherwise, and she often asked herself, "Did I treat him badly." Her little heart fluttered as she heard a country lad say to another—

"Ah! then wisha! isn't it a pity that Masther Charles himself isn't here to ride his purty horse. God be with him wherever he goes."

"Wisha, faix!" answered the other, "he was the best young gentleman in the barony, and deal a better than——"

The rest of the conversation was lost to "the White Rose," as the crowd passed on.

Are they off yet? No, not yet; but they're just going. There's Pyne, in the red and white, on King William; and there's Bowen in the green, with pink sleeves. Look at young Nettles—how beautifully he's jockeying his horse; and there's Tom Crooke; and look at the two Hawkeses—and see Devonsher Penrose on Harkaway; and there's Touseon Warren on the chesnut. The race will be between the two Hawkeses, Pyne, and Devonsher Penrose. Oh! who are those strangers? Ah! that's Hefferman from Duhallow, and Harry Wrixon on Madame Vestris, the best race-mare in Munster; and there's young Dennehy from Fermoy. Egad! two of the Dennehy's are going for it—that's four strangers; and oh! look at that handsome man—there's Lord Innishannon on Conrad. By Jove! he looks as if he could go it.

'They're off! No—false start—ah! now they're off. Ah! see the baulking. Mercy, what a crowd of horsemen! See how knowingly Pyne keeps back. Johnny Hawkes is leading—beautifully leaped—well done Bowen. Pah! he's down. Now look at 'em going up to the limekiln—Tom Dennehy is pushing for the lead. "It's Dennehy's race," shouts a large, hand-

some man, the well-known Doctor O'—, equally celebrated for his professional ability and sporting propensities. Now they're going through the grove; we can't see them. Ah! there they are again. Hawkes is leading up the hill. Where the deuce is Pyne? Crooke has it now. Ah! what a fall poor Nettles has got. Ah! Pyne is creeping up; there he is with Lord Innishannon closing him. By Jove! what a pace they are going. Dennehy and Devonsher Penrose are leading through the bawn field. Whoever is first round the castle will surely have it. Egad! Hawkes has it. No, sir. Dennehy—Hawkes!—Hawkes—Dennehy! There they go together. Ah! murder—Dennehy is down. Dear me, Hawkes has it hollow. No, sir—he won't. "Hurra! he's down," cries a Duhallow man, as Hawkes fell; and the Duhallow heroes, Wrixon and Hefferman, came leading on, side by side. Ah! now Pyne is making play. See Conrad, how Lord Innishannon is spurring him. Bravo! my lord. Well done, my lord. By Jove, you'll have it. Duhallow is beat. 'Tis Conrad's race. Pyne can't stand it, the pace is too fast. "Well rode, Innishannon," cried Major Kirwan, exulting, as his brother leads the race triumphantly; beautiful, shout all the spectators, as Conrad, gallantly rode by its dashing master, runs a field and a-half ahead, taking every leap at stroke.

And now, look at "the White Rose!" Isn't she a glorious creature? There she is, standing on the box-seat of the carriage. What a figure!—and her sweet face flushing with excitement and pleasure. Major, Major, you're a lucky man!

He's winning easy. Beautiful Conrad. Pyne is beat! All the Muskerry faces, save those of one party, are blank and clouded, when, oh heavens! the ditch is down—he's killed!—by heavens, he's killed!

Then rises a shout far and wide, and the excitement increases tenfold. 'Tis only three fields to the winning-post, and Pyne dashes in without a competitor, amid shouts from all the Muskerry people. But ah! stiff and rigid in death lies the body of the youthful peer. No, Doctor O'—, all your skill can do nothing. He was dead in a minute, and his spirit is far away from this scene of shouting thou-

sands. But twenty minutes ago, he shook me by the hand in the pride of manly strength and grace, and now he is gone for ever!

There goes Conrad, snorting and prancing; the grooms can't catch him. Well, he was a dear horse. " 'Twas a pity he wasn't rode by his brother, and that he bought him at all."

Many a sorrowful remark did the death of the young lord cause. And he was truly mourned, for he was gentle and kind—a true nobleman, a fine young fellow, who wore his rank and fortune as gracefully as one of the chivalrous knights of old carried his plumed helmet. Would that there were many such lords as the young Innishannon! Hear how the peasantry talk of him! Look at that great tall young peasant, with a scalding tear coursing down his cheek! Ah, my lord, the marble monument raised by your family is nothing to the sorrow of the people! 'Tis true you differed from them—you spoke and voted against them in parliament—you were not on what is called the popular side, but you were kind and gentle, and considerate to the people around you. They found in you a

faithful friend, the best of neighbours, and a munificent patron. You spent your rents amongst the people, who toiled to make them. The foreign gambling-table, or the Italian harlot, did not dissipate what had been toiled for by your peasantry. When any symptom of genius was visible in the poor man's son, you fostered it, and, if the spark became a flame, you took care it should not be extinguished. The widow and orphan implored heaven to guard you, for when they were deserted you stood by them—you hushed their wailing, and you dried their tears! 'Tis true, you were sometimes thoughtless, and indulged unreasonably in pleasures; but you had no vice, no hardened habits—no cold malignant feelings of distrust and hatred poisoned your manly nature. In the flower of your youth you have been taken from the scene of your pleasure and enjoyment. But by those who knew you, never can you be forgotten—your memory will be revered if your race became extinct; and, on witnessing the many fruits of your practical philanthropy, even a distant generation will bless the name of Innishannon!

CHAPTER IV.—CONSEQUENCES.

" 'Tis a bad wind that blows nobody good," was often repeated in Muskerry, as the death of the unfortunate young peer was talked over. The new lord's character was searchingly discussed, and "the White Rose," the future Countess of Innishannon, became an object of increased interest to her many acquaintances and friends. Her good fortune was the theme of all the Muskerry gossips, and every one hoped that she would continue to be as unaffected in her character as ever. As for her future husband, opinions differed concerning him; not a few were to be found who had a "Dr. Fell" prejudice against him. No charge could be made against him; he was strikingly affable and good-humoured, and possessed great *enjoyability* of disposition, but many set him down as a decided egotist, and thought they discerned strong family pride in his deportment. Others, however, had not even a hint to make against him.

For several days after the unfortunate circumstance, the new lord had

buried himself in solitude. None but one of his sisters approached him. He was violently agitated with grief at first—nay, even horror-struck. He had been unaffectedly fond of his brother, and sincere regret for his untimely death had at first made him quite insensible to the honours which had devolved upon him so unexpectedly. When, however, the necessity for attending to business had roused him from his grief, he awoke, as it were, into a new character, and very soon a great degree of reserve was noticed in his manners. A letter which he received from "the White Rose" was answered, after some delay, in a very constrained style, in which he merely thanked her, with great politeness, for her anxiety about him, and promised to visit Delacour Hall as soon as possible.

Much allowance was made for the feelings of Lord Innishannon. It was natural that he should have felt deeply for his brother, and "the White Rose" sincerely felt for the family affliction of her lover. She could not

help feeling some secret dread concerning her marriage—the catastrophe of the young lord's death had shocked her deeply. She looked forward, however, to the time when regret would have diminished, and her young lover would again be smiling by her side; and bright visions of all the good she would do, when Countess of Innishannon, hovered before her mind.

Her father, in about three weeks after the fatal event, paid a visit at Innishannon Park; and he much astonished his daughter, on his return home, by saying that Lord Innishannon was going to England on business. He did not say on what business, for Mr. Delacour had not pressed him; but he relieved Mary of some vague apprehensions that began to float in her mind, by adding, that they might expect a visit in the ensuing week from her lordly lover.

Never was a visit looked forward to with more anxiety. As the wheels of Lord Innishannon's carriage were heard, Mary felt strongly agitated. She longed to receive him with the warmth of affection she felt towards him; but consideration for his grief repressed the manifestation of her feelings. How her little heart froze within her at the polite coldness with which his lordship met her advances. He did not look her full in the face, and his countenance expressed grave reserve rather than manly sorrow. He was not open and frank in his deportment, and nothing could be more unlike the Honourable Major Kirwan, than the Right Honourable the Earl of Innishannon. He stayed but a few hours at Castle Delacour, alluded passingly to their marriage, and said that it was impossible to fix a time for it—in fact, he requested rather peremptorily that no time should be named at all at present. He spoke, however, of the marriage taking place, and even gave Mr. Delacour some commissions to execute relating to it.

With the quickness of a woman, Mary guessed at the truth, and felt that Lord Innishannon would recede, if possible, from the match. • Oh! the agony of her suspicions. She felt that she was no longer loved, and that her haughty lover was ashamed to marry beneath him. As he took his leave at Delacour Hall, she felt something tell her that she should never see him

again, and bitter were the tears she wept even at the idea of his deserting her. The faithlessness of her lover affected her more than the probable loss of a brilliant alliance.

Her mother, to whom she communicated her suspicions, laughed at her fears, and even her grave father was half-indignant at the notion that the head of an ancient family could act the dishonourable part imputed by Mary to Lord Innishannon. Besides, he received from his lordship two or three letters from England, written in a style altogether incompatible with such odious designs. The coldness, however, of the letters which Mary occasionally received from him went to her very heart. His lordship's stay in London was protracted, and he appeared, all of a sudden, to have contracted a great interest for political matters.

Meanwhile the Muskerry people did not think the match was off; they did not even suspect that Lord Innishannon could be guilty of such conduct. Fanny Jagoe had become a bride, and much gaiety took place in her honour. Mary Delacour, however, did not much partake of the festive meetings: although a considerable time had elapsed since the death of Lord Innishannon, scruples of delicacy prevented her from entering into the gay meetings assembled in honour of her friend Fanny. She had promised, however, to attend a *pic-nic* party, at which many of the Muskerry families were to be present.

On the morning of the party of pleasure, Mary felt unusually happy. She felt quite in high spirits, and forgot all her late uneasiness. She was to go to the party with a younger sister; her father was unwell, and her mother was to stay at home with him. The day was bright and cheerful; the sun poured his bright rays over the green country; and all was bright and happy. As Mary sat at breakfast with her family, she felt quite gay, and expected much enjoyment in meeting all her friends.

The carriage was at the door, and all was ready for their departure for Carrigadrohid-bridge. Mary inquired “whether the pigeon-pie had been put in?” and was told “’twas in the boot,” and “where did they stow the apple-pudding?” They answered “in the well.” Oh, sweet “White Rose” of

Muskerrey, how charmingly you looked that morning! What a pretty colour mantled in your cheek—how happy you were, seated by your young sister, who was in an ecstasy of enjoyment on going to her first *pic-nic*!

In this world we never know when we are on the eve of sorrow. Just as the coachman was starting his horses, a breathless messenger, with a horror-struck countenance, came running along the avenue. He had come from Hanover Lodge, where a letter had just arrived with the melancholy intelligence that Charles Warren was no more. He had died of a broken heart. The physicians called it consumption.

When finally and firmly rejected by "the White Rose," poor Warren had suddenly gone to London. He intended to plunge into business, but he could not do so. His heart was too tender, his feelings were too sensitive, and he could not forget his disappointment. Although naturally a strong-minded person, his resolution gave way under his grief. Bitter was the disappointment he felt at never having been able to make "the White Rose" love him with all a woman's heart. He saw himself vanquished by a gaudy rival. He had a proud, acute, and fanciful mind. His anguish was intense; he became miserable and melancholy, and gradually lost all relish for life. Most wretched were the few letters he wrote home. He went abroad, with a slow fever gnawing at his vitals; he gradually declined in strength, and died at Geneva.

Such was the fate of Charles Henry Warren—a victim to disappointed affection. The sight of the Alps kindled up his spirit a few days before he died; he lived in thought again over the times of his boyhood, and poured forth his thoughts in verse. He addressed a long letter to her who had exercised such a fatal influence over his mind, and many a tear did "the White Rose" shed on reading the last fond words of her rejected lover. The proofs of the intensity of his affection penetrated her inmost heart. Deep as was the sorrow universally felt throughout Muskerrey at the untimely end of young Warren, none lamented him with such poignant sorrow as "the White Rose." She felt more attached to his memory, than she ever did towards Warren when alive.

His tenderness, and the melancholy ardour of his passion, contrasted strongly with the *hauteur* and coldness of Lord Innishannon. Often and often did she think of Warren, as she finished the perusal of some cold and formal letter from Lord Innishannon. How bitter were her feelings whenever she met Captain and Mrs. Warren. One could scarcely tell which was more to be pitied—the desolate parents, or the unhappy beauty.

Unhappy—most unhappy was Mary Delacour, for she could not but know that Lord Innishannon cared for her no longer, and was anxious to break off the match, if a decent pretext was afforded. So far as Mary's own feelings were concerned, she would willingly have permitted his lordship to retract his promise; she had actually written a letter to him, in which, with ingenuous purity, she declared the state of her mind, and offered to relieve him from his engagement; she feared to send it, because she knew her mother's ambition was set upon having a countess for a daughter, and was in a miserable state of suspense, when one day her worst fears were confirmed, by the receipt of a letter at Castle Delacour from Lord Innishannon.

It was dated from Paris, and addressed to Mary's father. The noble writer expressed, with much circumlocution, his anxiety that the fortune of Miss Delacour should be considerably increased. He stated that when he had first proposed, he was only a commoner; but having now succeeded to the family peerage, he felt that in contracting an alliance, due respect should be paid to his rank and family. He hinted at his expectation of receiving a fortune three times as large as that to which "the White Rose" was heiress.

At another time, Mary Delacour would have been indignant at such treatment; but she was prepared for the meanness of Lord Innishannon, and felt even rejoiced that she escaped the contamination of being wife to such a cold and heartless egotist. She devoted her attention to assuaging the fierce indignation of her father, who vowed that his lordship should be punished for his unmanly conduct, and soothing the wounded vanity of her deeply-mortified mother. "The White Rose" herself cared nought for the loss of title and the

brilliance of exalted rank; she only grieved that her affections were so blasted, and that she had allowed such a viper as Lord Innishannon to coil himself around her heart. The contrast between her dead lover and his traitorous rival was constantly present to her mind. In secret she wept for the fate of Warren, and, totally forgetful of her own position, gave way to the deepest anguish, on considering how unjust she had been to the true-hearted playmate of her infancy. All his noble qualities rose to her imagination, and she wailed in secret over the wayward fate which had allowed her to be dazzled by a brilliant man of fashion, in preference to yielding to the genuine attractions of pure sympathy and disinterested affection.

But there was now no use in grieving. Fate had done its worst. It was now known throughout Muskerry that Lord Innishannon had felt an alliance with "the White Rose" would not have been sufficiently grand for the representative of the house of Kirwan. "The White Rose" was now—humiliating position—become an object of universal pity. Every one was sorry for her; she was so good, so kind, so guileless, that he must have been morose who would not have regretted to see this lovely maid treated with so much injustice. Some of the young Muskerry squires secretly rejoiced, as they had now an opportunity of gaining the hand of so famous a beauty; but they little knew the hopelessness of their desires.

No one could have behaved more heroically than "the White Rose." She insisted that her father should take no hostile steps against the mean-spirited nobleman in whom she had been so much deceived. She gently calmed the fretful spirit of her mother, and bore herself in society with a sweet, uncomplaining carriage, in which it would have been difficult to discern either a forced resignation of spirit, or a gloomy tranquillity. Though far from being so animated as formerly, she was still as winning in her manners; her disposition had undoubtedly become far more pensive and less playful than in days of yore; but, except that her countenance was paler, and her form slighter than formerly, it would have been impossible to see any change in the far-famed beauty of East Muskerry. She re-

ceived the advances of gentlemen with easy, unconstrained politeness. She did not display her wonted high spirits in society; but neither did she cast any gloom upon her companions. Though paler and thinner, she was more interesting than ever in her appearance; the wistful, yearning expression of her countenance, and the pensive witchery of her manners, were irresistible in their fascinations.

Without emotion, she read in the newspaper of the marriage at Florence of the Right Hon. Earl of Innishannon with Lady Matilda Myddleton, daughter of the Marquis of Croydon. Without emotion, she received the offers of marriage from many quarters, and without emotion she declined them. She felt that she had been guilty of injustice to a noble and disinterested spirit who had died for her love, and she felt towards his memory the most sacred affection. Never did any one behold gloom upon her features, but never could you perceive levity in her demeanour. She was united through the grave, and was married to one in heaven.

All her leisure hours were now spent in attention to the poor amongst the peasantry, who revered her as an angel in human form. She was almost idolized by her simple rustic neighbours; they invoked heaven to shed blessings upon her head. The little children used to pluck her by the gown, and offer bunches of wild flowers—all they had to give the gentle creature who smilingly patted their little heads, as she gracefully accepted their artless presents. The weary and faint-hearted sick woman brightened up, as the step of "the White Rose" crossed the threshold. The toil-worn serf felt elevated, as his dreary home was visited by such a fairy missionary of gentleness and good-will. She was never without a kind and seasonable word, and its readiness was enhanced by the genuine good-heartedness of her spirit. Her voice was as music in the poor man's house; his children did not run away from her—they rather nestled round her, as she sat down to inquire after a sick mother, to whom she had brought food and medicine. The young men of the peasantry felt quite proud, as they were gently addressed by "the White Rose;" and her kindness was felt more deeply, because

these poor people well knew that Mary had cause for sorrow, and that melancholy was secretly weighing upon her heart. There are no people in the world who can so acutely appreciate sorrow in others as the Irish peasantry. God help them! they have had so much of grief themselves, that it is no wonder they should be quick in discerning its symptoms; and none can mourn for others with so profound a sympathy, as many of this neglected, ill-fated, and most unhappy people. It may be observed, that there is a gentility in the very way they offer their consolations; they do not so much address the person they seek to comfort, but they rather think aloud, and with softened voices, in a broken manner, and in their own deeply practical and most affecting style, utter strains of sorrow, that, coming from their hearts, bear the luxury of sympathy to the mourner's spirit. It was thus that they invoked heaven to bless "the White Rose," as she went from their dwelling, after performing some gentle office of charity and benevolence.

It was in vain that her friends urged her to accept the hands of more than one who eagerly sought her in marriage. She was temperate but firm in her refusal; and there was a gentleness and delicacy in the manner of her refusal, that seemed to say that she was already wedded. She was neither miserable nor melancholy—she was pensive, and devoted to the memory of the dead. She longed to walk by the river side where Warren had first wooed her, and she often sat down on the mossy bank, and looked at the limpid Lee, gliding by in its wandering course. She had become intensely religious, but she was not sour or fanatical; and though none entered with more ardour into the sacred joy of addressing the Almighty Being, she had in society a light heart, unlike those who are preoccupied with religious contemplation.

And thus her life was gliding by, and thus she spent her time, adored almost by those who knew, and an object of the deepest interest to strangers who had learned, her character, and had heard her story. She was the idol of her father's house, and had become the comfort of Hanover Lodge, where, with a sympathy that none but the parents of Charles Warren could appreciate, she had made

feelings of tranquil resignation take the place of bitter and morose sorrow. Mrs. Warren knew too well what and how deeply "the White Rose" had suffered, and she had sufficient elevation of character to appreciate the respect and tenderness that Mary Delacour paid to the memory of her son.

And so she lived, the comfort of one house and the pride of her own, loved by her friends, and revered by the people around her. Her sweetness of disposition seemed to increase with time, and the charms of her graceful person continued undiminished, although Mary had often to endure hours of silent grief.

It may have been about two years after the marriage of her false-hearted lover, that, on returning one morning in winter from paying a visit to a sick peasant, she appeared rather flushed, and felt weak. She treated it herself as a mere cold, and her parents were not alarmed; but on the following day she was worse, and when medical aid was called, she was pronounced to be in fever. When the news that "the White Rose" was ill became known, nothing could surpass the anxiety of the Muskerrey people; not merely the gentry, but the peasantry flocked to inquire after the darling maiden, who had made herself a shrine in every bosom. Thrilling were the prayers offered up to heaven for her recovery; from different altars they ascended upon the Sabbath day; parson and priest, Protestant and Catholic, alike invoked heaven to deliver "the White Rose" from death.

The gates at Castle Delacour were besieged by inquirers, to whom there was but one answer, that she was in the greatest danger. The doctors, however, had hopes of her, if she could get any natural sleep. Six nights had now passed, and she had been throughout in a state of delirium. The word "Charles" was often on her lips; and her poor mother's heart thrilled as she heard her raving daughter cry, "Oh, forgive me, Charles, and I'll be yours for ever!" "Heaven, heaven!" was also often on her lips.

The bedroom was on the ground floor, and her windows looked out upon a pretty flower-garden, that had been the object of her care. Her windows were watched with straining eyes by the numerous persons who came to

inquire after her. They stood on the lawn in groups; and it was melancholy to see all the Muskerry horsewomen, of whom Mary, in her happy youth, had been the pride and boast, slowly walking their steeds along the avenue to Castle Delacour, and conversing in stifled whispers, as they uttered their foreboding. It was curious to notice the difference between the speculations on her fate. The peasantry from the first had despaired of her. "She's too good to live," was the popular remark throughout the barony; but with gloomy violence, amounting to profaneness, the gentlemen—squires and fox-hunters—resolved that the Almighty could not be so cruel as to take her away from them.

The seventh night came, and, at first, there was no sign of sleep. Poor Mrs. Delacour was almost dead with anxiety and despair. Her body was exhausted by watching over her child, when Nurse Twahig whispered gently that Miss Mary was asleep. Now again the poor mother's heart throbbed, as she saw her daughter's eyes closed, and heard her gentle breathing. "One night's good rest will do wonders," said the doctor; "and now *you* yourself must lie down." By force they led Mrs. Delacour from the room; not, however, before she had knelt at her daughter's bedside, and thanked God, gratefully, for this ray of mercy. Nurse Twahig was cautioned to be watchful over her precious charge, and with reluctant steps Mrs. Delacour left the bedroom of "the White Rose."

She woke, in a dream of Mary's saying, "Mother! I'm happy—do not be grieving." Ha! what was that piercing shriek that came borne on the nightwind. She hastily ran into her daughter's room, and saw everything, apparently, as she had left it. There was no noise stirring, and on opening the bedroom door gently, she saw the night-lamp burning low, and Nurse Twahig fast asleep. Creeping cautiously to the bedside, she peeped through the curtains. Oh! God! the agony of that minute, when the wretched parent saw the bed empty! "The White Rose" had disappeared. The careless nurse was petrified with surprise. She had heard or seen nothing; but terrible were the feelings of the family on finding that one of the windows was open, and, as

day dawned, they traced tiny foot-prints across the garden, but they were lost beyond.

It is vain to paint the anguish of that unhappy household, but it is more difficult to depict the mute surprise of the neighbourhood, when it was known that no trace of "the White Rose" was to be found. The feelings of amazement soon gave way to deepest anguish.

She was found lying drowned in the river, but a few feet from that identical willow-tree, on which her initials had been carved by Charles Warren, and which she herself had considered as ill-omened, from the appearance of the raven. She had only her night-clothes on her body, and her long fair hair streamed down over her marble bust. Her face was paler than usual, but, in death, had the serenest expression. Her slumber had been momentary; she woke in delirium, and, unnoticed by the careless nurse, had, while labouring under aberration, met her end. She had gone from her chamber without shoes on her feet, which were all lacerated by brambles and thorns. She had crossed three hedges, on her way to the river, and, in passing a by-road, had terrified, by her sudden apparition, a peasant, whose shriek had rung in the ears of Mrs. Delacour.

In yon lonely churchyard, over the village of Carrigadrohid, lie all that is mortal of "the White Rose." Thousands flocked to her funeral, and many a scalding tear was shed over the unhappy end of as pure a spirit as ever had been enclosed in mortal mould. Thither often go strangers, to stand upon her grave, and look at the marble profile that vainly preserves some features of the unfortunate maid. Thither go the children in spring, and strew her grave with the flowers they used to bring her when alive. It is a favourite spot with the peasantry, and young rustic lovers vow to be faithful, as they stand upon her grave—for where Mary lies, is as consecrated ground in the minds of a people endowed with genuine sensibility; and on witnessing the affectionate spirit in which her memory is kept alive in that neighbourhood, even strangers from distant lands, as they have learned her mournful story, have been seen to drop tears on the grave of "THE WHITE ROSE OF MUSKERRY."

A THIRD EVENING WITH THE WITCHFINDERS.

ONE of the most curious cases of *diablerie*, real or pretended, that occurred in England during the seventeenth century, was that of the "Drummer of Tedworth," which is given at great length in Glanvil's book, and of which the following outline preserves all that is essential. Early in the year 1661, Mr. John Mompesson, of Tedworth, in the county of Wilts, had taken away a drum and a forged pass, or licence to beg, from a vagabond who went drumming and begging up and down the country therewith. About a month after, Mr. Mompesson had occasion to make a journey to London; and while he was preparing for the road, the drum, which had hitherto been in the custody of the bailiff of the neighbouring town of Ludgarshall, was sent by that functionary to Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth. On returning from his journey, Mr. Mompesson was told by his wife that she and all the family had been alarmed, during his absence, by noises in the night, which they supposed to have been made by thieves trying to break into the house. Three nights after his return, the noises were heard again—a great knocking at the doors, and on the outside of the house—a description of racket alarming enough, but very unlikely to be made by thieves. With all searching, Mr. Mompesson could not discover the cause of the noise, which removed from place to place as he followed it, and at last, after much thumping and drumming on the top of the house, went off by degrees into the air.

This was repeated five nights running, and then there was an intermission of three nights; and at the same intervals it continued to come and go for a month. Up to this time it had been outside of the house, but now it came into the room in which the drum was, and was heard four or five nights in turn, within half-an-hour after they were in bed, continuing about two hours. It began with a "hurling" in the air over the house, and ended with the beating of

a drum, like that of the breaking up of a guard. In this room it continued two months.

Mrs. Mompesson now lying-in, *there was no noise for three weeks*—at the end of which interval, however, it returned with greater violence than before, vexing, in particular, the youngest children, by beating upon their bedsteads. Among other *tattoos*, it was fond of beating a favourite cavalier movement of the time, called "Roundheads and Cuckolds," which would lead one to hope that it was not altogether a bad spirit after all; but this might be for a blind.

One of Mr. Mompesson's servants was bold enough to play with it, the two shoving a board one to the other, and so back and forward, at least twenty times together, which was seen by a room full of people. Mr. Mompesson, however, forbid his servant any farther familiarities with a being of so equivocal a nature; and as, on that particular morning, it left a sulphureous smell behind it, which was extremely offensive, it is quite probable that the servant felt no inclination for a second bout of play with the frolicsome invisible.

At night the minister, one Mr. Cragg, came to the house, and prayed at the children's bedside, where it was then making a horrible din. During prayer it removed to the cock-loft, but came down again as soon as Mr. Cragg was off his knees; and then, in sight of the company, the chairs "walkt" about the room of themselves, the children's "shooes" were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber.

It was observed that no dog about the house ever barked at the noise, although it was loud enough to awaken the people in the village at some distance. The servants, as well as the children, were sometimes lifted up in their beds, and let down again. One day Mr. Mompesson's mother had said she would like it well, if the thing would leave them some money, to make amends for all the trouble it caused them; and the following night

there was heard a great jingling and clinking of money all over the house.

On Christmas eve, a little before day, it threw the latch of the door at a little boy as he was getting out of bed, and hit him on a sore place on his heel, probably a kibe. The night after Christmas day, it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her bible in the ashes. After this, it took to plaguing a servant of Mr. Mompesson's (not him that had played with it, but another), who was "a stout fellow, and of sober conversation;" but he found that when he struck at it with his sword, it left him. The same thing was observed on several occasions, that it avoided a sword; *and its noise was always silenced in a moment, if a sword was pointed at the place where it seemed to be.*

About the beginning of January, 1662, a singing was heard in the chimney before it came down; and one night, about this time, lights were seen in the house, which seemed blue and glimmering, and caused great stiffness in the eyes of those who beheld them. A noise was also heard frequently, as if some one were going about in silk, and sometimes half-a-dozen persons seemed to be walking about together.

During the time of the knocking, when many were present, a gentleman of the company said, "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks and no more," which it did very distinctly, and stopped. Then the gentleman knocked, to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not. For further confirmation, he bid it, if it were the drummer, give five knocks, and no more that night; which it did, and for the rest of the night left the house at peace.

On Saturday night, the 10th of January, a smith of the village, lying with Mr. Mompesson's man John, they heard a noise in the room, as if one had been shoeing a horse; and something came, as it were, with a pair of pincers, "snipping" at the smith's nose almost all the night.

It did not often speak; sometimes, however, it cried, "A witch, a witch!" and once repeated this at least a hundred times in a breath. On one occasion, the room was filled with "a bloomy noisome smell." One night

they strewed ashes over the chamber, and in the morning they found in one place "the resemblance of a great claw;" in another a similar claw, but smaller; in another some letters, which they could make nothing of, besides many circles and scratches in the ashes.

The report of these circumstances penetrated into every part of England, and Mr. Mompesson's house was thronged with a succession of curious visitors. Among the rest, Mr. Glanvil came. This gentleman, hearing the knocking at his bedroom door at night, said, "In the name of God, who is it, and what do you want?" To which a voice answered, "Nothing with you."

Mr. Glanvil, however, paid for the indulgence of his curiosity, for the demon, or goblin, or whatever it was, rode one of his horses that same night, and the beast died immediately after his return home.

Mr. Mompesson once fired a pistol at it, after which drops of blood were found on the spot, and in different places on the stairs. After this it was still for a few nights, but then it came again, and devoted itself to a little child newly taken from nurse. It so scared this child by leaping upon it—horrible Ephialtes!—that for some hours the little creature could not be recovered of the fright; and to make the matter worse, they could have no candle in the room, the demon carrying away all they lighted, burning, up the chimney, or throwing them under the bed. One time it stood at the foot of John's bed, who could not make out its exact shape or features, but saw "a great body with two red and glaring eyes," which, after they had stared at him for some time, disappeared.

Sometimes it was heard to pur like a cat, and at other times to pant like a dog. It emptied all kinds of slops and dirty things into the children's beds, or strewed them with ashes; once it put a spike into Mr. Mompesson's bed, and into his mother's a naked knife fixed upright. Besides this, it frequently threw the children out of their beds on the floor. It turned the money black in the pockets of a gentleman who slept in the house in April, 1663, and on one occasion, it caused one of Mr. Mompesson's horses

to take his "hinder leg" into his mouth, so that several men could hardly get it out with a lever.

Several nights the house was beset with "seven or eight in the shape of men," who, as soon as a gun was fired at them—a measure which Mr. Mompesson appears to have had no scruple about resorting to—"would shuffle away together into an arbour." It is a pity that we are not informed whether anybody ever ventured to follow them into their retreat.

The matter became so notorious, and occasioned so much controversy, that King Charles II. appointed a commission to inquire into it: singular to say, while the commissioners were in the house, everything was perfectly quiet. A fatality seems to attend royal commissions of inquiry: indeed, how should royalty help blundering in its choice of commissioners? By what miraculous chance should a king, or his minister, not pass by the right man, and fix on the wrong, to inquire into any given subject? Had King Charles's commission had anything to report on, no doubt it would have reported black white, to the great confusion of that and all succeeding ages. Let us be thankful that it went back no foolisher than it came.

The drummer was tried at the assizes at Salisbury. He had, after his rencontre with Mr. Mompesson, at Ludgarshall, been committed to Gloucester gaol for stealing, and a Wiltshire man coming to see him, he asked what news there was in Wiltshire. The visitor said he knew of none. "No!" said the drummer: "do you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?" "That I do enough," said the other. "Ay," said the drummer, "I have plagued him (or to that purpose), and he shall never be quiet, till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum." Upon information of this, he was tried for a witch at Salisbury, and condemned to transportation—a very inadequate punishment, we think: were there no faggots left in England? On the voyage out he raised storms, and so frightened the sailors, that they came back, and put him ashore. "And 'tis observable," says Mr. Glanvil, "that during all the time of his restraint and absence the house was quiet, but as soon as ever he came

back at liberty, the disturbance returned."

He had been a soldier under Cromwell, and used to talk of "gallant books" he had of an odd fellow, who was counted a wizard. Likely enough, there were so many pets of the devil in Cromwell's army: he that served Old Noll was pretty sure to get his wages from Old Nick.

There was a Somersetshire man called Compton, who heard of Mr. Mompesson's annoyance, and said he was sure that it was nothing but a rendezvous of witches, and that for a hundred pounds he would undertake to rid the town of all disturbance. Mr. Mompesson did not close with his terms, probably doubting the lawfulness of his means of help. This Compton practised physic, and could show you any one you desired to see, in a mirror. It may be doubted if any doctor in Somersetshire could do the like now.

Mr. Mompesson, in a letter to Mr. Collins, dated the 8th of August, 1674, writes:—

"When the drummer was escaped from his exile, which he was sentenced to at Gloucester, for felony, I took him up, and procured his commitment to Salisbury gaol, where I indicted him as a felon, for this supposed witchcraft about my house. When the fellow saw me in earnest, he sent to me from the prison, that he was sorry for my affliction, and if I would procure him leave to come to my house in the nature of a harvest man, he did not question but he should be able to do me good as to that affair. To which I sent answer, I knew he could not do me good in any honest way, and therefore rejected it. The assizes came on, where I indicted him on the statute *Primo Jacobi*, cap. 12, where you may find, that to feed, employ, or reward any evil spirit, is felony. And the indictment against him was, that he did *quendam malum spiritum negotiare*: the grand jury found the bill upon the evidence, but the petty jury acquitted him, but not without some difficulty."

Webster, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," affirms that this whole business of the drummer was an abominable cheat and imposture, and had been discovered so to be. It was even said that Mr. Mompesson and Mr. Glanvil themselves had acknowledged as much. These assertions,

however, were entirely without foundation, and were contradicted most positively by both the gentlemen in question. Whatever imposture may have been in the matter was so skillfully contrived that a trace of it never came to light. The account of it given by Glanvil was published twenty-five years after the occurrences; and during that interval not the slightest clue was discovered to a "natural" solution of the riddle. Glanvil's own testimony to what he witnessed at Tedworth, concludes with the following words:—

"It will, I know, be said by some, that my friend and I were under some affright, and so fancied noises and sights that were not. This is the usual evasion. But if it be possible to know how a man is affected when in fear, and when unconcerned, I certainly know, for my own part, that during the whole time of my being in the room and in the house, I was under no more affrightment than I am while I write this relation. And if I know that I am now awake, and that I see the objects that are now before me, I know that I heard and saw the particulars that I have told."

There are two or three points in the above worthy of remark. First, we have here a masculine practitioner of the black art; for the drummer, whether guilty of the particular diabolism in Mr. Mompesson's house or not, was, professedly and by his own account, familiar with the secrets of necromancy. This gives the interest of a certain rarity to his case. We are far from believing women, as a sex, to be more devilishly disposed, on the whole, than men; at the same time, it is a great fact, that there have been, in all ages, more witches than wizards. The question is, whether are we to seek the explanation of this fact in peculiarities of the female temperament, or in the personal tastes of the devil. We ourselves incline to the latter hypothesis. It is not, we suspect, that men are less disposed than women, to deal with the devil, but that the devil is more disposed to deal with women than with men. There is nothing surprising in that; it only shows that "the prince of darkness is a gentleman." It has been so since antediluvian times, when "the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were

fair," and "took them wives of all which they chose"—a mythus in which we see shadowed forth, not darkly, the origin of witchcraft. It may be objected that witches, generally, were not "fair," but hags of the most repulsive exterior; but to this we reply, that beauty is a matter of taste, and that what we count ugly may be the very thing to captivate an infernal fancy; it being very improbable that the same standard, in such matters, should prevail on God's blessed earth, and in "another place."

Secondly, may be remarked the cessation of all disturbance, while Mrs. Mompesson was in the straw. How is this circumstance to be explained? Is it likely that an evil spirit would show so much consideration for a Christian woman in her time of suffering and weakness? Hardly. But are there no angels, who, just at such a time of suffering and weakness, would be most watchful to guard a Christian woman against any evil spirit's approach? We think there are; and, therefore, we do not agree with our beloved SOPHRON (see "Communications with the Unseen World," page 115), that Mrs. Mompesson's exemption from disturbance, for three weeks after her confinement, is a "suspicious circumstance"—that is, a circumstance inclining us to suspect Mr. Mompesson himself of having had a hand in the goblinry. Not that "Sophron" suspects this; on the contrary, he gives cogent reasons for concluding that, if there were any imposition in the case, Mr. Mompesson, at least, was no party to it. "We must remember," he says, "that Mr. Mompesson, if an impostor, was so for no assignable reason; that he suffered in his name, in his estate, in his family. Unbelievers called him an impostor—believers thought it a judgment for some extraordinary wickedness. He was unable to attend to his business, through the concourse of visitors; his rest was broken, his peace of mind disturbed, and he never gained the slightest advantage in an imposition, if imposition it was, so painfully practised through so long a time."

The third remarkable point in this story, is the manner of the annoyance practised on the family at Tedworth. It was chiefly by drumming; and this would countenance the belief, that the

dealers in such arts of the pit plague the objects of their ill-will in person, and not by the ministry of familiar demons—that it was the astral spirit of the drummer himself, and not a devil subject to his orders, that haunted Mr. Mompesson and his household. Happily, there was no *rapproch* between the sorcerer and those against whom his hellish accomplishments were called into exercise; hence, he could molest them only in a material and mechanical way, and had no power to cast them into epileptic, hysterical, or other fits, such as present themselves in cases of psychic obsession. It may seem strange that the drummer should have been so ready to furnish proofs against himself, when invited to knock a certain number of times, and then leave off, if he were the author of the “spiriting;” but there can be little doubt that the astral spirit of a wizard or witch, in such cases of extra-corporal working, is energized by Satan, and cannot act but as he impels it. And we know that it is in Satan’s nature to betray his servants, and that he is best pleased when he can destroy them by their own hands.

The fourth, and last, remark that we have to make on the case, relates to the curious circumstance, that the invisible being (whatever it was) always seemed to shrink from the approach of a sword, and that it was invariably silenced in a moment, when a sword was pointed at the place where, by its noise, it appeared to be. A similar circumstance was observed in a case of witchcraft (one of the most singular on record), which took place in Island Magee, in the year 1711, in which the house of a Mr. Hatteridge was haunted with unearthly noises, which always intermitted when a sword was “flourished” at the place from which they seemed to proceed. Does not this remind us of Ulysses, keeping off the throng of ghosts with his outstretched sword, from the blood which Tiresias was first to drink? As long as the sharp edge was turned towards them, the shadows had no power to draw near. Virgil has copied this, though, probably, without any insight into the mystery it involves—

“Corripit ille subitâ tr. pitius formidine ferrum.
Æneas, strictaque aciem venientibus offert.”

Homer was a profound psychologist,

and knew well what he was about, both when he made the shades rush to the steam of blood, and when he made the edge of a sword check their approach. “The life is in the blood,” and an insatiable craving for “life” haunts the dead. This all seems know to whom Hades has disclosed its dreary secrets. The one passion of the disembodied is, to be in the body again. For this reason, they precipitate themselves upon warm blood, the volatile principle of which they appropriate as it escapes, and feel themselves thrown momentarily, as in a dream, into the sphere of the sun-gladdened earth. But the drawn sword is, to such spectres of the unquiet dead, what the pointed conductor is to the thunder-cloud. For the disembodied soul, though stripped of her living garment of flesh, is not wholly naked; the “astral spirit” still clothes her with its thin tissue, impalpable to earthly sense—dim-phosphorescent, imponderable, of electro-magnetic nature, gathering, by its power of attraction, the vaporous matter that floats in the atmosphere into a phantom-shape, in which the wandering soul expresses the lineaments once borne by the body she remembers with such vain yearnings. Now, this electric principle the edged steel drains off, and so looses and gives back to the viewless air the cloud-efigy it held together. It is a belief, all over the East, that ghosts avoid coming into proximity with iron; and there are tribes who, when journeying in suspicious places, shout out the name of this metal, to scare away any invisible foes that may be prowling near—so great a dread of its conducting virtue possesses the shadowy folk. This belief, no doubt, is founded on observations similar to those detailed above.

Leaving the Tedworth case, we come to one which, in its time, made scarcely less noise, namely, that of “the Surey demoniac,” which occurred in 1688—consequently, too late to be chronicled by Mr. Glanvil.

At “James-tide” (25th of July), in the year aforesaid, a “rush-burying” was held at Whally, in Lancashire, at which there was great dancing and drinking. Among the merry-makers was a certain Richard Dugdale, gardener at Westby Hall, then about nineteen years of age, and rather a

debauched youth than otherwise. This Richard desiring a young woman to dance with him, was refused by her, and another preferred, who was a better dancer than he; at which affront he was so bitterly grieved, that he offered himself on the spot to the devil, on condition the devil would make him a good dancer. The same evening, he was suddenly seized with a burning pain in his side, as if it had been whipped with nettles; upon which he fell into a sort of waking dream, and had visions of sumptuous feasts, of tokens of rank and honour, and of heaps of jewels and gold; which visions were accompanied with voices, tempting him to take his fill of pleasures, of honours, and of riches. However, he did not close with any of these offers; but, ever from the time of his profane challenge to the devil, he had a great fancy and vehement inclination for dancing, so that he could not refrain from it. After this, in another vision, he saw the devil, pointing at something which he, Richard, had lately done, which was understood to be a bond he had lately entered into with that evil one; and from this time he had frequent and violent fits, in which he vomited stones, glass, and other indigestible objects, and foretold various things, in particular the weather.

His parents, who lived at a place called the Surey, were not people of an edifying conversation; nor, indeed, was the general state of religion, in the place and its neighbourhood, at all what was to be wished. The people had been Popish, and were thought to be but superficially purged of that taint; they were given to dances, mummings, and merry-makings; honoured the Maypole in its season; eat pancakes at Shrovetide, apples and nuts on the eve of All Hallowes, and mince-pies (when they could get them) on Christmas-day; considering all which idolatries and provocations to jealousy, it had long been looked for by those who saw such things in a proper point of view, that some judgment would come upon the place. It was pretty plain the judgment was now come: the very doctors (who in those days were not so unbelieving a generation as they are now) saw that Richard's case was not one for physic; and one Doctor Crabtree went so far

as to say, that "if the spirit in him was a water-spirit, there was no cure for it,"—an opinion which would have been more discouraging to the friends of the patient, had his previous habits suggested any means by which a water-spirit could have possibly got into him.

Clear as it was, however, that the medical faculty could do nothing for Richard, there seems to have been an unusual reluctance, either on his father's part or his own, to resort to remedies of a spiritual kind. Ten months elapsed before any application was made to a clergyman. At length that step was taken, and, on the 20th of May, 1689, a fast was held at the Surey for his deliverance, and a considerable number of ministers—nonconformists, if we do not mistake—assembled there, to pray for the same. Up to this time Richard had never *spoken* in his fits, but now a new phase of the demoniacal influence began, which we describe in the words of the report of the ministers present:—

"During these supplications his body was hurled about very desperately, and besides his abundance of confused hurry and din, he oft stretched out his neck to a prodigious length towards the ministers that prayed, especially Mr. Waddington, as if he would have rushed upon them, or thrown his head at them, and at least six times he with much difficulty, fury, and gaping, screamed out against them, 'Have done! have done!' whilst the beholders of him observed his lips unmoved, his tongue rolled inwardly all on a lump, and his eye-balls turned backwards, so that nothing of them but the white could be seen. Then, seeing he could not get at them, he flung all about him down, and laid as dead upon the floor, till, in a moment, his whole body was raised, as from death, and all at once, without the natural help of arms or legs, bearing up with it those that leaned on him to hold him, and then broke out into such wild curvets or bounces, as cannot here be described. . . . What amazing sounds were heard in or from him all along! Sometimes as of swine, or water-mills, or as if a bear, or other wild beasts, had joyned their several notes to mix up a dreadful peal of noises."

It is mentioned also, that, on this day, he was seized with "two astonishing fits;" and that, at the beginning of each fit, he "was, as it were,

blown, or snatched, or borne up suddenly from his chair, as if he would have flown away, but that the holders of him hung to his arms and leggs, and clung about him."

On subsequent occasions, stranger things still were done with his body. While he lay in a fit on his back, with his arms and "leggs" spread open, he was "twirled about like a pair of yarrowgales." Sometimes, when in his fits, he would hang in the barn with his head downwards, and his heels towards the top of it. He also prophesied in his fits what ministers were coming to see him; and though he had never learned any language but the English, and naturally was rather a dunce than otherwise, yet, when his fits seized him, he often spoke Latin, Greek, and other languages, with great fluency and correctness. Moreover, he, "or Satan, through, from, or out of him," declaimed much against the sins of the place and time, as likewise against worldly people, saying, "That as maids do sweep away spiders' webs, so would their wealth be swept away."

He also gave unequivocal manifestations of the power of *clairvoyance*. Thus, on the 13th of August, a certain Mr. Carrington was coming to attend a meeting of ministers to pray for him. This Carrington was not expected, having but casually heard of the meeting on the day it was to be held, and resolving on the instant to take a part in it. It happened when he was about a mile from the Surey, that his horse cast a shoe, upon which, leaving the beast at a smith's, he hurried across the fields to the place of meeting on foot. At this time the demoniac cried, "Yonder comes Carrington running, and footing it apace." About two fields off from the barn, Carrington took out his watch, to see if he was likely to be in time, when Richard cried out in the barn, "Carrington, what o'clock is it?"—and a little after, "Make way for Carrington!" And, upon this, Carrington indeed entered the barn, to the great wonder of the other ministers, who had not believed him to be in that country at all.

All this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it appears that Richard, at the time, had never seen Carrington,

nor even heard of him, he being as yet not an ordained minister, but only a probationer, who had newly begun to preach, and that not in the neighbourhood, nor in public, but in the house of a private family. Richard had spoken of him a few days before, predicting the day he would come, and saying, "He is one who will terribly shake me;" which proved to be true, this minister having, as it seemed, a peculiar gift for brow-beating evil spirits. His method embraced three points—first, to preach, expound, read the Bible, and sing psalms, while Richard was out of his fits; secondly, to question, rebuke, and otherwise vex, defy, and vilipend the demon, when the sufferer came into the raging fits; and, thirdly, to pray while he was in the dead fits. This treatment disgusted the devil extremely, and six young men had to stand between Richard and Carrington, three on one side, and three on the other, with crossed hands, as a sort of rampart for the defence of the minister against the furious demoniac. The latter, meanwhile, gave proofs of the endowment for which he had contracted with the evil one, dancing and leaping so high that his "leggs" were to be seen above the heads of the young men; but they, always raising their hands in concert, as he leaped, still hindered him to come at the minister. As a specimen of the way in which Carrington "discoursed" the fiend, the following may serve:—

"If thou beest a devil that troublest this youth's body, as I suppose thou art, then I tell thee thou art in chains; in chains to restrain thee, so that if thou do thy worst against me, through God's blessing thou canst do me no hurt; and in chains to torment thee, so that thou art now full of hellish pain and anguish. And does it not vex, and fret, and maul thee, to see me, through God's unspeakable goodness, out of thy reach, whilst thou feelest thy burning chains scorching, and tormenting, and devouring thee?"

At this, says the record, the demoniac would gnash, and shake, and rage, sometimes in an inarticulate clatter, sometimes in unintelligible accents, sometimes in words clustered

thick together, very often in a distinct "lingua," that was either foreign, or unknown to all then there, or else forged gibberish.

On one occasion, when Carrington had been baiting him past human or diabolical endurance, the fiend said, "Thou hast been talking about ordination, designing to be set apart to the ministry, and thinking that thereby thou wilt be more enabled to dispossess me." Then added, with many oaths, "I'll cook and manage thee to purpose, whilst, by thine own acknowledgment, thou art no minister." In this the demoniac had truly read the thoughts of his exorcist, who, as we said before, was as yet only a probationer in the ministry, and had only for some time been seriously thinking whether ordination would not make him more of a match for the spiritual foe. Nay, he had privately spoken of the matter a day or two before, with a friend, of which it was not possible, in the course of nature, that Richard should be informed. Nothing daunted, however, at this new proof of the nature of the being he had to do with, he fell to railing at the demon as a spy and an eaves-dropper, that crowded himself *incognito* into men's company, that he might afterwards report their secret purposes, and so on, till the evil one, losing patience, broke out into a tempest of Greek and Latin, intermixed with the "unknown tongue" above referred to, crying—

"Apage Carlisle! I may not abide thee. Abi in malam rem! Quid mihi tecum? rerum tuarum satagas. *Της πολυπραγμοσύνης οὐδὲν κινώτερον ἄλλο.*"

To which Carrington replying in English, the devil said—

"Carlisle, Carlisle, colloquamur Latine vel Græce vel qualibet alia lingua auditoribus ignota: adeon inductus es ut alio idiomate uti non possis, quam quod materno lacte imbibisti? Respondeas ergo nec Anglice, *νὶ μονόγλωττος* illiteratus palam dici malle."

The minister, however, would not pleasure him by speaking in "a tongue not understood of the people," but continued to use the vernacular, at which Satan's rage overpassed all bounds, and he threatened that he would yet have not only Richard, but also Carrington himself, in his infernal dwelling, "where," he proceeded—

"I'll rack and torment thee for ever, giving thee wines of wrath to drink, that are already long on the lees for thee a-ripening and gathering raging strength and quick spirit of fury, and when drawn off, thrice refined from all tinctures of mercy, the very first sight of which will shoot thee through as with ravenous flakes of fiery stinging poison. And when thou hast for two thousand millions of ages been tormented, thou shalt be as far from the end of thy miseries as at the beginning, and the past infinite woes will seem to thee as nothing in comparison of those horrible tempests of vengeful plagues which thou shalt then see a-rushing successively on thee without mitigation or intermission for evermore."

"And then (proceeds the record) he fell to describing the torments of hell in a frightful manner, and did so uncommonly penetrate into the experienced mysteries of damnation, as if he were gushing out all Etna's roaring floods of blazing sulfur-rocks, or stirring up the very dregs and bottom of the fired brimstone lake. And so he went on, reckoning up various most barbarous tortures that he said he'd make the minister suffer; and particularly said he, 'I'll make thee my porter to carry wretched souls from one bed of flames to another, and there shalt thou meet with thy old friend such-an-one, thy countryman such-an-one, thy neighbour such-an-one—all whom I have already got in hell, and how will it please me then to see you flying into mutual revenges for your past helping one another hellwards!'"

This shocked Carrington the more, that he had too much reason to fear that they whom the evil one mentioned had not exchanged this world for a better. The fiend, thus seeing him disconcerted, followed up his advantage, and said with a kind of infernal glee—

"Carrington, I see thou droopest sadly, and art miserably dejected. Alas, poor Carrington! wilt thou have a posset and some barley pye-crust to cheerish and to hearten thee, and to keep thee from swooning?"

Which greatly troubled Carrington, that the devil should thus so intimately know what his old customs and inclinations were—how he ordinarily used that food, and preferred it before any other.

However, taking heart, he went in again, and punished the foul fiend in

so exemplary a manner, that the bystanders were lost in admiration, and the devil, being out-railed, held his tongue, and tried only to do the minister a bodily harm, giving by the hand of Richard, to a young man who hindered him in this, "a most surly thump." But as Carrington continued to buffet him, his infernal strength began more and more to fail, and to yield before the minister, and "*it seemed as at the minister's pleasure, to make him answer to him, or to make him fall into or rise from his dead fits.*" In fact, there was a perfect magnetic rapport established between the demoniac and the exorcist.

After this, the devil said that his time was short; but it was not understood whether his time to possess Richard were meant, or his time among mortals in general. At this stage of the business, the demoniac began to predict the periods of his fits, saying, just before the termination of a fit, at what hour the next would be, which happened accordingly. About this time, some Romanists wished to try their hand at exorcising him, and some of them came to him, of whom two seemed to be priests. It is remarkable that these understood the devil's "*lingua,*" in which they talked with him a long time, to the horror and mystification of all present. Richard was none the better of their offices: it is hardly necessary to say, that they chose a time for their visit when none of the ministers were at the Surey.

The demoniac now predicted that in his further fits he would be deaf and dumb for a month, and declared the nature of the ill he was suffering to be "*obsession in and with combination.*" This was on the 3rd of September. At this time Carrington was away, and Mr. Waddington wrote to him to come as soon as he could, since great reliance was placed in his help. Telling him also, "*the devil threatens that he will grease your boots and your spurs too, when you come. Præmonitus præmonitus.*" And the letter concludes thus:—

"I have heard him prognosticate the alteration of the weather into immoderate showers and brisk winds; he hath vomited several stones, one near two fingers broad, and foretold of the prodigious foal in Gloucestershire; he spoke of a murdered child in Bolland,

which, I hear, is since discovered. . . . His dancing is very admirable; he surpasseth, I suppose, any artist."

Some question arose about this time whether it was lawful to talk to the devil; and it was ruled that there were cases in which it was lawful, and cases in which it was unlawful, and that this was one of the cases in which it was lawful.

On the 3d of September, the demon had said he would spare Dicky fifty days longer, but then he would carry him to hell. The voice in which the infernal being spoke was altogether unlike the natural voice of the possessed man, and could sometimes be heard a mile off. There were observed to be two different voices that spoke in the demoniac—"one most hollow, and very hideous; the other more shrill and skreaming, but both altogether inhuman." Sometimes these voices were heard as if in conversation with each other, and they seemed not to use his organs of speech, but to come out of his breast, or from a great hard round lump, which in his fit swelled up on his belly or breast.

On the 19th, the devil spoke something of a parchment contract, which, he said, Dicky had entered into with him. Shortly after, Carrington came back, and with much pressing brought the devil to declare what it was that had given him power over Richard—namely, that saying or vow of the young man, that he would give himself to the devil to be a good dancer. Carrington insisting on the nullity of such a vow, the devil was greatly angered, and said, "*I will call up my sister Ishcol against thee!*" Upon which a mouse was observed to run in circles about his feet, and then to vanish, as if it sank into the ground; and the demoniac, falling down, with his mouth to the spot of ground where the mouse had disappeared, whispered for some time there, as if to some invisible being.

Previous to this, the evil spirit had generally called Mr. Carrington "*Carlisle*;" and when asked why he did so, replied, that it was because this minister would afterwards go to Carlisle, and reside there; which in time came to pass, he receiving a "*call*" to exercise his ministry in that city. But from this time, the fiend called him

no more "Carlisle," but "My Tormentor." And, on the 10th of October, addressing him by this name, he said, "My Tormentor, I told thee I would show thee my commission as thou oft requiredst—see, here it is!" Upon which the demoniac vomited a piece of paper, rolled up into a round lump. This being unfolded, and dried at the fire, was found written all over, partly with Greek, partly with other characters which none there understood. Of the Greek, one sentence was this—"Ὁ δὲς 600 αἰῶν ἔστιν ἡ ποταμὸς αἰῶν," which was supposed to signify that six hundred days were to elapse from the beginning of the possession until the demoniac should be plunged into the lake of fire.

The ministers describe Richard's dancing with uncommon unction—one feels that it must have cost these good men no small effort of self-denial to eschew play-houses and other such places, in which exhibitions of the saltatory art were to be enjoyed. Hear how they do justice to the diabolical *pas seul* :—

"During this fit, the demoniack danced in a wonderful manner, herein excelling all that the spectators had seen or heard of, and probably all that mere mortals could perform, although when in his natural state but a sorry dancer. He often leapt up five or six times together, so high that part of his legs could be seen shaking and quivering above the heads of the people, from which heights he oft fell down on his knees, which he long shivered and traversed on the ground, at least as nimbly as other men can twinkle or sparkle their fingers, thence springing up into 's high leaps again, and then falling on his feet, which seemed to reach the earth, but with the gentlest and scarce perceptible touches, when he made his highest leaps. How wonderful, then, were the movements of his feet and deportment of his body, whilst he did not leap; and every sort and part of his dances seemed chained to some tunes or measures, and regulated in conformity to some music which none there heard; and all seemed to be done with so much freedom and ease, that though continued one or more hours, his body seemed no more spent, or tired, or out of breath, than at the beginning of them!"

Is not that painted *con amore*? Carrington, however, with great want

of candour, *pooh-poohed* this dancing, as if it were after all nothing so very extraordinary. First, he argued, truly enough, that the devil was not performing his part of the compact, since Richard had desired skill in dancing, and not to be forced to dance whether he would or no. Also, he observed with great justice, that the young man was farther now from any hope of finding a young woman willing to dance with him, than before the devil undertook him. But to this he added—

"Canst thou dance no better? Ransack the old records of all past times and places in thy memory—canst thou not there find out some [other way of finer trampling? Pump thy invention dry. Cannot that universal seed-plot of subtle wiles and stratagems spring up one new method of cutting capers? Is this the top of skill and pride, to shuffle feet, and brandish feet thus, and to trip like a doe, and skip like a squirrel; and wherein differ thy leapings from the hoppings of a frogg, or bounces of a goat, or friskings of a dog, or gesticulations of a monkey? Dost not thou twirle like a calf that has got the turn, and twitch up thy houghs just like a spring-hault fit," &c. &c.

Master Carrington, it must be owned, was in "very gracious fooling" this bout. Nevertheless, he was a man who could be grave, too, on a grave occasion. It was no joke to hear him in the pulpit: that tried men's nerves. Think of his taking down all that the devil said about the torments of hell—all those blazing Æthaic horrors and up-spewings of the Tartarean pool—all those hideous "mysteries of damnation," the whole ghastly economy of Satan's torture-chamber—at the hearing of which from the lips of the demoniac, his own courage had nearly failed; think of his jotting down all this on his tablets, and working it up into a sermon, which, being delivered shortly after at some conventicle in another neighbourhood, had such an effect upon the hearers, that some shrieked as if suffering the pains he described, and some sat staring wildly, as if asphyxiated with the fumes of the abyss, and some ran out of the house in a frantic way, exclaiming, "Fire! fire!" But that was the religious tone of the age, at least among the

party of the Nonconformists. Your Puritan preacher was nothing, if not dismal. Tophet and the pile thereof, "fire and much wood, and the breath of the Lord, as a stream of brimstone, kindling it"—this was the picture which he ever laboured to place, in a strong lurid light, before the "inward eye" of his auditory. It was both a matter of conscience and of taste with him to do so: he thought it right, and he liked it. People who sat under precious Mr. A—, or weighty Mr. B—, buttresses, both of them, of the Anglo-Genevese Jerusalem, were ridden with a perpetual nightmare; they were giddy with looking down into the bottomless pit; the devil was in all their thoughts. Perhaps this may be partly the reason that that century was about the most demoniacal-hysterical of the Christian era.

To return to our narrative. Another singular proof of *clairvoyance* was given by Richard about this time. On a certain night, Carrington slept with a gentleman named B—, with whom he had, during the night, a great argument concerning the possession, Mr. B—being sceptical as to the reality of it. In the morning, on getting up, Carrington took a mouthful of water to wash his mouth, his *chum* being at the time asleep: afterwards he went to the Surey, to wrestle against Satan. At this time, the devil alluded to his commission, which the minister had seen the evening before, and said it was useless to resist him, for that Dicky was his, past redemption; adding, "As for B— o' th' B—, there's a chair of state prepared in hell for him, and *thy unbelieving bedfellow B— shall follow him.*"

Here were two things which the demoniac preternaturally knew: first, that Carrington had slept with B—, and secondly, that B— did not believe in his, Richard's, possession. But more surprising was what followed, for the devil added, "Have I not oft told thee that all thy endeavours cannot prevail against me, especially not to-day, for that thou comest not here fasting." The minister affirmed he was then fasting; Satan denied it; and thus they contradicted each other about six times, till the minister said, "Thou art the father of lies," &c. &c.,

and challenged him to prove what he affirmed. On this Richard turned to the wall, and seemed to converse by signs with something therein; then, as if another devil there in the wall had informed him of what he desired to know, he declared that Carrington had supped some water behind the curtain of the bed before leaving his chamber that morning. But Carrington maintained that this was no breach of his fast, since a drop of the water did not go down his throat. Then he asked Satan what was the name of the devil that had played the spy, and reported so ill what he had seen: to which Satan answered, "He is my cousin Melampus."

Another piece of *clairvoyance* was the following. The devil had said he would certainly carry away Richard to hell on the 22nd of October; to avoid which, Carrington privately fasted on the 20th, lying on his face on the ground in his chamber, of which nobody was informed. On the 22nd, Richard was hoisted up in the air, like another Jamblichus or Fra Vito; but after some time he was let down again, and Satan said out of him—"Dicky, thou hast this day narrowly escaped me, and thou mayest thank my tormentor as long as thou livest, since but for him thou hadst this day been carried away to hell; but *my tormentor was last Wednesday upon all four*; and therefore I could not now carry thee away."

However, after this, the fiend made a bold effort to get rid of the "tormentor," whose constancy in the good work so baffled his malignant purpose. On the 7th of November, he said, "I think I have given all the ministers enough; and I have quite tired them out, except Carrington; and as for him, he shall torment me no more, nor shall any of you ever see him again." At the end of the fit, Carrington making preparations to ride home, Richard came up to him, and, with many expressions of respect and thankfulness, begged him to accept an apple. The minister took the apple, and set off. Being got about half-a-mile from the Surey, he took out the apple, and was going to eat it, not having broken his fast that day. What followed we relate in the words of the record:—

"But he found on one side of the

apple a hole, as if something a little thicker than a goose-quill had been stuck into it, near an inch deep, and at the bottom of it something bubbled and flashed upwards; and round about it was a circle of about a straw's breadth, and brown colour, and harder to the touch of his nail than other parts of the apple; and on the other side of the apple was just such another hole, all the other seeming fair and sound, excepting the said holes, which were almost opposite one to the other; and he not conceiving how or why the said holes were made, and so not knowing but the apple might be mischievous if eaten, did neither eat it nor throw it away, lest some other might eat it; whence not knowing but that Satan might aim at some harm to him, as before was cautioned, he staid at a friend's house that night, and got about ten o'clock next morning into that part of a common or forest which was within ten miles of his home, into which he was misdirected by an old woman that he met with on the road, in which level or plain his mare, that was of high mettle and excellent for a journey, did stop and curled about such a compass of the said place as was about twelve roods long and four broad, whence she could not be got either forwards or backwards, or sideways, by his utmost endeavours, from the said ten o'clock till four o'clock, when he, observing night to be near, left her, and not knowing that any house was near, resolved on the directest way homewards that he could, walking over hills and shallow rivers about six or seven miles before he found a house, where his coming occasioned frequent meetings in those parts afterwards, as they earnestly desired: but his said violent and continued endeavours to get his mare away made him so sweat and weary, that he had scarce got over one river, or one mile from her, before he lay down, when all his limbs were so benumbed with the said water and cold frosty night, or some other way, that for a considerable time he could not stir one of them, when he did not doubt in the least but he was to die before any could find him there. But after a time, his spirits being refreshed with the anticipation of heaven, he recovered his strength, and walked the rest of the way to the house aforesaid without any further sense of weariness. He hired some who well knew the forest to fetch his mare; they not finding her, he hired some again, who still failing, and all their way discouraged, he went himself, with company; and though there was no hedge, tree, or way-mark thither, yet he went directly to the spot where she was, when

she readily came away with him. On coming home, he buried the apple, taking a faithful witness thereof, and afterwards, lest it should be rooted up, he laid a great stone upon it.

"He did not see Richard again till the 14th of November, and learned that new and strange fits had seized the young man, in which he was extremely hurried and ridden about, and chafed, and besmeared on his head, as with the foam of a horse hard ridden, and of a very rank smell; besides, his dead fits were very long, and almost constantly continuing, and when they were intermitted, he was always so full, that he fasted, and could not eat anything for three or four days together. Besides, in one such fit, a great stone of about fourteen pounds weight was laid on him, so gently as not to harm him, and yet so secretly that none of the spectators knew whence or how it came thither. On inquiry it was found that Richard's foaming, chafe, and hurry, was at the very time when the minister was running after, or labouring about his mare; and his dead fits began near the time when the apple was buried, and the stone was laid on him near the time when the stone was laid by the minister on the apple, about twenty-four miles off; and such stones were not to be found or got near the Surey."

It does not appear that Richard was privy to the evil spirit's design upon the minister's health. When out of his fits, he seemed to feel most deeply his obligations to those who were toiling with so much perseverance for his emancipation from the hellish thrall: he affirmed, that when he received the apple it was perfectly sound, and he knew not how the two holes came to be in it. The minister leaving Richard in his dead fit, hurried home that night, and took up the apple; and after this, Richard's fits were long suspended, and returned no more with the same frequency or violence.

On the 5th of December, Richard being in his fit, the devil cried out suddenly, "Thou woman at the further end of the barn, give me that bread and cheese which thou hast in thy pocket." Soon after, a dog came with bread and cheese in his mouth, to eat it in a place of the barn that was freest from the feet of the crowd; which some one observing, said, "Here's the bread and cheese which Satan lately called for!"—which the woman hearing, in great fear confessed

that she, coming from far, had brought bread and cheese to feed on in her walk to and fro; which, when she heard the devil call for, she durst not keep it, but endeavoured to thrust it out of the barn;—which, however, was not thrust out so far, but that the dog got it back thither again. The same day he said to a man from Manchester, “Thou Manchester whelp, thou lookedst at a dial in Morton, and it was past nine o’clock;” which the man acknowledged was true.

He could in general give no account, when he came to himself, of anything that had passed during his fit. Once, however, he related that, while in the fit, he had had a distinct sight of a person he named, and that the person was in such and such a posture, which he described, and in such and such a place. The place mentioned was many miles from the Surey. Inquiry being made, it was found that the demoniac’s statement exactly corresponded with the fact. As to Carrington, Richard had always (in his fit) accurate intelligence about him, and could tell with the utmost certainty where he was, and when he would come. It has been mentioned that the evil spirit did not use Richard’s tongue, but seemed to speak out of his breast, or out of a round hard lump that would suddenly rise, as if puffed up, on his breast or his belly. On one occasion, a man that was unknown to all the Surey, laying his hand on this lump, the voice out of it said, “Though thou be a doctor of physick, thou canst not help Dicky, for none but doctors of divinity can do him any good.” The stranger, upon this, being asked who he was, confessed that he was a physician, and lately come from Holland.

With respect to this “round, hard lump,” it was observed that it commonly rose first about the calf of the leg, and thence rolled or wrought upwards into “the chest of his body.” This is no unusual phenomenon in cases of possession. We ourselves were informed by Pastor Kapff, of Kornthal in Wirtemberg, that he had had a demoniac under his care in whom it was very marked. The lump presented itself first in one leg, from which being exorcised, it removed to the other. Being in like manner driven from this position, it betook itself to the “chest of the body,” whence, being still un-

relentingly pursued by the exorcist, it mounted to the throat, almost choking the demoniac, and finally yielding up its diabolical tenant by the mouth, in the appearance of a blue flame. This was seen, not only by the pastor himself, but by the elders of his congregation, who were assembled to sustain him in his combat with the spiritual adversary. Pastor Kapff’s method of exorcising, we believe, is by a combination of magnetism with acts of a religious kind: the magnetic passes are made upwards, contrary to the practice in cases of merely physical disease. This method has been employed, with great success, by Dr. Kerner, who has had more possessed people under his hands than, perhaps, all the medical faculty in this country put together; and we cannot but lament that Mr. Carrington and his colleagues at the Surey were unacquainted with a mode of treatment by which, we suspect, they would have done their patient a great deal more good, than by mobbing the devil like a pack of fishwives, and, against their own better convictions, disparaging his dancing.

On the 9th of January, 1690, the ministers, as they tell us, used several serious efforts to find out if the Surey people did not know more about the causes of Richard’s affliction than they let on, namely, whether there was not a contract with Satan, or whether witches or Romanists had not some hand in the matter. It is certain that there were circumstances connected with the progress of the affair, that gave an appearance of ground for such suspicions. In October, Satan had said positively that a contract was in existence, between “Dicky” and himself, written on parchment, to which Dicky had subscribed, a jade taking his hand out of bed, and putting one or two of his fingers to the writing. When out of his fits, Richard admitted no knowledge of any such transaction; nevertheless, it was suspected by many that there was such a parchment; and on the 18th of October, Mr. Carrington, having got a private hint, searched a box which stood in Richard’s chamber, greatly, as it seemed, against the will of the Dugdale family. But nothing was found in the box of the kind looked for; and yet this search did not tend to allay

impersonation" for its adequate development. There are people, no doubt, who profess to be independent of, and superior to all assistance from this living impersonation—who will tell us they cannot bear to have their fine visions brought down to the standard of flesh and blood. Happy people, who can embrace a cloud with so much substantial rapture! But for ourselves, we can boast no such ethereal gifts of apprehension. We have our visions too, and can protest with the poet, at fitting time and place, that

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Yet would we not surrender, for a paradise of such visions, our treasured recollections of the actual stage.

And must we think that Shakspeare had no foreshadowing of future Juliets, who should lend a more than silver sweetness to the tremulous passion-laden accents of maiden love; of future Imogens, investing that "most perfect wife" with a dignity, and grace, and delicate tenderness, beautiful as the ideal being revealed to his inward eye in his hour of inspiration? Scott, we know, declared that some of his own conceptions were reflected from the stage with a force beyond what he had himself believed to be inherent in them. Is it, then, too much to suppose, if Shakspeare had witnessed a Barry, a Pritchard, or a Siddons, he might have acknowledged that the creations of his own thought received from their impersonation, a charm more exquisite, and a more vivid completeness? It could not, indeed, have been otherwise, if these illustrious performers fulfilled, as they did, the great purpose of their art, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." For never yet did fancy pourtray womanhood so fair, but a real woman, endowed with the intense sympathies of genius, and inspired for the time with the soul of Juliet or Desdemona, must have eclipsed the ideal dream. Not one, but all the faculties are charmed—

"Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb."

The heart thrills, while the imagination is rapt, and the memory is enriched for ever, with a vision beyond

the mere poet's painting. Let any one who doubts this see Rachel or Helen Faucit, and if he does not straightway renounce his heresy, let him distrust, not the genius of these gifted artists, but his own capacity. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adferunt.*

In this matter, one illustration is worth pages of argument. Let us, then, take one from many, which present themselves, among the impersonations of the latter of these ladies—Hermione, in the last, or, as it is called, the statue-scene, in "The Winter's Tale." Two acts have intervened, since the outraged queen has been left for dead, slain, as it seemed, by the tidings of her boy's death, that crowning-stroke to her affliction. The actress has, therefore, in a manner, lost the hold upon the sympathies of her audience, which it is so important to retain without interruption. She has moreover, throughout this long scene, not one word allotted to her, and yet upon her its whole interest depends. Here is a task for genius and skill—to engage the very souls of the audience, and to transport them, without the aid of tone or gesture, so thoroughly into the scene, that the words of Leontes and Perdita shall be the very echo of their own thoughts and emotions. A reader of high imaginative power may, perhaps, be able to do this in some measure for himself; but still his picture will be vague and soulless—a mere colourless phantom, in contrast to the thrilling reality which this great actress places before us, and which words must, alas! be ever inadequate to pourtray. Let us, however, essay the sketch.

We pass into the scene, conscious that it is no "dead likeness" that we are to be shown; but how little anticipating to see the form so instinct with thought, and almost spiritual beauty, which the withdrawal of the curtain reveals! At once, with electric force, an awe strikes us, like that which subdues Leontes to silence, as noted by Paulina thus:—

"I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder."

Hermione stands before us as she appeared to Antigonus in his dream, "In pure white robes, like very sanctity." We think not then of the sym-

metry of form, the perfection of outline, so far beyond the rarest achievements of art. For the spirit, which breathes from the face, where grief has long grown calm, and suffering brightened into a heavenly pity, in the pure world of thought, where she has sojourned during that "wide gap of time"—this spirit, which bears within it so much of heaven, with all that is best of earth, alone possesses our every faculty. We feel how impossible it is for Perdita not to kneel, as she does, before a presence so saintly and august. Our gaze is riveted with the intensity of fascination, and, like Leontes, we would fain dwell upon the vision for ever. Serene, majestic, spirit-like, it stands before us—the perfection of sculpture, yet more; for

—"what fine chisel
Did ever so cut breath?"

Stand ever so, is the dominant thought, so unwilling are we that a spell so exquisite should be broken. Anon the solemn music begins to sound, which Shakspeare knew so well to employ, in resolving one high-strung mood into another; and Hermione, turning her averted head, gazes with full, sad eyes—oh, so full, and sad, and tender!—upon Leontes. Other motion were for a time too sudden. A little space, which Shakspeare has filled up with a few lines from Paulina, and Hermione descends from her pedestal, and advances, gliding, like no thing of earth, towards her awe-stricken lord. You see she has forgiven him, and, oh, how divinely shows that forgiveness in the deep calm eyes! The anguish of these sixteen winters (less had been insufficient) has expiated his sin. All this we see and feel, and yet no sound has escaped those earnest lips, for Hermione is now at a point beyond words—and, in looking at the actress here, we are grateful that it is so—for we dare not listen yet to the voice of what has bowed us with so much awe. What wonder, then, that Leontes recoils from a thing so radiantly pure, and fears to take the hand that is extended in token of forgiveness! Nay, says Paulina—

"Nay, present your hand.
When she was young, you wou'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor."

And who shall paint the forgiveness,

the tenderness, the mingled pity and joy of that look with which she welcomes him to her embrace? The long, long night of sorrow is past—the dawn of joy has come—a sacred, tempered joy—more exquisite for the trials out of which it has grown. "She hangs about his neck," and then the fountain of her words is again unlocked; and, most fitly are her first accents those of solemn blessing:—

"You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!"

She ceases, and, with the close of this strain of heavenly music, the solemnized hearts of the spectators are free to beat once more.

Such effects as these can Shakspeare and Helen Faucit produce—of such effects are look and gesture alone capable; and yet we are told, that with these, and with the magic of tone, Shakspeare's plays have little to do! Lamb, and the many who think with him, have fallen into the mistake of confounding the defects of bad actors with some inherent fault which they imagine to exist in dramatic representation, by the very nature of the thing. They assume that the actor's art is a compound of mere conventions, where artificial passion and declamation are the chief ingredients of success, and then they ask what have these to do with Shakspeare? As if the art must necessarily be adorned only by Snevellicis, Crumpleles, and Ledrooks! It would be just as logical to disparage the limner's art, because, for one Raphael, the world is deluged by myriads of Dick Tintos.

Genius is rare in every art, and high culture by no means universal. But give us in actor or actress, one or other, or both of these, and we retort the question and say, what have they *not* to do with Shakspeare? The actor of genius becomes for the time the character he represents—feels with his soul, thinks with his thoughts, acts with his impulses. Art, by culture, has become instinct; and while the eye is delighted by fitness, and grace of deportment, and gesture—the features alive with expression, the voice echoing from the soul, quicken the sympathies into passionate life, and, under their irresistible magnetism, the spectators "live for the time within

the dilated sphere of the performer's intellectual being." Under his influence all may feel—what in the closet only the rarely-gifted few can feel—the poetry of situation and circumstance; and not only so, but, with the imagination warm, and the mind, consequently, more impressible, the very poetry of the language develops a fuller charm. Is the man who shall have been so roused by the actor's skill, less likely to understand Shakspeare? Assuredly not. And what shall we say of the actor who can so elevate his audience? His is not the poetry of words, indeed, but a poetry not less noble—the poetry of impersonation. He, too, is a creator, and out of the riches of a kindred spirit, supplies what the dramatist must leave perforce undeveloped, and realizes that living and breathing creation, which the character he personates primarily was in the mind of its author. The critic analyses—the actor presents the living result of his analysis. The critic dissects, and shows us the component parts of this or that character in detail—the actor places before us the very character itself. This has been done, and will be done again and again; and where it is not done, the fault lies not in the art but in its professors.

Very different from Lamb's disparaging estimate of the stage, was that entertained by Coleridge, the profoundest thinker of his time, for to it he looked "for sending a large portion of the indefinite all, which is contained in Shakspeare, into the heads and hearts, into the very souls of the mass of mankind, to whom, except by this living comment and interpretation, it must remain forever a sealed volume, a deep well, without a wheel and windlass." And he thus deemed of the stage, because he entertained a profound conviction of the magical power with which the actor's art works upon the soul of an audience. "What would appear mad or ludicrous in a book," he says, "when presented to the senses under the form of reality, and with the truth of nature, supplies a species of actual experience. This is, indeed, the special privilege of a great actor over a great poet. No part was ever played in perfection, but nature justified herself in the hearts of all her children, in whatever state they were, short of

absolute moral exhaustion or downright stupidity. There is no time given to ask questions or pass judgments; we are taken by storm; and though, in the histrionic art, many a clumsy counterfeit, by caricature of one or two features, may gain applause as a fine likeness, yet never was the very thing rejected as a counterfeit."

With Coleridge, then, we believe the stage might become the great school for the study of our national poet, and with him we would fain entertain "the grave cheerfulness of a circumspect hope," that such a school may one day arise in England. The best and most enlightened minds already long for it; and shame to our country, if it do not one day rear its head above the melodrama and sensual enchantments of the opera, in which the inglorious and sensual spirit of the time finds a congenial delight! The present prospect is unquestionably most cheerless, for our lengthened peace, with the consequent decay of national enthusiasm, and growth of habits at once sordid and luxurious, has well nigh reduced the nation to the state of "moral exhaustion" indicated by Coleridge. But if the nation is to keep its place as a nation, this state of things cannot last; and whenever we shall shake off this mental and moral atrophy, the Shakspearian drama must reassume its supremacy upon the stage.

We rejoice to see a writer of Mr. Fletcher's powers enforcing the views we have expressed, and giving them the best confirmation, by the illustration which his work affords, of the influence of the one great Shakspearian actress of her time, upon a mind of so high a critical order. To the study of Helen Faucit's Shakspearian performances, Mr. Fletcher acknowledges that he "mainly owes his lively and profound conviction of the indispensability of adequate acting, to bring the full sense of Shakspeare home to the minds and feelings of mankind, and, of its more pressing necessity, to aid the efforts of the literary expositor, in eradicating false conceptions, which the stage itself has implanted or confirmed." This just tribute of acknowledgment will be echoed by every intelligent student of Shakspeare, to whom this lady's impersonations are known; for the obligation under which

they have been laid by her is infinite. And those to whom these impersonations are unknown, may yet reap some of their fruits in the true and searching expositions of the volume before us.

The plays which Mr. Fletcher has selected for his "studies" are—"King John," "Cymbeline," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Romeo and Juliet." The book appears to have grown up, so to speak, under the influence of the actual drama, and it is this circumstance which has determined its form, and lent to it a peculiar value. Feeling the importance of truthful histrionic representation to the true appreciation of Shakespeare, and how much we are influenced by what we have seen done by actors, while we meditate on what Shakespeare has written, he has considered each of these plays in relation to the stage, and the existing modes of representation there. But he has, at the same time, based his "Studies" on a searching examination not only into the spirit and general purpose of each of those plays, but into the minutest details of the leading characters. Wherever a suggestion may be found, to modify or explain, or a tint gathered to give tone and colour, he has sought and found them. He has not travelled over old ground, but broken what criticism has scarcely touched. "The Schlegels and the Coleridges," he says truly, "have scarcely done more than trace and indicate the central idea, the individual spirit, which informs each one of his greater dramas, and moulds every one of the features in harmony with that peculiar inspiring soul. To descend to these features themselves—to trace the vital ramification through all the details of character, incident, and dialogue—a process indispensable to the reader's thorough conception and feeling of the piece, and to the manager's perfectly intelligent preparation of its performance—is the important and attractive labour which remains to be performed by English criticism."

This labour Mr. Fletcher has most conscientiously performed. His essays are indeed *studies* full of instruction, and meriting to be followed with earnest thought and wakeful imagination; for they are the matured production of a profound student, and

bear the stamp of a mind remarkable for elevation of tone and conception, as well as for rare logical acuteness.

The most remarkable of these essays, at least with relation to the state of our present Shakspearian criticism, is that on "Macbeth." Mr. Fletcher's general view of this play is stated thus :

"'Macbeth' seems inspired by the very genius of the tempest. This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, which takes its peculiar hue from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the 'weird sisters,' nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the mainspring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically-tempered soul of Macbeth himself. A character like his, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness: which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from 'horrible imaginings,' by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon him, amidst universal execration. Such, briefly, are the story and the moral of 'Macbeth.' The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, though agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do 'the weird sisters' themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece. Such is the magic power of creative genius—such the unerring instinct of sovereign art!"

It will be at once seen from this that Mr. Fletcher is diametrically opposed to the received notions of Macbeth and his lady, both in themselves, and in relation to each other. As to the former, Hazlitt represents the current opinion when he says—"Macbeth is full of the milk of human kindness, frank, sociable, and generous—tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. Fate and metaphysical aid conspire against his virtue and his loyalty." His lady, on the other hand, is regarded as a woman in whom the love of power is all predominant—a being without affection, without sympathy, without remorse—the first and chief contriver of the harms which give this tragedy its terrible interest. The virtues—such forlorn virtues as are discovered by the critics—in these two soul-wrecked beings, are all on Macbeth's side. His lady is allowed the one sole, engaging attribute, of a majestic will. This is an estimate of these characters, which, we agree with Mr. Fletcher in thinking, involves the most serious consequences in ethics, and which, if true, must gravely detract from the poet's fame, whether as dramatist or moralist. Mr. Fletcher's essay deserves and requires the most careful study in all its parts, but we can only afford space for a sketch of his argument:—

"How does Macbeth really stand before us at the very opening of the drama? We see in him a near kinsman of 'the gracious Duncan,' occupying the highest place in the favour and confidence of his king and relative—a warrior of the greatest prowess, employed in suppressing a dangerous rebellion and repelling a foreign invader, aided also by the treachery of thatthane of Cawdor whose forfeited honours the grateful king bestows on his successful general. Yet all the while this man, so actively engaged in putting down other traitors, cherishes against his king, kinsman, and benefactor, a purpose of tenfold blacker treason than any of those against which he has been defending him—the purpose, not suggested to him by any one, but gratuitously and deliberately formed within his own breast, of murdering his royal kinsman with his own hand, in order, by that means, to usurp his crown. With every motive to loyalty and to gratitude, yet his lust of power is so eager and so inordinate, as to

overcome every opposing consideration of honour, principle, and feeling. To understand aright the true spirit and moral of this great tragedy, it is most important that the reader or auditor should be well impressed at the outset with the conviction how bad a man, independently of all instigation from others, Macbeth must have been, to have once conceived such a design under such peculiar circumstances.

"The first thing that strikes us in such a character is, the intense selfishness—the total absence both of sympathetic feeling and moral principle—and the consequent incapability of remorse, in the proper sense of the term.

"It is from no 'compunctious visitation of nature,' but from sheer *moral cowardice*—from fear of retribution in this life—that we find Macbeth shrinking, at the last moment, from the commission of this enormous crime. This will be seen the more, the more attentively we consider his soliloquy:—

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly,' &c.

"Again, to Lady Macbeth:—

"We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon,' &c.

"In all this we trace a most clear consciousness of the impossibility that he should find of masking his guilt from the public eye—the odium which must consequently fall upon him in the opinions of men—and the retribution which it would probably bring upon him. But here is no evidence of true *moral* repugnance—and as little of any religious scruple—

"We'd jump the life to come."

"The dramatist, by this brief but significant parenthesis, has taken care to leave us in no doubt on a point so momentous towards forming a due estimate of the conduct of his hero. However, he feels, as we see, the dissuading motives of worldly prudence in all their force. But one devouring passion urges him on—the master-passion of his life—the lust of power.

"Still, it should seem that the considerations of policy and safety regarding this life might ever have withheld him from the actual commission of the murder, had not the spirit of his wife come in to fortify his failing purpose. At all events, in the action of the drama it is her intervention, most decidedly, that

terminates his irresolution, and urges him to the final perpetration of the crime which he himself had been the first to meditate. It therefore becomes necessary to consider Lady Macbeth's own character in its leading peculiarities.

"It has been customary to talk of Lady Macbeth as of a woman in whom the love of power for its own sake not only predominates over, but almost excludes, every human affection, every sympathetic feeling. Had Shakspeare intended so to represent her, he would probably have made her the first contriver of the assassination scheme. It is true that even Coleridge* desires us to remark that, in her opening scene, 'she evinces no womanly life, no wifely joy, at the return of her husband, no pleased terror at the thought of his past dangers.' We must, however, beg to observe, that she shows what she knows to be far more gratifying to her husband at that moment, the most eager and passionate sympathy in the great master wish and purpose of his own mind. In this epistle, be it well observed, after announcing to her the twofold prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial fulfilment, he concludes:— 'This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.' Can anything more clearly denote a thorough union between this pair, in affection as well as ambition, than that single expression—*My dearest partner of greatness?* And, seeing that his last words to her had contained the injunction to lay their promised greatness to her heart as her chief subject of rejoicing, are not the first words that she addresses to him on their meeting, the most natural, sympathetic, and even obedient response to the charge which he has given her?—

" 'Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.'

"We do maintain that there is less of affectionate than of ambitious feeling conveyed in these lines—nay more, that it is her prospect of *his* exaltation, chiefly, that draws from her this burst of passionate anticipation, breathing almost a lover's ardour. Everything, we say, concurs to show that, primarily, she cherishes the scheme of criminal usurpation as *his* object—the

attainment of which, she mistakenly believes, will render him happier as well as greater.

"She is fully aware, indeed, of the moral guiltiness of her husband's design—that he 'would wrongly win;' and of the suspicion which they are likely to incur, but the dread of which she repels by considering, 'What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?' Nor is she inaccessible to remorse. The very passionateness of her wicked invocation, 'Come, come, you spirits,' &c., is a proof of this. We have not here the language of a cold-blooded murderer—but the vehement effort of uncontrollable desire, to silence the 'still, small voice' of her human and feminine conscience. This very violence results from the resistance of that 'milk of human kindness' in *her own bosom*, of which she fears the operation in her husband's breast.

"Of religious impressions, indeed, it should be carefully noted that she seems to have even less than her husband.

"On the other hand, it is plain that she covets the crown for her husband even more eagerly than he desires it for himself. With as great or greater vehemence of passion than he, she has none of his excitable imagination. Herein, we conceive, lies the second essential difference of character between them; from whence proceeds, by necessary consequence, that indomitable steadiness to a purpose on which her heart is once thoroughly bent, which so perfectly contrasts with the incurably fluctuating habit of mind in her husband. She covets for him, we say, 'the golden round' more passionately even than he can covet it for himself—nay, more so, it seems to us, than she would have coveted it for her own individual brows. Free from all the apprehensions conjured up by an irritable fancy—from all the 'horrible imaginings' that beset Macbeth—her promptness of decision and fixedness of will are proportioned to her intensity of desire; so that, although he has been the first contriver of the scheme, she has been the first to resolve immovably that it shall be carried into effect.

"Fearing that 'his nature' may shrink at the moment of execution, she determines, if necessary, to commit the murder with her own hand. Hence her invocation to the 'spirits that tend on mortal thoughts,' to 'unsex' her, &c.; and hence that part of her reply

to Macbeth's announcement of Duncan's visit:—

" ' He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
'This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom!
Only, look up clear—
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

"But now it is that all his previous apprehensions of odium and of retribution rise up to his imagination against the deed, in more terribly vivid and concentrated array; to oppose which he feels within him no positive stimulant but that of pure ambition. This finally proves insufficient; and he falls back to the counter-resolve, 'We will proceed no further in this business.' But he finds, immovably planted behind him, sarcastic reproof from the woman whom he loves, if he loves any human being; and, which makes it most formidable of all, from the woman who, he knows, devotedly loves him. Her exordium is fearful enough:—

" ' Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love.'

"Then comes the bitter imputation of moral cowardice:—

" ' Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour;
As thou art in desire,' &c.

"And his effort to repel the charge—

" ' I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none'—

only serves to bring upon him, most deservedly, the withering and resistless retort:—

" ' What heast was it, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves—and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you.'

"No longer daring to plead his fear of public opinion, Macbeth now falls back upon his last remaining ground of objection, the possibility that their attempt may not succeed—

" ' If we should fail? '—

Her quiet reply, 'We fail,' is every way most characteristic of the speaker—expressing that moral firmness in herself which makes her quite prepared to en-

sure the consequences of failure—and, at the same time, conveying the most decisive rebuke of such moral cowardice in her husband as can make him recede from a purpose merely on account of the possibility of defeat—a possibility which, up to the very completion of their design, seems never absent from her own mind, though she finds it necessary to banish it from that of her husband:—

" ' But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.' "

With equal skill Mr. Fletcher demonstrates that Macbeth's poetical ruminations, from which a noble nature is so generally inferred, are not the poetry inspired by a glowing or even a feeling heart—but that they proceed exclusively from a morbidly irritable fancy. His wife herself mistakes him, in thinking that "the milk of human kindness" will prevent him from catching the nearest way:—

"She judges of his character too much from her own. Possessing generous feeling herself, she is susceptible of remorse. Full of self-control, and afflicted with no feverish imagination, she is dismayed by no vague apprehensions, no fantastic fears. Consequently, when her husband is withheld from his crime simply by that dread of contingent consequences which his fancy so infinitely exaggerates, she, little able to conceive of this, naturally ascribes some part of his repugnance to that 'milk of human kindness,' those 'compunctious visitings of nature,' of which she can conceive.

"This double opposition between the two characters is yet more strikingly and admirably shown in the dialogue between them which immediately follows the murder. The perturbation which seizes Macbeth the instant he has struck the fatal blow, springs not, we repeat, from the slightest consideration for his victim. It is but the necessary recoil in the mind of every moral coward, upon the final performance of any decisive act from which accumulating selfish apprehensions have long withheld him—heighted and exaggerated by that excessive morbid irritability which, after his extreme selfishness, forms the next great moral characteristic of Macbeth. It is the sense of *all* the possible consequences to *himself*, and that alone, which rushes instantly and overwhelming upon his excitable fancy, so as to thunder its denunciations in his very ears:—

" ' Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more

This fancied voice it is, that scares him from the scene of blood, and from taking the concerted precaution for throwing the imputation upon Duncan's chamberlains—not any compunction whatever as to implicating them in the assassination. 'Function is smothered in surmise.' His *instant* alarms for himself overpoweringly engross him. He listens at every chamber door as he withdraws—until finding himself, for the moment, safe from discovery, he lapses into his ill-timed rumination upon the nature and circumstances of the act he has just committed, which touch his fearful fancy vividly enough, but his heart not at all.

"On the other hand, it is interesting to see how Lady Macbeth takes to *heart*, as he delivers them, the considerations which are suggested to his mind by his selfish *fears* alone. Impressed with the erroneous notion, drawn from the consciousness within her own breast, that he suffers real remorse, she at first endeavours to divert him from his reflections by assuming a tone of cool indifference. . . . And when his runaway imagination, merely urged on by her attempts to check its career, has rejoined—

"'But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?' &c.

his selfish distress is still mistaken by her for remorse, and felt so keenly, as to make her exclaim—

"'These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad!'"

And mad it *does* make her, while all her moralizing lord's poetical excitability only seems to urge him into wilder and more ruthless enormities. Observe again, the progressive development of these characters in all that relates to the assassination of Banquo—

"The mind of Lady Macbeth, ever free from vague apprehensions of remote and contingent danger, seems oppressed only by the weight of conscious guilt; and fearful is the expression of that slow and curless gnawing of the heart, which we find in her reflection, at the opening of the second scene, upon the state of her feelings under her newly-acquired royal dignity:—

"'Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy!'"

Here is truly the groaning of 'a mind diseased'—the corroding of 'a rooted sorrow.'

"Her very next words, addressed to her royal husband, whose presence she has requested apparently for this purpose, exhibit at once the continued mistake under which she supposes the gloom and abstraction which she observes in Macbeth, to proceed from the like remorse, and the magnanimity with which, hiding her own suffering, she applies herself to solace his:—

"'How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.'"

Here is still the language of a heart fully occupied with the weight of guilt already incurred, and by no means contemplating a deliberate addition to its amount. But alas! Macbeth's repentance of the crime committed has long been expended; his restless apprehensiveness is wholly occupied with the nearest danger that, he thinks, now threatens him; and to his exaggerating fancy the nearest danger ever seems close at hand. Most distinctly is this placed before us in his own soliloquy after parting with Banquo in the preceding scene:—

"'To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely til us. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep,' &c.

So much for the moral cowardice which cannot resign itself to await some more definite cause of apprehension from a man than what is to be found in his habitual qualities, and in qualities, too, which are noble in themselves.

"And now we behold all the difference between the irresolution of this man in prosecuting an act from which his nervous apprehensions operated to deter him, and the unshrinking, unrelenting procedure of the same character in pursuit of a murderous purpose to which his fears impel him. Sure enough of his own resolution, Macbeth feels no need of his wife's encouragement to keep him to his object of assassinating Banquo: he does not even lose time in communicating it to her, before he gives his instructions to the murderers; wherein, let us observe, the cool, ingenious falsehood with which he excites the personal rancour of these desperadoes against his intended victim, exhibits the inherent blackness of his character no less forcibly than it is shown in the speech above quoted, describing his murder of Duncan's chamberlains.

"So far, then, from being in that compunctious frame of mind which his wife supposes when addressing to him

the words of expostulation already cited, he is in the diametrically opposite mood, eagerly anticipating the execution of his second treacherous murder, instead of being contrite for the former.

"By dreams they are shaken; but Lady Macbeth's, as the dramatist most fully shows us afterwards, are exclusively dreams of remorse for the past; Macbeth's of apprehension for the future."

We must now pass on to the confirmation of these views which is afforded by Lady Macbeth in her despair, thus finely treated by Mr. Fletcher:—

"We have seen the passionate desire of Lady Macbeth for her husband's exaltation overbearing, though not stifling, her 'compunctious visitings,' until she finds 'the golden round' actually encircling the brow of her equally ambitious but more selfish consort. We have seen the stings of conscience assailing her with fresh violence, so soon as that sustained effort ceased which she had felt to be necessary for going 'the nearest way' to her lord's elevation and her own. Again, however, we have seen them silenced for the time in the new effort which she finds imposed upon her, to soothe, as she supposes, those pangs of remorse in her husband's breast, which are not only tormenting himself, but betraying his guilty consciousness to all the world. But the close of the great banquet-scene presents a new phasis of her feelings. She finds that her expostulations, whether in the strain of tenderness or of reproof, are alike powerless to restrain the workings of his 'heat-oppressed brain.' From the moment that she finds it necessary to say to their guests—

"I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him; at once, good-night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"—

from that moment we find her brief and quiet answers to his inquiries breathing nothing but the anxious desire to still his feverish agitation by what, she is now convinced, is the only available means—the most compliant gentleness. Her observation,

"You lack the season of all natures, sleep,"

expresses her deep conviction that, if any treatment can cure or assuage his mental malady, it must be a soothing one, and that alone. But his very reply to this gentle exhortation shows us that her power to allay his fears, and conse-

quently to control his excesses, is utterly at an end:—

"My strange and self-abuse,
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed."

"Up to this point, be it observed, she seems ignorant of Banquo's assassination; neither has her husband acquainted her distinctly with his designs against Macduff; henceforth he has no confidants whatever but his preternatural counsellors, who spend no more advice upon him than is just sufficient to confirm him in his infatuated course. It seems to be only from common rumour that his lady learns the destruction of Macduff's family, and the career of reckless violence which it opens on her husband's part, to the utter contempt of all human opinion, and sundering of all human attachment to his person or his rule. Their first great criminal act, the murder of Duncan, she had fondly thought should,

"To all our days and nights to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."

Mistaking, as we have seen, her husband's character, she foresaw not at all that he would both hold and act upon the maxim that

"Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill,"

that is, he would perversely make his very safety consist in getting deeper into danger. But now she finds that the very deed which was to establish him for ever, has precipitated him into inevitable destruction; she feels that but for the incitement administered by her own unbending will, that deed would not have been committed; that consequently, that very pertinacity of hers, which she expected was to make the lasting greatness of the man in whose glory all her wishes in this life were absorbed, had sealed his black, irrevocable doom. Nor is this all: the horrible undeception as to one part of his character, implies a yet more cruel one respecting another part. To find that all she had mistaken in Macbeth for 'the milk of human kindness,' was but mere selfish apprehensiveness, involves the conviction that he is capable of no true affection, no thorough confidence, even towards her. From the moment that he fails, as we have seen, to gain her concurrence in his design against Banquo, he shuts up his counsels utterly from her, and leaves her to brood in solitude over her unimpacted anguish; depriving her even of that diversion and solace which her own wretched thoughts would

still have found in the endeavour to soothe and tranquillize *his* agitations. With awful truth does Malcolm's observation to Macduff come home to the case of this despairing lady:—

“ ‘The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.’ ”

Sustained by the prosperity of her husband, or even by his confidence and sympathy in adversity, her mental resolution might long have been proof against those latent stings of remorse which we have shown to be ineradicably planted in her heart. But bereft alike of worldly hope and of human sympathy, the consciousness of ineffaceable guilt re-awakens with scorpion fierceness in her bosom; and now we have the awful comment upon that expression of forced indifference which she had uttered to her husband—‘A little water clears us of this deed’—in her sleep-walking exclamations:—‘Yet here's a spot.—Out, damned spot! out, I say!—What! will these hands never be clean?—Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!’

“Yes, *there* is the constant burden, the damned spot, the smell of the blood still—in the irrevocableness of the deed—*her* deed in effect, though not in conception—which has plunged them both into the deepest abyss of ruin. To that reflection her lonely heart is abandoned; to that it is chained, as on ‘a wheel of fire!’ But around this central and predominant impression, we find, in the course of her brief and incoherent revelations, confusedly transposed, like reflections from some shattered convex mirror, the whole circle of circumstances conducing to, or consequent on, the great decisive act. There is her previous chiding of his nervous apprehensions—‘Fye, my lord, fye!—a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?’ There is the horror of the murdering moment—‘One, two! Why, then ‘tis time to do’t.—Hell is murky!’ There is her equally horrid reminiscence of the sanguinary spectacle which her lord's pusillanimity had compelled her to look upon.—‘Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!’ There is the effort to tranquillize her husband's first agitation after the murder—‘Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.—To bed, to bed, to bed.’ There is her effort to still his supposed remorse

—‘What's done cannot be undone.’ There is her chiding of his agitated behaviour in public—‘No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.—‘I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.’ And finally, there is that burst of mere helpless commiseration—‘The thane of Fife had a wife—where is she now?’ Here, we say, is rapidly traced the whole dreadful series of consequences, from her own unshrinking instigation of the secret murder, to Macbeth's open launching upon the sea of boundless atrocity which is to overwhelm him. But all is retrospective—all reduces itself to ruminating on the circumstances of the murder, and her subsequent endeavours to sustain and guide the spirit of her husband.

“Macbeth, let us observe, is an habitual soliloquist; there was no need of any somnambulism, to disclose to us his inmost soul. But it would have been inconsistent with Lady Macbeth's powers and habits of self-control, that her gentle consciousness should have made its way so distinctly through her lips in her waking moments. Her sleep-walking scene, therefore, becomes a matter of physiological truth, no less than of dramatic necessity.”

Having thus demonstrated his view of the great central figures of this drama, Mr. Fletcher, with equal skill, proceeds to consider the manner in which it has been, and is the practice, for our leading performers to personate them. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons have left a written record of the principles on which they proceeded; and if Mr. Fletcher's view be, as we believe it to be, the correct one, it necessarily follows that the representations by these great artists, however striking and able in themselves, must have been untrue to Shakspeare. For, by Kemble, Macbeth was regarded as a man originally good, sympathetic, tender-hearted, generous, and grateful, until the ambitious and treacherous purpose of murdering the king is first suggested to him by the weird sisters, and then confirmed in him by the instigations of his wife. The result has been, that by Kemble, and by actors since his time, “in the earlier scenes, the remorsefully-reluctant, and in the later, the repentant criminal, is continually substituted for that heartless slave of mere selfish apprehensiveness, whom the dramatist has so distinctly delineated.” Mrs. Siddons,

taking the same view of Macbeth's character, fell into corresponding mistakes in regard to Lady Macbeth. Proceeding upon the radically erroneous notion that Lady Macbeth suggested the murderous purpose, while, in fact, she only excites her husband's courage to its execution, Mrs. Siddons conceived that Lady Macbeth's mental and personal attractions must have been of the rarest order, to have composed a charm of such potency "as to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so *amiable*, so *honourable* as Macbeth—to seduce him to brave all the dangers of the present, and all the terrors of a future world; and we are constrained, even whilst we abhor his crimes, to pity the *infatuated victim of such a thralldom*." If this were Shakspeare's conception, then did he paint, not after nature—not as a moralist—but with a fancy as wild, and a principle as perverted, as the wildest of our modern French romancers. Life shews no heroes, at once so noble and so imbecile, so amiable and so hateful. Nobility is virtue, and it is only an Anthony who can be infatuated for a Cleopatra. The result of this fundamental misconception was apparent in Mrs. Siddons' performance. All-pervading ambition and indomitable will constituted its soul. Her Lady Macbeth was a woman "inherently selfish and imperious—not devoted to the wish and purpose of her husband, but remorselessly determined to work him to the fulfilment of her own." A conception simple, no doubt, and capable of most powerful scenic illustration; and how grand and impressive it was in Mrs. Siddons' hands, we can well conceive, from the recorded opinions of her admirers, and the glowing descriptions of her surviving contemporaries. With such power, for example, did she embody her conception in the early scenes with Macbeth, that even John Kemble, with his noble presence and bearing, seemed by her side a cowering, helpless instrument in her hands. She did not employ earnest entreaty, but imperious injunction—as if he had neither power nor will to remonstrate. She looked like "a triumphant fiend," who regarded the hesitation of her husband with intense contempt, and was altogether incapable of the remorseful distraction which ultimately destroyed her. But

how are we to reconcile this view of the character with the soliloquy, when we see her first as the queen—with her subsequent demeanour, and, above all, with the revelations of the sleep-walking scene, and the "slumb'ry agitation" of the dislocated soul which it unfolds? What is it that lends the peculiar horror and pathos to this scene, if it be not the picture it presents of "the merely passive victim of remorse and of despair, helplessly tremulous and shuddering?" "But Siddons," says Croly, "wanted the agitation, the drooping, the timidity. She looked a living statue. She spoke with the solemn tone of a voice from a shrine. She stood more the *sepulchral avenger* of regicide, than the *sufferer* from its convictions. Her grand voice, her fixed and marble countenance, and her silent step, gave the impression of a preternatural being—the genius of an ancient oracle—a tremendous Nemesis." This in itself, and without relation to Shakspeare's idea, may, nay, must, have been a most impressive piece of acting. But what reference has this statuesque exhibition of a personified Fate to the wrecked and forlorn creature which Shakspeare drew, torn by the relentless agonies of inextinguishable remorse? False as the whole conception was, it is what every performer since her time has tried, and failed to embody, until the instinct of her own genius led the gifted actress to whom we have already more than once referred, to look at the part divested of everything extraneous which had been mixed up with it by others, and to present, with living truth, the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare.

Mr. Fletcher is not less original and successful in his exposition of the "Romeo and Juliet," than in that of the "Macbeth." Indeed, notwithstanding all that has been written so well upon this play, the criticism of no other writer has left upon our minds an impression so profound, so altogether satisfactory. Schlegel, Coleridge, Tieck, have said, perhaps, more beautiful things upon this theme, but they have none of them entered so completely into the soul by which the play is inspired, or shown so fully the beauty of the interdependent parts, as constituting a consummate whole. We can only, however, afford space for such passages as will serve

to indicate Mr. Fletcher's view of the central idea and purpose of the plays. His essay opens thus:—

"Few plays more clearly illustrate the essentially defective state of our Shakspearian interpretation, both in criticism and on the stage, than the one which gives title to the present essay. The very mainspring of the tragic action, and the tragic interest in the 'Romeo and Juliet' is continually mistaken—a mistake involving, we shall see, a radical misunderstanding of Shakespeare's mode of conceiving and method of combining the leading elements of tragedy in general. In spite of all the diligent and elaborate care which, in this instance, the dramatist has taken to shew, both to hearer and to reader, that the violent sorrows and calamitous end of his 'pair of star-crossed lovers' are brought upon them by causes quite independent of any defect of character, or impropriety of conduct in both or either of them—yet we find the piece continually talked and written about as if the misfortunes of the hero and heroine were produced in the main by their own 'fault,' or 'rashness,' or 'imprudence,'—to the utter oblivion or disregard, in the mind of the verbal or literary critic, of that ever adverse destiny—those 'inauspicious stars'—of which Romeo is so repeatedly made conscious that he bears the inevitable 'yoke.'

"But it was from no such equivocal germ as this, that Shakespeare's genius ever developed a great ideal tragedy—nor that any genius ever did or ever will unfold one. In Shakespeare, especially, whenever a hero's calamities are to be incurred by his own fault, the character is made one of violent disproportion, both mentally and morally—producing either the inordinate wickedness of Macbeth or an Iago, or the inordinate folly of a Timon or a Lear. When, on the contrary, the hero is to be exhibited before us as the victim of ill-fortune, and so to demand our pity in the highest and purest sense, the character is ever most carefully compounded as one of ideal dignity and harmony. Of Shakespeare's application of this latter principle, 'Hamlet' is the master example of all; but next to 'Hamlet,' the 'Romeo and Juliet' is one of the most remarkable.

"Even Coleridge simply tells us, concerning Romeo's fortunes, that 'his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth.' And respecting those of Juliet, the authoress of the 'Characteristics of Women,' who has written so many

pages upon this heroine, embodies the prevalent misconception in her concluding paragraph:—

"With all this immense capacity of affection and imagination there is a deficiency of reflection and of moral energy, arising from previous habit and education; and the action of the drama, while it serves to develop the character, appears but its natural and necessary result. "Le mystère de l'existence," said Madame de Staël to her daughter, "c'est le rapport de nos erreurs avec nos peines."

"Included under this general misconception is another critical and popular mistake—the notion that Shakespeare, in this piece, reads a lesson to youth against imprudently disregarding, in the affair of marriage, the authority, or the consent, or the knowledge, of their parents. It is, indeed, certain that Shakespeare, like every greatly wise man—whether poet, or philosopher, or both—was deeply impressed with the importance, to social welfare, of a due relation being preserved, in this matter, between filial choice and parental control. No writer of fiction has more impressively recommended the utmost deference, on such occasions, to parental counsel, kindly and disinterestedly administered; but neither was any one ever more alive to the worse than irreligion, the black impiety, as well as unnatural cruelty, committed by such parents as, to gratify their own selfish ambition or wilful caprice, will force their children to belie their hearts and perjure their souls in the face of heaven, by calling God to witness the sincerity of a union which their feelings reject. Our dramatist was not slow to read the former kind of lessons; they are abundant in his works; but in the present instance, it is to parents, and to fathers especially, that the moral is applicable, which results from the conduct of the heroine and her parents respectively. Nevertheless, the contrary notion as to the poet's intention is so firmly established, that even prudent matrons of rank have taken their girls to witness the performance of this play, as a warning against the dangers attendant on a clandestine union.

"Closely connected, again, with the commonplace light in which this drama has been regarded, as a mere story of an imprudent love affair between two *interesting* young people, is the notion that Shakespeare has exhibited in these lovers, and in Juliet more especially, a temperament of peculiarly Italian *vehemence*; and this *impetuosity* of their southern blood is held to account for what we find continually talked of by

the critics as the 'precipitancy' of their marriage, and the 'rashness' of their suicide.

"In opposition to these prevalent views of the matter, we must now proceed to show that Shakspeare, in this piece, has made it his business to idealize poetically, under the dramatic form, the power and the triumph of Love, in its largest and noblest sense—not merely Love as existing in a particular race or climate, but the sovereign passion of humanity at large, as exhibiting itself in the most exquisitely organized individuals.

"Verona, Giulietta, and Romeo, as they appear in the Italian legend, have furnished to this drama simply 'a local habitation and a name.' The personages of his hero and heroine, we repeat, are ideal in the largest acceptation—in the *human*, or at least the *European*, not merely the *Italian* sense. This was indispensable to produce completely the twofold development which we trace in the progress of the piece—that sympathetic love is the most rapid and powerful agent in drawing forth the energies of the individual—and that such union of hearts, when once perfected, has a force, beyond all other moral power, to resist the direst assaults of Fortune—even as the firm-set Roman arch itself, which external violence may shatter, but can never cause to swerve."

This view is developed by a close analysis of the characters and incidents, conducted with searching minuteness, but with an interest that never flags; and Mr. Fletcher concludes by claiming to have demonstrated—a claim to which we heartily assent—

"1. That the hero and heroine of this play, so far from presenting types of peculiarly Italian character, and so exhibiting a temperament peculiarly rash, impetuous, and vehement, are personages of ideal beauty, dignity, and harmony, physical, moral, and intellectual. That not only is each of the two characters endowed individually with this beautiful and harmonious proportion, but that the sympathy between the two is ideally perfect—a unison so entire as not even Shakspeare has elsewhere assigned to any pair of lovers. That, consequently, the rapidity and the force of their mutual passion, result, above all, from that absolutely perfect sensitive and imaginative sympathy—not merely from a sympathetic vehemence of the blood. That, in short, we have, in the courtship of this pair, and their union in life and death, the

most perfect idea of youthful love—in its most exquisite delicacy, its most exalted dignity, and its most heroic constancy, no less than in its most glowing ardour. And that the moral resulting from the dramatic development of this practical conception, is one of the greatest and most important that morality itself can teach—engaging the deepest of passions on the side of virtue, by demonstrating that the love which is most genuine and constant in its nature, can alone be most truly and exquisitely voluptuous.

"2. That, consequently, the source of the tragic action of the piece lies not at all in any defect of character in the hero and heroine; that, on the contrary, its tragic interest resides in the continual and studied opposition which the dramatist has maintained between their deserts and their experience—between their own delicately though healthily virtuous nature and conduct, and the external evils that beset them, on the one hand, in the mean or selfish, the foolish or vicious dispositions of those around them—on the other, in the constant persecution of untoward accident; so that their eventual fate in this life, demands from us the deepest and tenderest pity, unmixed with any particle of blame; while, even in death, the beauty, purity, and heroism of their mutual devotion, are sanctified by the poet, with every religious circumstance, on the sympathy of their fellow-citizens, and the veneration of posterity.

"3. That as regards the great social question, as to the due relation between parental authority and filial choice, respecting the marriage of children, the admonition administered by the whole tenor of this drama is addressed, not to children marrying without their parents' consent, but to parents against setting at naught in this matter the feelings of their children."

We shall close our extracts with some passages from the delineation of Imogen, one of the most elaborate in the book, and over which the writer seems to have lingered, with the fondness due to this, perhaps the most exquisite portraiture of womanhood ever drawn:—

"The true subject of 'Cymbeline' is the trial of heroic affection in the bosom of a wife, and its triumph, not only wrought in the deepest sympathies of mankind at large, but in the fortunes of the heroine herself—a triumph not merely over the most cruel doubts and suspicions conjured up by diabolical art

in the breast of a noble-spirited husband—but, more glorious far, over the disbelief in all conjugal virtue, held and professed by a voluptuary of the first order in refinement and accomplishment.

"In bringing ourselves to feel, as well as understand, the character of any one of Shakspeare's more ideal heroines, we should begin with considering the very form and sound of her name; for in them we shall commonly find the keynote, as it were, to the whole rich piece of harmony developed in her person, language, sentiments, and conduct. In the present instance, resolving to give, in one delightful being, 'a local habitation and a name' to

... "all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye;"—

resolving to give that sweet ideal of feminine excellence all possible prominence and elevation, by combining it with, and making it proof against, the possession of the most exalted rank—it would seem as if the very revolving in his mind of this intended quintessence of feminine beauty and dignity, physical, moral, and intellectual, had caused his inmost and most exquisite spirit to breathe out spontaneously the name of *Imogen*—a word all nobleness and sweetness, all classic elegance and romantic charm. "Sweet *Imogen*", ever and anon, throughout this drama comes delicately on our ear, even as the softest note swept fitfully from an *Æolian* lyre. And as "her breathing perfumes the chamber," even so does her spirit lend fragrance, and warmth, and purity, and elevation, to the whole body of this nobly romantic play.

"Her personal beauty is of a character which so speaks the beauty of her soul—her mental loveliness so perfectly harmonizes with her outward graces—that it is difficult, nay impossible, to separate them in our contemplation. In this case, most transcendently, do we find the spirit moulding the body, the sentiment shaping the manner, after its own image, even to the most delicate touches. This meets our apprehension at once, even if we look upon her with the eyes of *Iachimo*, the unsentimental though very tasteful eyes of the elegant voluptuary and accomplished connoisseur." It was not her external charms alone, however peerless, that could daunt a man like him; it was the heavenly spirit beaming through them at every point.

"All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager."

Again:—

"His exclamations over her in the sleeping scene must be regarded as a disinterested homage to her soul-illuminated charms, the power of which detains him, in admiration, even from his perilous task of noting the decorations of her chamber:—

"Cytheron,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed!—fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss—one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus! The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peek her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows—white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tint!
. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip!"

Was ever the victory of silent beauty, elegance, and purity, over the awe-struck spirit of a sensualist, so exquisitely painted or so nobly celebrated as in these lines! It is not 'the flame o' the taper' that here 'bows toward her,' but the unhallowed flames in a voluptuary and a treacherous breast, that render extorted yet grateful homage to that lovely, spotless, and fragrant soul!"

How delicately felt is the following:—

"Exquisite sweetness and harmony of voice, again, were not to be forgotten by Shakspeare among the endowments for such a heroine—so fondly conceived a type of feminine perfection. How finely is the idea of this gift of hers conveyed to us in the simple exclamation of *Cymbeline* on hearing the first words that she utters on reviving after *Posthumus* has struck her—

"The tune of *Imogen*"

And *Pisanio*, when instructing her how to present herself in disguise before *Lucius*, the Roman commander, says to her—

"Tell him
Wherein you are happy—which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in music."

And *Aviragus* tells us of *Fidele*—

"How angel-like he sings!"

Mr. Fletcher then proceeds to show that the moral and intellectual beauty of *Imogen* are as ideally exalted as her personal graces—a task the more necessary, as these have been egregiously underrated, even by the ablest and

most eloquent eulogists of the character, who ascribe its strength and crowning charm, chiefly, if not solely, to her goodness, truth, and affectionate nature :—

"The more we reflect upon such criticisms," says Mr. Fletcher, "the more we deem it a great moral object, to rescue so exalted an ideal character of Shakspeare from such injurious depreciation—an object only second in importance to vindicating the dignity of a great historical character. The question—what was the conception entertained by Shakspeare, as to the highest standard of female grace, virtue, and intellect?—is, we repeat, hardly less momentous than it is interesting."

Our space permits us to give only a small portion of this vindication :—

"First of all, let us observe how studiously the poet has insulated the moral and intellectual beauty of the attachment between the heroine and her lover, amid the weakness, wickedness, and meanness of the court which surrounds them. It sparkles in lustre, like the diamond which Imogen places on the finger of her husband; it trembles in loveliness, like the parting kiss which she 'had set between two charming words.' Her mother dead, her brothers stolen in their infancy, how must the heart and mind of Imogen have grown up in sympathy with her orphan playmate, so brave and gentle, so graceful, intelligent, and accomplished. How pure and perfect their reciprocal affection, is beautifully shown in the two passages, where Imogen says of Posthumus to her father—

*A man worth any woman—overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays!—*

and where Posthumus says to Imogen,

*"As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss," &c.*

This is the very religion of true and happy love—it thinks not of *giving*—imagines not that it gives at all: it is all boundless gratitude for what it *receives*.

"This lady 'fair and royal,' in uniting herself to this 'poor but worthy gentleman,' has but been true to her early affections and her matured judgment; the folly, inconsistency, and falsehood, lie all in her weak father, ruled by her wicked stepmother, who would fain marry the heiress of the kingdom to her worthless and booby son.

Thus the dramatist has taken care to show his heroine, from the very beginning, notwithstanding her clandestine marriage, free from the taint of disobedient self-will. By drawing the character of Cloten, too, at full length, showing it in thorough contrast with that of Posthumus, and in utter repugnance to that of Imogen, we are made yet more forcibly to feel how fully and how justly her intellect has sanctioned her own disposal of her heart.

"That intellect, indeed, not only beams serenely above the agitation of her own feelings, tenderly thrilling as that agitation is; but the light of it, radiant in her words, discovers to us the true aspect of every character about her. She is not only the most exquisitely feeling, but the most keenly penetrating person of the drama—not only the finest poet of the piece, but the noblest moralist also. How admirably do her very first words hit off the whole character of her stepmother—

*Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!*

How convincingly does she state her father's cruel folly! And how truly expressed are the respective characters of her husband and her suitor in the metaphor, 'I chose an eagle, and did avoid a puttock.'

"Again, how clearly does she render to us all the bearings of her position, as well as the whole cast of the feelings resulting from it, in the brief soliloquy :—

*"A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—Oh, that
husband!
My supreme crown of grief—and those re-
peated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen
As my two brothers, happy!—but most miser-
able
Is the desire that's glorious!—Bless'd be those,
How mean so'e'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort!"*

How effectively, too, this precedes the appearance of Iachimo, introduced to her by Pisanio—

*"Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters."*

And her delighted agitation in opening and perusing them—

*"So far as I read aloud—
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warn'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully."*

"Let us mark the beautiful clearness of intellect, as well as purity of heart,

which she manifests throughout this trying scene. Already, in treating the character of Iachimo, we have shown how her interest and her confidence are bespoken, absolutely commanded, for that visitor by the terms of her husband's letter which he bears—how the door is closed in her mind against all suspicion of the Italian's character and intentions, by her beloved Leonatus's own hand. She feels the kindest solicitude for one whom her husband owns as his benefactor. His abstracted and disordered behaviour first of all makes her fear that he is unwell—next, that something ill has befallen her husband. It is from no weak simplicity, but through the most logical deductions, that she accepts all his exclamations and disclosures as sincere, until, oppressed by the sense of calamity rather than of wrong, she so simply and beautifully says, 'My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain;' and adds, in answer to her informant, who goes on, adding to her load of already intolerable anguish, 'Let me hear no more!' Iachimo, we see, here overacts his part. The disgusting detail into which he immediately enters, as to the way in which, he says, her husband spends the money drawn from her own coffers, instead of strengthening her conviction and rousing her resentment, as he had anticipated, has precisely the contrary effects. It both affords her time to recover from the first stunning shock given to her mind by such a communication acting upon the unguarded confidence into which she had been betrayed, and, by the very overcharging of the picture which he draws, begins to awaken her incredulity as to the truth of the representation. And so soon as he has ventured on his insulting proposal, how finely does the clear activity of her intellect appear in her instant call for the faithful Pisanio, whom her treacherous visitor has designedly sent away on a feigned errand, to look after his own servant.

"Such a demonstration as this, from any woman in the like circumstances, whatever consciousness of physical weakness it may show, is an eminent proof of moral energy and ready self-possession. It is one of the many instances, in the course of Shakspeare's development of this character, which show her so remarkably endowed with practical as well as speculative wisdom. A weak woman, intellectually speaking, would first of all have given vent to her indignation against the seducer; but the first thing which occurs to the firm, clear mind of Imogen is, not what she is called upon to say in this extraordi-

nary emergency, but what it behoves her to do. She is instantly conscious, in herself, less of the insulted princess than of the woman who needs personal protection; for the highest heroism in woman, according to Shakspeare, is, at the same time, the most essentially feminine—he admitted not the virago into his ideal of female excellence. To borrow the words of Pisanio himself, in relation to his mistress, our poet makes 'fear and niceness' to be—

" 'The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman her pretty self.' "

But we must leave our readers to seek the conclusion of this admirable exposition in the volume itself, to which we now bid adieu, with a hearty commendation, as a most valuable accession to our Shakspearian literature, and worthy a place beside the best that have gone before it. It is an honest book—the product of elaborate study and matured thought—the outpouring of a mind full of new truths, which it must utter at all hazards. There is no writing for writing's sake—no showy generalities—no fanciful propositions, brilliant but visionary. Every conclusion is based upon authority, and deduced according to a rigorous logic. We may differ from the author, but we cannot differ without being driven to substantial reasons in our defence. It is a book which compels thought, and close and earnest attention. Assailing so many easy and received opinions as it does, it must provoke controversy and cavil. But let the reader who is disposed to question, pause in his conclusions. This writer is a man of no ordinary powers, and it is manifest that he has treated no part of his subject hastily, or with relaxed energies of thought. Truth is his beacon-light, and where a too eager reader may suspect a paradox, reflection will often discover a pregnant and important truth. We know of no criticism better fitted to advance an intelligent appreciation of our great national poet. And we are satisfied this will prove to be one of those books which influence silently but surely—a book perused and re-perused by the thoughtful, with deepening pleasure. Such books and such writers are rare, and we shall rejoice to see the author carrying his powers of exposition and illustration into that noble cycle of dramas which lies still untouched before him.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATTER DAYS OF THE
HON. RICHARD MARSTON, OF DUNORAN.

PART I.

"When Lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin: and Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth Death."

ABOUT sixty years ago, and somewhat more than twenty miles from the capital of Ireland, in a southward direction, there stood a large, and, even then, an old-fashioned mansion-house. It lay in the midst of a demesne of considerable extent, and richly wooded with venerable timber; but, apart from the sombre majesty of these giant groups, and the varieties of the undulating ground on which they stood, there was little that could be deemed attractive in the place. A certain air of neglect and decay, and an indescribable gloom and melancholy, hung over it. In darkness, it seemed darker than any tract beside; when the moonlight fell upon its glades and hollows, they looked spectral and awful, with a sort of churchyard loneliness; and even when the blush of morning kissed its broad woodlands, there was a melancholy in the salute which saddened rather than cheered the heart of the beholder.

This antique, melancholy, and neglected place, we shall call, for distinctness sake, Dunoran. It was then the property of the younger son of a nobleman, once celebrated for his ability and his daring, but who had long since passed to that land where human wisdom and courage avail nought. The representative of this noble house resided at the family mansion in England, and the cadet, whose fortunes we mean to sketch in these pages, lived upon the narrow surplus of an encumbered income, in a reserved and unsocial discontent, deep among the solemn shadows of the old woods of Dunoran.

The Hon. Richard Marston was now somewhere between forty and fifty years of age—perhaps nearer the latter; he still, however, preserved, in an eminent degree, the traits of manly beauty, not the less remarkable for its unquestionably haughty and passionate character. He had married a beautiful girl, of good family, but without much money, somewhere about sixteen years before; and

two children, a son and a daughter, had been the fruit of this union. The boy, Harry Marston, was at this time at Cambridge; and his sister, scarcely fifteen, was at home with her parents, and under the training of an accomplished governess, who had been recommended to them by a noble relative of Mrs. Marston. She was a native of France, but thoroughly mistress of the English language, and, except for a foreign accent, which gave a certain prettiness to all she said, she spoke it as perfectly as any native Englishwoman. This young Frenchwoman was eminently handsome and attractive. Expressive, dark eyes, a clear olive complexion, small even teeth, and a beautifully-dimpling smile, more perhaps than a strictly classic regularity of features, were the secrets of her unquestionable influence, at first sight, upon the fancy of every man of taste who beheld her.

Mr. Marston's fortune, never very large, had been shattered by early dissipation. Naturally of a proud and somewhat exacting temper, he acutely felt the mortifying consequences of his poverty. The want of what he felt ought to have been his position and influence in the county in which he resided, fretted and galled him; and he cherished a resentful and bitter sense of every slight, imaginary or real, to which the same fruitful source of annoyance and humiliation had exposed him. He held, therefore, but little intercourse with the surrounding gentry, and that little not of the pleasantest possible kind; for, not being himself in a condition to entertain, in that style which his own ideas of his station had led him to conceive to be but suitable, he declined, as far as was compatible with good breeding, all the proffered hospitalities of the neighbourhood; and, from his wild and neglected park, looked out upon the surrounding world in a spirit of moroseness and defiance, very unlike, indeed, to that of neighbourly good-will.

In the midst, however, of many of the annoyances attendant upon crippled means, he enjoyed a few of those shadowy indications of hereditary importance, which are more dearly prized, in proportion as the substantial accessories of wealth have disappeared. The mansion in which he dwelt was, though old-fashioned, imposing in its aspect, and upon a scale unequivocally aristocratic; its walls were hung with ancestral portraits, and he managed to maintain about him a large and tolerably respectable staff of servants. In addition to these, he had his extensive demesne, his deer-park, and his unrivalled timber, wherewith to console himself; and, in the consciousness of these possessions, he found some imperfect assuagement of those bitter feelings of suppressed scorn and resentment, which a sense of lost station and slighted importance engendered.

Mr. Marston's early habits had, unhappily, been of a kind to aggravate, rather than alleviate, the annoyances incidental to reduced means. He had been a gay man, a voluptuary, and a gambler. His vicious tastes had survived the means of their gratification. His love for his wife had been nothing more than one of those vehement and headstrong fancies, which, in self-indulgent men, sometimes result in marriage, and which seldom outlive the first few months of that life-long connexion. Mrs. Marston was a gentle, noble-minded woman. After agonies of disappointment, which none ever suspected, she had at length learned to submit, in sad and gentle acquiescence, to her fate. Those feelings, which had been the charm of her young days, were gone, and, as she bitterly felt, for ever. For them there was no recall—they could not return; and, without complaint or reproach, she yielded to what she felt was inevitable. It was impossible to look at Mrs. Marston, and not to discern, at a glance, the ruin of a surpassingly beautiful woman—a good deal wasted, pale, and chastened with a deep, untold sorrow—but still possessing the outlines, both in face and form, of that noble beauty and matchless grace, which had made her, in happier days, the admired of all observers. But equally impossible was it to converse with her, for even a minute, without

hearing, in the gentle and melancholy music of her voice, the sad echoes of those griefs to which her early beauty had been sacrificed—an undying sense of lost love, and happiness departed, never to come again.

One morning, Mr. Marston had walked, as was his custom when he expected the messenger who brought from the neighbouring post-office the Dublin letters, some way down the broad, straight avenue, with its double rows of lofty trees at each side, when he encountered the nimble emissary on his return. He took the letter-bag in silence. It contained but two letters—one addressed to "Mademoiselle de Barras, chez M. Marston," and the other to himself. He took them both, dismissed the messenger, and opening that addressed to himself, read as follows, while he slowly retraced his steps towards the house:—

"DEAR RICHARD—I am a whimsical fellow, as you doubtless remember, and have lately grown, they tell me, rather hippish besides. I do not know to which infirmity I am to attribute a sudden fancy which urges me to pay you a visit, if you will admit me. To say truth, my dear Dick, I wish to see a little of Ireland, and, I will confess it, *en passant*, to see a little of *you* too. I really wish to make acquaintance with your family; and though they tell me my health is very much shaken, I must say, in self-defence, I am not a troublesome inmate. I can perfectly take care of myself, and need no nursing or caudling whatever. Will you present this, my petition, to Mrs. Marston, and report her decision thereon to me. Seriously, I know that your house may be full, or some other *contre-temps* may make it impracticable for me just now to invade you. If it be so, tell me, my dear Richard, frankly, as my movements are perfectly free, and my time all my own, so that I can arrange my visit to suit your convenience.

"Yours, &c.,

"WYNSTON E. BERKLEY.

"P.S.—Direct to me at — Hotel, in Dublin, as I shall probably be there by the time this reaches you."

"Ill-bred and pushing as ever," quoth Mr. Marston, angrily, as he thrust the unwelcome letter into his pocket.

"This fellow, wallowing in wealth, without one nearer relative on earth than I, and associated more nearly still with me by the—psha! not affection—the *recollections* of early and intimate companionship, leaves me unaided, for years of desertion and suffering, to the buffetings of the world, and the troubles of all but overwhelming pecuniary difficulties, and now, with the cool confidence of one entitled to respect and welcome, invites himself to my house. Coming here," he continued, after a gloomy pause, and still pacing slowly toward the house, "to collect amusing materials for next season's gossip—stories about the married Benedict—the bankrupt beau—the outcast tenant of an Irish wilderness;" and, as he said this, he looked at the neglected prospect before him with an eye almost of hatred. "Ay, ay, to see the nakedness of the land is he coming, but he shall be disappointed. His money may buy him a cordial welcome at an inn, but curse me if it shall purchase him a reception here."

He again opened and glanced through the letter.

"Ay, purposely put in such a way that I can't decline it without affronting him," he continued doggedly. "Well, then, he has no one to blame but himself—affronted he shall be; I shall effectually put an end to this humorous excursion. Egad, it is rather hard if a man cannot keep his poverty to himself."

Sir Wynston Berkley was a baronet of large fortune—a selfish, fashionable man, and an inveterate bachelor. He and Marston had been schoolfellows, and the violent and implacable temper of the former had as little impressed his companion with feelings of regard, as the frivolity and selfishness of the baronet had won the esteem of his relative. As boys, they had little in common upon which to rest the basis of a friendship, or even a mutual liking. Berkley was gay, cold, and satirical; his cousin—for cousins they were—was jealous, haughty, and relentless. Their negative disinclination to one another's society, not unnaturally engendered by uncongenial and unamiable dispositions, had for a time given place to actual hostility, while the two young men were at Oxford. In some intrigue, Marston discovered

in his cousin a too-successful rival; the consequence was, a bitter and furious quarrel, which, but for the prompt and peremptory interference of friends, Marston would undoubtedly have pushed to a bloody issue. Time had, however, healed this rupture, and the young men came to regard one another with the same feelings, and eventually to re-establish the same sort of cold and indifferent intimacy which had subsisted between them before their angry collision.

Under these circumstances, whatever suspicion Marston might have felt on the receipt of the unexpected, and indeed unaccountable proposal, which had just reached him, he certainly had little reason to complain of any violation of early friendship in the neglect with which Sir Wynston had hitherto treated him. In deciding to decline his proposed visit, however, Marston had not consulted the impulses of spite or anger. He knew the baronet well; he knew that he cherished no good-will towards him, and that in the project which he had thus unexpectedly broached, whatever indirect or selfish motives might possibly be at the bottom of it, no friendly feeling had ever mingled. He was therefore resolved to avoid the trouble and the expense of a visit in all respects distasteful to him, and in a gentlemanlike way, but, at the same time, as the reader may suppose, with very little anxiety as to whether or not his gay correspondent should take offence at his reply, to decline, once for all, the proposed distinction.

With this resolution, he entered the spacious and somewhat dilapidated mansion which called him master; and entering a sitting-room, appropriated to his daughter's use, he found her there, in company with her beautiful French governess. He kissed his child, and saluted her young preceptress with formal courtesy.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I have got a letter for you; and, Rhoda," he continued, addressing his pretty daughter, "bring this to your mother, and say, I request her to read it."

He gave her the letter he himself had just received, and the girl tripped lightly away upon her mission.

Had he narrowly scrutinized the countenance of the fair Frenchwoman, as she glanced at the direction of that

which he had just placed in *her* hand, he might have seen certain transient, but very unmistakeable evidences of excitement and agitation. She quickly concealed the letter, however, and with a sigh, the momentary flush which it had called to her cheek subsided, and she was tranquil as usual.

Mr. Marston remained for some minutes—five, eight, or ten, we cannot say precisely—pretty much where he had stood on first entering the chamber, doubtless awaiting the return of his messenger, or the appearance of his wife. At length, however, he left the room himself to seek her; but, during his brief stay, his previous resolution had been removed. By what influence we cannot say; but removed completely it unquestionably was, and a final determination that Sir Wynston Berkley should become his guest had fixedly taken its place.

As Marston walked along the passages which led from this room, he encountered Mrs. Marston and his daughter.

"Well," said he, "you have read Wynston's letter?"

"Yes," she replied, returning it to him; "and what answer, Richard, do you purpose giving him?"

She was about to hazard a conjecture, but checked herself, remembering that even so faint an evidence of a disposition to advise might possibly be resented by her cold and imperious lord.

"I have considered it, and decided to receive him," he replied.

"Ah! I am afraid—that is, I hope—he may find our housekeeping such as he can enjoy," she said, with an involuntary expression of surprise; for she had scarcely had a doubt that her husband would have preferred evading the visit of his fine friend, under his gloomy circumstances.

"If our modest fare does not suit him," said Marston, with sullen bitterness, "he can depart as easily as he came. We, poor gentlemen, can but do our best. I have thought it over, and made up my mind."

"And how soon, my dear Richard, do you intend fixing his arrival?" she inquired, with the natural uneasiness of one upon whom, in an establishment whose pretensions considerably exceeded its resources, the perplexing cares of housekeeping devolved.

"Why, as soon as he pleases," re-

plied he. "I suppose you can easily have his room prepared by to-morrow or next day. I shall write by this mail, and tell him to come down at once."

Having said this in a cold, decisive way, he turned and left her, as it seemed, not caring to be teased with further questions. He took his solitary way to a distant part of his wild park, where, far from the likelihood of disturbance or intrusion, he was often wont to amuse himself for the live-long day, in the sedentary sport of shooting rabbits. And there we leave him for the present, signifying to the distant inmates of his house the industrious pursuit of his unsocial occupation, by the dropping fire which sullenly, from hour to hour, echoed from the remote woods.

Mrs. Marston issued her orders; and having set on foot all the necessary preparations for so unwonted an event as a visit of some duration to Dunoran, she betook herself to her little boudoir—the scene of many an hour of patient but bitter suffering, unseen by human eye, and unknown, except to the just Searcher of hearts, to whom belongs mercy and VENGEANCE.

Mrs. Marston had but two friends to whom she had ever spoken upon the subject nearest her heart—the estrangement of her husband, a sorrow to which even time had failed to reconcile her. From her children this grief was carefully concealed. To them she never uttered the semblance of a complaint. Anything that could by possibility have reflected blame or dishonour upon their father, she would have perished rather than have allowed them so much as to suspect. The two friends who did understand her feelings, though in different degrees, were, one, a good and venerable clergyman, the Rev. Doctor Danvers, a frequent visitor and occasional guest at Dunoran, where his simple manners and unaffected benignity and tenderness of heart, had won the love of all, with the exception of its master, and commanded even his respect. The second was no other than the young French governess, Mademoiselle de Barras, in whose ready sympathy and consolatory counsels she found no small happiness. The society of this young lady had indeed become,

next to that of her daughter, her greatest comfort and pleasure.

Mademoiselle de Barras was of a noble though ruined French family, and a certain nameless elegance and dignity attested, spite of her fallen condition, the purity of her descent. She was accomplished—possessed of that fine perception and sensitiveness, and that ready power of self-adaptation to the peculiarities and moods of others, which we term tact—and was, moreover, gifted with a certain natural grace, and manners the most winning imaginable. In short, she was a fascinating companion; and when the melancholy circumstances of her own situation, and the sad history of her once rich and noble family, were taken into account, with her striking attractions of person and air, the combination of all these associations and impressions rendered her one of the most interesting persons that could well be imagined. The circumstances of Mademoiselle de Barras's history and descent seemed to warrant, on Mrs. Marston's part, a closer intimacy and confidence than usually subsists between parties mutually occupying such a relation.

Mrs. Marston had hardly established herself in this little apartment, when a light foot approached, a gentle tap was given at the door, and Mademoiselle de Barras entered.

"Ah, mademoiselle, so kind—such pretty flowers. Pray sit down," said the lady, with a sweet and grateful smile, as she took from the taper fingers of the foreigner the little bouquet which she had been at the pains to gather.

Mademoiselle sat down, and gently took the lady's hand and kissed it. A small matter will overflow a heart charged with sorrow—a chance word, a look, some little office of kindness—and so it was with mademoiselle's bouquet and gentle kiss. Mrs. Marston's heart was touched; her eyes filled with bright tears; she smiled gratefully upon her fair and humble companion, and as she smiled, her tears overflowed, and she wept in silence for some minutes.

"My poor mademoiselle," she said, at last, "you are so very, very kind."

Mademoiselle said nothing; she lowered her eyes, and pressed the poor lady's hand.

Apparently to interrupt an embar-

assing silence, and to give a more cheerful tone to their little interview, the governess, in a gay tone, on a sudden said—

"And so, madame, we are to have a visitor, Miss Rhoda tells me—a baronet, is he not?"

"Yes, indeed, mademoiselle—Sir Wynston Berkley, a gay London gentleman, and a cousin of Mr. Marston's," she replied.

"Ha—a cousin!" exclaimed the young lady, with a little more surprise in her tone than seemed altogether called for—"a cousin—oh, then, that is the reason of his visit. Do, pray, madame, tell me all about him—I am so much afraid of strangers, and what you call men of the world. Oh, dear Mrs. Marston, I am not worthy to be here, and he will see all that in a moment—indeed, indeed, I am afraid. Pray tell me all about him."

She said this with a simplicity which made the elder lady smile, and while mademoiselle re-adjusted the tiny flowers which formed the bouquet she had just presented to her, Mrs. Marston good-naturedly recounted to her all she knew of Sir Wynston Berkley, which, in substance, amounted to no more than we have already stated. When she concluded, the young Frenchwoman continued for some time silent, still busy with her flowers. But, suddenly, she heaved a deep sigh, and shook her head.

"You seem disquieted, mademoiselle," said Mrs. Marston, in a tone of kindness.

"I am thinking, madame," she said, still looking upon the flowers which she was adjusting, and again sighing profoundly—"I am thinking of what you said to me a week ago—alas!"

"I do not remember what it was, my good mademoiselle—nothing, I am sure, that ought to grieve you—at least nothing that was intended to have that effect," replied the lady, in a tone of gentle encouragement.

"No, not intended, madame," said the young Frenchwoman, sorrowfully.

"Well, what was it? Perhaps you misunderstood; perhaps I can explain what I said," replied Mrs. Marston, affectionately.

"Ah, madame, you think—you think I am *unlucky*," answered the young lady, slowly and faintly.

"Unlucky! Dear mademoiselle,

you surprise me," rejoined her companion.

"I mean—what I mean is this, madame—you date unhappiness—if not its beginning, at least its great aggravation and increase," she answered dejectedly, "from the time of my coming here, madame; and though I know you are too good to dislike me on that account, yet I must, in your eyes, be ever connected with calamity, and look like some ominous thing."

"Dear mademoiselle, allow no such thought to enter your mind. You do me great wrong, indeed you do," said Mrs. Marston, laying her hand upon the young lady's, kindly.

There was silence for a little time, and the elder lady resumed—

"I remember now what you allude to, dear mademoiselle—the increased estrangement, the widening separation which severs me from one unutterably dear to me—the first and bitter disappointment of my life, which seems to grow more hopelessly incurable day by day.

Mrs. Marston paused, and, after a brief silence, the governess said—

"I am very superstitious myself, dear madame, and I thought I must have seemed to you an inauspicious inmate—in short, *unlucky*—as I have said; and the thought made me very unhappy—so unhappy, that I was going to leave you, madame—I may now tell you frankly—going away; but you have set my doubts at rest, and I am quite happy again."

"Dear mademoiselle!" cried the lady tenderly, and rising, as she spake, to kiss the cheek of her humble friend; "never—never speak of this again. God knows I have too few friends on earth, to spare the kindest and tenderest among them all. No, no. You little think what comfort I have found in your warm-hearted and ready sympathy, and how dearly I prize your affection, my poor mademoiselle."

The young Frenchwoman rose, with downcast eyes, and a dimpling, happy smile; and, as Mrs. Marston drew her affectionately toward her, and kissed her, she timidly returned the embrace of her kind patroness. For a moment her graceful arms encircled her, and she whispered, "Dear madame, how happy—how very happy you make me."

Had Ithuriel touched with his spear

the beautiful young woman, thus for a moment, as it seemed, lost in a trance of gratitude and love, would that angelic form have stood the test unscathed? A spectator, marking the scene, might have observed a strange gleam in her eyes—a strange expression in her face—an influence for a moment *not* angelic, like a shadow of some passing spirit, cross her visibly, as she leaned over the gentle lady's neck, and murmured, "Dear madame, how happy—how very happy you make me." Such a spectator, as he looked at that gentle lady, might have seen, for one dreamy moment, a lithe and painted serpent, coiled round and round, and hissing in her ear.

A few minutes more, and mademoiselle was in the solitude of her own apartment. She shut and bolted the door, and taking from her desk the letter which she had that morning received, threw herself into an arm-chair, and studied the document profoundly. Her actual revision and scrutiny of the letter itself was interrupted by long intervals of profound abstraction; and, after a full hour thus spent, she locked it carefully up again, and with a clear brow, and a gay smile, rejoined her pretty pupil for a walk.

We must now pass over an interval of a few days, and come at once to the arrival of Sir Wynston Berkley, which duly occurred upon the evening of the day appointed. The baronet descended from his chaise but a little time before the hour at which the little party which formed the family at Dunoran were wont to assemble for the social meal of supper. A few minutes devoted to the mysteries of the toilet, with the aid of an accomplished valet, enabled him to appear, as he conceived, without disadvantage at this domestic re-union.

Sir Wynston Berkley was a particularly gentlemanlike person. He was rather tall, and elegantly made, with gay, easy manners, and something indefinably aristocratic in his face, which, however, was a little more worn than his years would have strictly accounted for. But Sir Wynston had been a *roué*, and, spite of the cleverest possible making up, the ravages of excess were very traceable in the lively beau of fifty. Perfectly well dressed, and with a manner that was ease and

gaiety itself, he was at home from the moment he entered the room. Of course, anything like genuine cordiality was out of the question; but Mr. Marston embraced his relative with perfect good breeding, and the baronet appeared determined to like everybody, and be pleased with everything.

He had not been five minutes in the parlour, chatting gaily with Mr. and Mrs. Marston and their pretty daughter, when Mademoiselle de Barras entered the room. As she moved towards Mrs. Marston, Sir Wynston rose, and, observing her with evident admiration, said in an under-tone, inquiringly, to Marston, who was beside him—

"And *this*?"

"That is Mademoiselle de Barras, my daughter's governess, and Mrs. Marston's companion," said Marston, drily.

"Ha!" said Sir Wynston—"I *thought* you were but three at home just now, and I was right. Your son is at Cambridge; I heard so from an old friend, Jack Manbury. Jack has his boy, there, too. D—n me, Dick, it seems but last week that you and I were there together."

"Yes," said Marston, looking gloomily into the fire, as if he saw, in its smoke and flicker, the phantoms of murdered time and opportunity; "but I hate looking back, Wynston. The past is to me but a medley of ill-luck and worse management."

"Why what an ungrateful dog you are!" returned Sir Wynston, gaily, turning his back upon the fire, and glancing round the spacious and handsome, though somewhat faded apartment. "I was on the point of congratulating you on the possession of the finest park and noblest demesne in Ireland, when you begin to *grumble*. Egad, Dick, all I can say to your complaint is, that I don't pity you, and there are dozens who may honestly *envy* you—that is all."

In spite of this cheering assurance, Marston remained sullenly silent. Supper, however, had now been served, and the little party assumed their places at the table.

"I am sorry, Wynston, I have no sport of any kind to offer you here," said Marston, "except, indeed, some good trout-fishing, if you like it. I

have three miles of excellent fishing at your command."

"My dear fellow, I am a mere cockney," rejoined Sir Wynston; "I am not a sportsman; I never tried it, and should not like to begin now. No, Dick—what I much prefer is, abundance of your fresh air, and the enjoyment of your scenery. When I was at Rouen three years ago——"

"Ha!—Rouen? Mademoiselle will feel an interest in that—it is her birth-place," interrupted Marston, glancing at the Frenchwoman.

"Yes—Rouen—ah—yes!" said mademoiselle, with very evident embarrassment.

Sir Wynston appeared for a moment a little disconcerted, too, but rallied speedily, and pursued his detail of his doings at that fair town of Normandy.

Marston knew Sir Wynston well; and he rightly calculated that whatever effect his experience of the world might have had in intensifying his selfishness or hardening his heart, it certainly could have had none in improving a character originally worthless and unfeeling. He knew, moreover, that his wealthy cousin was gifted with a great deal of that small cunning which is available for masking the little scheming of frivolous and worldly men; and that Sir Wynston never took trouble of any kind without a sufficient purpose, having its centre in his own personal gratification.

This visit greatly puzzled Marston; it gave him even a vague sense of uneasiness. Could there exist any flaw in his own title to the estate of Dunoran? He had an unpleasant, doubtful sort of remembrance of some apprehensions of this kind, when he was but a child, having been whispered in the family. Could this really be so, and could the baronet have been led to make this unexpected visit merely for the purpose of personally examining into the condition of a property of which he was about to become the legal invader? The nature of this suspicion affords, at all events, a fair gauge of Marston's estimate of his cousin's character. And as he revolved these doubts from time to time, and as the thought of Mademoiselle de Barras's transient, but unaccountable, embarrassment at the mention of Rouen by Sir Wynston—an embarrassment

which the baronet himself appeared for a moment to reciprocate—flashed occasionally upon his remembrance, undefined, glimmering suspicions of another kind flickered through the darkness of his mind. He was effectually puzzled—his surmises and conjectures baffled; and he more than half repented that he had acceded to his cousin's proposal, and admitted him as an inmate in his house.

Although Sir Wynston comported himself as if he were conscious of being the very most-welcome visitor who could possibly have established himself at Dunoran, he was, doubtless, fully aware of the real feelings with which he was regarded by his host. If he had in reality an object in prolonging his stay, and wished to make the postponement of his departure the direct interest of his entertainer, he unquestionably took effectual measures for that purpose.

The little party broke up every evening at about ten o'clock, and Sir Wynston retired to his chamber at the same hour. He found little difficulty in inducing Marston to amuse him there with a quiet game of picquet. In his own room, therefore, in the luxurious ease of dressing-gown and slippers he sate at cards with his host, often until an hour or two past midnight. Sir Wynston was exorbitantly wealthy, and very reckless in expenditure. The stakes for which they played, although they gradually became in reality pretty heavy, were in his eyes a very unimportant consideration. Marston, on the other hand, was poor, and played with the eye of a lynx and the appetite of a shark. The ease and perfect good-humour with which Sir Wynston lost were not unimproved by his entertainer, who, as may readily be supposed, was not sorry to reap this golden harvest, provided without the slightest sacrifice, on his part, of pride or independence. If, indeed, he sometimes suspected that his guest was a little more anxious to lose than to win, he was also quite resolved not to perceive it, but calmly persisted in, night after night, giving Sir Wynston, as he termed it, his revenge; or, in other words, treating him to a repetition of his losses. All this was very agreeable to Marston, who began to treat his visitor with, at all events,

more external cordiality and distinction than at first.

An incident, however, occurred, which disturbed these amicable relations in an unexpected way. It becomes necessary here to mention that Mademoiselle de Barras's sleeping apartment opened from a long corridor. It was *en suite* with two dressing-rooms, each opening also upon the corridor, but wholly unused and unfurnished. Some five or six other apartments also opened at either side, upon the same passage. These little local details being premised, it so happened that one day Marston, who had gone out with the intention of angling in the trout-stream which flowed through his park, though at a considerable distance from the house, having unexpectedly returned to procure some tackle which he had forgotten, was walking briskly through the corridor in question to his own apartment, when, to his surprise, the door of one of the deserted dressing-rooms, of which we have spoken, was cautiously pushed open, and Sir Wynston Berkley issued from it. Marston was almost beside him as he did so, and Sir Wynston made a motion as if about instinctively to draw back again, and at the same time the keen ear of his host distinctly caught the sound of rustling silks and a tip-toe tread hastily withdrawing from the deserted chamber. Sir Wynston looked nearly as much confused as a man of the world can look. Marston stopped short, and scanned his visitor for a moment with a very peculiar expression.

"You have caught me peeping, Dick. I am an inveterate explorer," said the baronet, with an ineffectual effort to shake off his embarrassment. "An open door in a fine old house is a temptation which —"

"That door is usually closed, and ought to be kept so," interrupted Marston, drily; "there is nothing whatever to be seen in the room but dust and cobwebs."

"Pardon me," said Sir Wynston, more easily, "you forget the view from the window."

"Ay, the view, to be sure; there is a good view from it," said Marston, with as much of his usual manner as he could resume so soon; and, at the same time, carelessly opening the door

again, he walked in, accompanied by Sir Wynston, and both stood at the window together, looking out in silence upon a prospect which neither of them saw.

"Yes, I do think it is a good view," said Marston; and as he turned carelessly away, he darted a swift glance round the chamber. The door opening toward the French lady's apartment was closed, but not actually shut. This was enough; and as they left the room, Marston repeated his invitation to his guest to accompany him; but in a tone which showed that he scarcely followed the meaning of what he himself was saying.

He walked undecidedly toward his own room, then turned and went down stairs. In the hall he met his pretty child—

"Ha! Rhoda," said he, "you have not been out to-day?"

"No, papa; but it is so very fine, I think I shall go now."

"Yes; go, and mademoiselle can accompany you. Do you hear, Rhoda, mademoiselle goes with you, and you had better go at once."

A few minutes more, and Marston, from the parlour-window, beheld Rhoda and the elegant French girl walking together towards the woodlands. He watched them gloomily, himself unseen, until the crowding underwood concealed their receding figures. Then, with a sigh, he turned and re-ascended the great staircase.

"I shall sift this mystery to the bottom," thought he. "I shall foil the conspirators, if so they be, with their own weapons—art with art—chicane with chicane—duplicity with duplicity."

He was now in the long passage which we have just spoken of, and glancing back and before him, to ascertain that no chance eye discerned him, he boldly entered mademoiselle's chamber. Her writing-desk lay upon the table. It was locked; and coolly taking it in his hands, Marston carried it into his own room, bolted his chamber-door, and taking two or three bunches of keys, he carefully tried nearly a dozen in succession, and when almost despairing of success, at last found one which fitted the lock, turned it, and opened the desk.

Sustained throughout his dishonourable task by some strong and angry

passion, the sight of the open escritoire checked and startled him for a moment. Violated privilege, invaded secrecy, base, perfidious espionage, upbraided and stigmatized him, as the intricacies of the outraged sanctuary opened upon his intrusive gaze. He felt for a moment shocked and humbled. He was impelled to lock and replace the desk where he had originally found it, without having effected his meditated treason; but this hesitation was transient; the fiery and reckless impulse which had urged him to the act, returned to enforce its consummation. With a guilty eye and eager hands, he searched the contents of this tiny repository of the fair Norman's written secrets.

"Ha! the very thing," he muttered, as he detected the identical letter which he himself had handed to Mademoiselle de Barras but a few days before. "The handwriting struck me—ill-disguised—I thought I knew it; we shall see."

He had opened the letter; it contained but a few lines: he held his breath while he read it. First he grew pale, then a shadow came over his face, and then another, and another—darker and darker—shade upon shade—as if an exhalation from the pit was momentarily blackening the air about him. He said nothing; there was but one long, gentle sigh, and in his face a mortal sternness, as he folded the letter again, replaced it, and locked the desk.

Of course, when Mademoiselle de Barras returned from her accustomed walk, she found everything in her room, to all appearance, undisturbed, and just as when she left it. While this young lady was making her toilet for the evening, and while Sir Wynston Berkley was worrying himself with conjectures as to whether Marston's evil looks, when he encountered him that morning in the passage, existed only in his own fancy, or were, in good truth, very grim and significant realities, Marston himself was striding alone through the wildest and darkest solitudes of his park, haunted by his own unholy thoughts, and, it may be, by those other evil and unearthly influences which wander, as we know, "in desert places." Darkness overtook him, and the chill of night, in these lonely tracts. In his

solitary walk, what fearful *company* had he been keeping! As the shades of night deepened round him, the sense of the neighbourhood of ill—the consciousness of the foul thoughts of which, where he was now treading, he had been for hours the sport—oppressed him with a vague and unknown terror; a certain horror of the thoughts which had been his comrades through the day, which he could not now shake off, and which clung to him with a ghastly and defiant tenacity, scared, while they half-enraged him. He stalked swiftly homewards, like a guilty man pursued.

Marston was not perfectly satisfied, though very nearly, with the evidence now in his possession. The letter, the stolen perusal of which had so agitated him that day, bore no signature; but, independently of the handwriting, which seemed to be, spite of the constraint of an attempted disguise, to be familiar to his eye, there existed in the matter of the letter, short as it was, certain internal evidences, which, although not actually conclusive, raised certainly, in conjunction with all the other circumstances, a powerful presumption in aid of his suspicions. He resolved, however, to sift the matter further, and to bide his time. Meanwhile, his manner must indicate no trace of his dark surmises and bitter thoughts. Deception, in its two great branches, simulation and dissimulation, was easy to him. His habitual reserve and gloom would divest any accidental and momentary disclosures of his inward trouble, showing itself in dark looks or sullen silence, of everything suspicious or unaccountable, which would have characterized such displays and eccentricities in another man.

His rapid and reckless ramble—a kind of physical vent for the paroxysm which had so agitated him throughout the greater part of the day—had soiled and disordered his dress, and thus had helped to give to his whole appearance a certain air of haggard wildness, which, in the privacy of his chamber, he hastened carefully and entirely to remove.

At supper, Marston was apparently in unusually good spirits. Sir Wynston and he chatted gaily and fluently upon many subjects, grave and gay.

Among them the inexhaustible topic of popular superstition happened to turn up, and especially the subject of strange prophecies of the fates and fortunes of individuals, singularly fulfilled in the events of their after-life.

"By-the-bye, Dick, this is rather a nervous topic for me to discuss," said Sir Wynston.

"How so?" asked his host.

"Why, don't you remember?" urged the baronet.

"No, I don't recollect what you allude to," replied Marston, in all sincerity.

"Why, don't you remember Eton?" pursued Sir Wynston.

"Yes—to be sure," said Marston.

"Well?" continued his visitor.

"Well, I really don't recollect the prophecy," replied Marston.

"What! do you forget the gipsy who predicted that you were to murder me, Dick—eh?"

"Ah—ha, ha!" laughed Marston, with a start.

"Don't you remember it now?" urged his companion.

"Ah—why—yes—I believe I do," said Marston; "but another prophecy was running in my mind—a gipsy prediction, too. At Ascot, do you recollect the girl told me I was to be lord chancellor of England, and a duke besides."

"Well, Dick," rejoined Sir Wynston, merrily, "if both are to be fulfilled, or neither, I trust you may never sit upon the woolsack of England."

The party soon after broke up—Sir Wynston and his host, as usual, to pass some hours at picquet—and Mrs. Marston, as was her wont, to spend some time in her own boudoir, over notes and accounts, and the worrying details of housekeeping.

While thus engaged, she was disturbed by a respectful tap at her door, and an elderly servant, an Englishman, who had been for many years in the employment of Mr. Marston, presented himself.

"Well, Merton, do you want anything?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, please, I want to give warning—I wish to leave the service, ma'am;" replied he, respectfully, but doggedly.

"To leave us, Merton!" echoed

his mistress, both surprised and sorry, for the man had been long her servant, and had been much liked and trusted.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated.

"And why do you wish to do so, Merton; has anything occurred to make the place unpleasant to you?" urged the lady.

"No, ma'am—no, indeed," said he, earnestly, "I have nothing to complain of—nothing, indeed, ma'am."

"Perhaps, you think you can do better, if you leave us?" suggested his mistress.

"No, indeed, ma'am, I have no such thought," he said, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears; "but—but, somehow—ma'am, there is something come over me, lately, and I can't help, but think, if I stay here, ma'am—some—some *misfortune* will happen us all—and that is the truth, ma'am."

"This is very foolish, Merton—a mere childish fancy," replied Mrs. Marston; "you like your place, and have no better prospect before you—and now, for a mere superstitious fancy, you propose giving it up, and leaving us. No, no, Merton, you had better think the matter over—and if you still, upon reflection, prefer going away, you can then speak to your master."

"Thank you, ma'am—God bless you," said the man, withdrawing.

Mrs. Marston rang the bell for her maid, and retired to her room.

"Has anything occurred lately," she asked, "to annoy Merton?"

"No, ma'am—I don't know of anything—but, he is very changed, indeed, of late," replied the maid.

"He has not been quarrelling?" inquired she.

"Ah, no, ma'am, he never quarrels—he is very quiet, and keeps to himself always—he thinks a wonderful deal of himself," replied the servant.

"But, you said that he is much changed—did you not?" continued the lady. For there was something strangely excited and unpleasant, at times, in the man's manner, which struck Mrs. Marston, and alarmed her curiosity. He had seemed like one charged with some horrible secret—intolerable, and yet, which he dared not reveal.

"What," proceeded Mrs. Marston, "is the nature of the change of which you speak?"

"Why, ma'am, he is like one frightened, and in sorrow," she replied; "he will sit silent, and now and then shaking his head, as if he wanted to get rid of something that is teasing him, for an hour together."

"Poor man!" said she.

"And, then, when we are at meals, he will, all on a sudden, get up, and leave the table—and Jem Carney, that sleeps in the next room to him, says, that, almost as often as he looks through the little window between the two rooms, no matter what hour in the night, he sees Mr. Merton on his knees by the bedside, praying or crying, he don't know which—but, any way, he is not happy—poor man!—and that is plain enough."

"It is very strange," said the lady, after a pause; "but, I do think, and hope, after all, it will prove to have been no more than a transient, nervous depression."

"Well, ma'am, I do hope it is not his conscience that is coming against him, now," said the maid.

"We have no reason to suspect anything of the kind," said Mrs. Marston, gravely; "quite the reverse—he has been always a particularly proper man."

"Oh, indeed," responded the attendant, "goodness forbid I should say or think anything against him; but I could not help telling you my mind, ma'am, meaning no harm."

"And, how long is it since you observed this sad change in poor Merton?" persisted the lady.

"Not, indeed, to say very long, ma'am," replied the girl; "somewhere about a week, or very little more—at least, as we remarked, ma'am."

Mrs. Marston pursued her inquiries no further that night. But, although she affected to treat the matter thus lightly, it had, somehow, taken a painful hold upon her imagination, and left in her mind those undefinable and ominous sensations, which, in certain mental dispositions, seem to foreshadow the approach of unknown misfortune.

For two or three days, everything went on smoothly, and pretty much as usual. At the end of this brief

interval, however, the attention of Mrs. Marston was recalled to the subject of her servant's mysterious anxiety to leave, and give up his situation. Merton again stood before her, and repeated the intimation he had already given.

"Really, Merton, this is very odd," said the lady. "You like your situation, and yet you persist in desiring to leave it. What am I to think?"

"Oh, ma'am," said he, "I am unhappy; I am tormented, ma'am. I can't tell you, ma'am—I can't, indeed, ma'am!"

"If anything weighs upon your mind, Merton, I would advise your consulting our good clergyman, Dr. Danvers," urged the lady.

The servant hung his head, and mused for a time gloomily; and then said, decisively—

"No, ma'am—no use."

"And pray, Merton, how long is it since you first entertained this desire?" asked Mrs. Marston.

"Since Sir Wynston Berkley came, ma'am," answered he.

"Has Sir Wynston annoyed you in any way?" continued she.

"Far from it, ma'am," he replied; "he is a very kind gentleman."

"Well, his *man*, then—is *he* a respectable, inoffensive person?" she inquired.

"I never met a more so," said the man, promptly, and raising his head.

"What I wish to know is, whether your desire to go is connected with Sir Wynston and his servant?" said Mrs. Marston.

The man hesitated, and shifted his position uneasily.

"You need not answer, Merton, if you don't wish it," she said, kindly.

"Why, ma'am, yes, it *has* something to say to them both," he replied, with some agitation.

"I really cannot understand this," said she.

Merton hesitated for some time, and appeared much troubled.

"It was something, ma'am—something that Sir Wynston's man said to me; and there it is out," he said at last, with an effort.

"Well, Merton," said she, "I won't press you further; but I must say, that as this communication, whatever it may be, has caused *you*, unquestionably, very great uneasiness, it seems

to me but probable that it affects the safety or the interests of some person—I cannot say of whom; and, if so, there can be no doubt that it is your duty to acquaint the person or persons so involved in the disclosure, with its purport."

"Ah, ma'am, there is nothing in what I heard that could touch anybody but myself. It was nothing but what others heard, without remarking it, or thinking about it. I can't tell you any more, ma'am—but I am very unhappy, and uneasy in my mind."

As the man said this, he began to weep bitterly.

The idea that his mind was affected, now seriously occurred to Mrs. Marston, and she resolved to convey her suspicions to her husband, and to leave him to deal with the case as to him should seem good.

"Don't agitate yourself so, Merton; I shall speak to your master upon what you have said; and you may rely upon it, that no surmise to the prejudice of your character has entered my mind," said Mrs. Marston, very kindly.

"Ah, ma'am, you are too good," sobbed the poor man vehemently. "You don't know me, ma'am; I never knew myself till lately. I am a miserable man. I am frightened at myself, ma'am—frightened terribly. Christ knows, it would be well for me I was dead this minute."

"I am very sorry for your unhappiness, Merton," said Mrs. Marston; "and, especially, that I can do nothing to alleviate it; I can but speak, as I have said, to your master, and he will give you your discharge, and manage whatever else remains to be done."

"God bless you, ma'am," said the servant, still much agitated, and left her.

Mr. Marston usually passed the early part of the day in active exercise, and she, supposing that he was, in all probability, at that moment far from the house, went to "mademoiselle's" chamber, which was at the other end of the spacious house, to confer with her in the interval upon the strange application just urged by poor Merton.

Just as she reached the door of Mademoiselle de Barras's chamber, she heard voices within exerted in evident excitement. She stopped in amazement. They were those of her hus-

band and mademoiselle. Startled, confounded, and amazed, she pushed open the door, and entered. Her husband was sitting—one hand clutched upon the arm of the chair he occupied, and the other extended, and clenched, as it seemed, with the emphasis of rage, upon the desk which stood upon the table. His face was darkened with the stormiest passions, and his gaze was fixed upon the Frenchwoman, who was standing with a look half-guilty, half-imploring, at a little distance.

There was something, to Mrs. Marston, so utterly unexpected, and even so shocking, in this *tableau*, that she stood for some seconds pale and breathless, and gazing with a vacant stare of fear and horror from her husband to the French girl, and from her to her husband again. The three figures in this strange group remained fixed, silent, and aghast, for several seconds. Mrs. Marston endeavoured to speak; but, though her lips moved, no sound escaped her; and, from very weakness, she sank half-fainting into a chair.

Marston rose, throwing, as he did so, a guilty and a furious glance at the young Frenchwoman, and walked a step or two toward the door; he hesitated, however, and turned, just as mademoiselle, bursting into tears, threw her arms round Mrs. Marston's neck, and passionately exclaimed—

"Protect me, madame, I implore, from the insults and suspicions of your husband."

Marston stood a little behind his wife, and he and the governess exchanged a glance of keen significance, as the latter sank, sobbing, like an injured child into its mother's embrace, upon the poor lady's tortured bosom.

"Madame, madame—he says—Mr. Marston says, I have presumed to give you advice, and to meddle, and to interfere—that I am endeavouring to make you despise his authority. Madame, speak for me. Say, madame, have I ever done so—say, madame, am I the cause of bitterness and contumacy? Ah, mon dieu! c'est trop—it is too much, madame—I shall go—I must go, madame. Why, ah, why, did I stay for this?"

As she thus spoke, mademoiselle again burst into a paroxysm of weeping, and again the same significant glance was interchanged.

"Go—yes, you shall go," said Marston, striding toward the window. "I will have no whispering or conspiring in my house; I have heard of your confidences and consultations. Mrs. Marston, I meant to have done this quietly," he continued, addressing his wife; "I meant to have given Mademoiselle de Barras my opinion and her dismissal without your assistance; but it seems you wish to interpose. You are sworn friends, and never fail one another, of course, at a pinch. I take it for granted that I owe your presence at an interview which I am resolved shall be, as respects mademoiselle, a final one, to a message from that intriguing young lady—*eh?*"

"I have had no message, Richard," said Mrs. Marston; "I don't know—do tell me, for God's sake, what is all this about?" and as the poor lady thus spoke, her overwrought feelings found a vent in a violent flood of tears.

"Yes, madam, that is the question. I have asked him frequently what is all this anger, all these reproaches about—what have I done," interposed mademoiselle, with indignant vehemence, standing erect, and viewing Marston with a flashing eye and a flushed cheek. "Yes, I am called conspirator, meddler, *intriguante*—ah, madame, it is intolerable."

"But what have I done, Richard?" urged the poor lady, stunned and bewildered—"how have I offended you?"

"Yes, yes," continued the Frenchwoman, with angry volubility—"what has she done, that you call contumacy and disrespect? Yes, dear madame, *there* is the question; and if he cannot answer, is it not most cruel to call me conspirator, and spy, and *intriguante*, because I talk to my dear madame, who is my only friend in this place?"

"Mademoiselle de Barras, I need no declamation from you; and pardon me, Mrs. Marston, nor from you either," retorted he; "I have my information from one on whom I can rely—let that suffice. Of course you are both agreed in a story. I dare say you are ready to swear you never so much as canvassed my conduct, and my coldness and estrangement—*eh?* these are the words, are not they?"

"I have done you no wrong, sir—madame can tell you. *Je ne le jamais*

faite—I am no mischief-maker; no, I never was such a thing—was I, madame?" persisted the governess—"bear witness for me."

"I have told you my mind, Mademoiselle de Barras," interrupted Marston; "I will have no altercation, if you please. I think, Mrs. Marston, we have had enough of this; may I accompany you hence?"

So saying, he took the poor lady's passive hand, and led her from the room. Mademoiselle stood in the centre of the apartment, alone, erect, with heaving breast and burning cheek—beautiful, thoughtful, guilty—the very type of the fallen angelic. We must leave her there for a time, her heart all confusion, her mind darkness; various courses before her, and as yet without resolution to choose among them—a lost spirit, borne on the eddies of the storm—fearless and self-reliant, but with no star to guide her on her dark, malign, and forlorn way.

Mrs. Marston, in her own room, reviewed the agitating scene through which she had just been so unexpectedly carried. The tremendous suspicion which, at the first disclosure of the *tableau* we have described, smote the heart and brain of the poor lady with the stun of a thunderbolt, had been, indeed, subsequently disturbed, and afterwards contradicted; but the shock of her first impression remained still upon her mind and heart. She felt still through every nerve the vibrations of that maddening terror and despair which had overcome her senses for a moment. The surprise, the shock, the horror, outlived the obliterating influence of what followed. She was in this agitation when Mademoiselle de Barras entered her chamber, resolved with all her art to second and support the success of her prompt measures in the recent critical emergency. She had come, she said, to bid her dear madame farewell, for she was resolved to go. Her own room had been invaded, that insult and reproach might be heaped upon her—how utterly unmerited, Mrs. Marston knew. She had been called by every foul name which applied to the spy and the maligner; she could not bear it. Some one had evidently been endeavouring to procure her removal, and had but

too effectually succeeded. Mademoiselle was determined to go early the next morning; nothing should prevent or retard her departure; her resolution was taken. In this strain did mademoiselle run on, but in a subdued and melancholy tone, and weeping profusely.

The wild and ghastly suspicions which had for a moment flashed terribly upon the mind of Mrs. Marston, had faded away under the influences of reason and reflection, although, indeed, much painful excitement still remained, before Mademoiselle de Barras had visited her room. Marston's temper she knew but too well; it was violent, bitter, and impetuous; and though he cared little, if at all, for her, she had ever perceived that he was angrily jealous of the slightest intimacy or confidence by which any other than himself might establish an influence over her mind. That he had learned the subject of some of her most interesting conversations with mademoiselle, she could not doubt; for he had violently upbraided that young lady in her presence with having discussed it, and here now was mademoiselle herself taking refuge with her from galling affront and unjust reproach, incensed, wounded, and weeping. The whole thing was consistent; all the circumstances bore plainly in the same direction; the evidence was conclusive; and Mrs. Marston's thoughts and feelings respecting her fair young confidante, quickly found their old level, and flowed on tranquilly and sadly in their accustomed channel.

While Mademoiselle de Barras was thus, with the persevering industry of the spider, repairing the meshes which a chance breath had shattered, she would, perhaps, have been in her turn shocked and startled, could she have glanced into Marston's mind, and seen, in what was passing there, the real extent of her danger.

Marston was walking, as usual, alone, and in the most solitary region of his lonely park. One hand grasped his walking-stick, not to lean upon it, but as if it were the handle of a battle-axe; the other was buried in his bosom; his dark face looked upon the ground, and he strode onward with a slow but energetic step, which had the air of deep resolution. He found him-

self at last in a little churchyard, lying far among the wild forest of his demesne, and in the midst of which, covered with ivy and tufted plants, now ruddy with autumnal tints, stood the ruined walls of a little chapel. In the dilapidated vault close by, lay buried many of his ancestors, and under the little wavy hillocks of fern and nettles, slept many an humble villager. He sat down upon a worn tombstone in this lowly ruin, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he surrendered his spirit to the stormy and evil thoughts which he had invited. Long and motionless he sat there, while his foul fancies and schemes began to assume shape and order. The wind rushing through the ivy roused him for a moment, and as he raised his gloomy eye, it alighted accidentally upon a skull, which some wanton hand had fixed in a crevice of the wall; he averted his glance quickly, but almost as quickly refixed his gaze upon the impassive symbol of death, with an expression lowering and contemptuous, and with an angry gesture struck it down among the weeds with his stick. He left the place, and wandered on through the woods.

"Men can't control the thoughts that flit across their minds," he muttered, as he went along, "any more than they can direct the shadows of the clouds that sail above them. They come and pass, and leave no stain behind. What, then, of omens, and that wretched effigy of death? Stuff—psha! *Murder*, indeed! I'm incapable of murder. I have drawn my sword upon a man in fair duel; but *murder*! Out upon the thought—out, out upon it."

He stamped upon the ground with a pang at once of fury and horror. He walked on a little, stopped again, and folding his arms, leaned against an ancient tree.

"*Mademoiselle de Barras, vous etes une traîtresse, and you shall go. Yes, go you shall; you have deceived me, and we must part.*"

He said this with melancholy bitterness; and, after a pause, continued—

"I will have no other revenge. No; though, I dare say, she will care but little for this—very little, if at all."

"And then, as to the other person," he resumed, after a pause. "It

is not the first time he has acted like a trickster. He has crossed me before, and I will choose an opportunity to tell him my mind. I won't mince matters with him either, and will not spare him one insulting syllable that he deserves. He wears a sword, and so do I; if he pleases, he may draw it; he shall have the opportunity; but, at all events, I will make it impossible for him to prolong his disgraceful visit at my house."

On reaching home and his own study, the servant, Merton, presented himself, and his master, too deeply excited to hear him then, appointed the next day for the purpose. There was no contending against Marston's peremptory will, and the man reluctantly withdrew. Here was apparently a matter of no imaginable moment—whether this menial should be discharged on that day, or on the morrow; and yet mighty things were involved in the alternative.

There was a deeper gloom than usual over the house. The servants seemed to know that something had gone wrong, and looked grave and mysterious. Marston was more than ever dark and moody. Mrs. Marston's dimmed and swollen eyes showed that she had been weeping. *Mademoiselle* absented herself from supper, on the plea of a bad headache. Rhoda saw that something, she knew not what, had occurred to agitate her elders, and was depressed and anxious. The old clergyman whom we have already mentioned, had called, and stayed to supper. Dr. Danvers was a man of considerable learning, strong sense, and remarkable simplicity of character. His thoughtful blue eye, and well-marked countenance, were full of gentleness and benevolence, and elevated by a certain natural dignity, of which purity and goodness, without one debasing shade of self-esteem and arrogance, were the animating spirit. Mrs. Marston loved and respected this good minister of God, and many a time had sought and found, in his gentle and earnest counsels, and in the overflowing tenderness of his sympathy, much comfort and support in the progress of her sore and protracted earthly trial. Most especially at one critical period in her history had he endeared himself to her, by interposing, and successfully, to prevent a formal sepa-

ration, which (as ending for ever the one hope that cheered her on, even in the front of despair) she would probably not long have survived.

With Mr. Marston, however, he was far from being a favourite. There was that in his lofty and simple purity which abashed and silently reproached the sensual, bitter, disappointed man of the world. The angry pride of the scornful man felt its own meanness in the grand presence of a simple and humble Christian minister. And the very fact that all his habits had led him to hold such a character in contempt, made him but the more unreasonably resent the involuntary homage which its exhibition in Dr. Danvers' person invariably extorted from him. He felt in this good man's presence under a kind of imitating restraint—not, indeed, under any necessity whatever of modifying his ordinary conduct or language—but still he felt that he was in the presence of one with whom he had and could have no sympathy whatever, and yet one whom he could not help both admiring and respecting; and in these conflicting feelings were involved certain gloomy and humbling inferences about himself, which he hated, and almost feared to contemplate.

It was well, however, for the indulgence of Sir Wynston's conversational propensities, that Dr. Danvers had happened to drop in, for Marston was doggedly silent and sullen, and Mrs. Marston was herself scarcely more disposed than he to maintain her part in a conversation, so that, had it not been for the opportune arrival of the good clergyman, the supper must have been commenced with a very awkward and unsocial taciturnity.

Marston thought, and perhaps not erroneously, that Sir Wynston suspected something of the real state of affairs, and he was therefore incensed to perceive, as he thought, in his manner, very evident indications of his being in unusually good spirits. Thus disposed, the party sat down to supper.

"One of our number is missing," said Sir Wynston, affecting a slight surprise, which, perhaps, he did not feel.

"Mademoiselle de Barras—I trust she is well?" said Doctor Danvers, looking towards Marston.

"I suppose she is—I don't know," said Marston, drily, and with some embarrassment.

"Why, how should *he* know," said the baronet, gaily, but with something almost imperceptibly sarcastic in his tone. "Our friend, Marston, is privileged to be as ungallant as he pleases, except where he has the happy privilege to owe allegiance; but I, a gay young bachelor of fifty, am naturally curious. I really do trust that our charming French friend is not unwell."

He addressed his inquiry to Mrs. Marston, who, with some slight confusion, replied—

"No—nothing, at least, serious; merely a slight headache. I am sure she will be well enough to come down to breakfast."

"She is indeed a very charming and interesting young person," said Doctor Danvers. "There is a certain simplicity and good-nature about her, which argue a good and kind heart, and an open nature."

"Very true, indeed, doctor," observed Berkley, with the same faint, but, to Marston, exquisitely provoking approximation to sarcasm. "There is, as you say, a very charming simplicity. Don't you think so, Marston?"

Marston looked at him for a moment, but continued silent.

"Poor mademoiselle!—she is indeed a most affectionate creature," said Mrs. Marston, who felt called upon to say something.

"Come, Marston, will you contribute nothing to the general approbation?" said Sir Wynston, who was gifted by nature with an amiable talent for teasing, which he was fond of exercising in a quiet way. "We have all, but you, said something handsome of our absent young friend."

"I never praise anybody, Wynston—not even *you*," said Marston, with an obvious sneer.

"Well, well, I must comfort myself with the belief that your silence covers a great deal of good-will, and, perhaps, a little admiration, too," answered his cousin, significantly.

"Comfort yourself in any *honest* way you will, my dear Sir Wynston," retorted Marston, with a degree of asperity, which, to all but the baronet himself, was unaccountable. "You may be right—you may be wrong;

on a subject so unimportant, it matters very little which; you are at perfect liberty to practise delusions, if you will, upon *yourself*."

"By-the-bye, Mr. Marston, is not your son about to come to this country?" asked Doctor Danvers, who perceived that the altercation was becoming, on Marston's part, somewhat testy, if not positively rude.

"Yes; I expect him in a few days," replied he, with a sudden gloom.

"You have not seen him, Sir Wynston?" asked the clergyman.

"I have that pleasure yet to come," said the baronet.

"A pleasure it is, I do assure you," said Doctor Danvers, heartily. "He is a handsome lad, with the heart of a hero; a fine, frank, generous lad, and as merry as a lark."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Marston; he is well enough, and has done pretty well at Cambridge. Doctor Danvers, take some wine."

It was strange, but yet mournfully true, that the praises which the good Doctor Danvers thus bestowed upon his son, were bitter to the soul of the unhappy Marston; they jarred upon his ear, and stung his heart, for his conscience converted them into so many latent insults and humiliations to himself.

"Your wine is very good, Marston. I think your clarets here are many degrees better than we can get in England," said Sir Wynston, sipping a glass of his favourite wine. "You Irish gentlemen are sad, selfish dogs; and, with all your grumbling, manage to collect the best of whatever is worth having about you."

"We sometimes succeed in collecting a pleasant party," retorted Marston, with ironical courtesy, "though we do not always command the means of entertaining them quite as we would wish."

It was the habit of Doctor Danvers, without respect of persons or places, to propose, before taking his departure from whatever domestic party he chanced to be thrown among for the evening, to read some verses from that holy book, on which his own hopes and peace were founded, and to offer up a prayer for all to the throne of grace. Marston, although he usually absented himself from such exercises, did not otherwise discourage

them; but upon the present occasion, starting from a gloomy reverie, he himself was first to remind the clergyman of his customary observance. Evil thoughts loomed upon the mind of Marston, like measureless black mists upon a cold, smooth sea. They rested, grew, and darkened there; and no heaven-sent breath came silently to steal them away. Under this dread shadow, his mind lay waiting, like the DEEP, before the Spirit of God moved upon its waters—passive and awful. Why, for the first time now did religion interest him? The unseen, intangible, was even now at work within him. A dreadful power shook his very heart and soul. There was some strange, ghastly wrestling going on in his own immortal spirit—a struggle which made him faint—which he had no power to determine. He looked upon the holy influence of the good man's prayer—a prayer in which he could not join—with a dull, superstitious hope that the words, inviting better influence, though uttered by another, and with other objects, would like a spell, chase away the foul fiend that was busy with his thoughts. Marston sate, looking into the fire, with a countenance of stern gloom, upon which the wayward lights of the flickering hearth sported fitfully; while, at a distant table, Doctor Danvers sate down, and taking his well-worn Bible from his pocket, turned over its leaves, and began, in gentle but impressive tones, to read.

Sir Wynston was much too well-bred, to evince the slightest disposition to aught but the most proper and profound attention. The faintest imaginative gleam of ridicule might, perhaps, have been discerned in his features, as he leaned back in his chair, and, closing his eyes, composed himself to at least an attitude of attention. No man could submit with more patience to an inevitable bore.

In these things, then, thou hast no concern—the judgment troubles thee not—thou hast no fear of *death*, Sir Wynston Berkley; yet there is a heart beating near thee, the mysteries of which, could they glide out, and stand before thy face, would, perchance, appall thee—cold, easy man of the world. Ay, couldst thou but see with those cunning eyes of thine, but twelve

brief hours into futurity, each syllable that falls from that good man's lips unheeded, would peal through thy heart and brain like maddening thunder. Harken, harken, Sir Wynston Berkley, perchance these are the farewell words of thy better angel—the last pleadings of despised mercy.

The party broke up. Dr. Danvers took his leave, and rode homeward, down the broad avenue, between the gigantic ranks of elm that closed it in. The full moon was rising above the distant hills—the mists lay like sleeping lakes in the laps of the hollows—and the broad demesne looked tranquil and sad under this chastened and silvery glory. The good old clergyman thought, as he pursued his way, that here at least, in a spot so beautiful and sequestered, the stormy passions and fell contentions of the outer world could scarcely penetrate. Yet, in that calm, secluded spot, and under the cold, pure light which fell so holly, what a hell was weltering and glowing! what a spectacle was that moon to go down upon!

As Sir Wynston was leaving the parlour for his own room, Marston accompanied him to the hall, and said,

"I shan't play to-night, Sir Wynston."

"Ah, ha!—very particularly engaged?" suggested the baronet, with a faint, mocking smile; "well, my dear fellow, we must endeavour to make up for it to-morrow—eh?"

"I don't know *that*," said Marston, "and — In a word, there is no use, sir, in our masquerading with one another—each knows the other—each *understands* the other—I wish to have a word or two with you in your room to-night, where we shan't be interrupted."

Marston spoke in a fierce and grating whisper, and his countenance, more even than his accents, betrayed the intensity of his bridled fury. Sir Wynston, however, smiled upon his cousin, as if his voice had been melody, and his looks all sunshine.

"Very good, Marston, just as you please," he said, "only don't be later than one, as I shall be getting into bed about that hour."

"Perhaps, upon second thoughts, it is as well to defer what I have to say," said Marston, musingly. "Tomorrow

will do as well; so, *perhaps*, Sir Wynston, I may not trouble you to-night."

"Just as suits you best, my dear Marston," replied the baronet, with a tranquil smile; "only don't come after the hour I have stipulated."

So saying, the baronet mounted the stairs, and made his way to his chamber. He was in excellent spirits, and in high good-humour with himself; the object of his visit to Dunoran had been, as he now flattered himself, attained. He had conducted an affair requiring the profoundest mystery in its prosecution, and the wisest tactique in its management, almost to a triumphant issue—he had perfectly masked his design, and completely outwitted Marston; and to a person who piqued himself upon his clever diplomacy, and vaunted that he had never yet sustained a defeat in any object which he had seriously proposed to himself, such a combination of successes was for the moment quite intoxicating.

Sir Wynston not only enjoyed his own superiority with all the vanity of a selfish nature, but he no less enjoyed with a keen and malicious relish the intense mortification which, he was well assured, Marston must experience, and all the more acutely, because of the utter impossibility, circumstanced as he was, of his taking any steps to manifest his vexation, without compromising himself in a most unpleasant way.

Animated by those amiable feelings, Sir Wynston Berkley sat down, and wrote the following short letter, addressed to Mrs. Gray, Wynston Hall:

"MRS. GRAY,—On receipt of this, have the sitting-rooms, and several bedrooms put in order, and thoroughly aired. Prepare for my use the suite of three rooms over the library and drawingroom; and have the two great wardrobes, and the cabinet in the *state* bedroom, removed into the large dressing-room which opens upon the bedroom I have named. Make everything as comfortable as possible. If anything is wanted in the way of furniture, drapery, ornament, &c., you need only write to John Skelton, Esq., Spring-garden, London, stating what is required, and he will order and send them down. You must be expeditious, as I shall probably go down to

Wynston, with two or three friends, at the beginning of next month.

"WYNSTON BERKLEY.

"P.S.—I have written to direct Arkins and two or three of the other servants to go down at once. Set them all to work immediately."

He then applied himself to another letter of considerably greater length, and from which, therefore, we shall only offer a few extracts. It was addressed to John Skelton, Esq., and began as follows:—

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—You are, doubtless, surprised at my long silence, but I have had nothing very particular to say—my visit to this dull and uncomfortable place was (as you rightly surmise) not without its object—a little bit of wicked romance; the pretty demoiselle of Rouen, whom I mentioned to you more than once—la belle de Barras—was, in truth, the attraction that drew me hither; and, I think (for, as yet, she affects hesitation) I shall have no further trouble with her. She is a fine creature, and you will admit, when you have seen her, well worth taking some trouble about. She is, however, a very knowing little minx, and evidently suspects me of being a sad, fickle dog—and, as I surmise, has some plans, moreover, respecting my morose cousin, Marston—a kind of wicked Penruddock—who has carried all his London tastes into his Irish retreat, a paradise of bogs and bushes. There is, I am very confident, a *liaison* in that quarter. The young lady is evidently a good deal afraid of him, and insists upon such precautions in our interviews, that they have been very few, and far between, indeed. To-day, there has been a *fracas* of some kind. I have no doubt that Marston, poor devil, is jealous. His situation is really pitifully comic—with an intriguing mistress, a saintly wife, and a devil of a jealous temper of his own. I shall meet Mary on reaching town. Has Clavering (shabby dog!) paid his I. O. U. yet? Tell the little opera woman she had better be quiet. She ought to know me by this time.—I shall do what is right—but won't submit to be bullied. If she is troublesome, snap your fingers at her, on my behalf, and leave her to her remedy. I have written to Gray, to get things at Wynston in

order. She will draw upon you for what money she requires. Send down two or three of the servants, if they have not already gone. The place is very dusty and dingy, and needs a great deal of brushing and scouring. I shall see you in town very soon—by the way, their claret here is particularly good—so I ordered a prodigious supply from a Dublin house; it is consigned to you, and goes by the 'Lizard'; pay the freightage, and get Edwards to pack it; ten dozen or so may as well go down to Wynston, and send other wines in proportion. I leave details to you."

Some further directions upon other subjects followed; and having subscribed the dispatch, and addressed it to the gentlemanlike scoundrel who filled the onerous office of factotum to this prodigal and exacting man of the world, Sir Wynston Berkley rang his bell, and gave the two letters into the hand of his man, with special directions to carry them *himself* in person, to the post-office in the neighbouring village, early next morning. These little matters completed, Sir Wynston stirred his fire, leaned back in his easy chair, and smiled blandly over the sunny prospect of his imaginary triumphs.

It here becomes necessary to describe, in a few words, some of the local relations of Sir Wynston's apartments. The bedchamber which he occupied opened from the long passage of which we have already spoken—and there were two other smaller apartments opening from it in train. In the further of these, which was entered from a lobby, communicating by a back stairs with the kitchen and servants' apartments, lay Sir Wynston's valet—and the intermediate chamber was fitted up as a dressing-room for the baronet himself. These circumstances it is necessary to mention, that what follows may be clearly intelligible.

While the baronet was penning these records of vicious schemes—dire waste of wealth and time—irrevocable time!—Marston paced his study in a very different frame of mind. There was a gloom and disorder in the room accordant with those of his own mind. Shelves of ancient tomes, darkened by time, and upon which the dust of years lay sleeping—dark oaken cabinets, filled with piles of deeds and

papers, among which the nimble spiders were crawling—and, from the dusky walls, several stark, pale ancestors, looking down fearfully from their tarnished frames. An hour, and another hour passed—and still Marston paced this melancholy chamber, a prey to his own fell passions and dark thoughts. He was not a superstitious man, but, in the visions which haunted him, perhaps, was something which made him unusually excitable—for, he experienced a chill of absolute horror, as, standing at the farther end of the room, with his face turned towards the entrance, he beheld the door noiselessly and slowly pushed open, by a pale, thin hand, and a figure, dressed in a loose white robe, glide softly in. He stood for some seconds gazing upon this apparition, as it moved hesitatingly towards him from the dusky extremity of the large apartment, before he perceived that the form was that of Mrs. Marston.

"Hey, ha!—Mrs. Marston—what on earth has called you hither?" he asked, sternly. "You ought to have been at rest an hour ago—get to your chamber, and leave me—I have business to attend to."

"Now, dear Richard, you must forgive me," she said, drawing near, and looking up into his haggard face with a sweet and touching look of timidity and love, "I could not rest until I saw you again—your looks have been all this night so unlike yourself—so strange and terrible—that I am afraid some great misfortune threatens you, which you fear to tell me of."

"My looks! why, curse it, must I give an account of my looks?" replied Marston, at once disconcerted and wrathful. "Misfortune! what misfortune can befall us more? No, there is nothing—nothing, I say, but your own foolish fancy—go to your room—go to sleep—my looks, indeed; psha!"

"I came to tell you, Richard, dear, that I will do, in all respects, just as you desire. If you continue to wish it, I will part with poor mademoiselle; though, indeed, Richard, I shall miss her more than you can imagine; and all your suspicions have wronged her deeply," said Mrs. Marston.

Her husband darted a sudden flashing glance of suspicious scrutiny upon her face; but its expression was frank,

earnest, and noble. He was disarmed—he hung his head gloomily upon his breast, and was silent for a time. She came nearer, and laid her hand upon his arm. He looked darkly into her upturned eyes, and a feeling which had not touched his heart for many a day—an emotion of pity—transient, indeed, but vivid—revisited him. He took her hand in his, and said, in gentler terms than she had heard him use for a long time—

"No, indeed, Gertrude, you have deceived yourself; no misfortune has happened, and if I *am* gloomy, the source of all my troubles is *within*. Leave me, Gertrude, for the present. As to the other matter—the departure of Mademoiselle de Barras—we can talk of that to-morrow—*now* I cannot; so let us part. Go to your room—good night."

She was withdrawing, and he added, in a subdued tone—

"Gertrude, I am very glad you came—*very* glad. Pray for me to-night."

He had followed her a few steps toward the door, and now stopped short—turned about, and walked dejectedly back again.

"I *am* right glad she came," he muttered, as soon as he was once more alone. "Wynston is provoking and fiery, too. Were I in my present mood, to seek a *tête-à-tête* with him, who knows what might come of it? Blood; my own heart whispers—*blood!* I'll not trust myself."

He strode to the study door, locked it, and taking out the key, shut it in the drawer of one of the cabinets.

"Now it will need more than accident or impulse to lead me to him. I cannot go, at least, without reflection—without premeditation. Avaunt, fiend! I have baffled you."

He stood in the centre of the room, crouching and scowling as he said this, and looked round with a glance half-defiant, half-fearful, as if he expected to see some dreadful form in the dusky recesses of the desolate chamber. He sate himself by the smouldering fire, in sombre and agitated ruminations. He was restless—he rose again, unbuckled his sword, which he had not loosed since evening, and threw it hastily into a corner. He looked at his watch, it was half-past twelve—he glanced at the door, and thence at the cabinet in which he had placed the key; then he turned hastily,

and sate *glown* again. He leaned his elbows on his knees, and his chin upon his clenched hand; still he was restless and excited. Once more he arose, and paced up and down. He consulted his watch again; it was now but a quarter to one.

Sir Wynston's man having received the letters, and his master's permission to retire to rest, got into his bed, and was soon beginning to dose. We have already mentioned that his and Sir Wynston's apartments were separated by a small dressing-room, so that any ordinary noise or conversation could be heard but imperfectly from one to the other. The servant, however, was startled by a sound of something falling on the floor of his master's apartment, and broken to pieces by the violence of the shock. He sate up in his bed, listened, and heard some sentences spoken vehemently, and gabbled very fast. He thought he distinguished the words "wretch" and "God;" and there was something so strange in the tone in which they were spoken, that the man got up and stole noiselessly through the dressing-room, and listened at the door.

He heard him, as he thought, walking in his slippers through the room, and making his customary arrangements previously to getting into bed. He knew that his master had a habit of speaking when alone, and concluded that the accidental breakage of some glass or chimney-ornament had elicited the volley of words he had heard. Well knowing that, except at the usual hours, or in obedience to Sir Wynston's bell, nothing more displeased his master than his presuming to enter his sleeping-apartment while he was there, the servant quietly retreated, and, perfectly satisfied that all was right, composed himself to slumber, and was soon beginning to dose again.

The fretting adventures of the night, however, were not yet over. Waking, as men sometimes do, without any ascertainable cause—without a start or an uneasy sensation—without even a disturbance of the attitude of repose, he opened his eyes, and beheld Merton, the servant of whom we have spoken, standing at a little distance from his bed. The moonlight fell in a clear flood upon this figure: the man was ghastly pale; there was a blotch of blood on his face; his hands were clasped upon

something which they nearly concealed; and his eyes, fixed on the servant who had just awakened, shone in the cold light, with a wild and death-like glitter. This spectre drew close to the side of the bed, and stood for a few moments there with a look of agony and menace, which startled the newly-awakened man, who rose up aright, and said—

"Mr. Merton, Mr. Merton—in God's name, what is the matter?"

Merton recoiled at the sound of the voice; and, as he did so, dropped something on the floor, which rolled away to a distance; and he stood gazing silently and horribly upon his interrogator.

"Mr. Merton, I say, what is it?" urged the man. "Are you hurt?—your face is bloody."

Merton raised his hand to his face mechanically, and Sir Wynston's man observed that it, too, was covered with blood.

"Why, man," he said, vehemently, and actually freezing with horror, "you are *all* bloody—hands and face; all over blood."

"My hand is cut to the bone," said Merton, in a harsh whisper; and speaking to himself, rather than addressing the servant—"I wish it was my neck—I wish to God I bled to death."

"You have hurt your hand, Mr. Merton," repeated the man, scarce knowing what he said.

"Ay," whispered Merton, wildly drawing toward the bedside again; "who told you I hurt my hand? It is cut to the bone, sure enough."

He stooped for a moment over the bed, and then cowered down toward the floor, to search for what he had dropped.

"Why, Mr. Merton, what brings you here at this hour?" urged the man, after a pause of a few seconds. "It is drawing toward morning."

"Ay, ay," said Merton, doubtfully, and starting upright again, while he concealed in his bosom what he had been in search of. "Near morning, is it? Night and morning, it is all one to me. I believe I am going mad, by —"

"But, what do you want?—what did you come here for at this hour?" persisted the man.

"What! ay, *that* is it—why, his boots and spurs, to be sure. I forgot

them. His—his—Sir Wynston's boots and spurs—I forgot to take them, I say," said Merton, looking toward the dressing-room, as if about to enter it.

"Don't mind them to-night, I say; don't go in there," said the man, pe-remp-torily, and getting out upon the floor. "I say, Mr. Merton, this is no hour to be going about, searching in the dark for boots and spurs. You'll waken the master. I can't have it, I say; go down, and let it be for to-night."

Thus speaking, in a resolute and somewhat angry under-key, the valet stood between Merton and the entrance of the dressing-room; and, signing with his hand toward the other door of the apartment, continued—

"Go down, I say, Mr. Merton—go down; you may as well quietly, for, I tell you plainly, you shall neither go a step further, nor stay here a moment longer."

The man drew his shoulders up, and made a sort of shivering moan, and clasp-ing his hands together, shook them, as it seemed, in great agony. He then turned abruptly, and hurried from the room by the door leading to the kitchen.

"By my faith," said the servant, "I am glad he is gone. The poor chap is turning crazy, as sure as I am a living man. I'll not have him prowling about here any more, however—that I am resolved on."

In pursuance of this determination, by no means an imprudent one as it seemed, he fastened the door communicating with the lower apartments upon the inside. He had hardly done this, when he heard a step traversing the stable-yard, which lay under the window of his apartment. He looked out, and saw Merton walking hurriedly across, and into a stable at the farther end.

Feeling no very particular curiosity about his movements, the man hurried back to his bed. Merton's eccentric conduct of late had become so generally remarked and discussed among the servants, that Sir Wynston's man was by no means surprised at the oddity of the visit he had just had; nor, after the first few moments of suspense, before the appearance of blood had been accounted for, had he entertained any suspicions whatever connected with the man's unexpected

presence in the room. Merton was in the habit of coming up every night to take down Sir Wynston's boots, whenever the baronet had ridden in the course of the day; and this attention had been civilly undertaken as a proof of good-will toward the valet, whose duty this somewhat soiling and ungentlemanlike process would otherwise have been. So far, the nature of the visit was explained; and the remembrance of the friendly feeling and good offices which had been mutually interchanged, as well as of the inoffensive habits for which Merton had earned a character for himself, speedily calmed the uneasiness, for a moment amounting to actual alarm, with which the servant had regarded his appearance.

We must now pass on to the morrow, and ask the reader's attention for a few moments to a different scene.

In contact with Dunoran, upon the northern side, and divided by a common boundary, lay a demesne, in many respects presenting a very striking contrast to its grander neighbour. It was a comparatively modern place. It could not boast the towering timber which enriched and overshadowed the vast and varied expanse of its aristocratic rival; but, if it was inferior in the advantages of antiquity, and, perhaps, also in some of those of nature, its superiority in other respects was striking and important. Dunoran was not more remarkable for its wild and neglected condition, than was Newton Park for the care and elegance with which it was kept. No one could observe the contrast, without, at the same time, divining its cause. The proprietor of the one was a man of wealth, fully commensurate with the extent and pretensions of the residence he had chosen—the owner of the other was a man of broken fortunes.

Under a green shade, which nearly met above them, a very young man, scarcely one-and-twenty, of a frank and sensible, rather than a strictly handsome countenance, was walking, side by side, with a light-haired, laughing, graceful girl, of some sixteen years. This girl, without being classically beautiful, had such an elegance and perfect symmetry of form, and such an unutterable prettiness of feature, that it would have been difficult to conceive a being more attractive.

These two friends (for they were, in truth, no more) were taking a morning ramble together; and the gay laugh of the girl, and the more sober tones of her companion, sounded pleasantly among the arches of the greenwood. The young man was George Mervyn, the only son of the present proprietor of the place; and the girl was his orphan niece, Emily Howard. The mutual feelings of the two cousins were, as we have said, those of mere friendship, untinged by the faintest admixture of any more romantic ingredient; and, indeed, a close observer might easily have detected this in the perfectly disengaged and honestly familiar way in which each accosted the other. As they walked on, chatting, to the great gate, which was to be the boundary of their ramble, the clank of a horse's hoofs in quick motion upon the sequestered road which ran outside it, reached them; and hardly had they heard these sounds, when a young gentleman rode briskly by, directing his look into the demesne as he passed. He had no sooner seen them, than wheeling his horse about, he rode up to the iron gate, and dismounting, threw it open, and let his horse in.

"Ha! Charles Marston, I protest!" said the young man, quickening his pace to meet his friend. "Marston, my dear fellow," he called aloud, "how glad I am to see you."

Miss Howard, on the contrary, walked rather slower than before, and blushed deeply; but as the handsome young man, with an air in which delight, tenderness, and admiration, were undisguisedly mingled, saluted her after his long absence, through her smiles and blushes, there was in her pretty face a look of such blended gratification and modesty, as made her quite beautiful.

There was another entrance into Newton Park, opening also from the same road, about half a mile further on; and Charles Marston, but too intent on prolonging the happiness of this chance meeting, made his way to lie through this. Thus the young people walked on, talking of a hundred things as they proceeded, in the fullness and joy of their hearts.

Between the fathers of the two young men, who thus walked so affectionately together, there subsisted unhappily no friendly feelings. There

had been several slight disagreements between them, touching their proprietary rights, and one of these had ripened into a formal and somewhat expensive litigation, respecting a certain right of fishing claimed by each. This legal encounter had terminated in the defeat of Marston. Mervyn, however, promptly wrote to his opponent, offering him the free use of the waters for which they had thus sharply contested, and received a curt and scarcely civil reply, declining the proposed courtesy. This exhibition of resentment on Marston's part, had been followed by some rather angry collisions, where chance or duty happened to throw them together. It is but justice to say that, upon all such occasions, Marston was the aggressor. But Mervyn was a somewhat testy old gentleman, and had a certain pride of his own, which was not to be trifled with. Thus, though near neighbours, the parents of the young friends were more than strangers to each other. On Mervyn's side, however, this estrangement was unalloyed with bitterness, and simply of that kind which the great moralist would have referred to "defensive pride." It did not include any member of Marston's family, and Charles, as often as he desired it, which was, in truth, as often as his visits could escape the special notice of his father, was a welcome guest at Newton Park.

These details, respecting the mutual relation in which the two families stood, it was necessary to state, for the purpose of making what follows perfectly clear. The young people had now reached the further gate, at which they were to part. Charles Marston, with a heart beating happily in the anticipation of many a pleasant meeting, bid them farewell for the present, and in a few minutes more was riding up the broad, straight avenue, towards the gloomy mansion which closed in the hazy and sombre perspective. As he moved onward, he passed a labourer, with whose face from his childhood he had been familiar.

"How do you do, Mick?" he cried.

"At your service, sir," replied the man, uncovering, "and welcome home, sir."

There was something dark and anxious in the man's looks, which ill accorded with the welcome he spoke, and which suggested some undefined alarm.

"The master, and mistress, and Miss Rhoda—are all well?" he asked, eagerly.

"All well, sir, thank God," replied the man.

Young Marston spurred on, filled with vague apprehensions, and observing the man still leaning upon his spade, and watching his progress with the same gloomy and curious eye.

At the hall-door he met with one of the servants, booted and spurred.

"Well, Daly," he said, as he dismounted, "how are all at home?"

This man, like the former, met his smile with a troubled countenance, and stammered—

"All, sir—that is, the master, and mistress, and Miss Rhoda—quite well, sir; but —"

"Well, well," said Charles, earnestly, "speak on—what is it?"

"Bad work, sir," replied the man, lowering his voice. "I am going off this minute for —"

"For what?" urged the young gentleman.

"Why, sir, for the coroner," replied he.

"The coroner—the coroner! Why, good God, what has happened?" cried Charles, aghast with horror.

"Sir Wynston," commenced the man, and hesitated.

"Well?" pursued Charles, pale and breathless.

"Sir Wynston—he—it is *he*," said the man.

"He? Sir Wynston? Is he dead, or *who* is?—*who* is dead?" demanded the young man, fearfully.

"Sir Wynston, sir—it is he that is dead. There is bad work, sir—very bad, I'm afraid," replied the man.

Charles did not wait to inquire further, but with a feeling of mingled horror and curiosity, entered the house.

He hurried up the stairs, and entered his mother's sitting-room. She was there, perfectly alone, and so deadly pale, that she scarcely looked like a human being. In an instant they were locked in one another's arms.

"Mother—my dear mother, you are ill," said the young man anxiously.

"Oh, no, no, Charles, dear, but frightened—horrified;" and as she said this, the poor lady burst into tears.

"What is all this horrible affair?—something about Sir Wynston. He is dead, I know, but is it—is it suicide?" he asked.

"Oh, no, *not* suicide," said Mrs. Marston, greatly agitated.

"Good God!—then he is murdered," whispered the young man, growing very pale.

"Yes, Charles—horrible—dreadful I can scarcely believe it," replied she, shuddering while she wept.

"Where is my father," inquired the young man, after a pause.

"Why, why, Charles, darling—why do you ask for him?" she said, wildly, grasping him by the arm, as she looked into his face with a terrified expression.

"Why—why, *he* could tell me the particulars of this horrible tragedy," answered he, meeting her agonized look with one of alarm and surprise, "as far as they have been as yet collected. How is he, mother—is he well."

"Oh, yes, quite well, thank God," she answered, more collectedly—"quite well, but, of course, greatly, dreadfully shocked."

"I will go to him, mother—I will see him," said he, turning towards the door.

"He has been wretchedly depressed and excited for some days," said Mrs. Marston, dejectedly, "and this dreadful occurrence will, I fear, affect him most deplorably."

The young man kissed her tenderly and affectionately, and hurried down to the library, where his father usually sat when he desired to be alone, or was engaged in business. He opened the door softly. His father was standing at one of the windows, his face haggard as from a night's watching, unkempt and unshorn, and with his hands thrust into his pockets. At the sound of the revolving door, he started, and seeing his son, first recoiled a little, with a strange, doubtful expression, and then rallying, walked quickly towards him with a smile, which had in it something still more painful.

"Charles, I am glad to see you," he said, shaking him with an agitated pressure by both hands—"Charles, this is a great calamity, and what makes it still worse, is, that the murderer has escaped; it looks badly, you know."

He fixed his gaze for a few moments upon his son, turned abruptly, and walked a little way into the room—then, in a disconcerted manner, he added, hastily turning back—

"Not, that it signifies to *us*, of

course—but I would fain have justice satisfied."

"And who is the wretch—the murderer?" inquired Charles.

"Who? Why, every one knows!—that scoundrel, Merton," answered Marston, in an irritated tone—"Merton murdered him in his bed, and fled last night; he is gone—escaped—and I suspect Sir Wynston's man of being an accessory."

"Which was Sir Wynston's bedroom?" asked the young man.

"The room that old Lady —— had—the room with the portrait of Grace Hamilton in it."

"I know—I know," said the young man, much excited—"I should wish to see it."

"Stay," said Marston; "the door from the passage is bolted on the inside, and I have locked the other—here is the key, if you choose to go—but you must bring Hughes with you, and do not disturb anything—leave all as it is—the jury ought to see, and examine for themselves."

Charles took the key, and, accompanied by the awe-struck servant, he made his way by the back stairs to the door opening from the dressing-room, which, as we have said, intervened between the valet's chamber and Sir Wynston's. After a momentary hesitation, Charles turned the key in the door, and stood

"In the dark chamber of white death."

The shutters lay partly open, as the valet had left them some hours before, on making the astounding discovery, which the partially-admitted light revealed. The corpse lay in the silk-embroidered dressing-gown, and other habiliments, which Sir Wynston had worn, while taking his ease in his chamber, on the preceding night. The coverlet was partially dragged over it. The mouth was gaping, and filled with clotted blood; a wide gash was also visible in the neck, under the ear—and there was a thickening pool of blood at the bedside, and quantities of blood, doubtless from other wounds, had saturated the bedclothes under the body. There lay Sir Wynston, stiffened in the attitude in which the struggle of death had left him, with his stern, stony face, and dim, terrible gaze turned up.

Charles looked breathlessly for more than a minute upon this mute

and unchanging spectacle, and then silently suffered the curtain to fall back again—and stepped, with the light tread of awe, again to the door. There he turned back, and pausing for a minute, said, in a whisper, to the attendant—

"And Merton did this?"

"Troth, I'm afeard he did, sir," answered the man, gloomily.

"And has made his escape?" continued Charles.

"Yes, sir; he stole away in the night-time," replied the servant, "after the murder was done" (and he glanced fearfully toward the bed)—"God knows where he's gone."

"The villain!" muttered Charles; "but what was his motive? why did he do all this—what does it mean?"

"I don't know exactly, sir, but he was very queer for a week and more before it," replied the man; "there was something bad over him for a long time."

"It is a terrible thing," said Charles, with a profound sigh—"a terrible and shocking occurrence."

He hesitated again at the door, but his feelings had sustained a terrible revulsion at sight of the corpse, and he was no longer disposed to prosecute his purposed examination of the chamber and its contents, with a view to conjecturing the probable circumstances of the murder.

"Observe, Hughes, that I have moved nothing in the chamber from the place it occupied when we entered," he said to the servant, as they withdrew.

He locked the door, and as he passed through the hall, on his return, he encountered his father, and, restoring the key, said—

"I could not stay there—I am almost sorry I have seen it—I am overpowered—what a determined, ferocious murder it was—the place is all in a pool of gore—he must have received many wounds."

"I can't say—the particulars will be elicited soon enough—those details are for the inquest—as for me, I hate such spectacles," said Marston, gloomily; "go, now, and see your sister; you will find her there."

He pointed to the small room where we have first seen her and her fair governess, and Charles obeyed the direction, and Marston proceeded himself to his wife's sitting-room.

TENANT-RIGHT.*

It has been frequently asserted of late, that the customs known in Ulster under the name of tenant-right, had their origin in the Articles for the Plantation of that province. We believe this idea was first started by Dr. McKnight, the editor of the *Londonderry Standard*, whose pamphlet, professing to be a demonstration of that proposition, among others, is now before us. We shall not quarrel with Dr. McKnight about land-ownership being a state trust—a proposition which no one will dispute, and to which he is at liberty to add that property-ownership of all kinds, including the ownership of tenant-right, if he will, is also a state trust; but, if we ask, a trust *for what*? we do not find that Dr. McKnight furnishes us with any answer farther than this, that, in his opinion, landlords ought to be trustees for their tenants in perpetuity at valuation rents.

Having conceded to Dr. McKnight the priority which we believe belongs to him in originating the argument (fallacious though it be) for tenant-right from the Plantation of Ulster, we must do justice to another gentleman, whose labours in this line have been somewhat unfairly appropriated, both by Doctor McKnight and other prominent advocates of "perpetuity and valuation." We allude to Mr. William Conner, who, more than ten years ago, commenced the agitation of the land question on these principles, and suffered heavy pecuniary loss and severe personal punishment, for what was then held to be sedition, in enunciating those doctrines. We have two pamphlets of Mr. Conner's before us, reiterating arguments which were published long before any of the present agitators were heard of, in which

he insists on these two points as the only solution of our social difficulties. Mr. Conner's claim to be the father of the perpetuity and valuation movement is perfectly well known to Dr. McKnight and Mr. Sharman Crawford; and whatever popular favour the advocacy of these doctrines in times of danger, and the endurance of fine and imprisonment for their promotion, ought to elicit, belongs, and ought to be conceded to Mr. Conner.

We believe if the people knew their own interests, the proposal for perpetual tenures and valuation rents would not elicit any favour, and that the advocates of a system of that kind would be regarded as dangerous visionaries; but when visionary theories are in fashion, it is but just to direct the popular regards to the man who is entitled to be called the father of this agitation.

Mr. Conner's leading idea, to which he has adhered with resolute pertinacity through a twenty years' struggle, is, that inasmuch as the quantity of land in the market cannot be increased, while the number of claimants to whose existence it is essential increase very rapidly, the state is called on to prevent the claimants ruinously overbidding one another, by saying to the proprietor, "you must not charge more than so much rent for your land." The consequence of such a measure, apart from all considerations of moral rectitude, may be shortly indicated thus:—The present landlords would be reduced to beggary—the new proprietors would be mere rent-chargers, without any control—the small farmer would become a middleman—the small capitalist, turning farmer, would exhaust himself by paying a fine heavy

* "The Ulster Tenants' Claim of Right, or Landownership a State Trust; the Ulster Tenant-right an original Grant from the British Crown, and the Necessity of extending its general Principle to the other Provinces of Ireland demonstrated, in a Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord John Russell." By James McKnight, Esq. LL.D. Dublin: James McGlashan. 1848.

"Two Letters to the Editor of *The Times*, on the Rackrent Oppression of Ireland." By William Conner, Esq. Dublin: S. J. Machen. 1846.

"A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Devon, on the Rackrent System of Ireland." By William Conner, Esq. Dublin: S. J. Machen. 1843.

in proportion to the lowness of the rent ; —and the poor man, without ready money to buy the occupancy, would find it more difficult than ever to procure the least spot of ground. Yet, to produce this state of things, Doctor M'Knight and Mr. Conner would annul existing contracts between man and man, giving to one, and taking from the other, without any consideration ; a proceeding which could only be taken in time of revolution, and then could only be justified by the certainty of its benefiting all.

We must say, in farther justice to Mr. Conner, that not only is he entitled to priority in the advocacy of these principles, but that he has stated his argument and developed his conclusions much more simply, rationally, and fairly, than Dr. M'Knight. He affects no historical learning ; but, assuming that a tenure in perpetuity would give the necessary confidence to induce improvement, and that the competition for land is so excessive as to justify the interference of the state in altering and controlling men's bargains for the payment of rent, he concludes, without any violation of logical propriety, that the present occupiers ought to hold in perpetuity, at rents to be determined by a general valuation ; and so gets rid of all question of compensation for improvements and metaphysical partnerships, considering that the tenant who could not pay a " valuation-rent " would not be entitled to any claim of that kind.

Dr. M'Knight, on the other hand, arrives at his conclusion by a devious argument, full of historical and logical pretension, but, to a great extent, erroneous in fact, by no means coherent in arrangement, and altogether repugnant in its conclusions.

He alleges, that inasmuch as the Articles for the Plantation of Ulster required the undertakers to make leases for certain estates at fixed rents to their tenants, *therefore*, and by virtue of that provision, the tenants throughout Ulster now enjoy, or ought to enjoy, estates in virtual perpetuity, without lease. He next alleges, that the prosperity of Ulster being due to this tenant-right, the rest of Ireland would become as prosperous as Ulster, if it had extended to it (not this system, but) a system of absolute perpetuities, at valuation-rents ; and, finally, requires

that the latter system should be established by law throughout Ireland, Ulster included.

This is our statement of Doctor M'Knight's argument, as we collect it from the midst of much irrelevant matter ; and, certainly, we have rarely seen more palpable examples of the *non sequitur*.

We are surprised Dr. M'Knight should have used so much argument to establish the origin of a custom which he desires to supersede, the more particularly as he appears to have been recently made aware of a fact, which disposes in two words of his whole theory as to Ulster tenant-right having originated in the Articles of the Plantation, viz., that Antrim, Down, and Monaghan, in all of which tenant-right prevails, were not included in the Articles of Plantation at all.

But, indeed, this theory will not bear the least examination, even in these counties to which the Articles apply. The crown required the undertakers to make leases to certain freeholders. Well, they did so. Who are these freeholders now ? The gentry of the country, who, in process of time, have themselves become landlords, and have set their lands as they think proper. Nine out of every ten of the men on the grand panels of these counties represent lessees of undertakers, enjoying the provisions of the Articles, but themselves under no obligation to make sub-leases to their tenants, any more than their tenants are to make sub-inferior leases to their cottiers. This was never the intention of the Articles ; it was as little the policy of the crown then, as it would be now, to create a series of mesne landlords, with reversion expectant on reversion, commencing from the first lessee, down to the occupant of half an acre—

" As naturalists pretend a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on it prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

It is needless, however, to pursue this absurdity further. The fact that the Articles of Plantation were confined to Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, and that tenant-right exists as much in Down, Antrim, and Monaghan, as in any of these, and that there never

publishing their own parliamentary writs, and ancient British constitutions. The provision we refer to, respecting *Dadenhudd*, or proprietorship, is c. 30, s. 8, 9, of the Gwentian Code, of which it is only necessary here to cite the translation, as any one may consult the original Welch in the Commissioners' publication:—

“*Dadenhudd* is the tilling by a person of land tilled by his father before him. In the fourth degree, a person becomes a proprietor—his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and he himself the fourth. After he becomes a proprietor, his title does not become extinguished until the ninth (generation), if they be without their right until the ninth.”—*Leges Wallice*, p. 368.

This ancient British custom, we have no doubt, is the ultimate origin of copyhold tenure in England; and we believe it exists to this day, in a modified form, in parts of Cumberland.

The rents payable in respect of these possessions were fixed, and could not be increased. The extra charges of coyne, livery, cuddies, &c., were considered usurpations, although generally levied both by lay and clerical lords. The “Book of Rights,” recently published by the Celtic Society—another of Mr. O'Donovan's valuable contributions to Irish literature—furnishes a very early and explicit declaration of the Brehon law on this subject—

“The tribute and the payment must be the same [at all times], without any addition for increased wealthiness, [without any deficiency for impoverishment, unless in case of a destruction of the tribe, a plague, a famine, or mortality—to be levied, be it great or be it little, every year.”—*Leathair na G-ceart*, p. 185.

The pleadings in the early Chancery cause, in which Teige O'Doyne was plaintiff, and Charles O'Doyne, defendant, are to the same purport, and disclose the Irish custom very fully. O'Doyne claimed out of Iregan, besides his annual rents, and heriots on the death of each *caun-finne*, various duties and services which are enumerated in an inquisition stated in the pleadings, taken at Maryborough, before the then going judges of assize, by which it was found that the claim

to these extra rents and services was an usurpation, and that O'Doyne had title only to his ancient reserved payments in the nature of a rent-seck. The king, however, affected to pass all by his letters-patent, which remain enrolled, and exhibit a curious picture of the times, with their meathers of butter, and crannocks of oats, and services-hooks, i. e., reaping-hooks, at harvest, &c.

The *caun-finne* here mentioned was the head of each family of tenants, where the lands were held, as was generally the case, by all the members of a family in common. The Case of Irish Customs, reported by Sir John Davis, states the office, and mode of electing the *caun-finne*, more particularly.

That this was the sort of tenure which prevailed throughout Ulster, up to the time of the Plantation, appears by the Grand Inquisition of Ulster, printed in the Appendix to the “Calendar of Inquisitions for Ulster,” one of the two volumes completed by the Irish Record Commissioners. This inquisition has reference to the church lands; but as the prelates held these according to the Irish custom, the evidence is applicable to all. We shall take the finding as to the see of Armagh, as the first that presents itself. After reciting that the commissioners were directed, among other things, to distinguish the ecclesiastical lands from the lands of the crown, the finding proceeds as follows:—

“And further the said jurors doe upon their oathes say and present that certain septs and families of the Irishrie hereafter named, have, tyme out of mynde, possessed and inherited, according to the Irish custom, certain towns and parcells of land, hereafter specified, &c. &c. Yielding unto the Archbishoppe of Ardmagh for the tyme beinge, in right of his archbishoppricke, onely the rents and duties ensuing, viz. [And so proceeds to enumerate the lands, and septs possessing them, and the rents thereout respectively payable.] And further the said jurors doe upon their oaths say and present that the Lord Archbishopp of Ardmagh for the tyme beinge could not att any tyme, att his will and pleasure, remove the above-named septs or families, or any of them, nor any of their ancestors, out of their said possessions or freeholds aforesaid.”

The inquisition then proceeds, after

some other findings, to find that the archbishop was entitled to various other rents issuing out of divers other lands held, beyond memory of man, by certain Irish septs, and that the archbishop could not at any time dispossess or remove the said septs, or their ancestors, or any of them, out of the said lands, at his pleasure; and so with respect to various other lands belonging to this and other sees, whence it appears plainly that the tenure by the Irish custom was analogous to our tenure in fee-farm or by copyhold.

Now, the main object of the Plantation of Ulster, was, to substitute British Protestants for the Roman Catholic natives, and feudal tenures for the customary tenure, without lease of the Brehon law; to substitute fee-farms and rents incident to reversions for the native rents seek, which left the landlord no effectual control over his estate. But to effect this, it was necessary to expel the native population, a proceeding both cruel and difficult to perform; for these poor people, having no other place to betake themselves to, were willing to pay any rent that could, by the utmost self-denial, be extracted from the land—but they would not accept of British tenures. Those who had set their hearts on exterminating Irishmen out of the plantation, and who foresaw the possibility of such events as afterwards, in 1641, confirmed their apprehensions, complained that the British were discouraged, particularly, by the London Companies, who—

“Finding the natives willing to over-give rather than remove, and that they could not reap half the profit by the British which they could do by the Irish, whom they use at their pleasure, never looked at the reasons which induced the natives to give more than indeed they could well raise, their assured hope that time might, by rebellion, relieve them of their heavy landlords, whom, in the meantime, they were content to suffer under, though to their utter impoverishing and undoing, rather than not have a footing to entertain their expected

lords. . . . For your majesty's greatest loss consists in the filling of the country with Irish, at whose mercy the few English lie; for they may at pleasure surprise their houses, cut their throats, and possess their arms.”*

It is a singular fact that one of the most urgent intercessors for the Irish, who wrote repeated letters on their behalf, praying that they might not be expelled, was Sir Tristram, the progenitor of the Beresfords. Great numbers of them accordingly remained, and wherever they remained, retained their traditionary contempt for British tenure—

“Mac Swyne Banagh,” says Pynnar, writing in 1618, “has two thousand acres; he hath made no estates, for his tenants will have no longer time than from year to year.”† “Tirlagh O'Boyle hath two thousand acres; he hath made no estates, and all his tenants do plough after the Irish manner.” “Donnell Mac Swyne Farne hath two thousand acres; his tenants have no estates, but from three years to three years.”

But the records by which the extent of Irish inhabitancy, and of Irish rejection of British tenures principally appears, are the rolls of inquisitions taken between the years 1625 and 1639, finding in what respects the different undertakers had violated the terms of their patents. The main provision in these patents was, that the patentees would not alien or demise to mere Irish. As to the provision of the Articles about making leases, there was nothing of that kind in any of the patents either expressed or referred to. The undertakers became bound to the performance of the Articles of Plantation by crown-bonds, before the patentees passed to them. On these bonds they might have been sued; but no breach of any condition of the bond, not included in the instrument of grant itself, could ever have defeated the estate passed by the patent. In order, however, to see what it was that these Ulster patentees really were bound to do, we subjoin the condition

* Sir Thomas Phillippe's Letter to King Charles I., Harris's Hist., p. 247, 251.

† By this must not be understood our present tenure from year to year, with its presumed continuance by a supposed new contract every year, till determined by a six months' notice to quit. This tenure may be said to be the creation of Lord Mansfield, who first devised it for the protection of tenants and the encouragement of agriculture.

of the bond itself, which any one acquainted with the effect of legal instruments will at once perceive puts an end to Dr. McKnight's dream of indiscriminate perpetuities, as well as to any question of tenant-right of renewal after the expiration of the first termors' leases:—

"The condition of this obligation is such, that if the within bounden A. B., or his heirs, within three years, to be accounted from the first of Easter last past, do erect and build one dwelling-house of stone or brick, with a strong court or bawne about the same, in or upon the proportion of land called the proportion of A, lying within the barony or precinct of D, in the county of E, and shall also, within the said three years, plant or place upon the said proportions of land forty-eight able men of the age of eighteen years or upwards, being born in England or the island parts of Scotland; which forty-eight men shall be reduced to twenty several families at least, to be settled upon the said proportion in this manner, viz., the said A. B. shall substitute to reside upon the same (being allowed by the lords of the council of England or Scotland, or the lord deputy or chief governor of Ireland for the time being), and his family to be settled upon a demesne of six hundred acres, four fee farmers to be made by the said A. B., to be settled each of them upon one hundred and twenty acres a-piece; six leaseholders for three lives or twenty-one years, to be settled every of them upon one hundred acres a-piece; and shall place and settle upon the residue of acres lying within said proportion, eight families or more of husbandmen, artificers, or cottagers, their proportions of land to be assigned by the direction of the said A. B., and shall also, during the space of five years after the feast of St. Michael the archangel next ensuing the date hereof, be resident himself in person upon the proportion or place; such other person thereupon, as shall be allowed as aforesaid, who shall be resident upon the same, until the end of the said five years, unless by reason of sickness or other important cause, he be licensed by the lords of the council of England, or by the lord deputy or chief governor of Ireland, to be absent himself for a time; and shall not alien the said proportion of land, or any part thereof, during the said five years, to be accounted from Michaelmas next, but unto his or their under-tenants, in form and manner before expressed; that then this present obligation to be void, or else to stand," &c.

We are not aware of any of these bonds ever having been put in suit against patentees; but very numerous proceedings were taken against patentees, for having demised to mere Irish, contrary to the provisos of their patents, a much more serious matter than any neglect to make leases, as being attended with the forfeiture of the land itself. So far as the Crown was able to prohibit the Irish from remaining on the land, it spared no exertion; as the reader may judge, from a few of the inquisitions. Turning, for example, to the county of Donegal, the jurors assembled at Lifford, on the 2nd of April, 1630, find that Sir Robert Remyngton held "the great portion of Townaforis," on condition that if he, his heirs, or assigns, should alienate the premises, or any part thereof, to any person or persons being mere Irish, or to any other person or persons who would not, within one year, take the oath of supremacy, then the letters patent, *quoad* such parcels should be void; and that Remyngton having conveyed the premises to one Maurice Barkeley, the said Barkeley demised certain parcels of land which are enumerated, to different lessees, each for a year, and names the lessees, of whom they find that twenty-eight are "Meri Hibernici," born in Ireland, and sprung from the Irish race, and that various others, who are also named, had not taken the oath—"against the true intention of the said late king (James) in the said letters patent expressed, and against the tenor and true intention of the said letters patent; and so the said Robert broke the said condition, by virtue whereof the said letters patent (they find) are avoided, and of no force in the law." The next inquest finds that Owny Carter, wife of Edward Carter, grantee of Edward Harrington, had permitted a great number of mere Irishmen, who are named, to plough, graze, and pasture various denominations of the lands so granted, without any estate. The next but one finds the conditions of the Earl of Annandale's patent broken by demises to various mere Irishmen, not of English or British descent, some of the demises being for a year, some for a less term, whereby "as well the said lands as the rents, issues, and profits thereof, are forfeited unto the now king,

his heirs and successors.] The next finds forfeited thirty or forty other denominations of land demised by assignees of the earl to mere Irishmen, of whom the first who is named in the inquisition is Cooroghery O'Clery, probably one of the family of the Four Masters, whereby, &c." We dare say there are not less than five hundred findings of this nature, the tenures being in the great majority of cases for the term of one year, or up to Candlemas or Michaelmas, or without estate or tenure, and but very rarely for certain terms of years, and when so, usually for three.

Hence we may judge to what an extent Irish tenancies and estates at will prevailed through these districts; for the reader will recollect that they were only one class of undertakers who were absolutely prohibited from having Irish tenants on their lands, the admission of these being, to a greater or less extent, open to the other two classes of servitors and natives.

Now mere tenancy-at-will, after the third lord's time, became, as we have seen, the Irish copyhold; and the native, wherever they were suffered to continue in those tenancies year after year undisturbed, would naturally regard their position, after a change or two of landlords, as settled on something approaching in certainty to the ancient basis. Of this we have a pregnant example in Sir Henry Piers's account of Westmeath, written in 1682—

"They hold but from year to year, nor do they desire longer term. They have a custom on a stated day every year, to come and give warning to their landlords to provide other tenants for their holdings and houses, and this they will do as formally as if they were in earnest, and yet after all they intend nothing less; for they will not leave the place with their good-will, where they and their ancestors have sat. In this case you will have some of them tell their landlord, that they and their forefathers have been there as long, and perhaps longer, than he, and they will not out for him: whither should they go? and the like stuff; and this their shyness of leaving their ancient habita-

tion is not without some cause. For, if one of them remove but to dwell in the next county, nay, the next parish, provided it be under another landlord, he is, on every little pique with his neighbour, reproached with terms importing vagabond, or a forsaken outcast, &c.; and so keen is his *anima redeundi*, that he is not at ease within himself till he make way for his return again, to the place, as he phrases it, where he ought to be—

"*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedone cunctas,
Tangul et immemores non sinet esse sui.*"

"Whence springs this love of home, this fond desire,
This longing after our paternal soil."—*

(*Chorographical Description of Westmeath.* Vallancy. *Coll. Hib. Vol. I.*, p. 110.)

In this last extract we may see all the true characteristics of that indefinable claim to the land, which Mr. Sharman Crawford has so often perplexed his audiences by attempting to describe. Dr. McKnight says none but the metaphysical minds of the northern Presbyterians could have had acumen sufficient to distinguish this right of occupancy from the other additional rights which the tenant may superadd to it by his improvements; but although it would require a great deal of metaphysics to deduce such a right from anything in the Articles for the Plantation of Ulster, or from any patent ever passed by the crown to a subject in Ireland, it does not require any unusual degree of intelligence to comprehend how a respectable tenant, though without a lease, might think it hard to quit a farm held by himself and his forefathers, while in no arrear of rent. The landlord who turns such a man out of possession injures himself, and injures society. But although we have heard of landlords very frequently evicting tenants for non-payment of rent, we have heard of very few instances of ejectment of old or respectable tenants, where no rent has been due; and we believe that, in point of fact, ejectments on the title are hardly ever adopted except where the misconduct of extortionate middlemen has crowded the land with a population greater than it can bear.

It is a mistake, therefore, to sup-

* Could Addison have had the melody of this distich by Sir Henry Piers in his mind, when he wrote the Cato?

pose that tenant-right originated in any Plantation of Ulster, as it is a mistake to suppose that Ulster was the only part of Ireland planted at that time. For we must correct Dr. McKnight in a very serious historical error, where he asserts "that tenant-right is found upon every settlement that has been effected either cotemporaneously with, or subsequent to, the era of the 'great plantation.'" If that were so, and tenant-right had anything to do with these plantations, the custom would be found in many localities little dreamt of by Dr. McKnight, who appears to be quite unaware of the Plantation of Longford, of Leitrim, of King's and Queen's County, of part of Westmeath, of Wicklow, and of Wexford. Yet those were all planted "subsequent to the era of the Great Plantation," by British undertakers, whose patents contain provisos, and who entered into bonds, similar to those which we have above cited, and which patents are duly enrolled, and but for the discontinuance of our Record Commission, would now be accessible to our historical students. If the subject were less serious, we might excuse an error which arises from want of information, as Dr. McKnight's mistake in respect of these later-planted counties evidently does; but we cannot excuse, and must expose and censure a very gross misstatement of an historical fact, which Dr. McKnight had full means of knowing not to be as he has alleged. Adverting to the objection that tenant-right exists in Down, though that county is not included in the Articles of Plantation, Dr. McKnight states that, as to

"Two districts of that county, Claneboy and the Ards, they were settled at the very time of the 'great plantation,' and under the very same general conditions, with this exception, that the 'undertakers,' in consequence of a private arrangement entered into beforehand with Con. O'Neill, of Castlereagh, the former '*Tighearna Mor*,' were permitted to take their possessions by 'townlands,' instead of 'proportions.' This is the only recorded difference, so that the existence of tenant-right within the localities mentioned is at once accounted for."

This is a very gross misstatement. The Articles of Plantation do not include any part of Down, and were not

devised or promulgated till 1608, three years after the patents for those districts had passed, nor were there ever any articles or conditions of the kind Dr. McKnight alleges, for any settlement in that or any other county, except for those enumerated in the Act of the Irish parliament of the 10th Charles I. sess. 3, c. 3, an Act which we are willing to believe Dr. McKnight never saw or heard of, for it puts an end to all pretence to allege that tenant-right is co-extensive with the Great Plantation of the seventeenth century. It is entitled "An Act for securing the estates of the undertakers, servitors, natives, and others holding lands, tenements, and hereditaments, in all and every the plantations made by our late sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, or by our late most gracious lord King James, or the king's most excellent Majesty that now is, in the several counties of Waterford, Corke, Limericke, Kerry, Tipperary, Wexford, Wicklow, King's County, Queen's County, Westmeath, Leitrim, Longford, Tyrone, Armagh, Donegall, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Londonderry." If tenant-right, then, were a creature of the Plantation, we see where we should look for it, but where we do *not* find it—as well as where we should look to find it *not*, but where it *is*; for we may see from this statement of what was done in the way of plantation, that Antrim, Down, and Monaghan were not plantation-counties at all, as indeed any one may be satisfied, by reference even to the imperfect publication of the Rolls of Chancery deposited in the libraries of the Queen's Inns and Four Courts. Where so much mischief is attempted, with so much audacity, backed by so little knowledge, we do Dr. McKnight an undeserved honor, when we censure him in language once addressed to a man of great learning; but the words of Mayart are so apposite, that we cannot refrain from using them. "Arguments and statements," we will say, where Mayart says "Histories—written by men who understand not the laws, nor, it may be, never had so much as a sight of the records, patents, or grants of things granted or done, whereof they write; or, if they had, yet understood little of them, or what passed by them, they having little or no knowledge in the laws, are very weak authorities to ground a matter of so very great im-

portance upon as this is, and which would not be evidence of itself alone sufficient to recover an acre of land that should be demanded upon such a title."

Again, with respect to another district of Down, viz., Lecale, Doctor M'Knight exhibits singular want of information, both as to the present and past state of that part of the country:—

"As to the barony of Lecale, although it is reckoned as a part of county Down, yet we are informed by Walter Harris, in his '*Antient and Present State of Down*,' that formerly it was 'part of the county of Louth, and within the *English Pale*,' having been at an early period conquered and settled by John de Courcey. This part of the county Down, therefore, never came under the terms of the Ulster plantation, with the exception, perhaps, of some localities which may have belonged to Sir Con. Magenis, at the period of his forfeiture, during the civil war under Charles I., and into the settlement of which the general law of the plantation was subsequently introduced. The exception of Lecale, therefore, completely establishes the very rule against which it has been supposed to militate, as it proves that the 'tenant-right' is so thoroughly identified with the 'plantation,' that it has not, till the present hour, penetrated into a fragment of the '*English Pale*' in the eastern division of the county, although that fragment is on all sides environed by tenant-right neighbourhoods."

Tenant-right in Lecale at the present day is recognised just in the same way as in other parts of Ulster, viz., on some estates and not on others; and, as to that district formerly having belonged to the English Pale, so did all that part of Ulster, as any one may see by the published records of the appointment of sheriffs for Down, Newtown (Ards), Antrim, and Coleraine. Really it is just matter of complaint that persons promulgating doctrines of such consequence, and professing to base them on the acts of the crown in former times, should not make themselves at least acquainted with the accessible sources of information, before exciting the minds of the queen's subjects to aggression on honest men's property.

It is a further mistake to suppose that tenant-right is limited either to Ulster or any particular plantation there or elsewhere. Ulster probably has retained the custom most tenaciously,

as being last Anglicised, as well as on account of the respect there habitually paid to the claims of the improving tenant—a respect which is just, and which, among men of common sense and common honesty, is never disregarded. But, as we have the bare tenant-right of occupancy insisted on in Westmeath, in 1682, so we might find it to-day in immemorial operation on particular estates in Meath, in Longford, in Clare, and elsewhere—a remnant of an old system which once pervaded the whole island, but which certainly did not make the island prosperous.

For, that the prosperity of Ulster is due in any degree whatever to this mere occupancy tenant-right, irrespective of improvements, we utterly deny; and that occupancy tenant-right and improvement tenant-right together have been the only, or the main causes of its prosperity, we deny also. We think it requires no extraordinary observation to perceive that a resident nobility and gentry, of the same religious and political opinions with their principal farmers and freeholders, living like friends and good neighbours among them, participating in their pleasures, and often members of their lodges, have had no inconsiderable share in that prosperity, and we would be very great hypocrites, indeed, if we abstained from declaring our conviction that the active and thorough-going spirit of the Protestant religion has had at least as much to do in creating the prosperity of Ulster as either the one or the other.

We are, therefore, entirely at issue with Dr. M'Knight, in his assumption that tenant-right alone has made Ulster what it is. Donegal is one of the most "tenant-right" counties of Ulster, and the poorest; we may add, it is also the least Protestant: those who may think the remark invidious, will please to recollect that a writer cannot shut his eyes to facts, and that the declaration of facts is sometimes a higher duty than the observance of the conventional courtesies of a liberalism that sometimes degenerates into sycophancy. Dr. M'Knight, it seems, ascribes all the prosperity of Ulster to tenant-right: tenant-right, he submits, made Ulster prosper in spite of Protestant institutions: hence you may perceive with what a hopeful prospect of success you may extend it over these

parts of Ireland where it will not have to contend with those disadvantages.

"Ulster, my lord, previously to the reign of James I., was, by far, the most disturbed quarter of Ireland. In the preceding reign, the rebellion of one of its chiefs was sufficient to occupy, for several years, all the disposable force which the crown of England could raise, while it reduced the English Exchequer to a state of all but gazetted bankruptcy. Munster and Connaught, at the present day, are never to be named in comparison of what Ulster formerly was: and yet the policy of James I., in reference to the Plantation settlement, had the effect of speedily rendering the north exemplary for its tranquillity, as well as for its moral and economical superiority over every other section of the kingdom. The solitary elements of *fixity of tenure*, and *limited rents*, prevailed over all the disadvantages attendant upon a policy, in other respects exceedingly contracted, if not, in some points of view, altogether barbarous; and what, then, is to hinder the success of a similar experiment in your lordship's hands, amidst the liberality and enlightenment of the nineteenth century? All your lordship needs to do, is to declare the Ulster custom to be the law of universal Ireland, namely—[the Ulster custom, as amended, remodelled, and now last defined by Dr. McKnight]—that every tenant farmer, on giving up, or being removed from the occupancy of his premises, shall have an absolute *right* to sell his entire interest, whatever that interest may be, to the highest and fairest *bona fide* purchaser, without any authoritative control on the part of his landlord. [This is not the Ulster custom.] Let a right of pre-emption be in all cases conceded to the latter, in the event of his disliking the purchaser as a tenant; but let it not be competent to any landlord to purchase out the tenant-right, in perpetuity, on his own account. [This is not the Ulster custom.] In Ulster, it is not uncommon, or rather it formerly *was* not uncommon, for landlords to purchase the tenant-right of a property, in order to keep out a tenant whom they disliked, and they then again sold that right to a tenant of their own selection. In the legalization of this process, it would be necessary to provide that the tenant-right should be a permanently inalienable inheritance of the tenant population alone [this is not the Ulster custom], to which no lauded proprietor could legally succeed, even in right of his own purchase, otherwise than for the object stated: and the rea-

son is, that there may always be in the country an indestructible tenant property, binding the rural occupants to the soil, and to the constitution, by a fixed class interest."

Further—

"There is not only moral reason, but a strong political necessity, for some overruling interference, in order that the community may be protected against the extortionate cruelties which a system of entire irresponsibility, in this respect, is directly calculated to cover, if not positively to encourage.

"No system of tenant-right adjustment can ever be worth one iota in the way of 'finality,' unless it shall include a fixed, legal machinery, for the determination of rents. [This is not the Ulster custom.] This, I have already shown, was done by the crown, in the original settlement of Ulster, and it must be done over again for all Ireland, by the British Parliament, if we are to have anything, except the mere 'beginning of an end,' to our existing discontents. The mischief in Ulster is, that, by increasing the amount of rent, at his pleasure, every landlord, who is regardless of consequences, has it in his power to annihilate the tenant's property at his own mere discretion [this, at last, is the Ulster custom]; and this is a state of the law which cannot be reasonably expected to afford satisfaction to the tenant masses."

The reader will probably begin to suspect that we have misrepresented Dr. McKnight in the summary of his argument, which we set forth at the commencement of this paper; for he here asserts that he has already shown that the crown, in the original settlement of Ulster, established "a fixed, legal machinery for the determination of rent," and undoubtedly, if Doctor McKnight had shown anything of that kind, we would have greatly misrepresented him. But Dr. McKnight is guilty of a very audacious misrepresentation, in asserting that he has shown anything of the kind, or that anything of the kind ever existed. The crown fixed the rent to be paid by the patentees, but it left the patentees at perfect liberty to bargain for such rents as they thought fit from their own fee-farmers and lessees. In the Star-Chamber proceedings against the London Companies, indeed, they are accused of having discouraged the settlement of British tenants, "by their excessive rayzing the rents from 40s. and 50s. a balliboe, unto £10, £12, £20, and £30 a belliboe,"

whereby "the English were and are much disheartened, and the natives do farre exceede the British : and divers ould British tenants have been by them put out from their said lands, and their farms lett to the native Irish, some for the same, and some for lesse rents than the British did give," which assertion of the crown's right to see the lands planted with British, and cleared of Irish, according to the original intention of the settlement, Dr. M'Knight pretends is evidence that the crown reserved the right, and constituted some tribunal for the purpose, of fixing what rent the tenants of these corporations, and of individual undertakers, should pay their lessors thenceforth to the present day, a right which, we need scarcely add, the crown never pretended to possess; any pretension to which would indeed have prevented the sale of a single patent; and a tribunal which never had any existence, except in the imaginations of men inflamed with the criminal desire of seizing on the property of others, but who have not the moral courage of poor Conner to avow the true grounds on which they are prepared to call for social revolution. Mr. Conner makes no pretence of justifying his proposal by Star-Chamber judgments or metaphysical inductions, but says, in a word, that rents ought to be brought down five millions a-year, and that those five millions ought to be given to the occupiers of the soil. It is a proposition which has the merit of being easily understood, and is put forward in a manner that shows Mr. Conner to be perfectly convinced of the justice and expediency of what he proposes, and under no necessity of cloaking either from others or from his own conscience the naked truth, that he thinks the labouring poor have too little, and the landowning classes too much of the produce of the soil, and that the disparity of distribution is so great as to require immediate adjustment, by taking the excess from the one class, and making a present of it to the other.

"In place of the wretched piddling of these (improvements'-compensation) bills, let us go to work on the sound principle which I have laid down, that of getting rid of the lesser evils, by doing away with the greater ones, of which the lesser form a part, and in which they are bound up. Let us, I say, on this just and sound principle, strike

at the great source of evil—the undue competition for the scarce land—by a valuation. This valuation would leave, at least, five millions annually in the hands of the tenantry, which are now taken from them in extortionable over-rent. The portion of this sum laid out in improvements would, in fifteen years, increase these five millions to fifteen millions annually."—Letter to *Times*, p. 20.

Of course the millions gained by this bold stroke multiply as fast as the proceeds of the basket of earthenware, in the Eastern tale; and the picture of prosperity in Ireland, drawn by Mr. Conner, as resulting from this happy revolution, almost rivals that painted for England, under the operation of free trade, by Mr. Cobden. But neither Mr. Conner nor Dr. M'Knight can abide the idea of free trade in land, except when it is the tenant-right that is for sale. Then, indeed, "it is plainly monstrous"—it is Dr. M'Knight who now speaks—"on the part of any landlord to set a limit to its value, as is now (he might have added, and as has always been) openly done in many cases. The only legitimate mode of determining the value of any article whatever (that is, we suggest, always excepting land to let) is, to put it up to a sale by free competition, and then its actual value is precisely what it will honestly bring, and neither more nor less." Such are the contrarieties of tortuous designs, where a man knows that he seeks to do something wrong, and yet dare not look his criminal intention in the face.

Dr. M'Knight is, of course, prepared with the usual reply to the natural suggestion that what he counsels would be robbery—namely, you do the same with money by your usury laws; why not prevent the exaction of excessive rent for land, as you do of excessive interest for money? But we had better hear Dr. M'Knight's own defence of himself:—

"The idea of limiting the extravagant demands of landlordism, is, it seems, a downright 'robbery'; it is 'confiscation' of property, and I know not what other wickedness besides. Well, supposing it to be all these horrible things, will your lordship permit me to suggest to your consideration the following points:—

"1. Is a man's money, which he has personally earned, less his property than is the land which he has purchased with it, and will your lordship, or will

the British parliament, permit him to charge any amount of *interest* for it that he pleases? On the contrary, if he shall accept one farthing beyond the rate legally fixed by act of parliament, will you not both *punish* him as a *usurer*, and compel him to refund the gains so unworthily acquired? The man's money is unquestionably his own; he may throw it into Mount Etna if he pleases, and you have no right to prevent him; but he may not take advantage of the necessities of his neighbours, by the exaction of an unlimited rate of interest. How, then, do you reconcile it to your consciences to commit all this 'robbery,' so long as the usurer's property retains the shape of gold, silver, or bank notes; but the moment he turns it into land, he may extort ten thousand per cent. if he can get it, without eliciting on your parts a single compunctious sigh? Do you not feel that there is a very gross inconsistency in defending the public against usurious extortion, and alleging conscientious scruples about interference with a system of tenfold *worse* oppression, in reference to the tenures and the rents of land?"

If Dr. McKnight had reflected for a moment, he would have seen that this analogy, which he has thoughtlessly borrowed from rockless declaimers, is no excuse whatever. The usury laws enabled no man to keep another's money, paying six per cent. only, when he had contracted to pay ten. He should return the money if he did not like this creditor's terms. Give the landlord back his land, and then (however impolitic) decree any maximum rent you will; but the usury laws offer you no justification in keeping his land, and paying him a less rent than you contracted for. We observe some citations from Paley and Bacon in Dr. McKnight's essay, respecting the mutuality of right and obligation. For a student of these works, Dr. McKnight's ethical sense is very imperfect.

Mr. Mitchel, when proposing the legalization and extension of tenant-right, on principles much less extreme, at the meeting convened by the Irish Council, plainly avowed his conviction that the country was in revolution—a state of things which justifies great individual wrongs for the common safety. Neither he nor Mr. Conner attempt to excuse "a transfer of property," as Mr. Mitchel declared his measure of tenant-right would be, on any ground lower than the will of the people in national convention.

Dr. McKnight is, as usual, ready

with the assurance that this concession would put an end to all Irish discontents, and holds out as usual the threat that either French or American invaders would be welcome, so long as his panacea is not granted. We do not believe that Dr. McKnight is justified in imputing so great a want of honesty to the Irish people, and we think he grossly insults the minister whom he invites to purchase a maintenance of the union on such terms.

Mr. Conner deals neither in threats nor cajolery. He sees the misery of the people; and seeing no other way of relieving it than by diminishing their rents, he insists that their rents shall be diminished. The poor people will tell you, he says—

"That they cannot afford to drink their buttermilk, and are obliged to eat their dry potatoes in the dark, not being able to purchase any kind of light in the long winter nights. That it has been known that *scraghs* have been used as bed-clothes. They are obliged to sell their entire crops to pay the rent; and in the summer following, should the potato crop come short, as it frequently does, their hearts are torn when their children look in their faces for that food which they have not to give them! During these seasons, which are called the fainting months, the life is kept in them by the purchase of a little oatmeal on credit, at a price twice, often three times, the sum for which they were forced to sell their oats for the payment of their rent: and this extravagant price is still further increased by law expenses at quarter-sessions for the debt. That so heavy and grinding are the oppressions on them, that they are not left wherewithal to supply farming implements, or even seed to sow their ground. Hardships coming on them, and seeing the high road their destination, they were at length charged with the shooting of Mr. Such-a-one, the landlord or agent. They were forced to sell their last pig or cow to pay attorneys and fee lawyers; they were found guilty on 'false evidence,' and transported or hanged as the case might be. The remnants of the families have either sunk into the grave under the pressure of want, or live in the greatest poverty in towns, where hunger has forced many of them to become thieves and prostitutes."

The picture, although highly-coloured, is, in its main features, horribly true; but who are the landlords of these oppressed poor creatures? Not, generally, the Irish gentry; but very

generally, the Irish strong farmers—the very men on whose behalf this demand of a perpetuity and valuation is now made, and who, if they had the power, would at once assume the position of petty landlords, and tyrannise over their cottiers more ruthlessly than any other class in the country. It is *cottier-right* much more than tenant-right, the country stands in need of: but the tenant-farmers of Ireland would be the first to exclaim against any system which would give holders of less than ten acres a perpetuity in their occupancy.

But there are cases where the tenantry holding directly under embarrassed head-landlords are in—or in a state approaching—this condition. In such cases, who, let us ask, are they who thus grind the poor, who thus wring them, and reduce them in the necessary means of food and shelter, below the condition of beasts? Not the ostensible landlord. He, poor wretch, is but his creditor's bailiff. Relatively to his own necessities he is as impoverished as the tenant. The true landlords, in these cases, are the mortgagees, the judgment-creditors, the insurance-companies, the rich absentee capitalists, who contribute not a farthing to the relief of their poor tenant's misery: for these are virtually their tenants, and on them a share, if not of the reproach, at least of the loss arising from such a state of affairs, ought ultimately to rest.

It is plain, in cases of this kind, rents must come down—as indeed they have already done. As the law, however, at present stands—either where rents can no longer be realized, or where poor-rate eats them up as fast as they fall due—the loss falls first on the landlord, who lives on the last five shillings or half-crown in the pound; next, it annihilates the security of the *puisse* encumbrancer; next squeezes out the encumbrancer above him; and so on, in extreme cases, up to the party having the first charge, who, if he has lent prudently, may realize his principal and interest. We cannot object to this operation of the law in ordinary times. If the lenders have miscalculated their security, they must pay for their imprudence; but in extraordinary times, in great revolutions of property, such as these writers contemplate, the burthen would probably have to be borne distributively,

and all parties interested should abate in proportion.

Of course, these distributions and adjustments of the loss never enter into the speculations of men like Conner and M'Knight, whose imaginations are wholly occupied with the gain which their clients would realize by dipping their hands into the pockets of the class above them. Conner, whose whole soul is engaged on behalf of the poor, probably never entertained a thought, hostile or otherwise, towards the landlords, beyond the one fixed idea of taking from them the five millions a-year which he wants for the people. Dr. M'Knight, however, if we are to judge from the tone of the following remarks, which he volunteers very unnecessarily, would have no objection to use the opportunity which a valuation-rent would afford, to pull down the upper classes to his own level:

"The earnings of the Irish peasantry, taking them on an average, one with another, do not exceed £10 a-year per man; and on this wretched allowance they must not only live themselves, but must support their wives and families. Now, at this rate, a landed proprietor, with a rental of £20,000 a-year, is declared by your landlord-law to be worth *two thousand* peasants, inasmuch as you absorb the *whole yearly earnings of two thousand peasants for his compulsory support*. There is my Lord Peppercorn, for example, who scarcely ever sets a foot in Ireland, except in the way of a brief rustication during a few weeks in the year, while his tenantry are left to the uncontrolled mercy of all descriptions of irresponsibility, from the highest degree to the meanest; and my Lord Peppercorn carries away, out of the country, at least £80,000 a-year, and is, consequently, in the logic of Anglo-Irish law, *worth* any eight thousand amongst her Majesty's loyal peasantry in Ireland! . . . If an invading enemy, either from France, or the United States of America, were sailing up Lough Swilly, I need not ask your lordship whether the single arm of my Lord Peppercorn, or my Lord Verisopht, or my Lord Clod Harlequin, or any other individual arm, however titled and dignified, or the united arms of *eight thousand* of Ulster's loyal, hardy, fierce peasantry, would do most effective work in her Majesty's service on that day?"

Dr. M'Knight may rest assured that neither the Marquis of Abercorn, nor Lord Claude Hamilton, nor the other noble person, whose name he

travesties, but whom we do not recognize, will be at all lessened in the estimation of sensible men, by this unbecoming ribaldry. We must further tell him, that, in disparaging the claims of property, he appears not to be aware that he disparages the claims of labour; for, property is labour accumulated; and no man would work, in order to lay anything by, if his labour, when realized in its results, were to be less respected than his labour in act.

We have followed Dr. McKnight through a great many windings and turnings, and have found at last that it is only Mr. William Conner, disguised as a philosopher, we have been pursuing. We have made many efforts to understand Mr. Sharman Crawford; but have found him on no two occasions of the same opinion: one day taking occupancy as his basis; another day, improvements, disclaiming occupancy; a third, both; and these instabilities of purpose, associated with so many abstract postulates and metaphysical distinctions, that we have long since come to the conclusion that that gentleman does not understand himself, and that his definitions and heads of bills are not worthy of the public attention. Mr. Crawford, however, has made use of an argument, both at public meetings and in the House of Commons, which we cannot pass without exposing as grossly deceptive. The Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, in providing compensation for tenants holding from year to year, for lands taken by railway companies, directs compensation for "any just allowances" that would be made by an incoming tenant. The meaning of these allowances is perfectly well known in law, being allowances for away-going crops, and remuneration for tillage done by the outgoing tenant, according to the usage of the country. *Wiglesworth v. Dallison*, reported in 1 Douglas's Reports, p. 28, is the leading case in regard to customs of this kind, in which the usage of the country is allowed to supersede the general law of emblements, but "which have not any application to instances in which the express terms of the tenancy are at variance with them." (*Chitty on Contracts*, 2d edit. 294.) Mr. Crawford, however, assures all public meetings, and asserts in the house, that this provision of the Lands' Clauses Act has

given a legalized existence to tenant-right, and that the tribunals in Ireland have so decided. The fact is, that it was Mr. Crawford himself, sitting with another justice, who gave this clause the highly illegal interpretation he refers to; and he now cites this, his own decision, in aid of his own argument, taking care, however, not to mention the name of the learned judge whose authority he relies on.

We may add, as another example of the practice of this gentleman, his notice of motion in the House of Commons which stands for the day on which we write—viz., that the benefit of the Ulster tenant-right should be extended to improving tenants in other parts of Ireland. The house, unexperienced in Mr. Crawford's definitions, will probably not perceive that this is very different from compensation for improvements, although the mention of "the improving tenant" would lead any one not versed in those matters so to take it, inasmuch as the tenant-right would draw with it compensation for occupancy besides.

Reverting to the case of the London Companies, and of absentees generally, we would take this occasion to express some opinions which we believe are now very generally entertained. Absenteeism is, no doubt, a great evil, and the state has unquestionably the power, in applotting taxation, to make a distinction between income so derived, and that spent among the people who produce it. That constitutional power has even been extended to the resumption into the hands of the crown of estates wholly neglected by their owners; and, when the owners are corporate bodies, incapable of deriving gain to individual members from their possessions, the state has also an undoubted right to say, you must sell for a reasonable price. Many persons are of opinion that the London Companies are now *functi officio*, and that on receiving the marketable number of years' purchase of the rents reserved from their lessees, they might, with propriety, retire from their ownership of those great tracts in Ulster. The city of London has been greatly aggrandised by the receipt, and expenditure there, of a large portion of the rental, for upwards of two centuries: the nursing supervision of the Companies is no longer necessary in Londonderry, where all the objects of

the Plantation, as modified by subsequent acts of the legislature, have been completed; and we do believe the time has come, when these great absentees could, with benefit to all parties, resign their trust into the hands of a population, now, in every way able to take care of itself.

We desire here also to express our opinion that the distinction we have adverted to between corporate bodies and individual proprietors, and between residents and absentees, ought to be regarded in any legislation, for the purpose of taking waste land for public purposes by compulsory purchase. Great public necessities can alone justify legislative interference with property; but when the necessity arises, absentees, especially if they have no individual interest, ought to be reached first, and individual residents last.

As to the tenant-right of Ulster, from which we have been led away by these considerations, so far as it rests in occupancy, we do not see how it would be possible, even if expedient, to legalise such a right, consistently with the spirit or theory of our law. We believe the respect shown to old, respectable tenants—even though they should not have been on the land through three successive devolutions of the reversion—to be just and expedient. We would wish, so far as we can influence lauded proprietors in Ireland, to recommend to their imitation the practice, in this respect, not only of men like the Marquis of Londonderry, in Ulster, but of others, such as Sir William Somerville, in Meath, and of many other landlords elsewhere, with whom the claim of being an old tenant on the estate is virtually as much respected as a claim of copyhold. But even if it were possible to legalise those claims, and by law to turn them into titles, we would not desire to see the present kindly relations of the parties put on that footing; for it is in the kindness and mutual confidence, and in the wholesome power of control, guaranteed by the system, as it at present works, that its main social advantage consists. While we would, therefore, desire to see the occupancy tenant-right of Ulster, as it really exists, with its immemorial incidents of discretion and control, on the part of the landlord, practically recognised, we can see no means of promoting its adoption otherwise than by the force of opinion, and

by the general inculcation by precept and example, of the landlord's golden rule—"Live and let live."

But so far as the custom rests in improvements made by the tenant, it ought, if possible, to have the force and sanction of law. We need not enforce the justice of the tenants' claim to compensation for having increased the value of his land; he ought to have his share of the additional wealth called into existence by his capital applied to the land furnished to him by the owner. We need not dwell on a principle recognised by three successive governments, and which must soon become law. We may observe, however, that any measure for this purpose must necessarily be encumbered by machinery; that the measure now before parliament will, probably, require revision; and that, of the various plans hitherto put forward, that suggested by the Irish Council seems capable of being carried into effect with least collision of interests and least vexation. Let us add also our opinion, that any measure of that kind ought to be without prejudice to existing customs, and to such special farming contracts as landlords and tenants may think fit to devise for their own advantage. For our own part we believe that the man who would not improve on a forty-one year lease, at a moderate rent, would not improve on a perpetuity; and wherever the power to grant such a lease exists, which the legislature, we think, might safely extend to all cases, we strongly recommend both landlord and tenant to make their agreement for themselves.

Such are our views of tenant-right as it really exists, and as it may, in one of its aspects, be legalised. Machinery for determining rent, we will not discuss, any more than machinery for determining how much the traveller ought to give to the highwayman. The owner alone has a right to say how much he will take for the use of his property. Poor-rate and the ordinary laws of demand and supply are sufficient guarantees that he will not henceforth get more than is reasonable; and the fate of many hundreds of *puisse* creditors will probably, before another year shall have passed, render it as impracticable as inexpedient for an Irish landlord to incapacitate himself for his duties by incurring debt.

GARLANDINE AND THE TUTOR—A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY GEOFFREY BRIEFLESS, ESQUIRE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

'Tis a fact well known on the Banks of Rhine,
 When the vineyards gleam in the pale moonshine,
 And the trellised clusters are bending low,
 Tinted with autumn's rip'ning glow,
 That a mighty shade in a purple vest—
 I shan't now stop to describe the rest
 Of his clothing—is seen the hills to climb,
 Which hang o'er ruined Rudesheim.*
 Many have seen him, with eye appalled,
 Dodging about the Niederwald,
 Where, should the tourist chance to stand,
 He'll see the best of the Fatherland;
 Thence his raptured eye may mark
 Many a stately villa and park,
 With dome, and hamlet, and cloister grey,
 Peeping from lindens far away.
 I've gazed myself on that landscape rare,
 And ne'er saw any on earth more fair!
 'Twas at the hour when sunbeams rise
 Above the river where Bingen lies,
 And morning's saffron mantle fell
 Upon the shrine of Roca-Cappelle,
 Where a wooden lady stands in a niche,
 With a massive silver candlestick,
 In which each pious pilgrim fixes
 His daily share of "a pound of sixes."
 Mounted on donkeys we gained the top,
 Where the heat was such we were like to drop;
 When lo! there stood, mid the forest's shade,
 As jolly a tap as ever was made
 Where wine was sold, drink fit for an earl,
 And by a monstrous pretty girl.
 'Twill repay, dear friend, your trouble well,
 To leave your couch, at the Rhine Hotel,
 An hour at least ere the sun can rise,
 To get one glance from that fraulein's eyes.
 But from digression we must refrain,
 Or we never will get to Charlemagne.
 Doctors say that the night air's bad
 For one to roam out in, lightly clad.
 I fully agree in that maxim old;
 But the emperor never catches cold
 When forth he comes, as daylight fails,
 In a shirt which the climbing his tomb's sharp rails
 Has left rather short in regard of tails;
 And he blesses each night, in the pale moonshine,
 The purple grapes of his darling Rhine.
 Many a summer's morn is buried,
 The tide of time has ebb'd and flow'd,

* It is a popular tradition, that the shade of Charlemagne is seen to cross the river between Bingen and Rudesheim. Whenever the vintage promises to be unusually good, it is attributed by the peasants to this apparition.—*Gieb's Legends.*

Since he of the iron hand was ferried
 Across to the Phantom's dim abode ;
 But when he breathed this upper air—
 As ancient legends truly tell—
 He had a daughter passing fair,
 Whom the monarch loved right well.
 And though that land doth still abound
 In lustrous eyes that brightly shine,
 No maid there ever yet was found
 To be compared with Garlandine.
 'Mid the blaze of light,
 On a festal night,
 The flash of a dark black eye
 May softer seem,
 In its radiant gleam,
 Than the moon in a summer sky ;
 But the dazzling spark
 It shows in the dark,
 Is too bright for a poor man's good,
 Who knows not the art
 To preserve his heart,
 If art there be that could.
 Alas ! for me,
 I ne'er can see
 Such eyes without fear of danger,
 Nor can find a cure,
 For they won't ensure
 A doubly hazardous stranger.
 The eye whose hue
 Is a tender blue,
 Is much more fatal I know to view ;
 And so they found,
 For knights came round
 From many a distant mile ;
 Hot words were delivered,
 And lances shivered,
 For that bright maiden's smile.
 But all would not do
 For the valiant crew,
 With their tossing plumes and their pennons gay,
 Though they paid morning visits, and stayed all day,
 And emptied whole flasks of foaming wine,
 There was not one man
 Of the mailed clan
 His point could carry,
 Or persuade to marry
 The emperor's daughter, Garlandine.
 And though at her gate,
 Both early and late,
 Princes and nobles in troops would appear,
 It didn't much fret her,
 She liked few things better
 Than sending them home with a flea in the ear.
 She'd think nothing at all
 Of going up to the wall,
 To say, with her best satin dress on,
 When a knight came to dine—
 " It is all mighty fine,
 But you do not lodge here, Mr. Fergusson."
 " Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
 To pronounce here the antepenultimate long ;"

These two lines I've stolen, for sake of prosody,
But I beg you will mention the fact to nobody.
"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease"—

I quote a poet whom you know—

Ye are the very deuce to please;

Dear creatures, why should this be so?

We know how dreadful is the bore,

When she we worship like a star

Is seen, upon some ball-room's floor,

Waltzing with a damned light hussar;

His arm 's round her faëry waist,

Encircling all you dream of bliss,

And the lips you long to taste

Turn kindly pouting up to his.

It is most trying to the feeling

Of even the mildest-manner'd folk,

And makes one wish, one's grief concealing,

That we had learned to waltz or polk.

Thus felt each suitor

When he saw a tutor,

With manners and form of uncommon grace,

Without any warning,

Usurp one morning

What he thought was destined to be *his* place.

There had come, at an hour which was rather late,

A wayworn youth to the castle gate,

Of comely features, and stature tall;

And the warder asked, as he neared the wall,

If he wanted aught, with a surly grin.

The stranger replied, that he wanted in.

"That sort of gammon is all in my eye;

Don't you wish you may come it—only try."

Then he winked, as he said to himself, "What a Guy!"

But Charlemagne near, in the warm sunshine,

Lay, gazing down on his own bright Rhine,

With some beer drawn mild, which that climate suits,

("Tis a liquor I like to drink with cheroots)

And hearing this noisy talk at his door,

He summons the youth to come before

His presence august, that he might know

Why he had bored the warder so.

* * * *

The stranger his learning soon recounts—

He can write, he says, and can cast accounts—

Can break a charger, or read quite pat in

The tongues, then so rare, of French and Latin.

He could also, he modestly added, speak—

But this was a bounce—a little Greek;

Could play the piano, the harp, and sing,

And strike with his lance the smallest ring.

Carl listens, is charmed, and says, "'Twill do;"

Then, rising, concludes the interview.

"Uncommon kind, how the gods do grant

The sort of things that we monarchs want."

Such was the Emperor's silly boast—

But for once he reckoned without his host;

And thought how nicely at last he'd caught a

Teacher of French for his pretty daughter.

So he asked the stranger to stay to dine,

And be presented to Garlandine.

I'm fond, being nought but a hungry sinner,
 Of the varied joys of a splendid dinner ;
 When the turtle-soup is fair to see,
 The green fat well mingled with calipee.
 I like *entrees*, but the sort of dish
 I'm most partial to is a kind of fish—
Pinkens ; but *gourmands*, I think, of late,
 Who know the best, have called it bait,
 White bait, thou'rt pleasant enough in the main,
 With buttered brown bread and pink champagne ;
 But still can I fill a banquet's pause
 With a lobster *pâte* and oyster sauce.
 And few things are better to eat, I know,
 That veal made into a *fricandeau*.
 Oh, ye mortals, unlearned that are,
 For ye ne'er have dined with the North-East Bar,
 What can your ravenous, ignorant maw,
 Know of the joys of that feast of Law.
 The "*côtelettes de saumon*," the "*crèmes*" so nice,
 The cool *Lafitte*, the champagne in ice,
 Creaming up to the crystal brim,
 Till midnight's taper waneth dim ;
 The feast of reason, the flow of soul,
 That mantles round each glorious bowl ;
 The wit that flashes, of brilliant sort,
 The ready jest, and the neat retort—
 From the learned father, with head so bald,
 To the callous junior, recently called ;
 Who, if he's properly up to his work,
 Into his pocket should put each cork,
 That he may know when a single flask fails ;
 Waiters are such infernal rascals.
 Briefs were unheeded in that gay revel,
 Pleas and demurrers sent to the devil—
 "To those unpleasant realms below,
 Whither the dead attorneys go,
 And the living shall also."
 Even as I pen these stanzas few,
 There rises before me, in long review,
 Each well-known face of that jovial crew.
 A wave of the wand of necromancy,
 And back they troop to the eye of Fancy.
 Forms which have long in darkness lain,
 Are seated around the board again.
 Some are dead this many a year ;†
 In scarlet and ermine some appear ;
 Learned judges, with very thick pates,
 While others are city magistrates.
 Some are sleeping much at their ease,
 On nice soft chairs in the Common Pleas.
 Become fat-witted and dreadfully stout,
 With law, and leisure, and port, and gout.
 Some have gained, by their legal quirks,
 Places snug in the Board of Works ;
 And those who love not the air of cities,
 Have long paired off on Relief Committees ;
 Some state offices deftly fill,
 And some, like myself, are briefless still.

* Vide DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. xxvii., p. 408.

† Of course I must be here understood to anticipate the fate of my learned brethren.—G. B.

And the rising tear to mine eye doth steal,
 As I hear the sorrows of Lucy Neal ;
 And again I laugh, until like to die,
 " At the house which fell into chancery ;"
 And I feel my breath coming uncommonly short
 At the musical chime of The Pewter Quart.
 I'm an old man now, and the wish were vain,
 But would I could live my life again ;
 Roaming the crowded hall about,
 My bag well filled with parcels stout ;
 Diving down to those shades obscure,
 As in my time each learned man did,
 Emerging then with a face demure,
 Gowned and wigged, and neatly banded.
 But really I sin beyond expression—
 Dear reader, pardon this my last digression.

" It was iddlesse all" at Ingelheim,
 That castle which stands on a rock sublime ;
 With ramparts stout, and an iron gate,
 Looking so sadly desolate.
 The day is over long—long ago,
 When, banners on high, and battles below,
 Were seen by those grey and ruined towers,
 Which now in hoary grandeur shine,
 Down on that vale, where, girt with flowers,
 Sweeps foaming on the glorious Rhine.
 Bless my soul ! could the Baron rise
 From the marble coffin wherein he lies,
 And see the change on that river's tide,
 Which hath come to pass since the night he died.
 See the steamers that, to and fro,
 Puffing, " at stated periods," go.
 Little I ween his eye would reek,
 Glancing down on the peopled deck,
 Where crowds of staring Cockneys tread,
 Each with his guide-book bound in red.
 Ladies in bonnets and smart visettes,
 Bandboxes, couriers, and grisettes ;
 Kelners* all tearing about like the wind,
 For cheating " Englanders" much inclined ;
 In small-clothes fastened with clasp behind,
 And jackets uncommonly short in the waist,
 Tumbling about in desperate haste ;
 Rushing from stem to stern like mad,
 With smoking viands uncommonly bad.
 Salad, red cabbage, boiled beef, and fishes,
 Served upon oblong, small white dishes ;
 And wine poured into a labelled flask,
 Of every sort that a man could ask.
En passant, I've heard what, if true, is a shame,
 Though the labels do differ, the wine's the same ;
 And the choicest which falls to the tourist's share,
 Is nought but the Rhine " vin ordinaire."
 Could the old Herr Baron behold all this,
 He *would* be hugely surprised, I wis ;
 And turning round with a sigh of pain,
 Get back to his marble sleep again.

* *Anglice*, "waiters."

The banquet was over, the chamber cleared
 Of all save the vintage, choice and ripe ;
 The fire was trimm'd, and a knight appeared,
 Bearing the Emperor's amber pipe.
 The mighty wood fire its radiance threw
 Around the chamber, so large and dim,
 And then the guest for the first time knew
 How a lady's bright eyes were fixed on him.
 "Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
 That makes it fatal?" Byron said.
 I know not what it is ; but, by the powers,
 When you once get into a lady's head,
 Or heart, whatever poets write or savants say,
 There is in general the deuce to pay.
 I've passed the season of manhood's prime,
 But my heart flies back to that olden time,
 When I whirled along in the mazy dance,
 'Neath the sunny ray of Beauty's glance ;
 And felt the rapturous, thrilling charm
 Of her young breath, coming soft and warm.
 The languid eye, the skin like milk ;
 The silver whisper of trailing silk ;
 The twinkling feet 'neath the lustre's ray,
 That over the well-chalked floor would play ;
 The tender grasp of the white gloved hand,
 As round we went to Strauss's band.
 Ah ! those times were to me most sweet ;
 I don't dance now, it so hurts my feet ;
 My waist is thick, my breath is short—
 I'm a martyr to gout, and fond of port,
 And, alas ! prefer—how a mortal errs—
 Short whist and elderly dowagers !
 To the angel whose charms are so very divine ;
 But the angel dines out—her aunt asks n to dine.
 And here may I add how obliged I feel
 To that friend of all who love good things, to Peel,
 For the small relaxations, I must call 'em small,
 Which have made the price of French wines to fall.

The Emperor thought
 How neatly he'd got
 Exactly the sort of man he wanted,
 Schools were so dear ;
 In short it was clear,
 That with his bargain he was quite enchanted.
 But let us pass
 From this Royal Ass.
 What reader fair will the tutor blame
 If, with impunity,
 He seized the opportunity
 Of teaching his pupil the verb "*je l'Aime*."

Fathers and mothers, I warn ye all,
 Ye know not how sad a chance may fall,
 If to the domestic hearth ye bring
 A handsome man who has learned to sing ;
 Who also is skilled in the art to wear
 His moustache trimmed to the nicest hair ;
 With jetty whiskers, and curls oiled off,
 And the "cor-air expression"—so wild, so soft—

Sprucely attired in vesture trim :
 Oh, fathers and mothers, beware of him,
 He is worse than a cornet of light dragoons,
 So look sharply after your daughters and spoons.

* * * *

'Twas night ; the moon, with ray serene,
 Smiled gently o'er the sylvan scene ;
 Each castled crag, each wooded height
 Sparkled beneath her silver light,
 And the clocks were heard to chime
 " Elf " * from the towers of Ingleheim.
 Thick flakes of snow were falling fast,
 Drifting before the angry blast.
 Keen frost had crisped the surface white—
 In short, it was the sort of night
 When few would feel inclined to roam,
 Except some luckless henpecked wight,
 Who found it rather hot at home.
 The Emperor, whose mind of late
 Was much disturbed by cares of state,
 Lay sleepless on his bed of down—
 A fact which well the truth attests
 Of how the head which wears a crown
 Oft on a sleepless pillow rests.
 He rose with a yawn,
 Put his dressing gown on,
 And threw a fresh log on the crackling fire ;
 Then he lighted his taper
 With a match made of paper,
 And grunted and groaned till you thought he'd expire.
 How is it that no man,
 Not even a Roman,
 In Lent, who retires from his dinner so light—
 For there can be no question,
 'Tis dire indigestion
 Which keeps us so often from sleeping at night—
 How is it that all,
 When such things befall,
 When they toss and they think,
 But cannot sleep a wink,
 However they much feel inclined to—
 When of yawning they tire,
 Will get up, poke the fire,
 Then take a look out of the window ?

When day's weary toils are o'er,
 And care-untroubled mortals snore ;
 And slumber's mantle, soft and sweet,
 Has fallen upon South Frederick-street—
 That narrow row of houses straight,
 Where men of law do congregate ;
 Where we write, and dine, and sup,
 In a back attic, two pair up ;
 Where each gloomy house contains
 At least one youth of learned brains,

Who in his ardent spirit feels
That he is destined for the seals,
And hopes to fill that cushion shady,
Where rested once goodnatured Brady.
But to the final goal must press,
Beset with duns and brieflessness ;
Gazing oft with wistful eye
When some attorney passeth by ;
Watches for the far-off dim
Time, when luck shall come to him.
Oh, ye in briefs and gold who revel,
Bethink you of that lonely devil,
Who for weary long years must-a
Endure the painful "res angustâ ;"
Watching with soul and eye of hope
Until the gates of Fortune ope.
Perchance you too have long defied
The billows of that adverse tide,
Like him, too, your hearts have been stirred
With sickness of the hope deferred ;
And, the arduous struggle past,
Have won the goal of Fame at last,
Have ye ere lent a hand to save
One struggler from that stormy wave ?
Brothers ! the hand that guides this quill
Would gladly help your troubles still ;
The brain from whence these thoughts proceed
Hopes you may each and all succeed.
Have faith—the rugged way pursue—
What man has done, man still may do.
See, gazing the future's vista down,
Fame standing, with a silken gown.
Hug not attorneys—they are sinners,
Who eat, without remorse, your dinners,
Then send as often as you please
Enormous briefs—without the fees.
Avoid that height of human ills,
The payment of your tailors' bills ;
Be wary—prudent—do not fret,
And you shall all be judges yet.

But whither roam I, fancy borne ?
Two hours before the dawn of morn
We left the mighty Charlemagne
Advancing to the window sill,
Where he felt a sudden pain
Through his bones and marrow thrill.
And little wonder—for the sight
He then beheld would turn to stone
The heart of any mortal wight
Who doth a handsome daughter own.
He saw his beautiful Garlandine—
The fairest flower on the banks of Rhine—
With a very thin dress on her form divine,
Stealthily go
O'er the frosted snow,
And I grieve to say—for her sex, alack—
In order to save a double foot-track,
She carried the tutor upon her back.
It was a deed the reverse of right
For a lady to do on a frosty night ;

And the Emperor grew with fury white,
 In dire amaze at the novel sight.
 He thought, as he turned in again to bed,
 How he'd cut off, next day, his daughter's head,
 And make the tutor his sin repent,
 By hanging him over the battlement.
 But reflection came with morning's ray,
 Chasing this purpose dire away.
 He summoned his peers and paladins,
 And soon the marvellous tale begins—
 Asking each grave, old married man,
 Of whom he had a chosen few,
 What would be the most prudent plan
 For one thus circumstanced to do?
 He put with much tact
 A question abstract,
 As was befitting
 Without committing
 Himself by mention of any name;
 The whole privy council
 To a man pronounce ill-
 Naturedly that it was a monstrous shame.
 But their collective wisdom
 Did not seal his doom,
 For they added a judgment which was queer enough,
 Although the matter was perplexing,
 And to a parent vexing,
 'Twould be better they thought to let the culprits off.

With an oath, and a gleam of mute surprise
 Lighting the orbs of his saucer eyes,
 The Emperor turned to the luckless wight,
 Who had been summoned to hear his doom,
 And, trembling, thought that his hour was come.
 "Tell me," said he, "Sir Egenard,
 What do *you* think were a fit reward
 For one who commits an act so black,
 As to ride by night on a lady's back?"
 With faltering voice, and piping eye,
 The tutor replied, that he ought to die,
 For such very revolting treachery.
 "Death!" said the Emperor, scowling grim—
 "Death would be much too good for him.
 Henceforth, your lot with hers is cast,
 And never these old walls again—
 The scene of guilty gladness passed—
 Shall that form so loved profane.
 All those holy chords are riven,
 Which joined our hearts in nature's tie;
 Forth to the woods, by menials driven,
 This very instant both shall fly.

Years rolled on
 And the pair were gone
 No one knew where,
 And none seemed to care
 For the lady no more than a wooden log;
 Except as I've heard
 (And my heart was stirred),
 A certain little, ugly, pug-faced dog,

Who would whine at night
And still try to bite,
Whoever came to see him in his tub.
But, 'twixt you and I,
They say the reason why
Was, they forgot to bring him his grub.

MORAL.

Now comes the moral, no line is complete
Unless with a proper proportion of feet.
Thus a tale, whether written in verse or in prose,
Should ne'er want a moral, at least at the close.
Young ladies, with soft eyes, brown, hazel, or blue,
I address for the present this stanza to you.
Be not, my dear creatures, in too great a haste
To refuse a "parti" who's not quite to your taste ;
'Twould be better for all of you, better by far,
To select some young gentleman "called to the bar,"
Than incur the uncommonly serious disaster
Of eloping at night with a French singing-master ;
You will find the advice I thus offer you good,
Accept of it, then, in the spirit you should.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

REVOLUTION in France! Let Europe tremble to her centre at the sound. Let monarchs and subjects alike stand aghast. The hideous spirit is once more evoked, which, but half a century ago, devastated mankind—which crushed and overturned empires, and made the fair plains of Europe a desert—which added to ruthless violence the subtle poison of its principles, that both body and mind might sink at its approach, that it might be, in every sense, the destroyer—which scattered anarchy, rapine, and infidelity far and wide—and in the scenes of riot, terror, and perplexity in which it revelled, disclosed to the astounded beholders an amount of deformity in human nature, when naked and uncontrolled, far exceeding what it had ever entered into the mind of man to conceive before—and such as we most fervently trust, it never will be our fate to witness again. Once more is this dreadful power free. DEMOCRACY in France has burst the chains to which a mighty conqueror and its own excesses had consigned it, and stands forth once more, at large—and princes and potentates, and great nations rush forward now with anxious haste, and eager rivalry, to offer homage and congratulation to this newly-risen power, and England, whose pride and glory it was to have riveted its chains, is foremost in her acknowledgments; all, all are eager to propitiate the divinity; they crowd onward with the indecent haste of cringing courtiers to a newly-proclaimed sovereign, emulous in their strife to secure the youthful monarch's smile, or avert his frowns—

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder."

Doubtless it may be, that, schooled by the past, this mighty power may shun the enormities by which it formerly was made infamous. It may be unquestionably, that the over-ruling Providence, who can adopt what instruments he pleaseth, may direct the might of this newly-refreshed giant to

the most beneficent purposes, and that under such guidance it may prove a blessing, instead of a terror and a scourge. This time alone will reveal—we know not, we write while the tidings are still ringing fresh in our ears, and before we have had leisure to examine, or it has had opportunity to display, its character and features—we have barely caught a glimpse of the banner which it has unfurled, and as we read the motto there inscribed, we pronounce the self-same words which were shouted in the ears of the humiliated Louis and his heroic queen, as the Russian mob of Paris defiled before them, with fierce derision, through their royal palace of Versailles—the words which were bellowed from the throats of the savage rioters, who burst into the august presence of the national assembly, demanding, with dreadful menace, from the cowering deputies, the fulfilment of their demands—the words which rang in the ears of the five thousand victims of the five days of September, who fell untried, in the prisons of Paris, by the hands of a hired gang of butchers—the words which Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and the kindred fiends with whom they were allied, chanted in their career of regicide and of blood—the words which thus consecrated, embodied, and expressed the sole creed of the French nation, after they had formally, and with solemn rite, renounced their allegiance to the Supreme Being, and denied his existence—the words LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY.

This principle of democracy is one which is altogether new to mankind—it is avowedly a claim for the ignorance of the country to control its intelligence—it is a formal declaration that property shall be stripped of its legitimate influence, and shall succumb to blind passion and brute force. Such doctrines have been universally scouted as monstrous by all the sages of antiquity.

Among the great nations of antiquity democracy could not have existed, because of the universal prevalence of slavery. Let the political

institutions of the country have been as free as they could be made to every citizen of the state, still the domestic servants, the labourers, the mechanics, the artisans, in short, the physical force of the country; the men whose position doomed them to labour while it debarred them from the acquirement of education or of property—the lower classes, those who are now by the proclamation of the self-constituted provisional government of France, declared politically equal to the wisest and most independent in the land; those amongst the ancients were all slaves—a class to whom political rights were never accorded; democracy, consequently, as it is now understood, could not then by possibility have existed. In Athens, which is the only state of antiquity which is ever brought forward as an instance of a democratic constitution, it is calculated that to a population of less than 100,000 free inhabitants, there were 400,000 slaves. But for this feature in its constitution, Athens certainly would be an example of an ancient democracy; not, however, the Athens which Solon established; that sagacious lawgiver took effectual care that property should be efficiently represented, but Athens as it was subsequently revolutionized. And what an example do we there find of the evils of popular control, though so much better than what is meant by modern democracy. Do the pages of history contain a parallel to the uncertainty and vacillation which perplexed the public councils of Athens, to the corruption, treachery, and want of all principle, which has made their whole administration, foreign and domestic, for ever infamous.

In America, indeed, we have an example of a people becoming a mighty and a prosperous nation under a democratic constitution. It would lead us much beyond our purpose to examine the workings of the democratic principle in the American Union—to inquire how far the prosperity of that great nation is owing to the inherent energy, industry, and steadfastness of purpose of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to the unbounded extent of fertile land which is on every side open to the enterprise of their people—to inquire how far their prosperity has been in spite of their institutions, instead of being aided by

them, and how many and how great are the defects both in their public administration and social character, which is obviously referrible to the form of government under which they live. The most favourable and dispassionate authorities on the American constitution, M. De Tocqueville for example, speak universally of the “tyrant majority;” of the overpowering influence of this tyranny, not only on political affairs, but on the administration of justice, on the conduct of magistrates and jurors, nay, even on the very minds of men, so much so, that there is no civilized country where the freedom of thought, speech, or action, is so little permitted or understood, unless it be in the most abject submission to the omnipotent will of the “tyrant majority.” And in estimating the value of the American constitution, we must not lose sight of the fact, that it has not yet had to struggle against a heavy amount of debt, such as all old countries have inherited—and, by the way, the conduct of the Pennsylvanian State in repudiating their obligations, to the shame and reproach of every right-minded American, is as forcible an example as could be given of the irresistible sway of the “tyrant majority.” Neither, above all, must we forget, that it has never had to contend against the great difficulty of all other governments—a large, half-employed pauper population; the position of America to which we have adverted, enables every man to earn his livelihood; the spirit and enterprise of the people impel them to avail themselves of it. The sedition, the heart-burnings, the hostility of classes, the taxation, the tumults and discontent, which take their rise from the poverty of the lower classes of the country, are, in America, from its territorial position, wholly unknown: against this great evil their government has never yet had to contend. And long, we most fervently trust, may it continue so; and may we never forget, that when the famine pressed heavily on our land, the kindly voice of sympathy rose universally from our American brethren, throughout the whole extent of their wide domains, and the full hand of their abundance was eagerly and effectively stretched forth to aid us in our distress.

But surely any chance of success in

this perilous enterprise of democratic government—any hope of escaping the miseries of anarchy, and being driven to take refuge under the yoke of despotism, is to be derived from the purity of principle, from the simpleness of taste, from the fixedness of purpose of the people by whom the attempt is made. And how is France prepared in these particulars? France, a nation to whom, with comparatively few exceptions, principle, honour, and truth are unknown; France, the only nation upon record in whom unquestionable gallantry and courage are found to consist with a total absence of generous or chivalrous sentiment—a people to whom every incident in life to be of interest must be dramatic—who seek in the minutest trifles of their existence to produce an effect, to create a sensation—with whom action and enterprise are valueless if it be not beheld and applauded—who know not, and are incapable of appreciating or of admiring, the self-denying heroism, the power of truth, which constrains an upright man to abide with desperate fidelity by the cause which he believes to be right, and by the faith which he has solemnly plighted. These are serious accusations to make against a whole people; and grievous would be our offence if we were to make them falsely or inconsiderately. But we think the time has come when these countries should resist the French mania with which, for the last twenty years, we have been invaded. It is time to put a stop to that practical fraternity which the French have recently proclaimed, and their construction of which they have so characteristically illustrated by driving our labourers pell-mell out of their country, without money or clothing, by threatening to rise *en masse* against the mill-owners of Havre and Boulogne, if an English labourer were found within their walls; and this, too, while we hear of no such manifestation of “fraternity” towards any other foreign labourers in France. Our government should no longer cringe to that of France, and be submissively led by her to interfere, to our own great discredit, against the rights and interests of the other nations of Europe. We did so when we co-operated with France in establishing revolutionary thrones in Portugal and in Spain, in both instances

in direct violation of the settled law of succession in each country. We did so yet more flagrantly when, in co-operation again with France, we dismembered the kingdom of Holland, and established the revolutionary throne of Belgium. If there was one article more distinctly guaranteed than another, by the treaty of 1815, it was the integrity of the kingdom of Holland. Those treaties the present provisional government of France have declared to be a nullity, and not binding on their new-fangled republic; but, in truth, no government of France ever practically regarded them when it suited their interests to do otherwise. If there be in the foreign policy of Europe an admitted and unquestionable axiom, it is the vital importance of maintaining a powerful and independent kingdom at the north of France, between France and the ocean; and yet England, forgetful alike of policy and treaties, joins her humiliated navy (with the glorious recollections of the Nile and Trafalgar in its memory) with that of France, and the fleets of France and of England united blockade the Scheldt, to dismember the kingdom of our ancient ally. And what has England gained by this truckling to France? Hear the authority of the illustrious statesman who is now taking refuge in our country—he who, perhaps, of all living foreigners is best disposed to England, though, of course, giving to his own country his first duty. In 1846, M. Thiers took occasion to attack the foreign policy of France; and what was M. Guizot's reply? Why this—“On every part of the globe,” he said, “where the policy of France and England had been at variance, in Africa, Spain, and Greece, France had fully and boldly followed the course pointed out by her interests”—and might we not suppose that it is somewhat in derision that he goes on—“without compromising in the least the friendly relations between the two governments, thanks to their intimacy.”

Why this submissive spirit on the part of England should exist, it would lead us much from our present purpose to inquire. We refer it to the ascendancy which the monied interest has of late years acquired, to the dread of war, to the determination to hold by the most powerful, to the poverty of spirit, to the feebleness of principle, and to

the abject selfishness which must ever characterize the councils of a state acting under such influence. Let England maintain the independent position, and assert the right of self-action that becomes a great nation; or if, in the mystery of diplomacy, it be necessary that states, like weak-minded men, should have their confidants, in the name of truth let England seek for such in nations of the same character and principles as herself; but not in licentious, anarchical, and infidel France.

France is essentially anarchical. M. Guizot knows the people well; his habits of profound study and calm philosophical research well qualify him to be an authority on this or any subject of which he writes; his genius would do credit to any people, and his consistency does as much as that of any individual man can do, to throw a gleam of virtue over the dark mass of corruption in which the public men of France, for the last fifty years, have lived, and moved, and had their being.

M. Guizot thus writes, in 1838, in *Le Revue Français* :—

“As far as the state is concerned, the *malady that preys on it is the enfeeblement of authority*. I do not say of force, which makes itself to be obeyed; the depositories of public power never had more force, perhaps never had so much: but of authority recognised beforehand, as a principle, and felt as a right, which has no need to recur to force; of that authority before which the mind bends, without the heart being abased, and which speaks with command, not as reposing on fear, but as based on necessity.”

This “enfeeblement of authority” naturally flowed from the excesses of the first Revolution, and the total abolition of every institution to which (when not perverted by abuse from its legitimate action) the nature of man voluntarily yields reverence—the destruction of the nobility, the overthrow of the church, the precaution which was taken to guard against any legitimate local influence, or conservative principle growing up in the state by controlling the disposition of property, making it compulsory on a father to divide his property, both real and personal, among all his children, or as the law now is, leaving him but one share

to dispose of, so that if a father has four sons, he has a disposing power over but one-fifth of his property. The licentious character of their press, the degraded condition of their clergy, wretched pensioners of the state, and the mad impulse which was given to the cravings of plebeian ambition—these things have sown and nurtured in France the seed of the revolutionary spirit which makes all chance of constitutional government, as we understand the term, hopeless, and gives the French people no refuge from anarchy but under the iron despotism of a Napoleon or a Louis Philippe. Take into account, too, their total inexperience of anything like habits of administration of affairs, and the catalogue of their disqualifications for popular government is complete; no municipalities, no corporations, no associations throughout the whole of France; the entire country, thirty-five millions of people, submitting unresistingly to the dominion of a corrupt and luxurious capital.

This subjection of the whole country to the capital, which is so extraordinary a feature in France, is owing to the unparalleled extent to which the system of centralization is carried, to the absence of commercial or other profitable pursuits, which creates such a craving for government employments, and to the prodigious extent to which the government interferes in the general economy of the country. In France, the army, the navy, all excise and custom-house officers, the police, all the legal functionaries throughout the departments, all the magistracy of the departments, mayors and their deputies, prefects and sub-prefects, all are appointed by the government. So is every one in connexion with the post-office, the masters of all the schools, the superintendents of all the roads and bridges, every postilion and post-horse that travels on the roads, and every labourer who breaks the stones with which they are repaired, all are appointed by the state. The ministers of religion of every Christian persuasion, and, since the Revolution of 1830, even of the Jews, are salaried by the state; the theatres are supported by the state, and houses of infamous resort are licensed by the state, and under its control. So that for everything the Frenchman is referred directly to the govern-

ment—for protection from abroad, for discipline at home, for instruction when young, for employment when he grows up, for the excitements of dissipation while he is living, and for the soothing consolation of religion as he dies. The direction of all these various departments of the social economy rests with the supreme authority in Paris; and let a Parisian mob, or a Napoleon, or Louis Philippe, but seize the Hotel de Ville and the telegraph, and he has France. All the functionaries and *employés* of the state, all their wide-spread influence, which covers France as with a mesh—all spring from Paris.

And if anything were still wanting to account for the dominion of the capital over the whole empire, it is to be found in the wretched condition of the rural population of France, occasioned by the operation of the law as to the distribution of property, of which we have spoken. In France, by reason of this law of infinite subdivision, there are now no less than five millions and a half of distinct proprietary families; averaging each family at four persons, there are, consequently, twenty millions of persons, out of a population of thirty-five millions, dependent, to a greater or less degree, upon landed property. The whole area of France is about one hundred and twenty millions of acres. There are few or no manufacturing or commercial towns to absorb the population—with the exception of Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles, none of any account; so that from the combined operation of this law against accumulation, and the nature of the industrial resources of the country, it has come to this, that comparatively few of this proprietary enjoy a revenue of more than four hundred a-year, while nearly one-half of them are seized of estates of the annual value of two pounds!

Doubtless these small rural properties are the scene of much industry and frugality. We make no doubt, too, that there exists here a considerable share of devotional feeling. But the labour which is forced on the French by the necessities of their condition, is no more an evidence of industrious habits, than the piety which is only found when they are out of the way of temptation, is an evidence of a

pure religion. Let the Frenchman acquire but the smallest independence—give him what will purchase one of the government life annuities, which are so common in France, and he is away at once to the capital, and there plunges, with the ardour of one who has at length found his congenial element, into the whirl and excitement of the dissipated throng.

There could not, possibly, be a greater mistake than that of supposing that the recent Revolution in France was any sudden outburst of caprice, or that it sprang from any impulsive assertion of popular right against an arbitrary act of the government. The social condition of France has, in fact, left that unhappy people but a choice of evils—either the restraint of despotism, or the anarchy and tyranny of democracy. The most cursory review of their history will satisfy any one, that from the first revolution to the last, the self-same republican spirit has been incessantly in action, diverted, indeed, under Napoleon, by the excitement, and dazzled by the glory of his foreign wars. Exhausted and dejected by the dreadful reverses which preceded the restoration of the Bourbons, it slumbered for a while; but gradually gaining strength, it could only be curbed in the latter years of the reign of Louis, and while his successor continued on the throne by the arbitrary assertion of power by these monarchs, in open and direct defiance of the charter which the first had granted on his restoration, and which both had sworn to uphold, breaking out at last at the revolt of the barricades, it hurled Charles from the throne; and partly by accident, partly by intrigue, its late occupant was seated in his place. But the acts of the elder Bourbons were constitutional, the yoke of Napoleon was light, as compared with that which Louis Philippe was obliged to resort to, in order to control this revolutionary frenzy. It had now recovered from the reverses of 1815, and had gained daring by its triumph of 1830. Under the amended charter of 1830, to which Louis Philippe swore allegiance, popular rights were asserted to an extent which, although but in conformity with our notions of constitutional freedom, and adapted to the habits and principles of the people of these countries, were yet, with the

democratical principles of France, altogether inconsistent with the existence of the monarchy, or indeed of any controlling power whatsoever. "The king is to reign, but not to govern," was the avowed and proclaimed maxim; and Louis Philippe soon found that he had but to choose between throwing up the reins of power altogether, or straining them to the uttermost; he strained them until they broke.

The causes of popular discontent which led to the first revolution were as unquestionably righteous and just, as the subsequent excesses were infamous. The entire exemption of the nobles and clergy from all the burdens of the state, the exclusive monopoly by these privileged orders of all its emoluments, the intolerable pressure of an embarrassed government on the resources of the third estate, with an unlimited power of taxation in the crown, was an amount of injustice which could not, nor should not have been endured. Had the king or his ministers had but the common sense, or had the nobles and clergy had but the common justice to reform these crying abuses, the subsequent horrors of the revolution would have been averted, and the seeds of anarchy never would have taken root in the soil of France; but long familiarity with injustice, as with any other crime, diminishes our perception of its enormity; and the privileged orders, even if they saw the oppression which they occasioned, were too much reduced in circumstances and condition by the profligate expenditure of their habits of life, to be able to forego any advantages, or to waive any exemptions to which they might be entitled. Meantime the third estate was growing powerful by commerce; and being oppressed and deserted by those who ought to have been their natural directors, they readily gave ear to the doctrines of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other writers of that revolutionary school. The extreme financial embarrassments of the state at length compelled the minister to convene the states-general—a body to which, for nearly 150 years, the crown had never dreamt of appealing. The proceedings of this body, and how the national assembly became self-formed from the states-general, is matter of familiar history; but it is not, perhaps, sufficiently borne in mind that

the king came down to this national assembly, and there made offer of a bill of rights, which embraced every concession that could possibly have been required—every requisite for a well-regulated freedom. This was in June, 1789. Even Mirabeau acknowledged "that the concessions made by the king were sufficient for the public good, if," he added, however, "the presents of despotism were not always dangerous."

But the people had now tasted of the cup of power, and were resolved to drain it to the dregs. Never having enjoyed a rational or regulated liberty, they could not moderate nor direct their newly-acquired licence; they began, moreover, to discover that there was no physical force by which they could be restrained. This, after all, is the great secret of all the French revolutions; on this the mob of Paris and the revolutionists of France can at all times safely calculate. In the hour of danger, when riot and violence are at their height, the French soldiery uniformly, and as of course, fling all notions of allegiance, discipline, and military obligation to the winds, and join with the rioters. The 100,000 troops who were in Paris last month, but facilitated the objects of the revolutionists. It is, we presume, for this most laudable and patriotic trait that the French soldiery are now rewarded with the elective franchise (and surely a more daring experiment than that of making the standing army of the country a deliberative body—for to that it comes—it never before entered into the brain even of M. Arago himself, renowned as he is for a scientific experimentalist, to attempt). Napoleon alone, by the mastery of his military genius, was able to subdue this spirit of defection in the troops, and to make them efficient against the populace; but this was the exception to the rule. In 1789, the monarchy was lost *solely* by the defection of the troops. The king had resolved on vigorous measures; and had he but have been able to curb the popular tumult, and carried out firmly and liberally the measures of salutary reform to which he had pledged himself in the assembly, the Revolution would have been averted; but the household troops revolt—the troops of the line to a man refuse to act—the veterans of the Hotel des Invalides seize it for the

people—the army join with the rioters in the storming of the Bastile. “This is revolt,” said the king to the gentleman who brought him the intelligence. “Sire,” replied the other, “it is a revolution.”

The subsequent history of France, up to the Restoration, in 1815, is well known. The riot, tumult, and brutal excesses—the reign of terror—the inconceivable atrocities of the incarnate fiends, into which the spirit of democracy had converted the whole French people—the military despotism in which they found repose—the brilliancy of their foreign wars, and the humiliation of their subsequent defeats—are matters with which we are all acquainted.

It would be curious, if we had the opportunity, to trace the points of resemblance between the first Revolution and the one which has now occurred, so far as the latter has yet proceeded. Does the National Convention, for instance, publish a decree, “declaring that it will grant fraternity and assistance to all people wishing to recover their liberty, and charging the executive power to send the necessary orders to the generals to give succours to such people, and to defend those citizens who have suffered, or may suffer in the cause of liberty?” We have the following counterpart from M. Lamartine, in 1848 :

“Thus we declare it openly. If the hour of the re-construction of some nationalities, oppressed in Europe or elsewhere, should appear to us to have sounded in the decrees of Providence—if Switzerland, our faithful ally since the time of Francis I., were constrained or threatened in the advance which she is effecting in her government, in order to lend additional strength to the fascine of democratic governments—if the independent states of Italy were invaded—if any limits or obstacles were imposed on their internal transformations—if the right of alliance among themselves, in order to consolidate an Italian nation, were contested by main force—the French Republic would believe itself entitled to arm itself, in order to protect these legitimate movements of the greatness and the nationality of states.”

Again; the National Assembly declared that France renounced the idea of extending her territories. M. Lamartine is, certainly, rather more equivocal on this head. The follow-

ing is the closest imitation which he can bring himself to adopt:—

“The French Republic will, then, not make war on any one. It has no occasion to say that, if conditions of war are laid down to the French people, it will accept them.

“The treaties of 1815 exist no longer as law in the eyes of the French Republic; nevertheless, the territorial circumscriptions of these treaties are a fact which it admits as a basis, and as a *point de depart* in its relations with other nations.”

We presume it is an elucidation of anything that might be ambiguous in these sentiments, that M. Lamartine's minister of war, General Lamoriciere, has within the last few days demanded an additional levy of 100,000 troops; and this, in addition to the 24,000 *moveable* and *paid* national guards, who were levied immediately on the establishment of the provisional government—a force which can differ in no respect from the troops of the line, except, perhaps, in the period of their enlistment.

And not only in the political, but in the economical events of the two revolutions, would a great similarity be found. In both cases, as the natural consequence of popular excitement and public convulsion, public and private credit, more sensitive than the mimosa, is suspended—the banks refuse to discount—the manufacturers cease to work—the populace are thrown out of employment—the markets are imperfectly supplied, and scarcity, with all its horrors, begins to present itself. Every public fund that can be appropriated and made available, is seized upon; public works (almost necessarily unprofitable) are unavoidably resorted to, to provide employment for the people; taxes are anticipated by loans at a high rate of interest—they turn out insufficient in their produce for the outgoings of the state, and the country is reduced to bankruptcy—such were the consequences of the Revolution of 1789—and such, with still greater rapidity, seem to be the results of that of 1848. Already, as we write, not only have the banking houses of Gouin and Co., Baudin and Co., and Lafitte and Co., failed—(how many more will have stopped before this reaches the hands of our readers, it is impossible to say)—but

the National Bank of France itself has stopped payment—and, like the *assignats* of old, which brought thousands to ruin, an issue of paper money is decreed by the Provisional Government—paper money, inconvertible, based upon nothing, provided for by nothing, unless it be by projected confiscations, or forced loans, as in 1793, from every man who had property to be plundered. To be sure, the issue is on no account to exceed fourteen millions sterling; but we would be glad to know on what rational principle it is to be expected, that the same necessity which occasioned the issue is to restrict it—or why these new-fledged statesmen, the most incompetent batch (with the exception of Dupont de L'Eure, and Arago), that ever chance threw together at one council-table, should not again resort to this self-sustaining financial system, whereby, as they have discovered (and what relief and delight must not the notable discovery have afforded them), the power of the state in making money can counterbalance its necessities for expending it.*

Nor is the necessity for the state to provide employment for its population one whit less urgent now, than it was in 1789—the foreign wars, into which the first republic at once plunged, in its career of propagandism, provided a vent for the ill-humours and idleness of the social body, yet, even then, were they obliged to resort to public works—and so now, in 1848, do we find every resource of the state applied to finding employment for the people—24,000 paid National Guards, at 1s. 3d. a-day; 100,000 additional troops of the line; hundreds of labourers, engaged in repairing the *palais national*, (no longer *palais royal*)—in raising the level of the Champs de Mars, and in lowering the bed of the Seine. But the greatest public work is yet to be established, one which, we venture to say, will turn out to have been hitherto unrivalled in every quality for which public works are distinguished, in the

amount of wages of the labourer, in the inefficiency of the workmen, and in the utter worthlessness of the undertaking. The National Assembly opens on the 29th of April; it is to consist of nine hundred deputies, and the labourers of France are offered, nay, are solicited to receive twenty-five francs a-day, for their work, in this great undertaking. This is neither jest nor exaggeration—M. Ledru Rollin has addressed a circular, on the subject of the elections, to the several commissioners of the Provisional Government through the country, in which he directs them thus, as to their choice of candidates: "Let your *mot d'ordre* be new men, and as much as possible from the ranks of the people; the working classes, who form the living strength of the nation, should choose, from among them, men recommended by their intelligence, their morality, and their devotedness"—and then follows a parcel of trash about "thinking men" and "Utopian ideas," &c., for these fellows spout with the selfsame disgusting cant that their predecessors did, in 1789. Sir Walter Scott gives us a specimen of Robespierre's rhodomontade, in order, as he says, "to show at how little expense of sense, taste, or talent, a man may be held an excellent orator, and become dictator of a great nation;" and he tells us, in connexion with it, the very appropriate story of the Mahomedan doctor, who assured Bruce that the Antichrist was to appear in the form of an ass, and that multitudes were to follow him to hell, attracted by the music of his braying. Nor can we notice, however briefly, the points of resemblance in the two Revolutions, without making the striking parallel between the devoted heroism of Marie Antoinette, and of the Duchess of Orleans. Calm, and with dignity, this royal lady, upheld by a high sense of maternal duty, and by unflinching fortitude, braved the fury and the menaces of the streets, and the ruffianism; and the levelled pikes and muskets of the assembly, to assert the rights of the no less gallant

* The governor of the Bank of France, in his letter to the Provisional Government, tells them—"From the 22nd February to the 15th March, the bank has discounted, in Paris, the sum of one hundred and ten millions. Of the one hundred and twenty-five millions which it owed to the treasury, it has paid seventy-seven millions. We do not include in that sum eleven millions placed at the disposal of the treasury in different banks, to meet the urgent necessities of the public service."

boy who accompanied her. The high bearing of this noble princess, a stranger and a Protestant, is the only incident which illumines the dull mass of coarseness, treason, and vulgarity, which closed over the downfall of monarchy in France.

But our space does not allow us to dwell upon this longer; we are anxious to sketch the struggles of the democratical spirit from its birth to the present time. It has now attained full age—it has thrown off control—it has asserted its right of being held responsible for its actions, and has entered on its inheritance.

When the Republican spirit began to recover after the Restoration, its only organs were the Chamber of Deputies and the press—but both these were powerful agents. To corrupt the one, and control or intimidate the other, were the only means by which the monarchy could be preserved. A charter had been given to the people by Louis XVIII., but the succeeding monarchs have ever found it impossible to maintain their thrones without constantly violating its spirit, and not unfrequently its express provisions. As the Chamber of Deputies was constituted shortly after the Restoration, it consisted of 258 members; every person being of thirty years of age, and paying 200 francs (£12), direct taxes, being entitled to the elective franchise; but in 1820, the ministry, taking advantage of a temporary manifestation of loyalty on the occasion of the murder of the Duke de Berri, procured a law to be passed for adding 172 new deputies, to be chosen by one-fourth of the electors, the fourth consisting of those who paid the largest amount of taxes. This measure considerably weakened the democratic influence, but still not sufficiently so to hold the revolutionary spirit within due bounds, and kings and their ministry have since found it easier to control the chamber by solicitations, intrigues, bribery, and other indirect means, than by any such organic changes in its constitution. It is by such practices, aided by the direct action of the government on the country, in the elections, that the chamber has, up to this day, been influenced or controlled. Upon the eve of a general election, the heads of the different state departments in Paris write to their subordinates in the

country, admonishing them, that they are pledged, by virtue of their office, to the support of the king's government, and that it is upon the efficiency of this support that their own prospects depend. When we recollect that there are no municipal bodies, no influential proprietors, no public assemblies throughout France, except what are sanctioned by the government, it is only wonderful that the crown should have ever experienced any opposition whatsoever in the chamber, and, more especially, when we recollect how lavishly money was expended in corrupting the members, and how unblushingly it was received.

The amount of influence which the government had in the chamber may be inferred from the statement made by M. Thiers when proposing his measure of reform, in 1846, namely, that there were then one hundred and eighty-four public functionaries having seats in that body; these attempts to control the chamber, when made by a legitimate sovereign, were, of course, rank despotism in the eyes of the republicans; yet hardly are they seated on the rickety stools of their provisional government, before a despotism tenfold more oppressive—a despotism which has been acknowledged and dreaded by every one from Aristotle to De Tocqueville—the despotism of the "*tyrant majority*," already begins to display itself. In the circular of M. Ledru Rollin, to which we have adverted, he charges his subordinates thus:—"Cause on all points of your department the meeting of electoral committees; examine closely the qualification of the candidates, and stop at those only who appear to present the strongest guarantees of republican opinion, and the greatest chance of success. . . . Republican sentiments ought to be strongly forwarded; and for this purpose all political functions must be allotted to men sure, and of republican principles." Not a vestige of independent thought or action will shortly be found in republican France.

But it was by the press of France (chiefly, of course, of the metropolis) that the revolutionary battle was fought; and it was against this mighty engine that the whole hostility of government was directed. Licentious, anarchical, and revolutionary as it undoubtedly was, we cannot withhold

from it the praise which is due to dauntless courage and unconquerable determination, aided by a very fair share of ability; and this when obliged to contend against an amount of oppression and persecution which is absolutely without a parallel; nor must we forget if it did too frequently err on the side of revolution, that it was in a struggle against a government which, in the effort to maintain its own existence, was invariably persisting in violating, both in spirit and in letter, the constitution of the country.

The history of this struggle, which resulted in the triumph of the press and the overthrow of the Bourbons, in 1830, is most extraordinary; and as the press was all through the great engine by which the battle of democracy was fought, it is immediately connected with our subject.

Louis XVIII. entered his capital in May, 1814; and, in the July following, the Abbé Montesquieu, by the king's directions, procured a law to be passed enacting that all writings of less than twenty sheets should be subject to censorship, and that if thought defamatory, seditious, or immoral, they might be repressed. This censorship was repealed in 1819, but only to be re-enacted the succeeding year, in which year also, we may observe, that a law was passed for permitting the arrest and imprisonment of any person suspected of plotting against the king or state, whereby the liberty of the subject was transferred from the ordinary courts and juries of the country to the king's privy council. Neither censorship nor incessant prosecutions were, however, found sufficient to subdue the energies of the press; and, in 1822, it was found necessary to go still further, and a law was passed that no journal or periodical writing whatsoever should be published without the authority of the king being first obtained; and that in case its *tendency* (not any particular article, but the general tendency of the paper) should appear to be injurious to the public peace, to religion, to the authority of the king, or the stability of the constitutional institutions, the royal courts (in which there was no jury, and the judges of which were appointed by the crown) should, on hearing the parties and the king's attorney-general, suspend or suppress it. On the accession of Charles X.,

in 1824, he abolished the censorship, but retained the last-mentioned act, and proposed others even still more stringent some few years afterwards, continuing all the time an unintermitting series of prosecutions, in many instances on the most frivolous grounds.

The public at last began openly to take up the cause of the journalists, and cries of "*à bas les ministres*" are the startling sounds which greet the king when he reviews the National Guards of Paris; in vain it is that the National Guards are disbanded; it but adds the additional discontent of 40,000 men, and supplies 40,000 stand of arms to the rioters of the barricades; in vain it is that the censorship is reimposed, it but exasperates the general indignation; in vain it is that all laws against the press are abolished in 1829; it but gives voice and power to democracy. The journals had already begun to hint at a change of dynasty, and the year 1830 was ushered in by the prosecution of the *Globe*, to which M. Guizot was a known contributor, for an article entitled "France and the Bourbons in 1830," which, as it has all the character of that statesman's writing, and has been singularly confirmed by the recent occurrences, we give an extract from:—

"Of all the crises through which we have passed since 1814, the present is, without doubt, the most decisive for the House of Bourbon. It is, to reckon rightly, the fourth attempt at a counter-revolution. It is curious and profitable to observe what part the nation has performed in all these rash experiments; how it has been progressively instructed and strengthened, while the party which is dragging down royalty with itself has been misled and weakened; now, at every counter-revolutionary effort, the same melancholy and fatal idea of the separation of the throne and the country has presented itself, but on each occasion getting strength accepted by a greater number of minds, at first concealed as a secret intrigue or feeling of hostility, afterwards disclosed in public as an opinion, and thus proceeding until, if heaven avert it not, and if the old enemies of liberty still proceed further, this opinion will become the resolution of a party with popular assent."

For this article the editor was fined 2,000 francs, and imprisoned for four months. In the *National*, to which

M. Thiers and M. Lamartine were contributors, a similar article appeared, for which the editor was also prosecuted and convicted; and several other prosecutions were instituted. The king opened the Chambers in March, and is met by a hostile address, drawn up by M. Dupont de L'Eure and others, in which it is alleged that "an unjust distrust of the sentiments and reason of France is the fundamental idea of the king's administration." This address was voted by a majority of 221 to 181. The chamber is again dissolved; every resource of power and corruption is brought to bear upon the country; but in vain. The opposition press is equally active and equally hostile; and the result is, a majority of from 60 to 70 against the ministers. The king now saw that the only chance which was left him for maintaining his throne was by a determined act of arbitrary power, supported, if necessary, by military force. The fourteenth article of the Charter ran thus:—"Le Roi nomme a tous les emplois d'administration publique, et fait les réglemens et ordonnances necessaire pour l'exécution des lois et la sûreté de l'Etat." Under this article, which Louis Philippe, in his opening speech, denounced as "having been so hatefully interpreted," the king issued his three famous ordonnances, the one prohibiting any periodical to be published without the licence of the crown, the second dissolving the newly-elected chambers, and the third restricting the elective franchise to that class of voters exclusively who had acquired the double vote by the law of 1820. To these ordonnances the editors of twelve newspapers, headed by M. Thiers, next day publish their defiance. A force is sent to break the printing-presses; the populace of Paris rise in tumult in their defence; Marshal Marmont is entrusted with the command of the forces, and the Revolution of 1830 breaks forth.

And here again, as of course, was the treason of the French soldiery exhibited. This desertion of the soldiery is, as we have already said, the true

cause of the facility with which the French revolutions have been accomplished, and it forcibly illustrates the perfidy of the French race. The veteran battalion, a force consisting of 1,100 men, surrendered at the first summons; the 50th regiment of the line refused to act; the 5th regiment, posted at the Chamber of Deputies, withdrew from their position; at length two regiments of the line in the Place Vendôme join the people; the revolt becomes general, and further resistance is hopeless. Nay, so entirely can these Frenchmen calculate on each other's treason, that the Marquis de Sémonville, the grand referendary of the Chamber of Peers, deliberately proposed to Marshal Marmont to stop the fighting, "*by making prisoners of the king's ministers*;" and he says "that he saw the marshal twice, with vehemence, refuse his officer's leave to use cannon"—the only hope plainly that remained in the general defection of the troops of the line. M. Arago, too, tampers with Marmont, and says, "that he found the marshal entirely concurring with him as to the ordonnances." He scattered his troops so injudiciously through the streets, that on the first day they were wholly inefficient. On the evening of that day the king directs him "to persevere, to assemble his forces in the open places, and to act with masses." But why should Marshal Marmont expose himself to the reproach of being loyal to his king?—why should he let himself be eclipsed by Marshal Ney? He, too, swore allegiance to his sovereign, the predecessor and brother of this same Charles. He vauntingly promised him, when entrusted with his army, that he would bring back Bonaparte to Paris in an iron cage; but scarcely had he gone half way, when he published a proclamation, announcing that the cause of the Bourbons had fallen, and joined with the invader; and yet Ney got the death of a soldier, instead of being hanged to a lamp-post, as he should have been.* It was but poor satisfaction to Charles that the dau-

* There is a general impression that Ney's execution was in violation of the amnesty which was accorded by Louis on the surrender of Paris. The opinion is, that this amnesty embraced all political offenders; whereas it was, that "*in general*" all persons guilty of political offences should be pardoned. Thus expressly guarding that perfidy such as Ney's should not go unpunished.

phin took Marmont's sword from him at St. Cloud, and branded him for a foul traitor, as he was.

Once more, then, did ill-fated France experience the inevitable consequences of a revolution—consequences precisely similar to those from which she is now suffering—stoppage of credit, factories thrown idle, crowds of unemployed artisans, grants for public works, and perpetually-recurring riots in her great cities. Then, as now, did the popular party insist that France should assist the cause of revolution in all countries; then, as now, did they proclaim that the treaties of 1815 were nullities. The evils of revolution were by no means, however, so great as in 1789, and nothing as compared with what they promise now to be; for the government was at once settled; Louis Philippe, the citizen king, was appointed to the throne—that throne which he declared, on his accession, should be surrounded with republican institutions, and which, before many years, he was forced to convert into a perfect despotism—a despotism more stern than that of his predecessors, by reason of the increased strength and confidence of the democratical spirit with which it had to contend. In fact, he was foisted on the throne by the management of Lafitte, Lafayette, and a few others of the constitution-mongers, and his appointment was never acceptable to the great bulk of the French people.

Loud and incessant were the outcries of the journals against the king and his rule, and still more fiercely and perseveringly was this hostility resented. The censorship of the press had been abolished in 1830, and an act passed, enacting that all offences of the press should be referred to the ordinary courts of assize. Here the prosecutions were incessant. The *Tribune* alone, after fighting the battle for four years, was beaten down on its one hundred and twelfth prosecution. The prisons of France were crowded with state prisoners. An idea may be formed of the extent and nature of this struggle from the following table, which was published by the *Tribune* in 1833, of the number of actions and condemnations, which had taken place from August, 1830, up to that time. We quote from the *Annual Register* for 1833:—

	Actions.	Condemnations.
" <i>Tribune</i> , . . .	86	17
<i>Révolution</i> , . . .	32	11
<i>Quotidienne</i> , . . .	17	12
<i>Gazette de France</i> , . . .	18	8
<i>Caricature</i> , . . .	7	4
<i>Courier Français</i> , . . .	1	1
<i>Journal du Commerce</i> , . . .	1	0
<i>Messenger</i> , . . .	2	0
<i>Temps</i> , . . .	1	0
Petty journals and publications, . . .	126	43
Various societies, public criers, &c.	65	21
Various authors, . . .	39	17
Total, . . .	411	143

Aggregate term of imprisonment, 65 years two months; aggregate fines, with costs, 301,555 francs, 55 cents."

This conflict, however, could not long continue; the failure of the government, in nearly three-fourths of the prosecutions, was but emboldening the democratical spirit. The king was determined to crush the evil he could not control, and in 1834, having obtained a docile chamber, he had a law passed, declaring all political offences of the press to be offences against the state, the effect of which enactment was to transfer such cases from the regular courts and juries, to the Chamber of Peers, by whom alone offences against the state were cognizable; and this he followed up by other very severe enactments against any one who should, directly or indirectly, express even a wish for a republican government, or who should venture to ridicule the king, or allude to him at all, in discussing the acts of his government. Having thus procured a law by which to make the press amenable, and a tribunal to apply it, that engine of democracy was to a great extent controlled.

But another power was now becoming formidable—political associations were growing up, both in the capital and in the provinces, and to suppress this organ of public opinion, was the next effort of the "citizen king." The control which Napoleon established over associations, by the articles of the penal code, and which articles were still in force, was wholly insufficient for Louis Philippe. Napoleon's law prohibited all associations, unless they

were first authorised by government, provided they were associations which consisted of more than twenty persons, and had stated periods of meeting. This law it was now becoming general to evade, by forming societies of a less number than twenty persons, but affiliated one with another. To guard against this evasion, Louis Philippe, in 1834, had a law passed, correcting this abuse, but at the same time extending the application of the law from societies with stated times of meeting, to which Napoleon had restricted it, to any single meeting whatsoever. As it was under this law that the Reform banquet was suppressed, which was the immediate cause of the recent revolution, we give the enactments as they appear in the statute-book :—

“CODE PÉNAL.

“291. Nulle association de plus de vingt personnes, dont le but sera de se réunir tous les jours ou à certains jours marqués pour s'occuper d'objets religieux, littéraires, politiques ou autres ne pourra se former qu'avec l'agrément du gouvernement, et sous les conditions qu'il plaira à l'autorité publique d'imposer à la société.

“292. Tout association de la nature ci dessus exprimée qui sera formée sans autorization, ou qui, apres l'avoir obtenue, aura enfreint les conditions à elle imposées, sera dissoute.”

The first article of April, 1834, ran thus :—

“Les dispositions de l'article 291 du code pénal sont applicables aux associations de plus de vingt personnes alors même que ces associations seraient partagées en sections d'un nombre moindre, et qu'elles ne se réuniraient pas tous les jours ou à des jours marqués.”

Thus fortified in his despotic rule, Louis Philippe persevered in his struggle with democracy, up to the suppression of the Reform banquet under the above law, and the Revolution which has ensued.

The Reform which was required was, an amendment of the electoral system, and a restriction on the number of public functionaries having seats in the Chamber of Deputies. By the settlement of 1830, the franchise was extended to all persons twenty-five

years of age, and paying direct taxes to the amount of 200*l.* (£8). Under this system there was not much over 200,000 electors in France; and the number was constantly decreasing, by the operation of the law of subdivision of property which we have noticed. The qualification which would exist in the father, would obviously, in many cases, be lost when the property was distributed amongst three or four children. But no measure of Reform could be granted by a monarch who could only preserve his throne by crushing the voice of public opinion in the country; give it but utterance, and it would have proclaimed republicanism.

The occurrences of this Revolution are so recent and so familiar, that it would be useless to present them again to our readers. We have already noticed such of them as appeared to us to be of chief importance, as illustrative of the workings of democracy; besides, the length to which this article has run admonishes us that we should draw it to a close. To one point only would we direct attention.

The king is blamed for not having placed himself at the head of his troops, and suppressed the outbreak by force. To this there is the best answer in the world. The king well knew that he had no troops to head; that of his 100,000 men there was not a regiment that would prove faithful; and the event showed that he was right, and that the lessons of two revolutions were not lost upon him. “The army,” says M. Ledru Rollin, in the address to which we have already alluded, “showed a lively sympathy for the republican cause, and it must be attached to it more and more;” and well did that army merit the commendation. Take the following as a specimen :—

“At about ten o'clock the troops were all under arms, as hitherto, opposite the hotel of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. A large body of cavalry was drawn up in the middle of the street, and a dense mass of infantry was drawn round the whole of the hotel. Drums were heard, and a body of infantry advancing. As they approached, it was perceived that they were preceded by a body of people all armed in different ways, and bearing the tri-colour flag. The people and this body of soldiers

advanced towards the soldiers on guard, and, after some explanations, accompanied by shakings of hands and crossing swords, in the military style of salutation, all the soldiers, *en masse*, sheathed their bayonets, the officers sheathed their swords, and quitted the hotel, leaving the people to act as they pleased. Everywhere the soldiers along the Boulevards took off their bayonets from their muskets, which they then reversed, appearing much to enjoy the scene."

This was on Thursday morning, when the king was sitting in council with Count Molé and Odillon Barrot, after having dismissed the obnoxious ministers, and with Marshal Bugeaud in command of his forces.

The following incident is eminently characteristic—a body of the people went, on the day following the last-mentioned occurrence, to possess themselves of the arms of the 52nd regiment—the colonel, however, presented himself on a balcony, and thus addressed them:—

"Citizens—You ask for the arms of the 52nd, in order that they be given to patriots. The 52nd are patriots to a man. The 52nd was among the first of the regiments which, in 1830, joined the people. The 52nd was the first, which, in 1848, fraternised with the people. The 52nd is no more. That which was the 52nd of the line is now the first regiment of the Republic."

Thus despotism finally sunk, and democracy triumphed. Unhappy country so unfit for freedom, as to have but a choice of such fearful evils—the tyranny of one or the tyranny of many! We fear you have fallen upon the greater evil. "Democracy," we are told by Aristotle, "is the greatest of all tyrannies." We are sure that it is the most unblushing and the most corrupting.

What the effects of this Revolution may be, we have already said that no man could venture to predict. We would confidently hope, that it may not be unattended with great advantage to this country. The degraded condition to which France will shortly be reduced, will forcibly impress upon every man the value of our popular institutions, which educate our people to freedom, and the vital importance of upholding the influence of our landed gentry and aristocracy, which tempers this freedom, and keeps it from excess. Our government, no longer 'fraternising' with that of France, will maintain the interests and the dignity of Great Britain, by asserting her right of judging and acting for herself. And among our people, there will once more spring up that good honest English hatred of French politics, French morals, and French principles.

THE IRISH CRISIS—THE POOR-LAW.*

"THE Irish Crisis" contains in one narrative two strikingly contrasted histories. It details the processes of bounty and benevolence in which the people of England gave most liberally of their abundance, and even of their "little," to lighten the horrors of Irish famine; and it details, with equal distinctness and fidelity, the efforts of legislation, to extend, and aggravate, and prolong, the evil influence of the dread visitation, through which we have been thus far mightily and marvellously sustained. Never, perhaps, in the history of any public calamity, has there been matter for two such statements furnished, as we have in the prompt and thoughtful mercies of a people on the one hand, and on the other, in the sinister and disastrous measures of a misguided legislature. Such phenomena should be carefully studied; they are ominous as they are unusual. It is a well-known prediction, that the glory and the power of Great Britain are to be abased, when her legislature becomes corrupt. There are sordid, no less than sensual corruptions. And prognostics of decadence should be carefully explored and noted, whenever a great people are seen, from the throne to the peasant's cot, engrossed by cares of Christian benevolence, self-denying, and munificently charitable; and the legislature, in which they ought to be represented, is found, whether consciously or in ignorance, acting in a spirit the very contrary to that by which the people are animated.

It is of no ordinary moment to have the tale of these contrasted movements told with precision and with authority—told by one whose duties rendered him cognizant of the charities of a nation, as well as of the purposes and schemes of a parliament; and who

is able to recite, with the same freedom from excitement, the splendid efforts of individuals to relieve distress, and the contrivances of public bodies to take advantage of it. Qualifications and opportunities like those of Mr. Trevelyan, rarely meet together. A calamity for which modern history can show no parallel—a spontaneous outpouring of benevolence, which finds no example in *any portion of history*—measures of legislation abhorrent from all times and countries, of which those splendid charities could be held characteristic: never, perhaps, before, had historian such a subject to deal with; and seldom, if we may judge of an author's character from a single work, has historian been better qualified, by accomplishments and by deficiencies, to do his subject justice.

The calamity experienced in parts of Scotland, and throughout Ireland, in the years 1846-7, which gave an impulse and a direction to the charities of human hearts in every other part of the world, was the signal to a British parliament for a new Irish poor-law. We have no desire, even had we the power, to write epigrams or indulge in smartnesses, on a topic so pregnant with painful thought and apprehension. We admit, also, most freely, the desirableness of making some permanent provision for the distress to which so great numbers of our countrymen are but too often exposed. And it is in the sincerity and the strength of a deep feeling for this distress, that we find our strongest objections to the partial and oppressive enactments which pretend to aim at relieving it.

The Irish poor law has not for its end to mediate between rich and poor, so as that one class shall be ensured its rights, and both classes constrained to respect their duties. It is a law so

* "The Irish Crisis." By C. E. Trevelyan, Esq. London: Longman and Co.
 "The Condition and Prospects of Ireland." By Jonathan Pim. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

"Union in Ireland." By an Irish Landlord. Dublin: James M'Glashan
 "The Irish Relief Measures, Past and Future." By G. Poulett Scrope, Esq. London: J. Ridgway.

"A Letter to Lord John Russell on the Misgovernment of Ireland." By a Friend to British Connexion. London: Henry Hurst.

framed as to provide for the maintenance of paupers in idleness, and to reduce industrious men to the condition of paupers. It gives the destitute a claim to support, but it is a claim against the poor, not upon the wealthy—a claim against the laborious farmer, against the encumbered landlord;—while it leaves far wealthier classes free. It is a law which, while it respects *persons*, is altogether irrespective of neglect and duty, of virtue and vice—a law which inflicts its heavy burdens, indiscriminately, on the self-denying and self-indulging, and bestows its gifts alike upon the impotent and the idle—a law which will see, in the destitution it pretends to relieve, nothing but pauperism, without considering whether it be wilful, or of necessity;—a case for coercion or for alms; and which will see, in the possessions it resolves to burden, lands and tenements only; and lay its loads as crushingly upon the proprietor, who has lived in a state of voluntary poverty, that his tenants may be acquainted with comforts, as upon him who has amassed wealth, or indulged in vicious extravagance, at the cost of dependants whom his exertions have made paupers.

The recently-enacted poor-law has found favour in many minds, from a persuasion that it merely applies to Ireland a principle which has had a beneficial influence on Great Britain. This, it can be readily understood, is a most erroneous impression. The principle on which the English Poor-law was originally founded is *just and true*; that on which its Irish counterpart has been based, is *manifestly false*. In the enactment of both laws, it is assumed that the property from which pauperism is to be maintained is adequate to the demands upon it. This is true (at least generally true), as the law affects Great Britain—considered in reference to the circumstances of Ireland, it is false altogether. Real property, as held by its Irish owners, is not ample enough to provide for the new demands which law has sanctioned upon it. We do not deny that, even in England, properties have broken down under the burden of maintaining their poor; but, generally speaking, such calamities have been occasioned, not by the wise administration of the poor-law, but by an

abuse of it. When the law was enacted, the burdens it imposed on property were not hard to be borne, and they were sufficient to make provision for the wants of the poor. If, in process of time, neglect, and fraud, and vice, were productive of their natural consequences, such evils are not to be charged against the poor-law. It may, then, be affirmed, that, in the enactment of the law for England, a due regard was had to the necessities of the indigent, and the abilities of the more prosperous; while in Ireland the law was framed in disregard of the manifest and undeniable truth, that the property to be rated for the support of the poor, *could not possibly make due provision for them*. For this reason alone, were there no other, the principle of the English Poor-law should not have been applied to Ireland.

The introduction of it into this country was a blind and a wicked hazard, rather than experiment. *The necessary inquiries had not preceded it*. The results of such inquiry as had been prosecuted, condemned it by anticipation. How many persons will there be to maintain? what are the resources from which their maintenance is to be, and can be, provided?—are questions which ought to be proposed and answered, wherever it is purposed to make provision for the poor by law. Had they been truly answered in the case of Ireland, no sane legislator would have framed such a law as has been visited on us, unless it were his purpose to irritate and disappoint the destitute, or else to accomplish a confiscation of all landed property.

In our simplicity, we would have thought the latter member of this alternative a consummation not likely to be contemplated by a British statesman. Mr. Trevelyan, however, has taught us that we are behind the age. Confiscation is contemplated. The poor-law is to apply the screw by which it shall be effected—

“Convey, the wise it call.”

“The principle of the poor-law,” writes this thoroughly-informed gentleman, “is, that rate after rate should be levied, for the preservation of life, until the landowners either enable the people to support themselves by honest industry, or dispose of their property to those

who can and will perform this indispensable duty."

"Rate after rate levied," until, *by the process of exhaustions, landlords are strengthened* for the discharge of duty in their own persons, or coerced into the resolution of transferring their responsibilities to others. "Rate after rate levied," on the gross rental of an estate, but not to the prejudice of the various parties to whom the rental is transmitted. It is well known, that in very many instances the nominal proprietor, in Ireland, is but the agent through whom the issues of his possessions pass to their several destinations. One portion of his rental finds its way to annuitants, living, luxuriously perhaps, in Florence or Berlin—part passes into the coffers of an insurance-company in London—part, by far the smallest part, remains at home; and that poor portion has to do duty, and to suffer exhaustion, for itself and its exiled associates. The wilful absentee—the annuitant—the usurer—must "have their bond," untaxed for charity; and the wretched remnant they leave for Ireland must bear a burden which would be heavy for the whole!

But why complain of this—why observe it?—does not the same principle prevail in England? It does not. *The poor-law is not a novelty in England.* For more than two centuries, real property in Great Britain has been liable to poor-rates. Every demise—every purchase—every lease or letting—had reference to this liability. It was a necessary and a known incumbrance on every inheritance and estate. In Ireland it is an infliction sudden and unprovided—an infliction, too, which has brought into visible and close proximity, evils such as it required centuries to realise in England. There, when the great Act of Elizabeth became law, real property presented itself as the proper object of taxation. There was no national debt—there was no fund-holder—and thus the land became charged with a burden from which it would be *innovation* to relieve it. Amongst us, *to impose the burden is to innovate.*

It is said that it would be useless to tax a mortgagee or creditor, with a view to lessen the burden of poor-rates, because he could insist on a pro-

portionate increase in the amount of his annuity. This is to assume that *the land must absorb all the injustice of our legislature.* But why should this be imagined? Is not the legislature equally powerful to wrong the money-lender as the landholder? Can it not distribute its injustice impartially? Or, *if it be justice to wring "rate after rate" from an impoverished landowner, and to enforce such terms of occupation as caprice may devise on landlord and tenant, where is the injustice of extorting equal rates from a fundholder, or of insisting on the acceptance of similar terms by the borrower and the lender of money?*

When a law is newly introduced into any country, it should be based on justice, not on bare precedent, and should be conformable to the circumstances in which it is to be administered, rather than to the prejudices of those who recommend it. The example of Guernsey, where a poor-rate amounting to a tax of three per cent. *on all income,* makes ample provision for the necessitous, is that which should have been adopted in framing a poor-law for Ireland.

A very different model has been chosen. Not only has personal property in general been exempted from poor-law rating, but even interests derivable from the land are held free, *with one suspicious exception.* A claim is given to the poor against the land—a claim from which every species of interest, annuity, and rent-charge, is exempted except *that one charge which must be spent in Ireland.* The dowager's jointure, the portions of brothers and sisters, annuities, interest on loans, &c. *may* all be withdrawn from this country, for the most part *are* withdrawn—for the far greater part is transmitted to England. Upon all this, more in all probability than half the gross rental of Ireland, our poor have no claim; but there is one rent-charge *which must be spent at home,* which is, in general, charitably expended; a rent-charge assigned as the consideration for a revenue of more than seven-fold its value, *and this rent-charge is rated.* It was not good policy to oppress good and charitable men, who necessarily reside in Ireland, and give a bounty and drawback on absenteeism. It was an unseemly policy, that while the people of England strengthened the

hands of our clergy, and acknowledged their zeal and wisdom in ministering to the wants of the poor, legislation should have singled them out from all who, on various accounts, have charges upon the land—imposed on them, on them only, the burden of a poor-rate, and made their burden two-fold heavier than that borne by either landlord or tenant.

Thus it appears that landlords, farmers, clergy, are to be the select victims of the new poor-law—and yet, although the heaviest part of its burden falls on those who must necessarily be resident, whilst absentees, who receive more than half the rental of Ireland, are exempted, Mr. Trevelyan has the hardihood to pronounce “the poor rate an *absentee tax* of the best description.” (p. 159.) His reasoning deserves to be cited:—

“The poor-rate is an absentee tax of the best description; because, besides bringing non-resident proprietors under contribution, it gives them powerful motives either to reside on their estates, or to take care that they are managed, in their absence, with a proper regard to the welfare of the poor.”

We have no hesitation to affirm that this reasoning is meet companion for the assertion it pretends to prove. The poor-rate is *not* an absentee tax of the best or worst description. It is a tax, on the contrary, from which absentees are culpably exempted. It does not “give powerful motives to reside,” &c., but on the contrary, it *removes* such motives. If, indeed, each absentee's estate constituted an electoral division—if the accounts of electoral divisions, or of unions, were so kept that the burden of maintaining pauperism was laid upon the soil that “raised it,”—Mr. Trevelyan, with some show of reason, might speak of the beneficial effects of a law which made provision for the poor. But, so long as the well-managed estate of a resident proprietor must share in the burdens which an absentee, by his exactions or his neglect, has laid upon a division, it is not creditable to call the poor-rate an absentee tax. It is a tax imposed on residents, by which absentees are set at ease while negligent of their duties. It is a tax, of which, in the first instance, *residents must pay*

the whole—of which an *absentee landlord remits but the half*, and from this half draws back a double proportion from the dwindled income of the *resident clergyman*. It is a tax from which all the other absentee incumbencers of Irish estates are wholly exempt. At the cost (and ruin it may be) of *residents*, the poor must be supported; the poor-rate is, therefore, a tax on those who *reside*, from which *most absentees* are altogether free, and from which, even those *absentees* on whom it falls have a partial exemption.

The poor-rate is not an absentee tax—nor can it with any show of reason be accounted a tax of the best description. Mr. Trevelyan affirms that “those who object to the existing poor-law are bound to point out a more certain and less objectionable mode of relieving the destitute, and securing the regular employment of the poor.” We deny the justice of the observation. Every man who has a rational objection to urge against the poor-law, or any other law, is free to state his objection, even though he may be unable to devise a remedy for the evil he complains of. But, while we deny the necessity which our author imagines, we are ready, of our own free will, to comply with his desire, and to show him how the poor-law could be rendered more effectual for the purpose to which it is, professedly, designed to minister.

In the first place, objecting strongly to its indiscriminateness (if we may use such a word), we would correct this great evil. We would not visit a good landlord with the pains and penalties which a bad landlord's misconduct may have provoked. We would not ruin an upright, self-denying, and generous resident on his property, because the adjacent estate may have been scandalously mismanaged by the agent of some thriftless absentee. We would not disable the landlord, who, at great sacrifices, labours to discharge his duties, by imposing on him new burdens, to provide for the neglected duties of others.

We believe there are estates in Ireland as well managed as it would be rational to expect in things affected by human frailty. We believe that Ireland has at least its full proportion of ill-cared-for properties. *We would not place*

both under the same screw, but would give to the liberal, and just, and careful, the security to which they have an indisputable right, and not force them into a community of suffering with those who have provoked punishment.

Is it difficult to carry out this principle of discrimination? In rural districts it is a matter of easy accomplishment. *There is no more difficulty in locating a pauper upon the estate where he resided, than in assigning his electoral division.* In fact, it is by knowing his townland we learn his division, and not vice versa. *The "electoral division" is a creation of yesterday—the townland division has its origin beyond memory of man.* Knowing then, as we must know, the pauper's townland—and as is, or should be implied in the knowledge, his landlord—we know where, and upon whom, the expense of his maintenance should be charged. *There we would charge it*—and thence, so far as it was to be recovered within the division, we would exact it. The natural inquiries respecting a party claiming relief, would include those by which the name of his landlord, and his condition as a tenant, were ascertained; and, inasmuch as the cost incurred for his maintenance is known, there can be no difficulty in finding where to charge it. Without hesitation, we boldly pronounce that a little of this justice—the "*cuique suum tribue*"—introduced into the poor-law, would be an improvement on it. If A and B are within the same electoral limits, and if *A send all the paupers*, we would not call on B to pay for them. By observing this obvious principle of fairness, we would teach proprietors that it is *his* interest of each to be careful for the dwellers on his estate—that no man shall be encouraged to desert his duties, in a hope that he may fraudulently make others share in the consequence of his neglect. Let

A retain the persuasion that the poor-law will continue to be as unjust as it is now, and he may *screw up his rents* with as little compunction as Mr. Trevelyan meditates his "rate after rate;" he may say, "so long as B bears an equal share with me in maintaining the paupers I send upon the public, I may continue to send them—I shall have high rents while they are able to pay, and when they break down, I shall have but half the burden of their maintenance." Surely this had been better amended. We would withhold from a bad landlord encouragement to persevere in wrong—and would spare a good landlord temptation to "weary in well-doing." We would amend the poor-law by rating all *estates* in the same proportion as they respectively lay their burdens on the *union, or division*. Thus, and thus only, will all proprietors be brought to understand that it is their interest, even in the selfish and sordid sense of the term, to prevent pauperism.

Nor is it enough to discriminate between proprietors: we would carry our principle further. "One-half of the surface of Ireland," Mr. Trevelyan informs us, "is said to be let off in perpetuity leases, with derivative and sub-derivative interests in an endless chain, so as to obtain profit-rents at each stage."* *We would regard these various interests and profit-rents as if they implied the liabilities, and imposed the duties of proprietorship.* How justifiable it would be to do so, relations, of which the following is descriptive, will satisfy the reader:—

"A townland near here, owned by a landlord who resides constantly away, is let to a middleman at ten shillings an acre. That middleman resides away also, and he relets it to a person who lives in the county of Cork, and only occasionally comes there. It is sub-let again, until the price received for a quarter of an acre is £1 10s. per annum. Can that place be otherwise than full of distress.†

* "Irish Crisis," p. 24.

† Ibid 161. Note.—Citation from Captain Mann's Narrative.

The above example has afforded us an opportunity of seeing how very little intelligent persons, who derive all their knowledge of the poor-law from the routine details of the Metropolitan Office, may understand its working and effects. "In such a case as that," said a gentleman thoroughly conversant with official sources of information, "the tenant who conditioned to pay at the rate of six pounds per acre, would have a drawback of three; and if he could contrive to augment the rateage

Let it be supposed—no unnatural supposition—that the distress felt in a few such townlands will cause a rate of twenty shillings in the pound to be struck for the division. Let it be assumed (we have abundance of instances to justify us in the assumption) that the poor-law valuation of the land is one pound per acre; the middleman, who stands immediately between the proprietor and the last tenant, recovers, if he can extort the rent, *five pounds per acre more than his rate*, and has a drawback of five shillings on his rent to the landlord in chief, retaining thus a profit-rent of £4 15s. the acre—a profit which, owing to the favour extended to him by the Irish Poor-law, he derives, indirectly, from a tax levied off townlands under a milder and more equitable sway than his. To apply the principle of deducting “half-poundage” from the landlord, to a case like this, is an evil that admits of no excuse. *The farmer*, whose industry

makes the land fruitful, may, with some show of reason, claim the deduction—the *middleman*, who deals with land as a commodity, whose labour is merely that of imposing and receiving a profit-rent, has no such title; *the middleman who derives a profit by raising his rent considerably above the valuation and the value*, ought to be deprived of such a right, even if it arose out of the circumstances of his tenure.

We would regard such middlemen as landlords. We would have their names recorded on the books of the union as the names of the parties answerable for the costs incurred on their account. They, and not landlords who had no power to control them, should be chargeable for the maintenance of the paupers they had made. Instead of imposing a rate of twenty shillings in the pound on a division, we would lay five times twenty on the lands which rendered the exorbitant rateage necessary. In short, we would

to double the valuation, his rent would be reduced to forty shillings per acre, the amount of poor's-rate.”

We were able to convince this gentleman of his error, by showing him “A Rate for Relief, &c. &c. made on an Electoral Division.” We examined a townland—the first on the schedule, and it gave the following results: The valuation of the townland was £120; its acreable contents 98 acres; the number of tenements rated was twenty-six; the number of parties from whom rates were to be recovered, was thirteen; for the remaining thirteen, the rates were recoverable *from the landlord*. The number of acres held by them was eighteen, and the amount of valuation was twenty pounds. Thus, whatever was the rent exacted by the landlord, for this portion of property, even were it equal to the valuation of the whole townland, he would have to pay rates only on the twenty pound valuation.

We were not satisfied, however, with this *exposé*. We compared the rating of the townland by the poor-law guardians with the statistics of it as they appeared on the books of the Relief Committee; and we showed that the townland which was assessed for poor-rates on twenty-six tenements (for which thirteen parties were to pay), had furnished more than thirty poor families to be maintained by the Relief Committee, and, among these, only *four* whose names appeared on the list for poor-law rating. In fact, we showed that, in this one townland, there were forty-five tenements for which rents were received from occupiers who paid no poor-rates, and thirty-three inhabited by occupiers whose names did not appear on the rate list.

Were the eighteen acres of this townland let, as in the instance cited in the text, for six times its valuation, and rated at twenty shillings in the pound, it would still yield to the middleman-landlord, who paid a rent of ten shillings per acre, a profit of more than ninety pounds per annum.

As the poor-rate was originally collected, oppressed cottiers had a semblance of relief from the burden of excessive rents, in the deductions which their landlords were compelled to allow them. But it proved *inconvenient* to the officers of the Poor-law Commissioners to collect small sums, and the law was changed. Landlords are now liable directly for the rates, *whenever the valuation does not exceed four pounds*; and thus, for the convenience of the poor-rate collector, and for the aggrandizement of the grasping landlord, the poorest class of tenants, under pretence of relief, are deprived of their only means of redress against the grossest extortion. In a word, the middleman, in paying his cottier's rates, pays a consideration, in lightening the burden of Poor Law Commissioners, *for permission to lay the most unjust and oppressive burdens on the wretched race of beings whom the poor-law resigns to his mercy!*

apply Mr. Trevelyan's principle of rate-age to the case of bad landlords, by whatever name they were called, and would thus secure to law the attribute of justice, and leave to the country the blessing of good landlords, and the benefit of good example. Without constituting each estate or each townland a division, and thus increasing to an unwieldy and unmanageable extent the number of poor-law guardians, it would be quite possible for the boards, as they are now composed, to arrange the term of taxation so as that it should be equitable. They have (it is very censurable if, in any instance, they have not) the requisite knowledge. The amount of taxation imposed on each townland in the union *should be measured by the amount to which the townland is chargeable. The portion of the townland tax to be paid by each person rated, should be ascertained by the same rule.* In carrying this principle into effect, there would be no increase of trouble such as to be worthy of being regarded as an objection. Every pauper's place of residence must be known. If his townland and his landlord's name are not known, the evidence on which his maintenance is charged against a division is imperfect. It is therefore as easy to know how far a townland, or any part of it, is chargeable, as it is to know how much it is charged. In making a rate for any division, the arrangement is not completed when it is decided that a certain amount of poundage shall be levied on the division at large. *Each several tenant in the division is rated; and the collector has his specific instructions as to the sum he is to levy from each rate-payer; becoming thus bound to keep so many, perhaps, as four or five thousand accounts for a poor-law union.* Would it not be an arrangement easily carried into effect, to have these several accounts framed on a principle of just reciprocity? A, and B, and C, are townlands, causing expense to the division of which they form parts, in the proportions of four, two, one—why should not their rates of taxation bear a similar proportion? What difficulty could there be in adjusting the proportion?

We confidently affirm, after much experience and reflection, that there is no valid objection, on the ground of principle, to the adoption of our

scheme, and that there will be no practical difficulty of any moment in the endeavour to carry it into effect. But we would not be over-confident in our own opinion; and we feel, that to conclude an argument on the iniquity of the Irish poor-law, without a notice of the defence or apology which has been made for it, would be to leave our case incomplete, and to incur a charge of precipitancy or presumption. We therefore copy a letter of Lord John Russell, which appears to us valuable, from the high authority of the writer, and convenient, as containing a summary of the principal arguments advanced in support of those views, which have the benefit of his lordship's advocacy:—

“Downing-street, Feb. 25, 1848.

“SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 30th ultimo, enclosing a copy of resolutions adopted at a meeting of landholders and rate-payers of the Dunmanway Union, held on the 28th of January.

“The persons who composed the meeting state their conviction that, by proper exertions on the part of each proprietor and farmer, employment might be provided for every able-bodied man in the union, and their property might thus be saved from an overwhelming amount of poor-rate. They also urge the justice of exempting those individuals who are disposed to do their duty from the double burden of providing employment for their own poor, and paying a proportion for the support of paupers on the estates of others, and they observe that a taxation on townlands, instead of upon electoral divisions, would remedy the evil of which they complain.

“It occurs to me, however, that there are these objections which weigh against your proposal. The area of taxation by townland is so limited, as to afford a totally insufficient and unsafe basis for the poor-law. Instances occur in which the process of subdivision and pauperisation has been carried so far, that if the support of their own poor was imposed upon the townlands without assistance from without, they must sink under the burden. When the question is considered with reference to large villages and towns the objections have still greater force, as it is notorious that the pauperism of the country is continually gravitating towards these places. The advocates of the townland system admit that a union rate may be allowed in order to meet the exigency of these special cases.

This would be a wider departure from the principle of townland rating than the plan of rating by electoral divisions, and I fear it would reproduce, in an aggravated form, the evils which are supposed to attend that arrangement.

"It should be borne in mind that the improving proprietor is not the only person who would be benefited by a townland rating. The owners of parks and large grass farms, the landlords who, with whatever degree of harshness, had succeeded in 'clearing' their properties, would be benefited in an equal degree, and a new incitement would be given to the work of eviction and demolition.

"It is not my intention to assert that the present law is adapted to meet every possible case in a perfectly satisfactory manner; but its success depends, in a very considerable degree, upon the mode in which it is administered, by those who are charged with the execution of it; and great dependence must be placed upon their voluntary exertions and good intentions.

"A law so eminently of a social character as the poor-law, has indirectly the happy effect of combining neighbours in one interest, for the most benevolent and beneficial of all objects. It brings the character and proceedings of each person to an effectual test, and gives a wholesome force to public opinion, which could not exist in nearly the same degree if each proprietor were separately responsible for his own poor. An inquiry will be made, by commission or otherwise, into the present boundaries of unions, with a view to ascertain whether any change can be beneficially made either in the area of the unions or electoral divisions.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. RUSSELL."

The objections of the noble lord, and indeed of the party who have espoused his views, to a townland rating, are these—

1. The area of taxation is too limited.

2. There are cases in which the rateage would prove ruinous.

3. It would operate unfairly in towns and villages.

4. It would benefit not only good landlords, but also those who have, with much cruelty, cleared their estates of poor tenants.

Such are the objections to a townland rating. There are good reasons, also, his lordship affirms, for maintaining the present system—

1. It combines neighbours in one interest for a benevolent purpose.

2. It places proprietors under the salutary influence of public opinion.

It is, perhaps, sufficient to observe on all these arguments, that they assume a taxation by townlands *as the substitute* for taxation by unions or divisions. There is no necessity for any such substitution. The union and the division could retain all their present powers for the benefit of the poor; and the rateage system could be reformed, by adopting the charge *caused to the division for each townland*, as the measure of the tax to be imposed on it. The poor and their wants, proprietors and their merits, landlords, tenants, cotters, in their various relations, would still be subjected to a scrutiny; and the reform to be wrought in the poor-law rating is simply this, *that the scrutiny should be not without result*. Thus would every board of guardians be constituted a censorship, and *enabled*, as well as *invited*, to discharge the duties of such an office.

Under the faithful superintendence and control of such a board, the objections urged against an improved system of rating would find, readily, their proper remedies. Cases in which a townland rating might prove ruinous would be carefully examined; inconvenience and wrong done to towns and villages would be remedied and redressed; heartless landlords would be taught to feel that cruelty was not good policy; the maintenance of paupers, turned mercilessly adrift upon society, no matter where they found a refuge, whether in town or village, or rural estate, would be charged against the landlord under whom they had been previously resident;—that is to say, the landlord who *was justly responsible*.

But what is to be done, where it would be ruinous to the owner or occupant of any property to have the cost of maintaining its poor charged upon it? It is easier to answer what should not be done. Thriving estates should not be ruined by process of law, because the guilt of neighbourhood can be proved against them. Proximity has its own constraints—the aspect of distress has a power which the heart of man acknowledges—law should not intrude, with its irritating

interference, upon processes which charity will order better. If a poor-law be conceived in a right spirit, it will attempt only that which charity leaves undone. It will coerce most strongly those who are not likely to be influenced by kindly affections, and, therefore, will lay its power upon the *distant*, rather than upon those who are in the near neighbourhood of want, and whose hearts are stirred by appeals to which God has made all human creatures accessible. If a property is unable to maintain the poor upon it—and, in order to save a proprietor from ruin, he must be assisted to discharge his duty—*let the state, which has brought down ruin upon him by its laws, supply itself the remedy which it pronounces just and necessary.* Let it not speak in the hypocritical snuffle of Goldsmith's Bailiff, or in the less odious "stand and deliver" tone of the highwaymen of romance, who took from the prosperous, to bestow on those who wanted. Let the state provide the remedy for its own wrong doing, and, instead of ruining a good landlord *because* it has crushed a spendthrift—instead of "slaying the righteous with the wicked," in order "to give a triumph to neither party"—let it grant aid, where it deems aid necessary, *from the public taxation of the country.* Let it apply to townlands, or even to still smaller denominations, the principle laid down by Professor Hancock, as applicable to electoral divisions.* "When the tax becomes excessive, part of the burden should be thrown on the public taxes." But perhaps it may be said that there would be difficulty in adjusting the rateage, so as to bear a proportion to the pauperism of each several estate. The difficulty, we repeat, would be little. At present there are ten columns assigned in

the Workhouse Registry, to each pauper's name—the last declares his townland. It is thus known how much each townland costs the union. There should have been from the beginning, and, if it be designed that the poor-law shall be beneficial in its operation, there will now be, an eleventh column, to contain the names of the immediate landlord under whom the pauper held house or farm. There should be a twelfth column, to record the amount of the rent exacted by this landlord, with a thirteenth, in which the poor-law valuation of the tenement was ranged beside it. It would not be necessary—perhaps it would not be desirable—that these three columns should be found in the general registry of the union; but there should be a book kept in some such form as we suggested in our January number, where it could be seen, at a glance, to what extent each townland had been chargeable; how far each several landlord was responsible; and what proportion his rent was found to bear to the valuation of his holdings. With such knowledge, it is manifest that there could be no difficulty in assigning him his burden in the taxation of his division. It is to be remembered, that "the Form of Rate" contains a *separate item for every person rated.* Why should not this item be determined by the amount of cost which each rated property had caused to the union?

We do not desire that any so rigid rule should be adopted, as to throw the whole cost of maintaining paupers on their landlords, to the exemption of all other parties. We would leave a large discretion to the board of guardians, but confidently affirm, that properties and persons, widely distinguished in their debits to the union, should be distinguished in the rateage upon them also.†

* Pim's "Condition and Prospects of Ireland," p. 228.

† We have received some letters, written by persons practically conversant with the working of the poor-law, and offer to the reader the following extracts:—

RATING.—"The remedy—it is obvious. Let every man be rated according to his merits in filling the workhouse or enlarging the lists for out-door relief. You charge a pauper against the *division* where he has been resident for a time required; charge him upon the *townland*, or rather upon or among the landlords who have fleeced him in succession; but whatever you do, take the charge off me, and others like me, who have neither 'the will nor the way' to impoverish our tenants."

RATING ON TITHE RENTCHARGE.—"I shall be heavily taxed this year. Our rates are five shillings in the pound. The proprietor of the greater part of my parish, and of the whole division—an absentee—whose rental at least equals

There has been, Mr. Trevelyan observes, "a remarkable difference in the conduct of Irish landlords; and

while some have made all the sacrifices and exertions which their position required, others have been guilty of that

the valuation, will suffer a deduction of 2s. 6d. in the pound on his rents, and I, whose tithe rent-charge is about the eighth of the valuation, must submit to a deduction of five shillings. And, strange to say, mine is the only portion of this rental which is uniformly expended in the district. My squire resides in England; his mother and sisters, who receive a fourth of his rental, pass their winters at Naples, and their summers at Baden-Baden. His creditors, who receive more than a third of his gross income, are English. Their charges on the estate reach them undiminished. Mine is a case of much hardship and injustice. I used to receive my tithes, as originally paid, so well, that personally I had no wish for a change. I then came under Lord Stanley's Act, and the squire was considered to have made a good bargain in getting the fifteen per cent. Then came the compulsory act, which converted the fifteen into twenty-five. And after all this, I am to be taxed anew; and, in order that other rent-charges shall go free for the benefit of foreign countries, I am to be taxed double, *for the encouragement of Ireland.*"

MIDDLEMEN.—"The disease we are troubled with is middlemen. In a townland which marches with my property, 'there dwells a carl,' whose rental is about five times the valuation of his sub-lettings, and whose wealth is to be measured by the misery of the paupers he makes us pay for. Hard enough this. Pray is there any crotchet of the economists which stands between us and justice? I could raise my rents to the same amount as my middleman neighbour. I could share as well as he in the pickings to be had from the poor-rates. It is only to say, 'you must pay double your present rent for half your present holding, and, in return, you shall get the out-door relief.' I tell you distinctly, men are beginning to trade in making paupers, and making profit of them."

"It has been said that we who reside in the vicinity of pauperism are, with more justice, compelled to make provision for it, than those who dwell at a distance. With all due deference, I would protest against the principle. We are urged by our feelings to contribute to the relief of the distress we see, and ought therefore to be left free from the coercion of law. Here we have, in this small division, thirty families receiving out-door relief, eighteen of them furnished by one property, valued at less than a twelfth of the division. Not bad that, you will say—eighteen instead of two and a-half. The proportion is preserved in the workhouse. And under our blessed system, the iniquity thrives. Will you have a little anecdote in illustration. In the last spring, an applicant to a relief-committee in this neighbourhood, who had been but a week in the division, was prevailed on to avow the terms of agreement with the landlord who let him a house. This landlord—middleman and usurer—put him in possession of a holding for which he was to pay rent in labour, and to commence paying as soon as harvest drew nigh. The rent, then, or the amount of work in lieu of rent, was to be such as should amply compensate the rich landlord's forbearance. But what was to be done while the tenant was unemployed? It was agreed on that he should be recommended to the relief-committee for support. The recommendation was given, and thus a family of seven persons, strangers to the division, were to be provisioned, at its cost, in idleness, for two months, after which they were to recompense the middleman-landlord for his generosity."

"I do not remember how the matter was settled by the committee; but the poor-law guardians will have now to do the needful. Work could not always be remunerating to the benevolent landlord of this immigrant pauper; but there were fields of turnips and carrots, hen-roosts and sheep-walks, continually tempting him. And so he was separated from his family, and while he is under the jailer's key, his wretched family are to be maintained at the cost of the division, and are to recompense its charity by habits and practices such as you would not wish me to describe. While inquiring into the case I have mentioned, a neighbour complained that it was but one of several. 'He (the charitable middleman) has another party just like them. Nobody ever saw the man for nine months he has been here doing a good day's work; yet he pays his rent, and has not yet called for relief. If you were to visit his cabin in the day-time, you would most likely find him asleep. At nightfall, or when others are taking to their beds, you may see him going out on the road. Nobody can say where he goes, or what he does—but he always has a bag with him.'

"Such a spectacle as I had before me to-day, and such a proof of the benevolent

entire abandonment of duty which has brought reproach upon their order. For the future," the writer continues, "this cannot be."* Cannot be!—why not? Is not the indiscriminate vengeance of the poor-law, a provision to ensure that it must be? Why is Mr. — rated four shillings in the pound, and Mr. — subjected to a rate not higher? Is it because their characters or their estates are like? No, surely. It is because, forsooth, commissioners have declared them to be in the same division. And, therefore, one, who parted with horses and servants—who reduced his personal expenses to the lowest possible amount, that he might proportionably enlarge his expenditure for labour, and in his charities—is now, without one pauper on his lands, rated to the same amount with the absentee proprietor of the adjoining estate, who has made no sensible change to meet the exigencies of the recent visitation, and who remits all that poverty, which it was his "indispensable duty" to relieve, to the charities of the poor-law guardians! It is a new thing, in legislation and in reasoning, to proclaim such diversities as Mr. Trevelyan notices, and to make their existence the justification of a law which pays no regard to them.

But there is another view to be taken of this poor-law rating, for which also we are indebted to its intrepid advocate:—

"For the first time in the history of Ireland, the poor man has become sensibly alive to the idea that the law is his friend, and the exhortation of the parish priest of Dingle to his flock, in September, 1847, indicates an epoch in the progress of society in Ireland.—'Heretofore landlords have had agents who collected their rents, and they support-

ed them. The grand jury had agents to collect the county-cess, and they supported them. Now, for the first time, the poor man has an agent to collect his rent. That agent is the poor-rate collector, and he should be supported by the poor.' Time must, however (adds Mr. Trevelyan, in a spirit of philosophy, gifted with the usual knowledge of Ireland), be allowed for the gradual working of this feeling, before its full effects can be seen."†

True; but there is one thing which should be immediately determined—whose is the first claim on the estate, and on what principle should this be decided? By existing law? By a new law? By the generous impulses of the pauper's heart? The poor-rate is the poor man's rent. The poor-rate collector is his agent. Is this rent to take precedence of landlord's claim, of the annuitants, of the mortgagees? Or is it to take effect only against that remnant of the property which was likely to be expended in Ireland? Is the claim of the English money-lender sacred against the rights of the Irish poor? Is every claim sacred, with the solitary exception of farmer, landlord, and clergyman of the Established Church? Is this law to be continued? Is England to bestow a precious boon upon the Irish poor, in a claim which is to have a ruinous effect upon some of the best among the constant residents in Ireland, but against which, it is carefully provided, every English interest is most rigorously protected? In truth, the indiscretion of insisting on such a provision would be scarcely less manifest than its want of generosity and justice.

The Irish Poor-law affects to have two great objects in view—to enforce on owners and occupiers of land the

working of our precious poor-law! About three weeks since I was at the house of a poor labourer under a severe attack of influenza. Yesterday I was with him again, and found him dying. When I saw him on the former occasion, there was reason to hope that he would recover. But what had happened in my absence? Cannibalism could hardly match the deed. The wretched man was forced to rise from, or rather was lifted from, his sick bed, and to crawl on his hands and feet, with the assistance of his wife and child, on a night of piercing cold, for a distance of nearly a mile, to a dismantled hovel, where the wife had filled up apertures, in which there had once been windows, with sods. The excuse of the middleman who did this deed is worthy of the occasion. He accepted payment in advance for the hovel out of which he expelled the dying man, because he had no other means of providing for his poor-rate. Well may we parody Madame Roland's dying words—"Oh, Charity! what inhuman cruelties are perpetrated in thy name!"

* "Irish Crisis," p. 159.

† Ibid. p. 162.

discharge of an "indispensable duty;" to ensure to destitute poor persons the right to live. If "rate after rate" is levied, it has for its object the preservation of life. If landlords are to be harassed by repeated rating, it is for the purpose of constraining them to discharge a duty. But the landlord's first, direct, immediate duty, is to provide for the poor on his estate—on his own estate. The law which, by taxing him for another estate, disables him to discharge this first great duty, is manifestly unjust. In its ruthless purpose of extorting rates until they amount to confiscation, it becomes deprived of the excuse which might be found for laws less Draconic in their aspect—laws which would impose hardships on many for the sake of exempting one from ruin. The law which deliberately contemplates the *impoverishment of the proprietor*, as well as the maintenance of the pauper, can offer no plea in mitigation. A has taken an estate subject to liabilities (arising out of a pauper population), for which he has made no provision. The poor-law meditates his ruin. B has found an estate similarly circumstanced, and has given an example of prudence, and generosity, and self-denial, in a husbandry which has overcome serious difficulties; the poor-law arrests him in this laudable endeavour, and heaping upon him the neglected burden of his neighbour, effects his ruin also. "There is a remarkable difference in the conduct of Irish landlords." What a reason for the fatal want of discrimination in the bearing of the Irish law!

But the "rate after rate" is levied thus, off good men and oppressors, "for preservation of life." This is an error. *It is not for preservation of life*—it is to afford to certain favoured classes protection against the calls of duty. The poor-law sets out on the principle that *property* must be compelled to discharge its duties. It is soon, however, made manifest, that by "property" certain kinds of property only are understood; and that there are species of wealth which are to have no share in the duty of preserving life. *It is to ensure immunity to property of this description*, and not to preserve the lives of paupers, that the rate is to be irrespective in its infliction. A, let it be supposed, resigns three-parts of his income to certain creditors, and

they are to receive their portions undiminished. Out of the "contingent remainder," he cannot possibly pay the rateage which would be necessary for "preservation of life on his estate;" and therefore, in order that the English insurance office may have its portion of spoil free, B is brought to the rescue, the resident landlord is disabled, in order that the *absentee annuitant may be wholly untaxed*, and this most unrighteous sacrifice to wealth is rendered more odious still by the charitable pretext with which it is covered, namely, that of being designed for the benefit of the poor, and for "preservation of life!"

"For preservation of life!" The crocodile tears of such a pretence!! We will place before the reader but one single specimen of the care for life evinced in this dread law, and offer no further answer to the professions by which it is recommended. The case is thus reported by the *Limerick Chronicle*:—

"COUNTY OF CLARE.—TULLA, FEB. 2.—On Tuesday, the first day of February, inquests were held by James H. Martin, coroner of Tulla, on the bodies of William, Margaret, and Mary Boland, of Gurthivcha, in the parish of Feakle. It appeared from the evidence that Mary Boland (a girl about twelve years of age) left home early in the morning, to look for something to eat, and was found dead by one of her neighbours at the side of a ditch, not far from her wretched home. From the evidence at the inquest on Wm. Boland, it appears that, about five or six weeks ago, *every particle of furniture, with beds and bedding, was sold for the rates*—that since then they never lay on a bed—that, for three days successively, they had not a morsel to eat—that they had nothing to keep them warm, and that the deceased Wm. Boland and his daughter Margaret, lay down on some straw, on the night of the 31st of January, in their house, and that they died of cold and starvation during the night. Gurthivcha is the property of Col. Wyndham, and the Bolands hold over twenty acres. There is only one relieving officer for the entire parish of Feakle, which is about twelve miles in circumference. The consequence is that he cannot know the distress that surrounds him on every side. There is a rate of 7s. 6d. in the pound, which is collecting fast. The jury returned verdicts that they died of cold and starvation!"

"Rate after rate levied—FOR PRESERVATION OF LIFE!!" Two millions of paupers are to be kept alive, and the burden of their maintenance is cast upon property valued at thirteen millions per annum; and, although at least half this valuation passes out of Ireland, the rate on the whole must be borne by the poor remnant left behind! And this is for preservation of life. Two millions of destitute human beings to be kept alive, and the law assigns to them for their support that portion of the carcass of real property which remains after annuitants, and mortgagees, and usurers have had their feast upon it! When all this has been consumed by "rate after rate," and death has revelled plenteously at the banquet—feeding upon the worthiest and noblest, who maintain the longest struggle with their wrongs—it will be poor solace to learn that fatal experience has taught a more rational method of levying rates "for the preservation of life!"

But, although the destitute may suffer to an extent not contemplated or desired, perhaps there may be services rendered by the poor-law, such as shall vindicate the wisdom of its conception, and excuse its injustice in consideration of the beneficial results which are to follow from it. The rating which does not enable paupers to live, *may compel proprietors to sell*; and confiscation may be pleaded as a set-off against deaths by famine. A new race of proprietors will make amends for all that has been endured, and all the wrong that has been inflicted.

It has been argued, that if there be extensive sales of land in Ireland, the country may soon have the benefit of an enlarged proprietary, and that, instead of a few lordly mansions, scattered at wide intervals over the solitude of the land, or, instead of occasional visits from a few great absentee proprietors, an humbler class of land-owners may rise up, with those feelings of loyalty, and that sense of duty, which rural life, when animated by rural interests, inspires; and with salutary opportunities and daily incentives to turn their good dispositions to the best account for the good of the people, and of the country. Mr. Pim, in a clear and well-reasoned passage, insists much on the advantages of such a change; and confirms his conclusion by an am-

ple induction, reciting benefits derived to Prussia, Belgium, Switzerland, France, &c., from the great number of persons having a perpetual interest in the soil, as well as detriment to Spain, Sicily, Ireland, &c., from the unwieldy proprietorships with which they are oppressed and overlaid.

In estimating this argument, we would for a moment suppose it conclusive. Let it be admitted that the number of years during which the experiment of small proprietorships has been upon its trial in Prussia, &c., is sufficient as a test of their usefulness; let it be supposed that they have been found beneficial—that it is held desirable to give Ireland a share in such benefits—desirable to have a new settlement of the country made by bargain and sale—proprietors of large tracts of land coming into the market, and selling to a considerably larger number of purchasers than themselves; let it be admitted that it is desirable, even for the present race of proprietors, that they shall be empowered and coerced to sell—still there remains one consideration to be taken into account, which appears to have been overlooked. Is it desirable for the permanent interests of the country that this transfer of property shall be effected by injustice? Is it desirable that proprietors shall be compelled to sell, at a time when the state has, by its own act, very greatly reduced the value of their property? It is proposed that the sale of estates be facilitated, as a concession and a benefit to embarrassed proprietors. Many proprietors, it is very intelligible, ought to be grateful for such a concession. But there can be little gratitude felt for the rate-screw of the poor-law—little gratitude for the legislation in aid of it. What the landlords have to be thankful for is this—that the British government and legislature, at a time when the interests connected with agriculture in Ireland were smitten with sore calamity, have added to the affliction of a natural blight the oppression of a severe law, and that having, by withdrawing protection from the land, reduced its value to a very considerable extent, and created a necessity for selling estates, it provides facilities for making sale of them legally. The landed interests, cheered by Christian sympathies, could recover from the visitation of nature—could, perhaps,

be sustained against either the withdrawal of protection, or the imposition of a heavy rate for the poor—but to withstand these three assaults combined, and to bear up under the severities of a legislature which could either deliberately, or in ignorance, inflict its penalties at a time of so much danger and distress—this is more than it seems rational to anticipate or believe.

When a state, by its own act, diminishes exceedingly the value of any species of property, and then constrains the wronged owner to sell, the injury is twofold; and serious men will do well to reflect whether the precedent may not prove fatal to that reliance on public and on private faith, to which England is so deeply indebted for her grandeur and prosperity. It is a disheartening truth, that in the recent proceedings of the legislature respecting Irish property, and in what has occasionally become known of its designs, there is little of the spirit in which Judge Blackstone compiled his sage discourses, and a great deal too much of the spirit which Massinger infused into his Sir Giles Overreach.*

But, apart from all consideration of unworthiness in the means employed to effect a coveted purpose, would the

country gain by the substitution of many proprietors for the comparatively few who now share the land among them? This question does not admit of the ready answer which rash men may return to it. They who suppose that the country must necessarily gain by the exchange, assume, in general, that the new purchasers would be occupiers, that, to a considerable extent, farmers would become proprietors, and, without any violent or sudden change in habits and pursuits, would have a dignity imparted to them by their newly-acquired independence, and would become possessed with a spirit of purer and more zealous, because better remunerated, loyalty. We would desire to know whether the past has testified to the reasonableness of such expectations? Our own experience, not very limited, bears testimony of a very different import. We have seen and heard of many a purchase of land, and in the greater number of instances which have fallen under our observation, the transaction was less in the spirit of the country than the town, less in the ways of agriculture than of commerce. We have not often seen the purchaser settle down on his farm to develop its productiveness, and to imbibe the patriot and

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this and similar cases, the legislature alone can, and indeed frequently propose, and compel the individual to acquiesce. But how does it interpose and compel? Not by absolutely stripping the subject of his property in an arbitrary manner, but by giving him a full indemnification and equivalent for the injury sustained. The public is now considered as an individual, treating with an individual for an exchange. All that the legislature does is to oblige the owner to alienate his possessions for a reasonable price; and even this is an exertion of power which the legislature indulges with caution, and which nothing but the legislature can perform."—*Commentaries*, book i. cap. 1.

So spake the genius of English law. Let the reader compare the sentiment of the passage with the avowed principle of the poor-law, which reduces the value of property far below a reasonable price, and then compels the holder to sell; and let him compare both with Massinger:—

OVER.—"I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him;
Though he sue in *forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.
MAR.—"The best I ever heard—I could adore you.
OVER.—"Thief, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement: then, if he fail,
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess the land."

—A New Way to Pay Old Debts—Act ii.

benevolent feelings with which rural life seems redolent. More generally we have found him exercising the powers of a landlord without the ameliorating influence of hereditary associations—regarding the poor with far less favourable and humane affections than those whose fathers “had been good to them;” and far less likely than the men they had displaced to mediate beneficially between the people and the laws.

The Poor-law Unions, if their records were faithfully kept, could do much towards unravelling whatever mystery there may be in this question. They ought to be consulted. It ought to be demanded of them to prepare an answer to the question, whether properties, to the same amount, held under one or under several landlords, present the greater amount of destitution; whether proprietors of small properties do not generally send to the division for relief more paupers than (*ceteris paribus*) the great landowners; and whether it is not in the possessions of middlemen, especially, that pauperism is most prolific? We would earnestly advise poor-law guardians to prepare themselves soon with an answer to these questions. If persons in authority are desirous to effect a social revolution in Ireland, they may not call for information which might have the effect of retarding, if not effectually resisting, their purpose.—The unions should be ready to offer it.

The poor-law unions should be ready to give the information, and the Irish landed proprietors should, by their united and resolute endeavours, take heed that no clandestine influence prevailed against the just, and the expedient, and prevented exposures, which public and private weal imperatively demand.

But is there a hope that there can be such combination in Ireland, as shall realise, in any aspect, the vision of an united people. Most cordially do we concur in the persuasion of “An Irish Landlord:—

“If it be the will of the Most High, who directs the hearts of men, to dispose our people to united, disinterested,

patriotic conduct, removing the wretched divisions which have hitherto made our country a by-word to the nations, I shall believe that it is the purpose of God to make her now, what she never yet has been,

“Great, glorious, and free.””

Most earnestly could we join in the desire of the gifted author for “union in Ireland.” But we are bound to confess, we cannot think with him that the obstacles to union are trivial. It may be true “that love of country, love of kind—the every-day association of youth, and of manhood, and neighbourhood, and self-interest, kindly feeling, and a thousand such considerations, do in reality influence men’s practice, more than their abstract confessions of faith, either in politics, in morals, or in religion.”† But it may be very doubtful whether the “every-day associations” of the great bulk of a people may not be such as to confirm those influences and impressions of religion which are most to be dreaded; and while “love of country, love of kind,” &c., are found too faint to elicit from the professors of any religion an unequivocal declaration that they do not countenance, adopt, or approve a creed which threatens “their country and kind” with irreconcilable enmity, it is difficult to believe that sectarianism has been so mitigated by the habits and intercourse of daily life, as to be no longer formidable. We do not, however, despair of union. We only doubt the prudence of combining in forgetfulness of distinctions too important to be disregarded. Union does not, necessarily, imply a confusion, or an amalgamation of different bodies into one. Each several part may retain its identity, and its essential distinctions—while, at the same time, all, in their several estates, minister to a common object. In this sense, union in Ireland between Roman Catholics and Protestants, is practicable. Only let Protestants first be a body, compact and organised, (as the great mass of the Roman Catholics in Ireland constitute one body) and then, they may safely, as a body, combine for the promotion of objects in which both

have a common interest. A common interest, and dangers which threaten both alike, should induce alliance, or union between landowners, Roman Catholic and Protestant, at this season of trial. A misinformed legislatures in Great Britain, and an ill-principled party in Ireland, oppose and assail them, on one side and the other. They should confront the double danger—and, while making known the steadfast determination to defend their rights, should justify it by showing that they are not less faithfully and scrupulously thoughtful of their responsibilities.

We do not write this under the influence of hostility towards the principle of making legal provision for the poor; but because that principle has been grossly abused and perverted in the existing poor-law for Ireland. We shall, in illustration of our views, conclude this article by the statement of a single fact, and leave to the reader the judgment which ought to be pronounced upon it.

We this day examined the registries of a poor-law union—one which is very frequently favoured with the visits and the inspection of a commissioner. We

inquired respecting two electoral divisions which joined each other—one under a resident landlord, whose tenants hold at will; one divided between several absentee proprietors, who hold a little more than two-thirds of the division, and the remainder under resident proprietors, whose property amounts to not quite one-third, but considerably more than a fourth of the whole valuation. In this division the rates amounted to three times those of the division adjacent. We were curious to see how the pauperism upon it was distributed; and, after a tedious search into a matter in which there ought to have been no trouble or difficulty, we arrived at the following result:—

Belonging to this division, there were, in the workhouse, 147 paupers; and receiving out-door relief, 52. In all 199 individuals.

Of these, there were supplied from the properties of absentees	}	14	49
From the properties of residents	}		

